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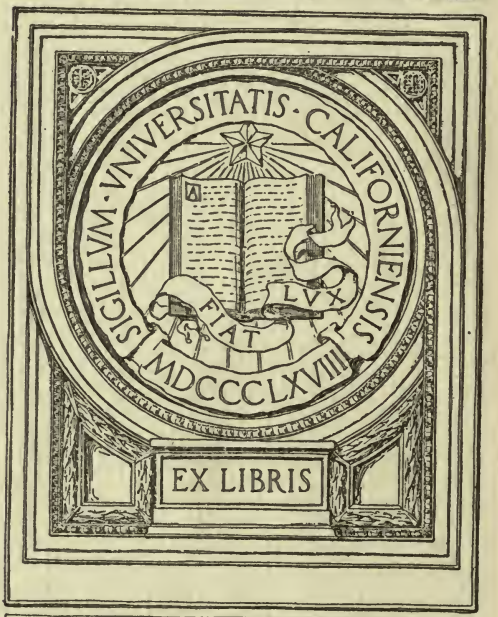

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CENTURY READINGS
FOR A COURSE IN
AMERICAN LITERATURE

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The recent manifestation of American patriotism, the new discovery by Europe of the soul of America, and the new insistence upon the teaching of Americanism in our schools and colleges, especially in those that for a time were under government control, has brought the study of American literature into the foreground as never before. More and more clearly is it seen now that the American soul, the American conception of democracy,—Americanism, should be made prominent in our school curriculums, as a guard against the rising spirit of experimental lawlessness which has followed the great war, and as a guide to the generation now molding for the future. For courses in literature, as literature is now taught, handbooks are necessary. The insistence now is not upon facts *about* authors and masterpieces, but upon the masterpieces themselves. The pupil must read wisely and intensively from the best work of the authors included in the course, and with the equipment of the average school or college library this is impossible. Each member of a large class cannot go to the library and draw the Poems of Longfellow when Longfellow is under consideration, or the writings of Poe or Lowell or Whitman or Burroughs when those authors are up for consideration, and the ordinary student is not able to buy for himself separate editions of the various classics comprehended in the course. The only solution is a book of selections copious enough to illustrate the message and the style and the significance of each of the major authors and of each of the great phases of our literature.

The present handbook attempts to furnish such material for teachers and students of American literature. It has been thought best to begin with the first genuinely American authors like Franklin and Freneau, men of the new Republic, and to go quickly to the major figures of Irving, Cooper, and Bryant. The selections have been made from three standpoints: first, literary excellence and originality; second, style and individuality of the author; and, third, light thrown upon the period of the author and upon the growth of the American spirit. The last of these has been kept constantly in mind, for it has been considered by no means the least important of the three. The book is not only a handbook illustrating American literary art and its gradual evolution during more than a century; it is, if the compiler has done what he considers his duty, a handbook in Americanism, an interpretation of the American spirit by those who have been our spiritual leaders and our Voices.

An attempt has been made, and it is hoped with reasonable success, to illustrate the evolution of the American short story by presenting representative examples of this literary form from each decade since Irving, and also the development of American society verse as well as other poetic forms. The best of the American patriotic songs have been included with notes explaining their origin and their early use. Several distinctive American documents like Washington's Farewell Address and Lincoln's Inaugurals have been given since it is believed from their perennial worth that they should be a part of the education of every American youth. American criticism has been illustrated by examples from Poe, Lowell, Burroughs, Stedman, and Fiske; the chief American historians have been similarly represented; and the highest reach of American thought and American feeling and the American soul has been illustrated by many typical poems from the great leading voices during a century and more of American song.

For the use of two hitherto unpublished pieces by Henry Cuyler Bunner,—the lyric 'Written on Valentine's Day,' and the short story 'Father Anastatius,'—the editor is indebted to Mrs. Bunner.

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INTRODUCTION TO THE REVISED EDITION

In answer to a demand from many teachers in schools and colleges, there has been added to this volume representative selections from the writers of the Colonial and Revolutionary Periods of American Literature,—material to the extent of 114 pages. Every phase of the era of our beginnings has been touched and every selection has been chosen with a view of its fitness for class use. Enough, it is believed, is comprehended in this new material to furnish all that is necessary for a survey course in early American Literature. The classified index of the earlier volume has been dropped and in its place and for insertion at the front of the book has been prepared a complete outline for classes in literary forms with all the materials in the volume carefully classified by types. The book therefore may be used as a handbook for courses in TYPES OF LITERATURE, in SHORT STORY courses (there are thirty-five sketches and short stories arranged in the order of the evolution of the form), in THE ESSAY (more examples of the form are here found than in most collections used as text-books), and in THE TECHNIQUE OF POETRY.

The author would take this opportunity to thank those teachers who so kindly have furnished him with lists of errors in the first edition of the book. In such a mass of material errors are difficult to avoid, but the careful scrutiny of hundreds of teachers who have used the volume has found, it is believed, the greater part of them. Every suggestion that has been offered by teachers has been carefully weighed and if possible followed, all errors so far as detected have been painstakingly removed, and everything practical has been done to make it an authoritative and usable handbook both for teachers and students.

State College, Pa.
March 22, 1922.

CONTENTS

I. THE COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD, 1607–1787

PAGE

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH (1580–1631) 3
Smith is Captured by the Indians 4

JOHN BRADFORD (1588–1657) 3
Early Days of the Colony 8
The Settlement at Merry Mount 10

JOHN WINTHROP (1588–1649) 3
Three Extracts from the Journal 14

THOMAS MORTON (1575–1646) 18
The Song 18
Of a Great Monster Supposed to be at Ma-re-mount 19
The Nine Worthies 21

RICHARD MATHER (1596–1669) 18
From the Preface of the Bay Psalm Book 22
Psalme 1 23
23 A Psalme of David 24
Psalme 100 24
Psalme 137 24

NATHANIEL WARD (1597–1653) 25
On Toleration 25
On Women's Fashions 27
Ward's Opinion of Ireland 30

ANNE BRADSTREET (1612–1672) 31
Prologue 31
Spring 32
Contemplations 33

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH (1631–1705) 37
The Infants Plead Their Case 37
The Judge Pronounceth the Sentence 38
Stanzas 40

COTTON MATHER (1663–1738) 41
Enchantments Encountered 42
The Churches of New England 44
The Life of Mr. Ralph Partridge 45

WILLIAM BYRD (1674–1744) 47
The Great Dismal Swamp 47

JONATHAN EDWARDS (1703–1758) 50
A Young Puritan's Code 50
Whether any Event . . . Can Come . . . Without Cause 51

PAGE

TWO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WITS 54
Hymn to be Sung at Sea 54
Green's Version of the Hymn 55
Byles' Parody 55
Elegy by Green for Byles' Cat 56
Impromptu Verses 56
Epitaph for the Reverend Jonathan Mayhew 57
On the Death of the Honorable Daniel Oliver 57

JOHN WOOLMAN (1720–1772) 58
The Journal of John Woolman 58

THOMAS GODFREY 63
The Prince of Parthia 63

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

Lovewell's Flight 69
Songs Composed in Chester County 71
A Whaling Song 71
Soldier's Song 72
The Liberty Song 72
Virginia Banishing Tea 73
A Lady's Adieu to her Tea-Table 73
A Song 74
The Pennsylvania Song 74
A New Song 74
Nathan Hale 75
The Fate of John Burgoyne 76
Bold Hawthorne 76
Expedition to Rhode Island 77
The Old Year and the New 78
A Tory Ballad 78
Loyalist Song 79

JOHN DICKINSON (1732–1808) 81
Letters from a Farmer. Letter III 81
" " " " Letter XI 84

PATRICK HENRY (1736–1799) 88
Speech before the Virginia Convention 88

THOMAS PAINE (1737–1809) 90
Government and Freedom 90
"The Times that Try Men's Souls" 91
From the Castle in the Air 94

FRANCIS HOPKINSON (1737–1791) 95
On White-Washing 95
The Battle of the Kegs 99
My Gen'rous Heart Disdains 100
A Hunting Song 100
Jemmy the Sailor 101

JOHN TRUMBULL (1750–1831) 102
M'Fugal 103

PAGE

JOEL BARLOW (1754–1813) 109
Psalm CXXXVII Paraphrased 109
The American Poets 109
Hasty-Pudding 110
Independence and the Coming of War 112

II. THE NEW YORK PERIOD, 1787–1830

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706–1790) 117
A Selection from Franklin's Autobiography 117
The Way to Wealth 126

GEORGE WASHINGTON (1732–1799) 132
Washington's Farewell Address 132

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752–1832) 141
The Rising Glory of America 141
The Northern Soldier 144
The House of Night; or Six Hours' Lodging with Death 144
To the Memory of the Brave Americans 148
Arnold's Departure 149
The Hurricane 149
The Wild Honey Suckle 149
The Indian Burying Ground 150
To Cynthia 150
Ode 151
On the Anniversary of the Storming of the Bastille 151
The Republican Genius of Europe 152
On a Honey Bee 152

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752–1817) 153
Columbia 153
Psalm CXXXVII 154

ROYALL TYLER (1757–1826) 155
The Contrast, a Comedy — Prologue 155
Act Second 156
Act Third 158
Act Fifth 162

ALEXANDER WILSON (1766–1813) 164
The Bluebird 164
The Fish-Hawk 166

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN (1771–1810) 168
A Death by Mysterious Combustion 168
The Pestilence of 1798 171
An Encounter with a Panther 172

WILLIAM WIRT (1772–1834) 175
The Blind Preacher 175

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON (1780–1851) 178
The Common Mocking-Bird 178
The Passenger Pigeon 179
Squatter Life on the American Rivers 183

DANIEL WEBSTER (1782–1852) 183
The Bunker Hill Monument 183

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783–1859) 194
A History of New York — Book III, Chapter I 195
The Author's Account of Himself 198
The Stout Gentleman 199
The Bold Dragoon 204
The Devil and Tom Walker 208

PAGE
The Discovery of Land . . . 214
The Hall of Ambassadors . . . 215
Spanish Romance . . . 218

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789–1851) . . . 220
The Pilot — Chapter XVIII . . . 220
The Pioneers — Chapter XXXIII . . . 225
Chapter XLI . . . 226
The Prairie — Chapter XXVIII . . . 230

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790–1867) . . . 237
Cutting . . . 237
On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake . . . 238
Marco Bozzaris . . . 238

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795–1820) . . . 240
The Culprit Fay . . . 240
To a Friend . . . 247
The American Flag . . . 248

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878) . . . 250
Thanatopsis . . . 250
Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood . . . 251
To a Waterfowl . . . 252
The Yellow Violet . . . 252
Green River . . . 253
A Winter Piece . . . 254
A Walk at Sunset . . . 255
November . . . 256
A Forest Hymn . . . 256
The Death of the Flowers . . . 258
I Cannot Forget with what Fervid Devotion . . . 258
The Prairies . . . 259
To the Fringed Gentian . . . 260

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT (1796–1859) . . . 262
Return of Columbus . . . 262
Queen Isabella . . . 263
The Character and Fate of Montezuma . . . 264
The Battle of Otumba . . . 265

Early American Lyrists . . . 269
JOSEPH HOPKINSON (1770–1842)
Hail Columbia . . . 269

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1779–1843)
The Star-Spangled Banner . . . 269

JOHN PIERPONT (1785–1866)
Warren's Address to the American Soldiers . . . 270

SAMUEL WOODWORTH (1785–1842)
The Old Oaken Bucket . . . 271

RICHARD HENRY DANA (1787–1879)
The Little Beach-Bird . . . 271
Proem to the Buccaneer . . . 272

RICHARD HENRY WILDE (1789–1847)
Stanzas . . . 272

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE (1792–1852) . . . 272
Home, Sweet Home! . . . 273

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS (1795–1845)
From Zophiel . . . 273
Song from Zophiel . . . 274
The Bard Has Sung . . . 274
The Moon of Flowers . . . 275
A Fragment . . . 275

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD (1796–1828) PAGE
The Fall of Niagara . . . 275
The Sea-Bird's Song . . . 275

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY (1802–1828)
A Health . . . 276
A Serenade . . . 276

GEORGE POPE MORRIS (1802–1864)
Woodman, Spare that Tree! . . . 277
Near the Lake . . . 277
Where Hudson's Wave . . . 277
When Other Friends are Round Thee . . . 277
The West . . . 278

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH (1808–1895)
America . . . 278

II. THE NEW ENGLAND PERIOD, 1830–1860

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882) . . . 281
Each and All . . . 281
The Rhodora . . . 282
The Humble-Bee . . . 282
Concord Hymn . . . 283
The American Scholar . . . 288
The Problem . . . 293
The Snow-Storm . . . 293
Politics . . . 294
Self-Reliance . . . 294
Forbearance . . . 306
Brahma . . . 306
Abraham Lincoln . . . 306
Terminus . . . 309

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804–1864) . . . 310
Sights from a Steeple . . . 311
David Swan . . . 314
The Birthmark . . . 317
The Great Stone Face . . . 325
Preface to the House of the Seven Gables . . . 335

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1806–1867) . . . 337
Absalom . . . 337
Letters from Under a Bridge . . . 339
The White Chip Hat . . . 341
To Helen in a Huff . . . 341
Unseen Spirits . . . 342

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (1806–1870) . . . 343
The Partisan . . . 343

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882) . . . 355
A Psalm of Life . . . 356
Hymn to the Night . . . 356
Footsteps of Angels . . . 356
The Beleaguered City . . . 357
The Wreck of the Hesperus . . . 357
The Village Blacksmith . . . 358
Serenade . . . 359
The Rainy Day . . . 359
Beware! . . . 359
The Belfry of Bruges . . . 360
The Day is Done . . . 360
Resignation . . . 361
An American Literature . . . 362
My Lost Youth . . . 363

PAGE

The Song of Hiawatha — Introduction 364
III Hiawatha's Childhood 366
VII Hiawatha's Sailing 368
X Hiawatha's Wooing 369
XX The Famine 371
XXII Hiawatha's Departure 373
The Courtship of Miles Standish — V — The Sailing of the Mayflower 375
The Paul Revere's Ride 378
Divina Commedia 379

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–1892) 381
The Moral Warfare 381
Proem 382
The Huskers 382
The Corn-Song 383
Ichabod 384
The Kansas Emigrants 384
Maud Muller 385
The Barefoot Boy 386
Skipper Ireson's Ride 387
Telling the Bees 388
Mountain Pictures 389
The Battle Autumn of 1862 390
Laus Deo! 391
The Eternal Goodness 391
Snow-Bound: A Winter Idyl 392

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809–1894) 396
Old Ironsides 396
My Aunt 397
The Last Leaf 397
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table 398
Album Verses 403
Latter-Day Warnings 406
This is It 413
The Chambered Nautilus 414
The Living Temple 415
The Deacon's Masterpiece 416
The Voiceless 417
'The Boys' 417
A Hymn of Trust 418
The Brahmin Caste of New England 418

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849) 421
Lenore 422
Israfel 422
To Helen 423
To One in Paradise 423
The Fall of the House of Usher 423
The Haunted Palace 428
The Murders in the Rue Morgue 432
Eleonora 438
Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales 441
The Raven 444
Ulalume 446
The Bells 447
Annabel Lee 448

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1811–1896) 449
Topsy 449
When Winds are Raging 457
Still, Still with Thee 457
Views of Divine Government 458

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814–1877) 462
The Relief of Leyden 462

PAGE
The Fire Ships of Antwerp 466

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR. (1815–1882) 472
A Flogging 472

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817–1862) 480
Sympathy 480
Sic Vita 481
A Prayer 481
Orphics 482
Independence 482
Walden; or, Life in the Woods 482
Higher Laws 482
Brute Neighbors 487
Conclusion 493

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–1891) 500
To the Dandelion 500
What Mr. Robinson Thinks 501
The Courtin' 503
Leaves from My Journal in Italy and Elsewhere 504
Review of Whittier's Home Ballads and Poems 508
Mason and Slidell: a Yankee Idyll 511
Jonathan to John 515
Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line 517
Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration, July 21, 1865 518

HERMAN MELVILLE (1819–1891) 521
The Social Condition and General Character of the Typees 521
The First Lowering 523

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL (1822–1908) 528
Reveries of a Bachelor 528

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823–1893) 538
The Conspiracy of Pontiac — Chapter VIII — Indian Preparation 538
Chapter IX — The Council at the River Ecorces . 541
Chapter X — Detroit 545
Chapter XI — Treachery of Pontiac 548

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824–1892) 550
Dickens Reading 550
Rip Van Winkle 553
Ralph Waldo Emerson 554
The Lecture Lyceum 558

Some Lesser Poets of the Mid-Century 560

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE (1829–1868) 560
Quakerdon 560

JOHN GODFREY SAXE (1816–1887)
The Mourner à la Mode 561
A Charming Woman 562

THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS (1819–1892)
On a Bust of Dante 562
Dirge 563
Paradisi Gloria 563

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH (1819–1902)
Ben Bolt 563

PHŒBE CARY (1824–1871)
Nearer Home 564

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER (1826–1864)
The Old Folks at Home 564
My Old Kentucky Home, Good Night 565

LUCY LARCOM (1826–1893)
Hannah Binding Shoes 565
A Loyal Woman's No 566

PAGE

GUY HUMPHRIES MC MASTER (1829–1887)
Carmen Bellicosum 567

THOMAS À BECKET
Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean 567

III. PERIOD OF TRANSITION, 1860–1870

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809–1865) 571
Farewell Address at Springfield, Illinois 571
First Inaugural Address 571
Address at Gettysburg 572
Second Inaugural Address 572
Response to a Serenade, November 10, 1864 573
Letter to Mrs. Bixby 574

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT (1822–1885) 575
The Mexican War 575

Songs and Ballads of the Civil War 580
The Bivouac of the Dead 580
My Maryland 581
The Picket-Guard 582
The Battle Cry of Freedom 582
Dixie 583
John Brown 583
Battle-Hymn of the Republic 584
Three Hundred Thousand More 584
Stonewall Jackson's Way 584
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground 585
Just Before the Battle, Mother 585
Little Giffen 586
Marching Through Georgia 586
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp 587
Sheridan's Ride 587
When Johnny Comes Marching Home 588
The Conquered Banner 588
The Blue and the Gray 589

WALT WHITMAN (1819–1892) 590
Europe 590
France 591
Mannahatta 592
Beat! Beat! Drums! 593
Come Up from the Fields, Father 593
O Captain! My Captain! 594
When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd 595
Pioneers! O Pioneers! 599
When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer 602
O Star of France 602
A Noiseless Patient Spider 603
Darest Thou Now, O Soul 603
Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood 603
Democratic Vistas 606
To the Man-of-War-Bird 614
Prayer of Columbus 615
Patroling Barnegat 616
Good-By My Fancy 616

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822–1909) 618
My Double, and How He Undid Me 618

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON (1823–1911) 627
My Out-Door Study 627

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825–1878) 635
L'Envoi 635
The National Ode 636

PAGE

ROSE TERRY COOKE (1827–1892) . . . 640
Too Late . . . 640

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN (1828–1862) . . . 651
On the Passaic . . . 651
The Diamond Lens . . . 651

HENRY TIMROD (1829–1867) . . . 664
Serenade . . . 664
Spring . . . 664
A Cry to Arms . . . 665
The Cotton Boll . . . 666
Ode . . . 667

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830–1886) . . . 668
Forgotten . . . 668
Under the Pine . . . 669
Midsummer in the South . . . 670
Sweetheart, Good-Bye! . . . 670
The Mocking-Bird . . . 671
Laocoon . . . 671
A Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet . . . 671

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (1831–1885) . . . 673
The Señora Moreno . . . 673

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (1833–1908) . . . 680
Wanted — A Man . . . 680
'The Undiscovered Country' . . . 681
Edgar Allan Poe . . . 681

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836–1907) . . . 693
Sleep . . . 693
Nocturne . . . 693
On Lynn Terrace . . . 694
Père Antoine's Date-Palm . . . 694

CELIA LEIGHTON THAXTER (1836–1894) . . . 698
Land-Locked . . . 698
The Spaniards' Graves at the Isles of Shoals . . . 698
The Sandpiper . . . 699

EMILY DICKINSON (1830–1886) . . . 700
Verses . . . 700
Called Back . . . 700
The Martyrs . . . 701
Time's Healing . . . 701
Verses . . . 701
Spring's Orchestra . . . 701

Other Transition Poets

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ (1822–1872)
The Closing Scene . . . 703

GEORGE HENRY BOKER (1823–1890)
To England . . . 704
To America . . . 706
Dirge for a Soldier . . . 706

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD (1825–1903)
The Flight of Youth . . . 706
Birds . . . 707
Persia . . . 707
'Poems of the Orient' . . . 707
To George H. Boker . . . 707

IV. THE NATIONAL PERIOD, 1870–1914

The Humorists . . . 711

GEORGE HORATIO DERBY, "John Phoenix" (1823–1861)
A Musical Review . . . 711

PAGE

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE, "Artemus Ward" (1834-1867)
Interview with President Lincoln 713

HENRY WHEELER SHAW, "Josh Billings" (1818–1885)
Affurisms 715

CHARLES HENRY SMITH, "Bill Arp, So-Called" (1826–1903)
Bill Arp Addresses Artemus Ward 718

DAVID ROSS LOCKE, "Petroleum V. Nasby" (1833–1888)
Preaches — Subject: 'The Prodigal Son' 720

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (1835–1910) 722
The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County 722

FRANCIS BRET HARTE (1839–1902) 726
The Mission Dolores 726
The Society Upon the Stanislaus 728
Dow's Flat 728
The Luck of Roaring Camp 729
Her Letter 735

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (1829–1900) 736
Washington Irving 736

JOHN BURROUGHS (1837—) 741
Leaves of Grass 741
Fuss and Feathers 747
Nature Lore 751

EDWARD EGGLESTON (1837–1902) 760
Light in a Dark Place 760

JOHN HAY (1838–1905) 767
Jim Bludso 767
Lincoln's Fame 768

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837—) 774
A Modern Instance — Chapter XL 774
The Mouse-Trap 780

JOAQUIN MILLER (1841–1913) 791
Kit Carson's Ride 791
By the Sun-Down Seas 793
The Missouri 796
Westward Ho! 797
Columbus 797
Prelude to 'Dawn at San Diego' 798
Prelude to Even So 798

LEW WALLACE (1827–1905) 799
The Sea Fight 799

JOHN FISKE (1842–1901) 806
Francis Parkman 806

HENRY JAMES, JR. (1843–1916) 812
Alphonse Daudet 812
Greville Fane 819

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON (1840–1894) 828
The Old Agency 828
The Grenadiers 835

SIDNEY LANIER (1842–1881) 839
Cain Smallin 839
Night and Day 843
The Centennial Meditation of Columbia 843
Song of the Chattahoochee 844
A Sunrise Song 845
In 1865, To J. L. 845

PAGE

SARAH ORNE JEWETT (1849–1909) 846
A Native of Winby 846

EMMA LAZARUS (1849–1887) 857
How Long? 857
The Banner of the Jew 857
In Exile 858
The New Ezekiel 859

IRWIN RUSSELL (1853–1879) 860
Nebuchadnezzar 860
Precepts at Parting 860
Business in Mississippi 861
Mahsr John 862
Rev. Henry's War-Song 863

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE (1850—) 864
Over on the T'other Mounting 864

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE (1844—) 875
'No!' 875

FRANK RICHARD STOCKTON (1834–1902) 878
The Pie Ghost 878

JOHN MUIR (1838–1914) 885
The Water-Ouzel 885
A Wind-Storm in the Forest 892
Shadow Lake 896

HENRY W. GRADY (1851–1889) 900
The New South 900

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (1848–1908) 905
How a Witch Was Caught 905
The Creature with No Claws 907
Uncle Remus's Wonder Story 908

LAFCADIO HEARN (1850–1904) 912
Chita 912
The Shadow of the Tide 917

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (1849–1916) 925
The Old Swimmin'-Hole 925
When the Frost is on the Pumpkin 926
A Life-Lesson 926
Little Orphant Annie 927
When She Comes Home 928
The Old Man and Jim 928
Bereaved 929

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD (1854–1909) 930
Mr. Isaacs 930
The Novel 939

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS (1854—) 945
Syrinx 945
Flown Birds 945
Exorcism 946
The Leaders 946

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER (1855–1896) 947
Old French Metrical Forms 947
A Pitcher of Mignonette 947
O Honey of Hymettus Hill 948
On Newport Beach 948
Ready for the Ride — 1795 948
'She Was a Beauty' 948
Written on Valentine's Day 948
Father Anastatius 949

PAGE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–1919) 953
The Strenuous Life 953

MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN (1862—) 960
The Revolt of 'Mother' 960

HAMLIN GARLAND (1860—) 969
Under the Lion's Paw 969

RICHARD HOVEY (1864–1900) 977
Seaward 977
A Dream of Sappho 981
Among the Hills 981
Men of Dartmouth 981
Spring: An Ode 982

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY (1869–1910) 985
An Ode in Time of Hesitation 985

Other Poets of the Period 989

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL (1829–1914)
To a Magnolia Flower 989
Vesperal 990
Storm-Waves and Fog on Dorr's Point, Bar Harbor 990

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL (1841–1887)
The Fool's Prayer 990
A Tropical Morning at Sea 991

RICHARD WATSON GILDER (1844–1909)
The Woods that Bring the Sunset Near 991
After Sorrow's Night 991
The Sonnet 992
The Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln 992

JOHN BANNISTER TABB (1845–1909)
Transition 992
Father Damien 992
To the Wood-Robin 992
Ave: Sidney Lanier 993
Golden-Rod 993

ROBERT BURNS WILSON (1850–1916)
Such is the Death the Soldier Dies 993

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN (1860–1916)
Grass 993
The Book Hunter 994
A Greeting for Spring 994

MADISON CAWEIN (1865–1914)
In the Shadow of the Beeches 995

JACK LONDON (1876–1916) 996
The Night-Born 996

WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER, "O. Henry" (1862-1910) 1004
A Municipal Report 1004

APPENDIX

Notes i
Index of Authors xxxvii
Index of First Lines xxxix

I

THE COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

CENTURY READINGS FOR A COURSE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

EARLY REPORTS AND JOURNALS

American literature, if we are to count as American literature all the writings in English made in the colonies during the period of the settlement, began with material produced with no literary intent.—business reports to the company at home, diary entries, and jottings, some of them as carefully made as histories. They were the work of earnest men who were living under intense strain, men who were saturated with the English Bible which they read in its strong early idioms, men who wasted no words and were tremendously impressed with the significance of their pioneer work in the new world.

It is customary to place Captain John Smith at the head of the list of American authors when the time element alone is considered. American literature with him as its initial writer certainly had a picturesque beginning, for of all the characters in an age uniquely picturesque he was the most picturesque. His early adventures read like chapters from oriental romance. Returning from his Eastern campaigns he was just in time to join the Jamestown expedition, an adventure as romantic in the dreams of the England of 1606 as the fabulous exploit of Jason. By his energy and his unquestioned executive ability he became at length the leader of the expedition and doubtless more than once saved the colony from destruction. His report. *A true Relation of such occurrences and accidents of noate as hath hapned in Virginia since the first planting of that Collony*, etc., first printed in London in 1608, was the first literary product of note produced on American soil. It was followed a few months later by his second report *A Map of Virginia*, etc., published in 1612. His other works concerning America were written in England during the period between 1615 and 1631 when he had settled down in quietness to spend his declining years.

The recorder of the earliest Puritan period was William Bradford, a man vastly different from the fiery Virginia Captain. It was his fortune to see the whole of the Pilgrim adventure. He went with the exiles to Holland in 1608, he was active in the plans for the expedition to America, he sailed in the *Mayflower*, and shortly after the landing at Plymouth was made governor of the colony. From the first he seems to have realized the far-reaching significance of the Puritan foundations in America, and of his own responsibility as the leader of the movement, to record every detail of the period of beginnings that later generations might know of a surety of "the rock whence they were hewn." His journal, begun during the voyage of the *Mayflower* with a history of the early Puritan movement and continued as a complete record of all important happenings in the colony up to 1846, is of priceless value. For many years the work was known only by tradition. It had not been published and the manuscript, which had been a part of the Prince Library stored in the old South Church in Boston, disappeared during the British occupation of the city. In 1855, however, it was found in London and in 1897 was returned to Massachusetts with great ceremony and international rejoicing. The selections here used are after the text of the 1899 edition published by the State of Massachusetts.

A careful journal of the first year of the Plymouth Colony, the joint work of Bradford and Edward Winslow, was published anonymously in 1622, and from the signature to the prefatory note, "G. Mourt," became generally known as "Mourt's Relation." It supplements Bradford's journal with many important details.

What Bradford did for the Plymouth Colony John Winthrop did for the colony of Massachusetts Bay. His journal, which covers the first nineteen years of the settlements that centered about Boston, while undoubtedly inferior in many respects to Bradford's work is more human, more readable, far more important because of the greater importance of the colonies whose beginnings it records. In Bradford we see the brighter side of the Puritan character: in Winthrop very often its darker side. He delighted in recording portents, remarkable "providences," monstrosities which showed God's displeasure with anti-Puritan views, and notorious cases of witchcraft which to him were exceedingly real things. The journal was published entire by the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1825-26 with the title *The History of New England from 1630 to 1649, by John Winthrop, Esq., First Governour of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay.* The text in the following selections follows Hosmer's edition of 1908, which like earlier reprints is modernized in its spelling.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH (1580-1831)

SMITH IS CAPTURED BY THE INDIANS

[From *A True Relation.*]

Our store being now indifferently wel provided with corne, there was much adoe for to have the pinace goe for England, against which Captain Martin and my selfe stood chiefly against it: and in fine after many debatings *pro et contra,* it was resolved to stay a further resolution: This matter also quieted, I set forward to finish this discovery, which as yet I had neglected in regard of the necessitie we had to take in provision whilst it was to be had. 40. miles I passed up the river, which for the most part is a quarter of a mile broad, and 3. fatham and a half deep, exceedingly osey, many great low marshes, and many high lands, especially about the midst at a place called Moysonicke, a Peninsule of 4. miles circuit, betwixt two rivers joyned to the main by a neck of 40. or 50. yards, and 40. or 50. yards from the high water marke: on both sides in the very necke of the maine, are high hills and dales, yet much inhabited, the Ile declining in a plaine fertile corne field, the lower end a low marsh. More plentie of swannes, cranes, geese, duckes, and mallards, and divers sorts of fowles, none would desire: more plaine fertile planted ground, in such great proportions as there, I had not seene; of a light blacke sandy mould, the cliffes commonly red, white, and yellowe coloured sand, and under, red and white clay; fish in great plenty, and people aboundance: the most of their inhabitants, in view of the neck of Land, where a better seat for a towne cannot be desired:

At the end of forty miles, this river invironeth many low Ilands at each high water drowned for a mile, where it uniteth it selfe at a place called Apokant, the highest towne inhabited. 10. miles higher, I discovered with a barge: in the mid way, a greate tree hindered my passage, which I cut in two. Heere the river became narrower, 8. 9. or 10. foote at a high water, and 6. or 7. at a lowe: the streame exceeding swift, and the bottom hard cahnnell: the ground, most part a low plaine, sandy soyle. This occasioned me to suppose it might issue from some lake or some broad ford, for it could not be far to the head, but rather then than I would endanger the barge by going up further, I resolved to [etc.][1] Yet to have beene able to resoive this doubt, and to discharge the imputation of malicious tungs, that halfe suspected I durst not, for so long delaying: some of the company as desirous as my self, we resolved to hier a Canow [canoe] and returne with the barge to Apocant, there to leave the barge secure, and put our selves upon the adventure: the country onely a vast and wilde wildernes, and onely that Towne: Within three or foure mile, we hired a Canow, and 2. Indians to row us the next day a fowling. Having made such provision for the barge as was needfull, I left her there to ride, with express charge not to go ashore til my returne.

Though some wise men may condemn this too bould attempt of too much indiscretion, yet if they well consider the friendship of the Indians in conducting me, the desolateness of the country, the probability of some lacke [lake] and the malicious judges of my actions at home [Jamestown] as also to have some matters of worth to incourage our adventurers in england, might well have caused any honest minde to have done the like, as well for his own discharge as for the public good:

Having 2 Indians for my guide and 2 of our own company, I set forward, leaving 7 in the barge: Having discovered 20 miles further in this desart, the river stil kept his depth and bredth, but much more combred with trees: Here we went ashore (being some 12 miles higher then the barge had bene) to refresh our selves, during the boyling of our vituals:

1 Several sections omitted.

One of the Indians I tooke with me, to see the nature of the soile, and to crosse the boughts [windings] of the river: the other Indian I left with Maister Robbinson and Thomas Emry, with their matches light, and order to discharge a peece, for my retreat, at the first sight of any Indian. But within a quarter of a houre I heard a loud cry, and a hollowing of Indians, but no warning peece. Supposing them surprised, and that the Indians had betraid us, presently I seazed him and bound his arme fast to my hand in a garter, with my pistoll ready bent to be revenged on him: he advised me to fly, and seemed ignorant of what was done. But as we went discoursing, I was struck with an arrow on the right thigh, but without harme: upon this occasion I espied 2. Indians drawing their bowes, which I prevented in discharging a french pistoll: By that I had charged againe, 3 or 4 more did the like: for the first fell downe and fled: At my discharge, they did the like. My hinde [Indian] I made my barricado, who offered not to strive. 20. or 30. arrowes were shot at me but short. 3 or 4 times I had discharged my pistoll ere the king of Pamaunck called Opeckankenough with 200 men, invironed me, eache drawing their bowe: which done they laid them upon the ground, yet without shot: My hinde treated betwixt them and me of conditions of peace; he discovred me to be the Captaine: my request was to retire to the boate: they demaunded my armes, the rest they saide were slaine, onely me they would reserve: The Indian importuned me not to shoot. In retiring being in the midst of a low quagmire, and minding them more than my steps, I stept fast into the quagmire, and also the Indian in drawing me forth:

Thus surprised, I resolved to trie their mercies: my armes I caste from me, till which none durst approch me. Being ceazed on me, they drew me out and led me to the King. I presented him with a compasse diall, describing by my best meanes the use therof: whereat he so amazedly admired, as he suffered me to proceed in a discourse of the roundnes of the earth, the course of the sunne, moone, starres and plannets. With kinde speeches and bread he requited me, conducting me where the Canow lay and John Robbinson slaine, with 20 or 30. arrowes in him. Emry I saw not.

I perceived by the aboundance of fires all over the woods, [that they were a party hunting deer.] At each place I expected when they would execute me, yet they used me with what kindnes they could: Approaching their Towne, which was within 6 miles where I was taken, onely made as arbors and covered with mats, which they remove as occasion requires: all the women and children, being advertised of this accident, came foorth to meet them, the King well guarded with 20 bowmen 5 flanck and rear, and each flanck before him a sword and a peece, and after him the like, then a bowman, then I on each hand a boweman, the rest in file in the reare, which reare led foorth a mongst the trees in a bishion, eache his bowe and a handfull of arrowes, a quiver at his back grimly painted: on eache flanck a sargeant, the one running alwaies towards the front, the other towards the reare, each a true pace and in exceeding good order. This being a good time continued, they caste themselves in a ring with a daunce, and so eache man departed to his lodging. The Captain conducting me to his lodging, a quarter of Venison and some ten pound of bread I had for supper: what I left was reserved for me, and sent with me to my lodging. Each morning 3. women presented me three great platters of fine bread, more venison than ten men could devour I had: my gowne, points and garters, my compas and my tablet they gave me again. Though 8 ordinarily guarded me, I wanted not what they could devise to content me: and still our longer acquaintance increased our better affection:

Much they threatned to assault our forte, as they were solicited by the King of Paspahegh: who shewed at our fort great signes of sorrow for this mischance. The King tooke great delight in understanding the manner of our ships, and sayling the seas, the earth and skies, and of our God: what he knew of the dominions he spared not to acquaint me with, as of certaine men cloathed at a place called Ocanahonan, cloathed like me: the course of our river, and that within 4 or 5 daies journey of the falles, was a great turning of salt water: I desired he would send a messenger to

Paspahegh, with a letter I would write, by which they shold understand how kindly they used me, and that I was well, least they should revenge my death. This he granted and sent three men, in such weather as in reason were unpossible by any naked to be indured. Their cruell mindes towards the fort I had deverted, in describing the ordinance and the mines in the fields, as also the revenge Captain Newport would take of them at his returne. Their intent, I incerted the fort, the people of Ocanahonum and the back sea: this report they after found divers Indians that confirmed:

The next day after my letter, came a salvage to my lodging, with his sword, to have slaine me: but being by my guard intercepted, with a bowe and arrow he offred to have effected his purpose: the cause I knew not, till the King understanding thereof came and told me of a man a dying, wounded with my pistoll: he tould me also of another I had slayne, yet the most concealed they had any hurte: This was the father of him I had slayne, whose fury to prevent, the King presently conducted me to another Kingdome, upon the top of the next northerly river, called Youghtanan. Having feasted me he further led me to another branch of the river, called Mattapament; to two other hunting townes they led me: and to each of these Countries, a house of the great Emperour of Pewhakan, whom as yet I supposed to bee at the Fals; to him I tolde him I must goe, and so returne to Paspahegh. After this foure or five dayes march, we returned to Rasawrack, the first towne they brought me too: where binding the Mats in bundels, they marched two dayes journey, and crossed the River of Youghtanan, where it was as broad as Thames: so conducting me to a place called Menapacute in Pamaunke, where the King inhabited.

The next day another King of that nation called Kekataugh, having received some kindnes of me at the Fort, kindly invited me to feast at his house, the people from all places flocked to see me, each shewing to content me. By this, the great King hath foure or five houses, each containing fourescore or an hundred foote in length, pleasantly seated upon an high sandy hill, from whence you may see westerly a goodly low Country, the river before the which his crooked course causeth many great Marshes of exceeding good ground. An hundred houses, and many large plaines are here togither inhabited. More abundance of fish and fowle, and a pleasanter seat cannot be imagined. The King with fortie Bowmen to guard me, intreated me to discharge my Pistoll, which they there presented me, with a mark at six score to strike therwith: but to spoil the practise, I broke the cocke, whereat they were much discontented, though a chaunce supposed.

From hence, this kind King conducted mee to a place called Topahanocke, a kingdome upon another River northward: The cause of this was, that the yeare before, a shippe had beene in the River of Pamaunke, who having beene kindly entertained by Powhatan their Emperour, they returned thence and discovered the River of Topahanocke: where being received with like kindnesse, yet he slue the King, and tooke of his people, and they supposed I were hee. But the people reported him a great man that was Captaine, and using mee kindly, the next day we departed.

This River of Topahanock seemeth in breadth not much lesse then that we dwell upon. At the mouth of the River is a Countrey called Cuttata women: upwards is Marraugh tacum, Tapohanock, Appamatuck, and Nantaugs tacum: at Topmanahocks, the head issuing from many Mountaines. The next night I lodged at a hunting town of Powhatams, and the next day arrived at Waranacomoco upon the river of Pamauncke, where the great king is resident. By the way we passed by the top of another little river, which is betwixt the two, called Payankatank. The most of this Country though Desert, yet exceeding fertil; good timber, most hils and dales, in each valley a cristall spring.

Arriving at Weramocomoco, their Emperour proudly lying uppon a Bedstead a foote high, upon tenne or twelve Mattes, richly hung with manie Chaynes of great Pearles about his necke, and covered with a great Covering of Rahaughcums [raccoon skins.] At heade sat a woman, at his feete another; on each side sitting uppon a Matte uppon the ground, were raunged his chiefe men on each side the

fire, tenne in a ranke, and behinde them as many yong women, each [with] a great Chaine of white Beades over their shoulders, their heades painted in redde: and with such a grave and Majesticall countenance, as drave me into admiration to see such state in a naked Salvage. Hee kindly welcomed me with good wordes, and great Platters of sundrie Victuals, assuring mee his friendship, and my libertie within foure days. Hee much delighted in Opechan Comoughs relation of what I had described to him, and oft examined me upon the same. Hee asked mee the cause of our coming. I tolde him being in fight with the Spaniards our enimie, beeing overpowred, neare put to retreat, and by extreame weather put to this shore: where landing at Chesipiack, the people shot us, but at Kequoughtan they kindly used us: we by signes demaunded fresh water, they described us up the River was all fresh water: at Paspahegh also they kindly used us: our Pinnasse being leake, we were inforced to stay to mend her, till Captaine Newport my father came to conduct us away. He demaunded why we went further with our Boate. I tolde him, in that I would have occasion to talk of the backe Sea, that on the other side the maine, where was salt water. My father [Newport] had a childe slaine, whiche wee supposed Monocan his enemie [had done]: whose death we intended to revenge.

After good deliberation, hee began to describe mee the Countreys beyonde the Falles, with many of the rest; confirming what not onely Opechancanoyes, and an Indian which had beene prisoner to Pewhatan had before tolde mee: but some called it five dayes, some sixe, some eight, where the sayde water dashed amongest many stones and rockes, each storm; which caused oft tymes the heade of the River to bee brackish: Anchanachuck he described to bee the people that had slaine my brother: whose death hee would revenge. Hee described also upon the same Sea, a mighty Nation called Pocoughtronack, a fierce Nation that did eate men, and warred with the people of Moyaoncer and Pataromerke, Nations upon the toppe of the heade of the Bay, under his territories: where the yeare before they had slain an hundred. He signified their crownes were shaven, long haire in the necke, tied on a knot, Swords like Pollaxes.

Beyond them he described people with short Coates, and Sleeves to the Elbowes, that passed that way in Shippes like ours. Many Kingdomes hee described mee, to the heade of the Bay, which seemed to bee a mightie River issuing from mightie Mountaines betwixt the two Seas: The people cloathed at Ocamahowan, he also confirmed; and the Southerly Countries also, as the rest that reported us to be within a day and a halfe of Mangoge, two dayes of Chawwonock, 6. from Roonock, to the south part of the backe sea: He described a countrie called Anone, where they have abundance of Brasse, and houses walled as ours.

I requited his discourse (seeing what pride hee had in his great and spacious Dominions, seeing that all hee knewe were under his Territories) in describing to him, the territories of Europe, which was subject to our great King whose subject I was, the innumerable multitude of his ships, I gave him to understand the noyse of Trumpets, and terrible manner of fighting were under captain Newport my father: whom I intituled the Meworames, which they call the King of all the waters. At his greatnesse, he admired: and not a little feared. He desired mee to forsake Paspahegh, and to live with him upon his River, a Countrie called Capa Howasicke. Hee promised to give me Corne, Venison, or what I wanted to feede us: Hatchets and Copper wee should make him, and none should disturbe us. This request I promised to performe: and thus. having with all the kindnes hee could devise, sought to content me, hee sent me home, with 4. men: one that usually carried my Gowne and Knapsacke after me, two other loded with bread, and one to accompanie me.

JOHN BRADFORD (1588-1657)

EARLY DAYS OF THE COLONY

[The beginning of Book II of *The History of Plymouth Plantation.*]

The rest of this History (if God give me life, & opportunitie) I shall, for brevitis sake, handle by way of *annalls,* noteing only the heads of principall things, and passages as they fell in order of time, and may seeme to be profitable to know, or to make use of. And this may be as the 2. Booke.

The remainder of An°: 1620.

I shall a litle returne backe and begine with a combination made by them before they came ashore, being the first foundation of their governmente in this place; occasioned partly by the discontented & mutinous speeches that some of the strangers amongst them had let fall from them in the ship—That when they came a shore they would use their own libertie; for none had power to comand them, the patente they had being for Virginia, and not for New-england, which belonged to an other Government, with which the Virginia Company had nothing to doe. And partly that such an acte by them done (this their condition considered) might be as firme as any patent, and in some respects more sure.

The forme was as followeth.

In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne Lord, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britaine, Franc, & Ireland king, defender of the faith, &c., haveing undertaken, for the glorie of God, and advancemente of the Christian faith, and honour of our king & countrie, a voyage to plant the first colonie in the Northerne parts of Virginia, doe by these presents solemnly & mutualy in the presence of God, and one of another, covenant & combine our selves togeather into a civill body politick, for our better ordering & preservation & furtherance of the ends aforesaid: and by vertue hearof to enacte, constitute, and frame such just & equall lawes, ordinances, acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet & convenient for the generall good of the Colonie, unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witnes whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap-Codd the 11. of November, in the year of the raigne of our soveraigne lord, King James, of England, France, & Ireland the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fiftie fourth. An°: Dom. 1620.

After this they chose, or rather confirmed, Mr. John Carver (a man godly & well approved amongst them) their Governour for that year. And after they had provided a place for their goods, or comone store, (which were long in unlading for want of boats, foulnes of winter weather, and sicknes of diverce,) and begune some small cottages for their habitation, as time would admitte they mette and consulted of lawes & orders, both for their civill & military Governmente as the necessitie of their condition did require, still adding thereunto as urgent occasion in severall times, and as cases did require.

In these hard & difficulte beginings they found some discontents & murmurings arise amongst some, and mutinous speeches & carriags in other; but they were soone quelled & overcome by the wisdome, patience, and just & equall carrage of things by the Gov^r and better part, w^ch clave faithfully togeather in the maine. But that which was most sad & lamentable was, that in 2. or 3. moneths time halfe of their company dyed, espetialy in Jan: & February, being the depth of winter, and wanting houses & other comforts; being infected with the scurvie & other diseases, which this long voiage & their inacomodate condition had brought upon them; so as ther dyed

some times 2. or 3. of a day, in the foresaid time; that of 100. & odd persons, scarce 50. remained. And of these in the time of most distres, ther was but 6. or 7. sound persons, who, to their great comendations be it spoken, spared no pains, night nor day, but with abundance of toyle and hazard of their owne health, fetched them woode, made them fires, drest them meat, made their beads, washed their lothsome cloaths, cloathed & uncloathed them; in a word, did all the homly & necessarie offices for them which dainty & quesie stomacks cannot endure to hear named; and all this willingly & cherfully, without any grudging in the least, shewing herein their true love unto their friends & bretheren. A rare example & worthy to be remembred. Tow of these 7. were Mr. William Brewster, ther reverend Elder, & Myles Standish, ther Captein & military comander, unto whom my selfe, & many others, were much beholden in our low & sicke condition. And yet the Lord so upheld these persons, as in this generall calamity they were not at all infected either with sicknes, or lamnes. And what I have said of these, I may say of many others who dyed in this generall vissitation, & others yet living, that whilst they had health, yea, or any strength continuing, they were not wanting to any that had need of them. And I doute not but their recompence is with the Lord.

But I may not hear pass by an other remarkable passage not to be forgotten. As this calamitie fell among the passenger that were to be left here to plant, and were hasted a shore and made to drinke water, that the sea-men might have the more bear, and one[1] in his sicknes desiring but a small cann of beere, it was answered, that if he were their owne father he should have none; the disease begane to fall amongst them also, so as allmost halfe of their company dyed before they went away, and many of their officers and lustyest men, as the boatson, gunner, 3. quarter-maisters, the cooke, & others. At which the mr. was something strucken and sent to the sick a shore and tould the Govr. he should send for beer for them that had need of it, though he drunke water homward bound. But now amongst his company ther was farr another kind of carriage in this miserie then amongst the passengers; for they that before had been boone conpanions in drinking & joyllity in the time of their health & wellfare, begane now to deserte one another in this calamitie, saing they would not hasard their lives for them, they should be infected by coming to help them in their cabins, and so, after they came to dye by it, would doe litle or nothing for them, but if they dyed let them dye. But shuch of the passengers as were yet abord shewed them what mercy they could, which made some of their harts relente, as the boatson (& some others), who was a prowd yonge man, and would often curse & scofe at the passengers; but when he grew weak, they had compassion on him and helped him; then he confessed he did not deserve it at their hands, he had abused them in word & deed. O! saith he, you, I now see, shew your love like Christians indeed one to another, but we let one another lye & dye like doggs. Another lay cursing his wife, saing if it had not ben for her he had never come this unlucky viage, and anone cursing his felows, saing he had done this & that, for some of them, he had spent so much, & so much, amongst them, and they were now weary of him, and did not help him, having need. Another gave his companion all he had, if he died, to help him in his weaknes; he went and got a litle spise & made him a mess of meat once or twise, and because he dyed not so soon as he expected, he went amongst his fellows & swore the rogue would cousen him, he would see him choaked before he made him any more meate; and yet the pore fellow dyed before morning.

All this while the Indians came skulking about them, and would sometimes show them selves aloofe of, but when any aproached near them, they would rune away. And once they stoale away their tools wher they had been at worke, & were gone to diner. But about the 16. *of March* a certaine Indian came bouldly amongst them, and spoke to them in broken English, which they could well understand, but marvelled at it. At length they understood by discourse with him, that he was not of these parts, but belonged to the eastrene parts, wher some English-ships came to fhish, with whom he was aquainted, & could name sundrie

1 Which was this author him selfe.

of them by their names, amongst whom he had gott his language. He became proftable to them in aquainting them with many things concerning the state of the cuntry in the east-parts wher he lived, which was afterwards profitable unto them; as also of the people hear, of their names, number, & strength; of their situation & distance from this place, and who was cheefe amongst them. His name was *Samaset;* he tould them also of another Indian whos name was *Squanto,* a native of this place, who had been in England & could speake better English then him selfe. Being, after some time of entertainmente & gifts, dismist, a while after he came againe, & 5. more with him, & they brought againe all the tooles that were stolen away before, and made way for the coming of their great Sachem, called *Massasoyt;* who, about 4. *or* 5. *days after,* came with the cheefe of his friends & other attendance, with the aforesaid *Squanto.* With whom, after frendly entertainment, & some gifts given him, they made a peace with him (which hath now continued this 24. years).

THE SETTLEMENT AT MERRY MOUNT

[From *The History of Plymouth Plantation* for 1628.]

Aboute some 3. or 4. years before this time, ther came over one Captaine Wolastone, (a man of pretie parts,) and with him 3. or 4. more of some eminencie, who brought with them a great many servants, with provissions & other implments for to begine a planatation; and pitched them selves in a place within the Massachusets, which they called, after their Captains name, Mount-Wollaston. Amongst whom was one Mr. Morton, who, it should seeme, had some small adventure (of his owne or other mens) amongst them; but had litle respecte amongst them, and was sleghted by the meanest servants. Haveing continued ther some time, and not finding things to answer their expectations, nor profite to arise as they looked for, Captaine Wollaston takes a great part of the sarvants, and transports them to Virginia, wher he puts them of at good rates, seling their time to other men; and writs back to one Mr. Rassdall, one of his cheefe partners, and accounted their marchant, to bring another parte of them to Verginia likewise, intending to put them of there as he had done the rest. And he, with the consente of the said Rasdall, appoynted one Fitcher to be his Livetenante, and governe the remaines of the plantation, till he or Rasdall returned to take further order theraboute. But this Morton abovesaid, haveing more craft then honestie, (who had been a kind of petiefogger, of Furnefells Inne,) in the others absence, watches an oppertunitie, (commons being but hard amongst them,) and gott some strong drinck and other junkats, & made them a feast; and after they were merie, he begane to tell them, he would give them good Counsell. You see (saith he) that many of your fellows are carried to Virginia; and if you stay till this Rasdall returne, you will also be carried away and sould for slaves with the rest. Therfore I would advise you to thruste out this Levetenant Fitcher; and I, having a parte in the plantation, will receive you as my partners and Consociats; so may you be free from service, and we will converse, trad, plante, & live togeather as equalls, & supporte & protecte one another, or to like effecte. This counsell was easily received; so they tooke oppertunitie, and thrust Levetenante Fitcher out a dores, and would suffer him to come no more amongst them, but forct him to seeke bread to eate, and other releefe from his neigbours, till he could gett passages for England. After this they fell to great licenciousness, and led a dissolute life, powering out them selves into all profanenes. And Morton became lord of misrule, and maintained (as it were) a schoole of Athisme. And after they had gott some good into their hands, and gott much by trading with the Indeans, they spent it as vainly, in quaffing & drinking both wine & strong waters in great exsess, and, as some reported 10£. worth in a morning. They allso set up a May-pole, drinking and dancing aboute it many days togeather inviting the Indean women, for their consorts, dancing and frisking togither, (like so many fairies, or furies rather,) and worse practises. As if they had anew revived

& celebrated the feasts of the Roman Goddes Flora, or the beasly practieses of the madd Bacchinalians. Morton likwise (to shew his poetrie) composed sundry rimes & verses, some tending to lasciviousnes, and others to the detraction & scandall of some persons, which he affixed to this idle or idoll May-polle. They chainged allso the name of their place, and in stead of calling it Mounte Wollaston, they call it Merie-mounte, as if this joylity would have lasted ever. But this continued not long, for after Morton was sent for England, (as follows to be declared,) shortly after came over that worthy gentlman, Mr. John Indecott, who brought over a patent under the broad seall, for the governmente of the Massachusets, who visiting those parts caused that May-polle to be cutt downe, and rebuked them for their profannes, and admonished them to looke ther should be better walking; so they now, or others, changed the name of their place againe, and called it Mounte-Dagon.

Now to maintaine this riotous prodigallitie and profuse excess, Morton, thinking him selfe lawless, and hearing what gaine the French & fisher-men made by trading of peeces, powder, & shotte to the Indeans, he, as the head of this consortship, begane the practise of the same in these parts; and first he taught them how to use them, to charge, & discharg, and what proportion of powder to give the peece, according to the sise or bignes of the same; and what shotte to use for foule, and what for deare. And having thus instructed them, he imployed some of them to hunte & fowle for him, so as they became farr more active in that imploymente then any of the English, by reason of ther swiftnes of foote & nimblnes of body, being also quick-sighted, and by continuall exercise well knowing the hants of all sorts of game. So as when they saw the execution that a peece would doe, and the benefite that might come by the same, they became madd, as it were, after them, and would not stick to give any prise they could attaine too for them; accounting their bowes & arrowes but bables in comparison of them.

And here I may take occasion to bewaile the mischefe that this wicked man began in these parts, and which since base covetousnes prevailing in men that should know better, has now at length gott the upper hand, and made this thing commone, notwithstanding any laws to the contrary; so as the Indeans are full of peeces all over, both fouling peeces, muskets, pistols, &c. They have also their moulds to make shotte, of all sorts, as muskett bulletts, pistoll bullets, swane & gose shote, & of smaler sorts; yea, some have seen them have their scruplats to maks scrupins them selves, when they wante them, with sundery other implements, wherwith they are ordinarily better fited & furnished then the English them selves. Yea, it is well knowne that they will have powder & shot, when the English want it, nor cannot gett it; and that in a time of warre or danger, as experience hath manifested, that when lead hath been scarce, and men for their owne defence would gladly have given a groat a li, which is dear enoughe, yet hath it bene bought up & sent to other places, and sould to shuch as trade it with the Indeans, at 12. pence the li.; and it is like they give 3. or 4. s. the pound, for they will have it at any rate. And these things have been done in the same times, when some of their neighbours & friends are daly killed by the Indeans, or are in deanger therof, and live but at the Indeans mercie. Yea, some (as they have aquainted them with all other things) have tould them how gunpowder is made, and all the materialls in it, and that they are to be had in their owne land; and I am confidente, could they attaine to make saltpeter, they would teach them to make powder. O, the horiblnes of this vilanie! how many both Dutch & English have been latly slaine by those Indeans, thus furnished; and no remedie provided, nay, the evill more increased, and the blood of their brethren sould for gaine, as is to be feared; and in what danger all these colonies are in is too well known. Oh! that princes & parlements would take some timly order to prevente this mischeefe and at length to suppress it, by some exemplerie punishmente upon some of these gaine thirstie murderers, (for they deserve no better title,) before their collonies in these parts be over throwne by these barbarous savages,

thus armed with their owne weapons, by these evill instruments, and traytors to their neighbors and cuntrie. But I have forgott my selfe, and have been to longe in this digression; but now to returne. This Morton having thus taught them the use of peeces, he sould them all he could spare; and he and his consorts detirmined to send for many out of England, and had by some of the ships sente for above a score. The which being knowne, and his neighbours meeting the Indeans in the woods armed with guns in this sorte, it was a terrour unto them, who lived straglingly, and were of no strenght in any place. And other places (though more remote) saw this mischeefe would quictly spread over all, if not prevented. Besides, they saw they should keep no servants, for Morton would entertaine any, how vile soever, and all the scume of the countrie, or any discontents, would flock to him from all places, if this nest was not broken; and they should stand in more fear of their lives & goods (in short time) from this wicked & deboste crue, then from the salvages them selves.

So sundrie of the cheefe of the straggling plantations, meeting togither, agreed by mutuall consente to sollissite those of Plimoth (who were then of more strength then them all) to joyne with them, to prevente the further grouth of this mischeefe, and suppress Morton & his consortes before they grewe to further head and strength. Those that joyned in this acction (and after contributed to the charge of sending him for England) were from Pascataway, Namkeake, Winisimett, Weesagascusett, Natasco, and other places wher any English were seated. Those of Plimoth being thus sought too by their messengers & letters, and waying both their reasons, and the commone danger, were willing to afford them their help; though themselves had least cause of fear or hurte. So, to be short, they first resolved joyntly to write to him, and in a friendly & neigborly way admonish him to forbear these courses, & sent a messenger with their letters to bring his answer. But he was so highe as he scorned all advise, and asked who had to doe with him, he had and would trade peeces with the Indeans in dispite of all, with many other scurillous termes full of disdaine. They sente to him a second time, and bad him be better advised, and more temperate in his termes, for the countrie could not beare the injure he did; it was against their comone saftie, and against the king's proclamation. He answered in high terms as before, and that the kings proclaimation was no law; demanding what penaltie was upon it. It was answered, more than he could bear, his majesties displeasure. But insolently he persisted, and said the king was dead and his displeasure with him, & many the like things; and threatened withall that if any came to molest him, let them looke to them selves, for he would prepare for them. Upon which they saw ther was no way but to take him by force; and having so farr proceeded, now to give over would make him farr more hautie & insolente. So they mutually resolved to proceed, and obtained of the Govr. of Plimoth to send Captaine Standish, & some other aide with him, to take Morton by force. The which accordingly was done; but they found him to stand stifly in his defence, having made fast his dors, armed his consorts, set diverse dishes of powder & bullets ready on the table; and if they had not been over armed with drinke, more hurt might have been done. They sommaned him to yeeld, but he kept his house, and they could gett nothing but scofes & scorns from him; but at length, fearing they would doe some violence to the house, he and some of his crue came out, but not to yeeld, but to shoote; but they were so steeld with drinke as their peeces were to heavie for them; him selfe with a carbine (over charged & allmost halfe fild with powder & shote, as was after found) had thought to have shot Captaine Standish; but he stept to him, & put by his peece, & tooke him. Neither was ther any hurte done to any of either side, save that one was so drunke that he rane his owne nose upon the pointe of a sword that one held before him as he entred the house; but he lost but a litle of his hott blood. Morton they brought away to Plimoth, wher he was kepte, till a ship went from the Ile of Shols for England, with which he was sente to the Counsell of New-England; and letters writen to give them information of his course & cariage; and also one was sent at their commone

charge to informe their Honours more perticulerly, & to prosecute against him. But he foold of the messenger, after he was gone from hence, and though he wente for England, yet nothing was done to him, not so much as rebukte, for ought was heard; but returned the nexte year. Some of the worst of the company were disperst, and some of the more modest kepte the house till he should be heard from. But I have been too long aboute so unworthy a person, and bad a cause.

This year Mr. Allerton brought over a yonge man for a minister to ye people hear, wheather upon his owne head, or at the motion of some friends ther, I well know not, but it was without the churches sending; for they had bene so bitten by Mr. Lyford, as they desired to know the person well whom they should invite amongst them. His name was Mr. Rogers; but they perceived, upon some triall, that he was crased in his braine; so they were faine to be at further charge to send him back againe the nexte year, and loose all the charge that was expended in his hither bringing, which was not smalle by Mr. Allerton's accounte, in provissions, aparell, bedding, &c. After his returne he grue quite distracted, and Mr. Allerton was much blamed that he would bring such a man over, they having charge enough otherwise.

Mr. Allerton, in the years before, had brough over some small quantitie of goods, upon his owne perticuler, and sould them for his owne private benefite; which was more then any man had yet hitherto attempted. But because he had otherwise done them good service, and also sould them among the people at the plantation, by which their wants were supplied, and he aledged it was the love of Mr. Sherley and some other good friends that would needs trust him with some goods, conceiveing it might doe him some good, and none hurt, it was not much lookt at, but past over. But this year he brought over a greater quantitie, and they were so intermixte with the goods of the generall, as they knew not which were theirs, & which was his, being pact up together; so as they well saw that, if any casualty had beefalne at sea, he might have laid the whole on them, if he would; for ther was no distinction. Allso what was most vendible, and would yeeld presente pay, usualy that was his; and he now begane allso to sell abroad to others of forine places, which, considering their comone course, they began to dislike. Yet because love thinkes no evill, nor is susspitious, they tooke his faire words for excuse, and resolved to send him againe this year for England; considering how well he had done the former bussines, and what good acceptation he had with their friends ther; as also seeing sundry of their friends from Leyden were sente for, which would or might be much furthered by his means. Againe, seeing the patente for Kenebeck must be inlarged, by reason of the former mistaks in the bounding of it, and it was conceived, in a manner, the same charge would serve to inlarge this at home with it, and he that had begane the former the last year would be the fittest to effecte this; so they gave him instructions and sente him for England this year againe. And in his instructions bound him to bring over no goods on their accounte, but 50 li. in hose & shoes, and some linen cloth, (as they were bound by covenante when they tooke the trad;) also some trading goods to such a value; and in no case to exseed his instructions, nor rune them into any further charge; he well knowing how their state stood. Also that he should so provide that their trading goods came over betimes, and what so ever was sent on their accounte should be pact up by it selfe, marked with their marke, and no other goods to be mixed with theirs. For so he prayed them to give him such instructions as they saw good, and he would folow them, to prevente any jellocie or farther offence, upon the former forementioned dislikes. And thus they conceived they had well provided for all things.

JOHN WINTHROP (1588-1649)

THREE EXTRACTS FROM THE JOURNAL

1845

3. (May) 14. . . . Presently after the lecture the magistrates and deputies took their places in the meeting house, and the people come together, and the deputy governor placing himself within the bar, as at the time of the hearing, etc., the governor read the sentence of the court, without speaking any more, for the deputies had (by importunity) obtained a promise of silence from the magistrates. Then was the deputy governor [Winthrop] desired by the court to go up and take his place again upon the bench, which he did accordingly, and the court being about to arise, he desired leave for a little speech, which was to this effect.

I suppose something may be expected from me, upon this charge [he had been charged with exceeding his powers as deputy governor] which has befallen me, which moves me to speak now to you; yet I intend not to intermeddle in the proceedings of the court, or with any of the persons concerned therein. Only I bless God, that I see an issue of this troublesome business. I also acknowledge the justice of the court, and, for mine own part, I am well satisfied, I was publicly charged, and I am publicly and legally acquitted, which is all I did expect or desire. And though this be sufficient for my justification before men, yet not so before the God, who hath seen so much amiss in my dispensations (and even in this affair) as calls me to be humble. For to be publicly and criminally charged in this court, is matter of humiliation, (and I desire to make a right use of it,) notwithstanding I be thus acquitted. If her father had spit in her face, (saith the Lord concerning Miriam,) should she not have been ashamed seven days? Shame had lien upon her, whatever the occasion had been. I am unwilling to stay you from your urgent affairs, yet give me leave (upon this special occasion) to speak a little more to this assembly. It may be of some good use, to inform and rectify the judgments of some of the people, and may prevent such distempers as have arisen amongst us. The great questions that have troubled the country, are about the authority of the magistrates and the liberty of the people. It is yourselves who have called us to this office, and being called by you, we have our authority from God, in way of an ordinance, such as hath the image of God eminently stamped upon it, the contempt and violation whereof hath been vindicated with examples of divine vengeance. I entreat you to consider, that when you choose magistrates, you take them from among yourselves, men subject to like passions as you are. Therefore when you see infirmities in us, you should reflect upon your own, and that make you bear the more with us, and not be severe censurers of the failings of your magistrates, when you have continual experience of the like infirmities in yourselves and others. We account him a good servant, who breaks not his covenant. The covenant between you and us is the oath you have taken of us, which is to this purpose, that we shall govern you and judge your causes by the rules of God's laws and our own, according to our best skill. When you agree with a workman to build you a ship or house, etc., he undertakes as well for his skill as for his faithfulness, for it is his profession, and you pay him for both. But when you call one to be a magistrate, he doth not profess nor undertake to have sufficient skill for that office, nor can you furnish him with gifts, etc., therefore you must run the hazard of his skill and ability. But if he fail in faithfulness, which by his oath he is bound unto, that he must answer for. If it fall out that the case be clear to common apprehension, and the rule clear,

also, if he transgress here, the error is not in the skill, but in the evil of the will: it must be required of him. But if the case be doubtful, or the rule doubtful, to men of such understanding and parts as your magistrates are, if your magistrates should err here, yourselves must bear it.

For the other point concerning liberty, I observe a great mistake in the country about that. There is a twofold liberty, natural (I mean as our nature is now corrupt) and civil or federal. The first is common to man with beasts and other creatures. By this, man, as he stands in relation to man simply, hath liberty to do what he lists; it is a liberty to evil as well as to good. This liberty is incompatible and inconsistent with authority, and cannot endure the least restraint of the most just authority. The exercise and maintaining of this liberty makes men grow more evil, and in time to be worse than brute beasts: omnes sumus licentia deteriores. This is that great enemy of truth and peace, that wild beast, which all the ordinances of God are bent against, to restrain and subdue it. The other kind of liberty I call civil or federal, it may also be termed moral, in reference to the covenant between God and man, in the moral law, and the politic covenants and constitutions, amongst men themselves. This is the proper end and object of authority, and cannot subsist without it; and it is a liberty to that only which is good, just, and honest. This liberty you are to stand for, with the hazard (not only of your goods, but) of your lives, if need be. Whatsoever crosseth this, is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained and exercised in a way of subjection to authority; it is of the same kind of liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. The woman's own choice makes such a man her husband; yet being so chosen, he is her lord, and she is to be subject to him, yet in a way of liberty, not of bondage; and a true wife accounts her subjection her honor and freedom, and would not think her condition safe and free, but in her subjection to her husband's authority. Such is the liberty of the church under the authority of Christ, her king and husband; his yoke is so easy and sweet to her as a bride's ornaments; and if through frowardness or wantonness, etc., she shake it off, at any time, she is at no rest in her spirit, until she take it up again; and whether her lord smiles upon her, and embraceth her in his arms, or whether he frowns, or rebukes, or smites her, she apprehends the sweetness of his love in all, and is refreshed, supported, and instructed by every such dispensation of his authority over her. On the other side, ye know who they are that complain of this yoke and say, let us break their bands, etc., we will not have this man to rule over us. Even so, brethren, it will be between you and your magistrates. If you stand for your natural corrupt liberties, and will do what is good in your own eyes, you will not endure the least weight of authority, but will murmur, and oppose, and be always striving to shake off that yoke; but if you will be satisfied to enjoy such civil and lawful liberties, such as Christ allows you, then will you quietly and cheerfully submit unto that authority which is set over you, in all the administrations of it, for your good. Wherein, if we fail at any time, we hope we shall be willing (by God's assistance) to hearken to good advice from any of you, or in any other way of God; so shall your liberties be preserved, in upholding the honor and power of authority amongst you.

1645

5. (July 3.)] By order of the general court, upon advice with the elders, a general fast was kept. The occasions were, the miseries of England, and our own differences in the general court, and also for the great drought. In this latter the Lord prevented our prayers in sending us rain soon after, and before the day of humiliation came.

Divers free schools were erected, as at Roxbury (for maintenance whereof every inhabitant bound some house or land for a yearly allowance forever) and at Boston (where they made an order to allow forever 50 pounds to the master and an house, and 30 pounds to an usher, who should also teach to read and write and cipher, and Indians' children were to be taught freely, and the charge to be by yearly contribution, either by voluntary allowance, or by rate

of such as refused, etc., and this order was confirmed by the general court [*blank*]). Other towns did the like, providing maintenance by several means.

By agreement of the commissioners, and the motions of the elders in their several churches, every family in each colony gave one peck of corn or twelve pence to the college at Cambridge.

1. (March) 25.] Another strange accident happened by fire about this time. One Mr. Peck and three others of Hingham, being about with others to remove to Seaconk (which was concluded by the commissioners of the United Colonies to belong to Plymouth,) riding thither, they sheltered themselves and their horses in an Indian wigwam, which by some occasion took fire, and (although they were all four in it, and labored to their utmost, etc.) burnt three of their horses to death, and all of their goods to the value of 50 pounds.

Also some children were killed, and others sore scorched with wearing cloaths of cotton, which was very apt to take fire, and hard to be quenched; so as one man of Watertown being so cloathed, and taking fire by endeavoring to save his house being on fire, was forced to run into a well to save his life.

2. (April 13.)] Mr. Hopkins, the governor of Hartford upon Connecticut, came to Boston, and brought his wife with him, (a godly young woman, and of special parts,) who was fallen into a sad infirmity, the loss of her understanding and reason, which had been growing upon her divers years, by occasion of her giving herself wholly to reading and writing, and had written many books. Her husband, being very loving and tender of her, was loath to grieve her; but he saw his error, when it was too late. For if she had attended her household affairs, and such things as belong to women, and not gone out of her way and calling to meddle in such things as are proper for men, whose minds are stronger, etc., she had kept her wits, and might have improved them usefully and honorably in the place God had set her. He brought her to Boston, and left her with her brother, one Mr. Yale, a merchant, to try what means might be had here for her. But no help could be had.

1648

28. (June.)] The *Welcome*, of Boston, about 300 tons, riding before Charlestown, having in her eighty horses and 120 tons of ballast, in calm weather, fell a rolling, and continued so about twelve hours, so as though they brought a great weight to the one side, yet she would heel to the other, and so deep as they feared her foundering. It was then the time of the county court at Boston, and the magistrates hearing of it, and withal that one Jones (the husband of the witch lately executed) had desired to have passage in her to Barbadoes, and could not have it without such payment, etc., they sent the officer presently with a warrant to apprehend him, one of them saying that the ship would stand still as soon as he was in prison. And as the officer went, and was passing over the ferry, one said to him, you can tame men sometimes, can't you tame this ship? The officer answered, I have that here, that (it may be) will tame her, and make her be quiet; and with that showed his warrant. And at the same instant, she began to stop and presently staid, and after he was put in prison, moved no more.

There appeared over the harbor at New Haven, in the evening, the form of the keel of a ship with three masts, to which were suddenly added all the tackling and sails, and presently after, upon the top of the poop, a man standing with one hand akimbo under his left side, and in his right hand a sword stretched out toward the sea. Then from the side of the ship which was from the town arose a great smoke, which covered all the ship, and in that smoke she vanished away; but some saw her keel sink into the water. This was seen by many, men and women, and it continued about a quarter of an hour.

Divers letters passed between our governor and the Dutch governor about a meeting for reconciling the differences between our confederates of New Haven, etc., and him. But Mr. Bradford, the governor of Plymouth, (being one of the two whom the Dutch governor desired to refer the differences unto, being sent unto about it, came to Boston, and there excused himself, by bodily infirmities and other reasons, that he could not go to

Hartford that summer, but promised (the Lord assisting) to prepare against the middle of the (4) (*June*) next summer. So the governor (Mr. Hopkins being then also at Boston) despatched away letters presently to the Dutch governor to certify him thereof, who returned answer soon after, that he was very sorry the meeting did not hold, and professed his earnest inclination to peace, and that he never had any thought of war, and desired that in the mean time all things might remain as they were, neither encroaching upon others' pretended limits, desiring withal that he might meet the commissioners of the colonies also to treat with them about the Indian trade, which was much abused, etc.

15. (6) (August 15.)] The synod met at Cambridge by adjournment from the (4) (*June*) last. Mr. Allen of Dedham preached out of Acts 15, a very godly, learned, and particular handling of near all the doctrines and applications concerning that subject with a clear discovery and refutation of such errors, objections, and scruples as had been raised about it by some young heads in the country.

It fell out, about the midst of his sermon, there came a snake into the seat, where many of the elders sate behind the preacher. It came in at the door where people stood thick upon the stairs. Divers of the elders shifted from it, but Mr. Thomson, one of the elders of Braintree, (a man of much faith,) trode upon the head of it, and so held it with his foot and staff with a small pair of grains, until it was killed. This being so remarkable, and nothing falling out but by divine providence, it is out of doubt, the Lord discovered somewhat of his mind in it. The serpent is the devil; the synod, the representative of the churches of Christ in New England. The devil had formerly and lately attempted their disturbance and dissolution; but their faith in the seed of the woman overcame him and crushed his head.

The synod went on comfortably, and intended only the framing of a confession of faith, etc., and a form of church discipline (not entertaining any other business). For the first, they wholly agreed with that which the assembly in England had lately set forth. For the other, viz., for discipline, they drew it by itself, according to the general practice of our churches. So they ended in less than fourteen days.

This month, when our first harvest was near had in, the pigeons came again all over the country, but did no harm, (harvest being just in,) but proved a great blessing, it being incredible what multitudes of them were killed daily. It was ordinary for one man to kill eight or ten dozen in half a day, yea five or six dozen at one shoot, and some seven or eight. Thus the Lord showed us, that he could make the same creature, which formerly had been a great chastisement, now to become a great blessing.

About the midst of this summer, there arose a fly out of the ground, about the bigness of the top of a man's little finger, of brown color. They filled the woods from Connecticut to Sudbury with a great noise, and eat up the young sprouts of the trees, but meddled not with the corn. They were also between Plymouth and Braintree, but came no further. If the Lord had not stopped them, they had spoiled all our orchards, for they did some few.

THOMAS MORTON (1575-1646)

The negative side of the Puritan argument was furnished by one Thomas Morton, an English adventurer, a lawyer by profession, who established himself at the Mount Wollaston, or Merry Mount, settlement in 1625, and began to exploit the Indians after the manner that was to be so common in later years. Undoubtedly he introduced the natives to "fire-water," and sold them fire-arms, and undoubtedly he was as immoral generally as the usual trader in savage lands. His conduct was exceedingly annoying to the Plymouth Puritans, especially his flaunted adherence to the Church of England prayer-book and ritual, and his hilarious observance of May Day assisted by Indian squaws. Accordingly Captain Miles Standish in 1627 was sent forcibly to abate the settlement as an intolerable nuisance.

Morton's only book, written about 1634 after his four different sojourns in America, during one of which he spent a year in prison at Boston, was published in 1637 with the title the *New English Canaan*. As noted on its title page, it is in three parts: "The first Booke setting forth the originall of the Natives, their Manners and Customes, together with their tractable Nature and Love towards the English. The second Booke setting forth the natural Indowments of the Country, and what staple Commodites it yealdeth. The third Booke setting forth, what people are planted there, their prosperity, what remarkable accidents have happened since the first planting of it, together with their Tenents and practise of their Church." The book probably was produced as propaganda against the Puritans at the time when their charter was threatened. It is a coarsely clever work, and amid the tremendously serious tomes of the Puritan divines it is an element of lightness and facetious worldliness that stands out strangely distinct, but it is too prejudiced and too full of inaccuracies to be of real value. One needs only to compare Bradford's account of the Miles Standish raid with Morton's to realize its radical defects. The episode has furnished material for later writers, Hawthorne finding in it the theme for his "The May-pole of Merry Mount" and Motley for his novels *Morton's Hope* and *Merry Mount*. It is a curious fact that the first poem known to have been made in New England is Morton's bacchanal song, "sung," as he has recorded, "with a chorus, every man bearing his part; which they performed in a dance, hand in hand about the May-pole, whiles one of the company sung, and filled out the good liquor like gammedes and Jupiter."

THE SONG

[From *The New English Canaan.*]

Drink and be merry, merry, merry, boys,
Let all your delight be in Hymen's joys,
Io to Hymen now the day is come,
About the merry May-pole take a roome.

Make green garlons, bring bottles out;
And fill sweet Nectar freely about,
Uncover thy head, and fear no harm,
For here's good liquor to keep it warm.
Then drink and be merry, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

Netctar is a thing assign'd,
By the Deities own mind,
To cure the heart opprest with grief,
And of good liquors is the chief.
Then drink, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

Give to the Melancholy man,
A cup or two of 't now and then,
This physic will soon revive his blood,
And make him be of a merrier mood.
Then drink, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

Give to the nymph that's free from scorn,
No Irish stuff, no Scotch over worn;
Lassies in beaver coats come away,
Ye shall be welcome to us night and day.
To drink and be merry, &c.
Io to Hymen, &c.

This harmless mirth made by young men (that lived in hope to have wives brought over to them, that would save them a labor to make a voyage to fetch any over) was much distasted of the precise Seperatists; that keep much ado, about the tithe of mint

and cummin, troubling their brains more than reason would require about things that are indifferent; and from that time sought occasion against my honest Host of Ma-re Mount to overthrow his undertakings, and to destroy his plantation quite and clear.

OF A GREAT MONSTER SUPPOSED TO BE AT MA-RE-MOUNT; AND THE PREPARATION MADE TO DESTROY IT

[From *New English Canaan*, Book III, Chap, XV.]

The Seperatists, envying the prosperity and hope of the Plantation at Ma-re Mount, (which they perceaved beganne to come forward, and to be in a good way for gaine in the Beaver trade,) conspired together against mine Host especially, (who was the owner of that Plantation,) and made up a party against him; and mustred up what aide they could, accounting of him as of a great Monster.

Many threatening speeches were given out both against his person and his Habitation, which they divulged should be consumed with fire: And taking advantage of the time when his company, (which seemed little to regard theire threats,) were gone up into the Inlands to trade with the Salvages for Beaver, they set upon my honest host at a place called Wessaguscus, where, by accident, they found him. The inhabitants there were in good hope of the subvertion of the plantation at Mare Mount, (which they principally aymed at;) and the rather because mine host was a man that indeavoured to advaunce the dignity of the Church of England; which they, (on the contrary part,) would laboure to vilifie with uncivile termes: enveying against the sacred booke of common prayer, and mine host that used it in a laudable manner amongst his family, as a practise of piety.

There hee would be a meanes to bring sacks to their mill, (such is the thirst after Beaver,) and helped the conspiratores to surprise mine host, (who was there all alone;) and they chargded him, (because they would seeme to have some reasonable cause against him to sett a glosse upon their mallice,) with criminall things; which indeede had beene done by such a person, but was of their conspiracy; mine host demaunded of the conspirators who it was that was author of that information, that seemed to be their ground for what they now intended. And because they answered they would not tell him, hee as peremptorily replyed, that hee would not say whether he had, or he had not done as they had bin informed.

The answere made no matter, (as it seemed,) whether it had bin negatively or affirmatively made; for they had resolved that hee should suffer, because, (as they boasted,) they were now become the greater number: they had shaked of their shackles of servitude, and were become Masters, and masterles people.

It appears they were like beares whelpes in former time, when mine hosts plantation was of as much strength as theirs, but now, (theirs being stronger,) they, (like overgrowne beares,) seemed monsterous. In 'breife, mine host must indure to be their prisoner untill they could contrive it so that they might send him for England, (as they said,) there to suffer according to the merrit of the fact which they intended to father upon him; supposing, (belike,) it would proove a hainous crime.

Much rejoycing was made that they had gotten their capitall enemy, (as they concluded him;) whome they purposed to hamper in such sort that hee should not be able to uphold his plantation at Ma-re Mount.

The Conspirators sported themselves at my honest host, that meant them no hurt, and were so joccund that they feasted their bodies, and fell to tippeling as if they had obtained a great prize; like the Trojans when they had the custody of Hippeus pinetree horse.

Mine host fained greefe, and could not be perswaded either to eate or drinke; because hee knew emptines would be a meanes to make him as watchfull as the Geese kept in the Roman Cappitall: whereon, the contrary part, the conspirators would be so drowsy that hee might have an opportunity to give them a slip, insteade of a tester. Six persons of the conspiracy were set to watch him at Wessaguscus: But hee

kept waking; and in the dead of night, (one lying on the bed for further suerty,) up gets mine Host and got to the second dore that hee was to passe, which, notwithstanding the lock, hee got open, and shut it after him with such violence that it affrighted some of the conspirators.

The word, which was given with an alarme, was, ô he 's gon, he 's gon, what shall wee doe, he 's gon! The rest, (halfe a sleepe,) start up in a maze, and, like rames, ran theire heads one at another full butt in the darke.

Theire grande leader, Captaine Shrimp, [Miles Standish] tooke on most furiously and tore his clothes for anger, to see the empty nest, and their bird gone.

The rest were eager to have torne theire haire from theire heads; but it was so short that it would give them no hold. Now Captaine Shrimp thought in the losse of this prize, (which hee accoumpted his Master peece,) all his honor would be lost for ever.

In the meane time mine Host was got home to Ma-re Mount through the woods, eight miles round about the head of the river Monatoquit that parted the two Plantations, finding his way by the helpe of the lightening, (for it thundred as hee went terribly;) and there hee prepared powther, three pounds dried, for his present impolyement, and foure good gunnes for him and the two assistants left at his howse, with bullets of severall sizes, three houndred or thereabouts, to be used if the conspirators should pursue him thether: and these two persons promised theire aides in the quarrell, and confirmed that promise with health in good rosa solis.

Now Captaine Shrimp, the first Captaine in the Land, (as hee supposed,) must doe some new act to repaire this losse, and, to vindicate his reputation, who had sustained blemish by this oversight, begins now to study, how to repaire or survive his honor: in this manner, callinge of Councell, they conclude.

Hee takes eight persons more to him, and, (like the nine Worthies of New Canaan,) they imbarque with preparation against Ma-re Mount where this Monster of a man, as theire phrase was, had his denne; the whole number, had the rest not bin from home, being but seaven, would have given Captaine Shrimpe, (a quondam Drummer,) such a wellcome as would have made him wish for a Drume as bigg as Diogenes tubb, that hee might have crept into it out of sight.

Now the nine Worthies are approached, and mine Host prepared: having intelligence by a Salvage, that hastened in love from Wessaguscus to give him notice of their intent.

One of mine Hosts men prooved a craven: the other had prooved his wits to purchase a little valoure, before mine Host had observed his posture.

The nine worthies comming before the Denne of this supposed Monster, (this seaven headed hydra, as they termed him,) and began, like Don Quixote against the Windmill, to beate a parly, and to offer quarter, if mine Host would yeald; for they resolved to send him for England; and bad him lay by his armes.

But hee, (who was the Sonne of a Souldier,) having taken up armes in his just defence, replyed that hee would not lay by those armes, because they were so needefull at Sea, if hee should be sent over. Yet, to save the effusion of so much worty bloud, as would have issued out of the vaynes of these 9. worthies of New Canaan, if mine Host should have played upon them out at his port holes, (for they came within danger like a flocke of wild geese, as if they had bin tayled one to another, as coults to be sold at a faier,) mine Host was content to yeelde upon quarter; and did capitulate with them in what manner it should be for more certainety, because hee knew what Captaine Shrimpe was.

Hee expressed that no violence should be offered to his person, none to his goods, nor any of his Howsehold: but that hee should have his armes, and what els was requisit for the voyage: which theire Herald retornes, it was agreed upon, and should be performed.

But mine Host no sooner had set open the dore, and issued out, but instantly Captaine Shrimpe and the rest of the worthies stepped to him, layd hold of his armes, and had him downe: and so eagerly was every man bent against him, (not regarding any agreement made with such a carnall man,) that they fell upon him as if they would have eaten him: some of them were so violent that they would have a slice with scabbert,

and all for haste: untill an old Souldier, (of the Queenes, as the Proverbe is,) that was there by accident, clapt his gunne under the weapons, and sharply rebuked these worthies for their unworthy practises. So the matter was taken into more deliberate consideration.

Captaine Shrimp, and the rest of the nine worthies, made themselves, (by this outragious riot,) Masters of mine Host of Ma-re Mount, and disposed of what hee had at his plantation.

This they knew, (in the eye of the Salvages,) would add to their glory, and diminish the reputation of mine honest Host; whome they practised to be ridd of upon any termes, as willingly as if hee had bin the very Hidra of the time.

[1634]

HOW THE 9. WORTHIES PUT MINE HOST OF MA-RE-MOUNT INTO THE INCHAUNTED CASTLE AT PLIMMOUTH, AND TERRIFIED HIM WITH THE MONSTER BRIAREUS

[From *New English Canaan*, Book III, Chap. XVI.]

The nine worthies of New Canaan having now the Law in their owne hands, (there being no generall Governour in the Land; nor none of the Seperation that regarded the duety they owe their Soveraigne, whose naturall borne subjects they were, though translated out of Holland, from whence they had learned to worke all to their owne ends, and make a great shewe of Religion, but no humanity,) for they were now to sit in Counsell on the cause.

And much it stood mine honest Host upon to be very circumspect, and to take Eacus to taske; for that his voyce was more allowed of then both the other: and had not mine Host confounded all the arguments that Eacus could make in their defence, and confuted him that swaied the rest, they would have made him unable to drinke in such manner of merriment any more. So that following this private counsell, given him by one that knew who ruled the rost, the Hiracano ceased that els would split his pinace.

A conclusion was made and sentence given that mine Host should be sent to England a prisoner. But when hee was brought to the shipps for that purpose, no man durst be so foole hardy as to undertake carry him. So these Worthies set mine Host upon an Island without gunne, powther, or shot or dogge or so much as a knife to get any thinge to feede upon, or any other cloathes to shelter him with at winter then a thinne suite which hee had one at that time. Home hee could not get to Ma-re Mount. Upon this Island hee stayed a moneth at least, and was releeved by Salvages that tooke notice that mine Host was a Sachem of Passonagessit, and would bringe bottles of strong liquor to him, and unite themselves into a league of brother hood with mine Host; so full of humanity are these infidels before those Christians.

From this place for England sailed mine Host in a Plimmouth shipp, (that came into the Land to fish upon the Coast,) that landed him safe in England at Plimmouth: and hee stayed in England untill the ordinary time for shipping to set forth for these parts, and then retorned: Noe man being able to taxe him of any thinge.

But the Worthies, (in the meane time,) hoped they had bin ridd of him.

[1634]

RICHARD MATHER (1596-1669)

Richard Mather, who came from England in 1635, the first of "the Mather dynasty" in Massachusetts, has a place in American literary history because of his connection with the first book printed in America, the so-called "Bay Psalm Book," issued from the newly-established Cambridge press in 1640. The Pilgrims had brought to America the standard hymn book of their day, the metrical version of the Psalms made by Sternhold and Hopkins, but its wide departure at times from the Biblical original and its constant sacrifice of literalness for poetic effect troubled the Puritan conscience beyond endurance. They would make a hymn book of their own and they would place literal rendering of the sacred text first and poetic polishings last of all. The committee to make the new metrical version, chosen not at all because of poetic ability but because of their eminence as divines and their unshaken orthodoxy, consisted of Richard Mather, pastor of the church at Dorchester, Thomas Welde, and John Eliot, the "apostle to the Indians." The greater part of the work of making the metrical versions fell upon Mather and from his pen undoubtedly came the prefatory note. The full title of the book was "The Whole Booke of Psalmes Faithfully Translated into English Metre. Whereunto is prefixed a discourse declaring not only the lawfullness, but also the necessity of the heavenly Ordinance of singing Scripture Psalmes in the Churches of God."

The new version became at once the standard psalter of Puritan America. In 1647 a new edition was prepared. In the words of Cotton Mather, "it was thought that a little more art was to be employed upon them" and the translations were accordingly "refined." This edition and a third issued in 1650 was used almost to the period of the Revolution when it was replaced by the hymn book of Isaac Watts. From a poetic standpoint it has little merit; it must be classed indeed with the curiosities of American literature. Moses Soit Tyler and others have made merry in their criticism of it. It should be remembered, however, that it was made in an atmosphere of awful reverence for the Bible such as we of a later day can hardly realize, and it should be remembered, moreover, that it was made not to be read as poetry but to be sung to appropriate tunes in the solemn worship of the sanctuary. As chanted by a fervent congregation the hymns lose much of their uncouthness. Some of them, like the 23d and the 100th Psalms, may indeed be said to have even as poetry real beauty and real lyric feeling. It is worth noting too that this first book printed in the new world was a book made necessary by the new spirit of America, a book distinctively American prepared deliberately because the Mother Country had nothing with which to meet the new demands.

FROM THE PREFACE OF THE BAY PSALM BOOK

As for the scruple that some take at the translation of the book of psalmes into meeter, because Davids psalmes were sung in his own words without meeter: we answer—First. There are many verses together in several psalmes of David which run in rithmes (as those that know the hebrew and as Buxtorf shews *Thesau.* pa. 629.) which shews at least the lawfullnes of singing psalmes in english rithmes.

Secondly. The psalmes are penned in such verses as are sutable to the poetry of the hebrew language, and not in the common style of such other bookes of the old Testament as are not poeticall; now no protestant doubteth but that all the bookes of the scripture should by Gods ordinance be extant in the mother tongue of each nation, that they may be understood of all, hence the psalmes are to be translated into our english tongue: and if in our english tongue wee are to sing them, then as all our english songs (according to the course of our english poetry) do run in metre, soe ought Davids psalmes to be translated into meeter, that soe wee may sing the Lords songs, as in our English tongue soe in such verses as are familiar to an english eare which are commonly metricall: and as it can be no just offence to any good conscience, to sing Davids

hebrew songs in english words, soe neither to sing his poeticall verses in english poeticall metre: men might as well stumble at singing the hebrew psalmes in our english tunes (and not in the hebrew tunes) as at singing them in english meeter, (which are our verses) and not in such verses as are generally used by David according to the poetry of the hebrew language: but the truth is, as the Lord hath hid from us the hebrew tunes, lest wee should think our selves bound to imitate them: soe also the course and frame (for the most part) of their hebrew poetry, that wee might not think our selves bound to imitate that, but that every nation without scruple might follow as the grave sort of tunes of their owne country songs, soe the graver sort of verses of their owne country poetry.

Neither let any think, that for the meetre sake wee have taken liberty or poeticall license to depart from the true and proper sence of Davids words in the hebrew verses, noe; but it hath beene one part of our religious care and faithfull indeavour, to keepe close to the originall text.

As for other objections taken from the difficulty of *Ainsworths* tunes, and the corruptions in our common psalme books, wee hope they are answered in this new edition of psalmes which wee here present to God and his Churches. For although wee have cause to blesse God in many respects for the religious indeavours of the translaters of the psalmes into meetre usually annexed to our Bibles, yet it is not unknowne to the godly learned that they have rather presented a paraphrase then the words of David translated according to the rule *2 chron.* 29. 30. and that their addition to the words, detractions from the words are not seldome and rare, but very frequent and many times needles, (which wee suppose would not be approved of if the psalmes were so translated into prose) and that their variations of the sense, and alterations of the sacred text too frequently, may justly minister matter of offence to them that are able to compare the translation with the text; of which failings, some judicious have oft complained, others have been grieved, whereupon it hath bin generally desired, that as wee doe injoye other, soe (if it were the Lords will) wee might injoye this ordinance also in its native purity: wee have therefore done our indeavour to make a plaine and familiar translation of the psalmes and words of David into english metre, and have not soe much as presumed to paraphrase to give the sense of his meaning in other words; we have therefore attended heerin as our chief guide the originall, shunning all additions, except such as even the best translaters of them in prose supply, avoiding all materiall detractions from words or sence. . . . [Here follow five short paragraphs concerning his methods with Hebrew and English idioms.]

If therefore the verses are not alwayes so smooth and elegant as some may desire or expect; let them consider that Gods Altar needs not our pollishings: Ex. 20. for wee have respected rather a plaine translation, then to smooth our verses with the sweetnes of any paraphrase, and soe have attended Conscience rather than Elegance, fidelity rather then poetry, in translating the hebrew words into english language, and Davids poetry into english meetre; that soe wee may sing in Sion the Lords songs of prayse according to his owne will; untill hee take us from hence and wipe away all our teares, & bid us enter into our masters joye to sing eternall Hallelujahs.

PSALME I

O Blessed man, that in th' advice
of wicked doeth not walk;
nor stand in sinners way, nor sit
in chayre of scornful folk,
But in the law of Jehovah,
is his longing delight:
and in his law doth meditate,
by day and eke by night.

And he shall be like to a tree
planted by water-rivers:
that in his season yeilds his fruit,
and his leafe never withers.
And all he doth, shall prosper well,
the wicked are not so:
but they are like unto the chaffe.
which winde drives to and fro.
Therefore shall not ungodly men,
rise to stand in the doome,
nor shall the sinners with the just,
in their assemblie *come.*

For of the righteous men, the Lord
acknowledgeth the way:
but the way of ungodly men,
shall utterly decay.

23 A PSALME OF DAVID

The Lord to mee a shepheard is,
want therefore shall not I.
Hee in the folds of tender-grasse,
doth cause mee downe to lie:
To waters calme me gentle leads
Restore my soule doth hee:
he doth in paths of righteousness:
for his names sake leade mee.
Yea though in valley of deaths shade
I walk, none ill I 'le feare:
because thou are with me, thy rod,
and staffe my comfort are.
For mee a table thou hast spread,
in presence of my foes:
thou dost annoynt my head with oyle,
my cup it over-flowes.
Goodness & mercy surely shall
all my dayes follow mee:
and in the Lords house I shall dwell
so long as dayes shall bee.

PSALME 100

[A psalm of prayse.]

Make yee a joyfull noyse unto
Jehovah all the earth:
Serve yee Jehovah with gladnes:
before him come with mirth.
Know, that Jehovah he is God,
not wee our selves, but hee
hath made us, his people & sheep
of his pasture are wee.
O enter yee into his gates
with prayse, & thankfullnesse
into his Courts: confesse to him,
& his Name doe yee blesse.
Because Jehovah he is good,
his bounteous-mercy
is everlasting: & his truth
is to eternity.

PSALME 137

The rivers on of Babilon
there when wee did sit downe:
yea even then wee mourned, when
wee remembred Sion.
Our Harps wee did hang it amid,
upon the willow tree.
Because there they that us away
led in captivitee.
Requir'd of us a song, & thus
askt mirth: us waste who laid,
sing us among a Sion's song,
unto us then they said.
The lords song sing can wee? being
in strangers land. Then let
loose her skill my right hand, if I
Jerusalem forget.
Let cleave my tongue my pallate on,
if minde thee doe not I:
If chief joyes or'e I prise not more
Jerusalem my joy.
Remember Lord, Edoms sons word,
unto the ground said they,
it rase. it rase, when as it was
Jerusalem her day
Blest shall he bee, that prayeth thee,
daughter of Babilon,
who must be waste: that which thou hast
rewarded us upon.
O happie hee shall surely bee,
that taketh up, that eke
thy little ones against the stones
doth into pieces breake.

NATHANIEL WARD (1597-1653)

The most readable book—at least in parts—that has come out of the Colonial Period in America was published in London in 1647 with this picturesque title:

The Simple Cobler of Aggawamm in America. Willing to help 'mend his Native *Country*, lamentably tattered, both in the upper-Leather and sole, with all the honest stitches he can take. And as willing, never to bee paid for his work, by old English wonted pay. It is his Trade to patch all the year long, gratis, therefore I pray Gentlemen keep your purses. By Theodore de la Guard.

> When bootes and shoes are torne up to the lefts,
> Coblers must thrust their awles up to the hefts.

The author of this book, Nathaniel Ward, a graduate of Cambridge University, a dissenting preacher later excommunicated by Archbishop Laud, came to America at the age of fifty-four and settled at Aggawam, now Ipswich, Massachusetts, as pastor of the church there. During the twelve years of his stay in America Ipswich was undoubtedly the literary centre of the colonies. Here Anne Bradstreet wrote her poems and here her father, Thomas Dudley, also made poetical attempts; here William Hubbard wrote his *History of the Indian Wars*, and here Ward brought to completion his *Simple Cobler*.

The most noteworthy qualities of this curious book are its vigor and its originality. Written with tremendously serious intent, by one who considered it his God-given task to cleanse both in England and America the religious Augean stables of his time, it may be classed now as a humorous work, especially in certain of its parts. Primarily it is a blast against "Tolerations of divers Religions, or of one Religion in segregant shapes." Its author makes a list of seventeen sects of "heretiques" and "phrantistics" which think they have discovered "the nor-west passage to heaven," but which if suffered to remain in the country, would make that country "Hell above ground." He then proceeds to lambast certain corrupting influences of the times, notably the costumes worn by many women and the long hair worn by some men. It is refreshing in the parched wilderness of Puritan theology and Calvinistic hair-splitting to come upon a book so vigorous and original of epithet and so really humorous. One should not forget, however, that the qualities which give it interest to-day came to it wholly by accident. Its author certainly did not attempt humor for humor's sake: his intent was to scorch and to shrivel and to destroy.

ON TOLERATION

[From *The Simple Cobler of Aggawamm.*]

Either I am in an Appoplexie, or that man is in a Lethargie, who doth not now sensibly feele God shaking the heavens over his head, and the earth under his feet: The Heavens so, as the Sun begins to turne into darknesse, the Moon into blood, the Starres to fall down to the ground; So that little Light of Comfort or Counsell is left to the sonnes of men: The Earth so, as the foundations are failing, the righteous scarce know where to finde rest, the inhabitants stagger like drunken men: it is in a manner dissolved both in Religions and Relations: And no marvell; for, they have defiled it by transgressing the Lawes, changing the Ordinances, and breaking the Everlasting Covenant. The Truths of God are the Pillars of the world, whereon States and Churches may stand quiet if they will; if they will not, Hee can easily shake them off into delusions, and distractions enough.

Sathan is now in his passions, he feeles his passion approaching; hee loves to fish in royled waters. Though that Dragon cannot sting the vitals of the Elect mortally, yet that Beelzebub can flyblow their Intellectuals miserably: The finer Religion grows, the finer hee spins his Cobwebs, hee will hold pace with Christ so long as his wits will serve him. Hee sees himselfe beaten out of grosse Idolatries, Heresies, Ceremonies, where the Light breakes forth with

power; he will therefore bestirre him to prevaricate Evangelicall Truths, and Ordinances, that if they will needs be walking, yet they shall *laborare varicibus,* and not keep their path, he will put them out of time and place; Assassinating for his Engineers, men of Paracelsian parts; well complexioned for honesty; for, such are fittest to Mountebanke his Chimistry into sicke Churches and weake Judgements.

Nor shall hee need to stretch his strength overmuch in this worke: Too many men having not laid their foundations sure, nor ballasted their Spirits deepe with humility and feare, are prest enough of themselves to evaporate their owne apprehensions. Those that are acquainted with Story know, it hath ever beene so in new Editions of Churches: Such as are least able, are most busie to pudder in the rubbish, and to raise dust in the eye of more steady Repayrers. Civill Commotions make roome for uncivill practises: Religious mutations, for irreligious opinions: Change of Aire, discovers corrupt bodies; Reformation of Religion, unsound mindes. Hee that hath any well-faced phansy in his Crowne, and doth not vent it now, fears the pride of his owne heart will dub him dunce for ever. Such a one will trouble the whole *Israel* of God with his most untimely births, though he makes the bones of his vanity stick up, to the view and griefe of all that are godly wise. The devill desiers no better sport then to see light heads handle their heels, and fetch their carreers in a time, when the Roofe of Liberty stands open.

The next perplexed Question, with pious and ponderous men, will be: What should bee done for the healing of these comfortlesse exulcerations. I am the unablest adviser of a thousand, the unworthiest of ten thousand; yet I hope I may presume to assert what follows without just offence.

First, such as have given or taken any unfriendly reports of us *New-English,* should doe well to recollect themselves. Wee have beene reputed a Colluvies of wild Opinionists, swarmed into a remote wildernes to find elbow-roome for our phanatick Doctrines and practices: I trust our diligence past, and constant sedulity against such persons and courses, will plead better things for us. I dare take upon me, to bee the Herauld of *New-England* so farre, as to proclaime to the world, in the name of our Colony, that all Familists, Antinomians, Anabaptists, and other Enthusiasts shall have free Liberty to keepe away from us, and such as will come to be gone as fast as they can, the sooner the better.

Secondly, I dare averre, that God doth no where in his word tolerate Christian States, to give Toleration to such adversaries of his Truth, if they have power in their hands to suppresse them.

Here is lately brought us an extract of a *Magna Charta,* so called, compiled between the Sub-planters of a *West-Indian* Island; whereof the first Article of constipulation, firmly provides free stable-room and litter for all kinde of consciences, be they never so dirty or jadish; making it actionable, yea, treasonable, to disturbe any man in his Religion, or to discommend it, whatever it be. Wee are very sorry to see such professed prophanenesse in *English* Professors, as industriously to lay their Religious foundations on the ruine of true Religion; which strictly binds every conscience *to contend earnestly for the Truth: to preserve unity of spirit, Faith and Ordinances, to be all like minded, of one accord; every man to take his brother into his Christian care: to stand fast with one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the Gospel.* and by no meanes to permit Heresies or erronious opinions: But God abhorring such loathsome beverages, hath in his righteous judgment blasted that enterprize, which might otherwise have prospered well, for ought I know; I presume their case is generally knowne ere this.

If the devill might have his free option, I beleeve he would ask nothing else, but liberty to enfranchize all false Religions, and to embondage the true; nor should hee need: It is much to be feared, that laxe Tolerations upon State-pretences and planting necessities, will be the next subtle Stratagem he will spread to distate the Truth of God and supplant the peace of the Churches. Tolerations in things tolerable, exquisitely drawn out by the lines of the Scripture, and pensill of the Spirit, are the sacred favours of Truth, the due latitudes of Love, the faire Compartiments of Christian fraternity: but irregular dispensations, dealt forth

by the facilities of men, are the frontiers of error, the redoubts of Schisme, the perillous irritaments of carnall and spirituall enmity.

My heart hath naturally detested foure things: The standing of the Apocrypha in the Bible; Forrainers dwelling in my Countrey, to crowd out native Subjects into the corners of the Earth; Alchymized coines; Tolerations of divers Religions, or of one Religion in segregant shapes: He that willingly assents to the last, if he examines his heart by daylight, his conscience will tell him, he is either an Atheist, or an Heretique, or an Hypocrite, or at best a captive to some Lust: Poly-piety is the greatest impiety in the world. True Religion is *Ignis probationis,* which doth *congregare homogenea & segregare heterogenea.*

Not to tolerate things meerly indifferent to weak consciences, argues a conscience too strong: pressed uniformity in these, causes much disunity: To tolerate more then indifferents, is not to deale indifferently with God: He that doth it, takes his Scepter out of his hand, and bids him stand by. Who hath to doe to institute Religion but God. The power of all Religion and Ordinances, lies in their purity: their purity in their simplicity: then are mixtures pernicious. I lived in a City, where a Papist preached in one Church, a Lutheran in another, a Calvinist in a third; a Lutheran one part of the day, a Calvinist the other, in the same Pulpit: the Religion of that place was but motly and meagre, their affections Leopard-like.

If the whole Creature should conspire to doe the Creator a mischiefe, or offer him an insolency, it would be in nothing more, than in erecting untruths against his Truth, or by sophisticating his Truths with humane medleyes: the removing of some one iota in Scripture, may draw out all the life, and traverse all the Truth of the whole Bible: but to authorise an untruth, by a Toleration of State, is to build a Sconce against the walls of heaven, to batter God out of his Chaire: To tell a practicall lye, is a great sin, but yet transient; but to set up a Theoricall untruth, is to warrant every lye that lyes from its root to the top of every branch it hath, which are not a few.

I would willingly hope that no Member of the Parliament hath skilfully ingratiated himselfe into the hearts of the House, that he might watch a time to midwife out some ungracious Toleration for his owne turne, and for the sake of that, some other, I would also hope that a word of generall caution should not be particularly misapplied. I am the freer to suggest it, because I know not one man of that mind, my aime is generall, and I desire may be so accepted. Yet good Gentlemen, look well about you, and remember how Tiberius play'd the Fox with the Senate of *Rome,* and how *Fabius Maximus* cropt his ears for his cunning.

ON WOMEN'S FASHIONS

[From *The Simple Cobler of Aggawamm.*]

Should I not keepe promise in speaking a little to Womens fashions, they would take it unkindly: I was loath to pester better matter with such stuffe; I rather thought it meet to let them stand by themselves, like the *Quae Genus* in the Grammer, being Deficients, or Redundants, not to be brought under any Rule: I shall therefore make bold for this once, to borrow a little of their loose tongued Liberty, and mis-spend a word or two upon their long-wasted, but short-skirted patience: a little use of my stirrup will doe no harme.

Ridentem dicere verum, quid prohibet?

Gray Gravity it selfe can well beteam,
That Language be adapted to the Theme.
He that to Parrots speaks, must parrotise:
He that instructs a foole, may act th' unwise.

It is known more then enough, that I am neither Nigard, nor Cinick, to the due bravery of the true Gentry: if any man dislikes a bullymong drossock more then I, let him take her for his labour: I honour the woman that can honour her selfe with her attire: a good Text alwayes deserves a fair Margent; I am not much offended, if I see a trimme, far trimmer than she that weares it: in a word, whatever Christianity or Civility will allow, I can afford with *London*

measure: but when I heare a nugiperous Gentledame inquire what dresse the Queen is in this week: what the nudiustertian fashion of the Court; with egge to be in it in all haste, whatever it be; I look at her as the very gizzard of a trifle, the product of a quarter of a cypher, the epitome of Nothing, fitter to be kickt, if shee were of a kickable substance, than either honour'd or humour'd.

To speak moderately, I truly confesse it is beyond the ken of my understanding to conceive, how those women should have any true grace, or valuable vertue, that have so little wit, as to disfigure themselves with such exotick garbes, as not only dismantles their native lovely lustre, but transclouts them into gant-bargeese, ill-shapen-shotten-shell-fish, Egyptian Hyeroglyphicks, or at the best into French flurts of the pastery, which a proper English woman should scorne with her heels: it is no marvell they weare drailles on the hinder part of their heads, having nothing as it seems in the fore-part, but a few Squirrils brains to help them frisk from one ill-favour'd fashion to another.

These whimm' Crown'd shees, these fashion-fansying wits,
Are empty thin brain'd shells, and fidling Kits.

The very troublers and impovishers of mankind, I can hardly forbeare to commend to the world a saying of a Lady living sometime with the Queen of *Bohemia,* I know not where shee found it, but it is pitty it should be lost.

The world is full of care, much like unto a bubble;
Women and care, and care and women, and women and care and trouble.

The Verses are even enough for such odde pegma's I can make my selfe sicke at any time, with comparing the dazling splender wherewith our Gentlewomen were imbellished in some former habits, with the gut-foundered goosdom, wherewith they are now surcingled and debauched. Wee have about five or six of them in our Colony: if I see any of them accidentally, I cannot cleanse my phansie of them for a moneth after. I have been a solitary widdower almost twelve yeares, purposed lately to make a step over to my Native Country for a yoke-fellow: but when I consider how women there have tripe-wifed themselves with their cladments, I have no heart to the voyage, least their nauseous shapes and the Sea, should work too sorely upon my stomach. I speak sadly; me thinkes it should breake the hearts of Englishmen, to see so many goodly English-women imprisoned in French Cages, peering out of their hood-holes for some men of mercy to help them with a little wit, and no body relieves them.

It is a more common then convenient saying, that nine Taylors make a man: it were well if nineteene could make a woman to her minde: if Taylors were men indeed, well furnished but with meer morall principles, they would disdain to be led about like Apes, by such mymick Marmosets. It is a most unworthy thing, for men that have bones in them, to spend their lives in making fidle-cases for futulous womens phansies; which are the very pettitoes of Infirmity, the giblets of perquisquilian toyes. I am so charitable to think, that most of that mystery would worke the cheerfuller while they live, if they might bee well discharged of the tyring slavery of mistyring women: it is no little labour to be continually putting up English-women into Out-landish caskes; who if they be not shifted anew, once in a few months, grow too sowre for their Husbands. What this Trade will answer for themselves when God shall take measure of Taylors consciences is beyond my skill to imagine. There was a time when

The joyning of the Red-Rose with the White,
Did set our State into a Damask plight.

But now our Roses are turned to *Flore de lices,* our Carnations to Tulips, our Gilliflowers to Dayzes, our City-Dames, to an indenominable Quæmalry of overturcas'd things. Hee that makes Coates for the Moone, had need to take measure every noone: and he that makes for women, as often, to keepe them from Lunacy.

I have often heard divers Ladies vent loud feminine complaints of the weari-

some varieties and chargable changes of fashions: I marvell themselves preferre not a Bill of Redresse. I would *Essex*[1] Ladies would lead the *Chore,* for the honour of their County and persons; or rather the thrice honorable Ladies of the Court, whom it best besemes: who may well presume of a *Le Roy le veult* from our sober King, a *Les Seigneurs ont assentus* from our prudent Peers, and the like *Assentus,* from our considerate, I dare not say wife-worne Commons: who I beleeve had much rather passe one such Bill, than pay so many Taylors Bills as they are forced to doe.

Most deare and unparallel'd Ladies, be pleased to attempt it: as you have the precellency of the women of the world for beauty and feature; so assume the honour to give, and not take Law from any in matter of attire: if ye can transact so faire a motion among yourselves unanimously, I dare say, they that most renite, will least repent. What greater Honour can your Honors desire, then to build a Promontory president to all foraigne Ladies, to deserve so eminently at the hands of all the English Gentry present and to come: and to confute the opinion of all the wise men in the world; who never thought it possible for women to doe so good a work?

If any man think I have spoken rather merrily than seriously he is much mistaken, I have written what I write with all the indignation I can, and no more then I ought. I confesse I veer'd my tongue to this kinde of Language *de industria* though unwillingly, supposing those I speak to are uncapable of grave and rationall arguments.

I desire all Ladies and Gentlewomen to understand that all this while I intend not such as through necessary modesty to avoyd morose singularity, follow fashions slowly, a flight shot or two off, shewing by their moderation, that they rather draw countermont with their hearts, then put on by their examples.

I point my pen only against the light-heel'd beagles that lead that chase so fast, that they run all civility out of breath, against these Ape-headed pullets, which invent antique foole-fangles, meerly for fashion and novelty sake.

In a word, if I begin once to declaime against fashions, let men and women look well about them, there is somewhat in the businesse; I confesse to the world, I never had grace enough to be strict in that kinde; and of late years, I have found syrrope of pride very wholesome in a due *Dos,* which makes mee keep such store of that drugge by me, that if any body comes to me for a question-full or two about fashions, they never complain of me for giving them hard measure, or under-weight.

But I addresse my self to those who can both hear and mend all if they please: I seriously fear, if the pious Parliament doe not find a time to state fashions, as ancient Parliaments have done in part, God will hardly finde a time to state Religion or Peace: They are the surquedryes of pride, the wantonnesse of idlenesse, provoking sins, the certain prodromies of assured judgement, *Zeph.* I. 7, 8.

It is beyond all account, how many Gentlemens and Citizens estates are deplumed by their feather-headed wives, what useful supplies the pannage of *England* would afford other Countries, what rich returnes to it selfe, if it were not sliced out into male and female fripperies: and what a multitude of misimploy'd hands, might be better improy'd in some more manly Manufactures for the publique weale: it is not easily credible, what may be said of the preterpluralities of Taylors in *London:* I have heard an honest man say, that not long since there were numbered between *Temple-barre* and *Charing-Crosse,* eight thousand of that Trade: let it be conjectured by that proportion how many there are in and about *London,* and in all *England,* they will appeare to be very numerous. If the Parliament would please to mend women, which their Husbands dare not doe, there need not so many men to make and mend as there are. I hope the present dolefull estate of the Realme, will perswade more strongly to some considerate course herein, than I now can.

1 All the counties and shires of England have had wars in them since the Conquest, but Essex, which is onely free, and should be thankfull. [Printed in the original edition as a marginal gloss.]

WARD'S OPINION OF IRELAND

NOT OF THE NATION UNIVERSALLY, NOR OF ANY MAN IN IT, THAT HATH SO MUCH AS ONE HAIRE OF CHRISTIANITY OR HUMANITY GROWING ON HIS HEAD OR BEARD, BUT ONELY OF THE TRUCULENT CUT-THROATS, AND SUCH AS SHALL TAKE UP ARMES IN THEIR DEFENCE.

[From *The Simple Cobler of Aggawamm.*]

These *Irish* anciently called *Antropophagi,* man-eaters: Have a Tradition among them, That when the Devill shewed our Saviour all the Kingdomes of the Earth and their glory, that he would not shew him *Ireland,* but reserved it for himselfe: it is probably true, for he hath kept it ever since for his own peculiar; the old Fox foresaw it would eclipse the glory of all the rest: he thought it wisdome to keep the land for a Boggards for his unclean spirits imployed in this Hemisphere, and the people, to doe his Son and Heire, I mean the Pope, that service for which *Lewis* the eleventh kept his Barbor *Oliver,* which makes them so blood-thirsty. They are the very Offall of men, Dregges of Mankind, Reproach of Christendom, the Bots that crawle on the Beasts taile, I wonder *Rome* it self is not ashamed of them.

I begge upon my hands and knees, that the Expedition against them may be undertaken while the hearts and hands of our Souldiery are hot, to whom I will be bold to say briefly: Happy is he that shall reward them as they have served us, and Cursed be he that shall do that work of the Lord negligently, Cursed be he that holdeth back his Sword from blood: yea, Cursed be he that maketh not his Sword starke drunk with *Irish* blood, that doth not recompence them double for their hellish treachery to the *English,* that maketh them not heaps upon heaps, and their Country a dwelling place for Dragons, an Astonishment to Nations: Let not that eye look for pity, nor that hand to be spared, that pities or spares them, and let him be accursed, that curseth not them bitterly.

ANNE BRADSTREET (1612-1672)

The first American volume of poems, composed with literary intent and printed in adequate form, was issued in London in 1650 with this tremendous title page:

THE TENTH MUSE Lately sprung up in America. Severall Poems, compiled with great variety of Wit and Learning, full of delight. Wherein especially is contained a compleat discourse and description of the Four Elements, Constitutions, Ages of Man, Seasons of the Year. Together with an Exact Epitome of the Four Monarchies, viz. The Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Roman. Also a Dialogue between Old England and New, concerning the late troubles. With divers other pleasant and serious Poems. By a Gentlewoman in those parts.

The author of this work,—not of the title page however,—was Anne, the daughter of Governor Dudley, who had accompanied her father to New England in 1830, and who soon was destined to be the most extravagantly praised woman in early American history. Her contemporaries spoke in superlatives whenever they mentioned her. Had Virgil heard her poems, they declared, he would have committed his own to the flames. Cotton Mather, after mentioning all the learned women of antiquity, was of opinion that to the list now was to be added the superior of them all:—"Madam Ann Bradstreet, the daughter of our Governor Dudley, and the consort of our Governor Bradstreet, whose poems, divers times printed, have afforded a grateful entertainment unto the ingenious, and a monument for her memory beyond the stateliest marbles."

One cannot dismiss utterly a poet who won completely her own generation even when one finds in that poet's work hardly a single element of what modern times demand in its poetry. Like her age she was fundamentally didactic and always religious. The subjects which she preferred no pen could lift into poetic expression. And yet she was not devoid of poetic feeling. In other times, indeed, she might have become a lyrist of real distinction. Even as it is, she must be counted in one respect as a real force in the history of American poetry. The American landscape awakened in her something new and original. She became one of the very first in all English literature to put actual wild nature into poetry, nature described with enthusiasm and with the eye of the poet actually upon the landscape. Her "Four Seasons of the Year" and her "Contemplations" were written a full generation before the poems of the Countess of Winchelsea hailed by Wordsworth as the pioneer in the field of English nature poetry of the modern type, and almost a century before the work of Thomson.

Always she worked with handicaps well nigh fatal to literary merit. She was physically frail; she was without literary environment,—the atmosphere of the Colonies was anything but æsthetic: moreover, she was a true daughter of her generation: she gave to poetry only the unused fragments of her time. Married at sixteen, she was first of all a helpmeet of her husband. She was the mother of eight children, and as she expressed it,

> I nurst them up with pain and care,
> For cost nor labor did I spare,
> Till at the last they felt their wing,
> Mounted the trees, and learned to sing.

Sing indeed literally many of them did in later years. From her has descended a notable line of poets and literary leaders. Dr. Holmes, the Danas, the Channings, Wendell Phillips, Buckminster, and many other traced their line back to this earliest singer of the New England wilderness.

PROLOGUE

[From *The Tenth Muse.*]

To sing of Wars, of Captains, and of Kings.
Of Cities founded, Common-wealths begun,
For my mean pen are too superiour things:
Or how they all, or each their dates have run
Let Poets and Historians set these forth,
My obscure Lines shall not so dim their worth.

But when my wondring eyes and envious heart
Great *Bartas* sugar'd lines, do but read o're
Fool I do grudg the Muses did not part
'Twixt him and me that overfluent store;

A *Bartas* can, do what a *Bartas* will
But simple I according to my skill.

From school-boyes tongue no rhet'rick we expect
Nor yet a sweet Consort from broken strings,
Nor perfect beauty, where's a main defect:
My foolish, broken, blemish'd Muse so sings
And this to mend, alas, no Art is able,
'Cause nature, made it so irreparable.

Nor can I, like that fluent sweet tongu'd Greek,
Who lisp'd at first, in future times speak plain
By Art he gladly found what he did seek
A full requital of his, striving pain
Art can do much, but this maxime's most sure
A weak or wounded brain admits no cure.

I am obnoxious to each carping tongue
Who says my hand a needle better fits,
A Poets pen all scorn I should thus wrong,
For such despite they cast on Female wits:
If what I do prove well, it won't advance,
They'l say it's stoln, or else it was by chance.

But sure the Antique Greeks were far more mild
Else of our Sexe, why feigned they those Nine
And poesy made, *Calliope's* own Child;
So 'mongst the rest they placed the Arts Divine,
But this weak knot, they will full soon untie,
The Greeks did nought, but play the fools & lye.

Let Greeks be Greeks, and women what they are
Men have precedency and still excell,
It is but vain unjustly to wage warre:
Men can do best, and women know it well
Preheminence in all and each is yours;
Yet grant some small acknowledgement of ours.

And oh ye high flown quills that soar the Skies,
And ever with your prey still catch your praise,
If e're you daigne these lowly lines your eyes
Give Thyme or Parsley wreath, I ask no bayes,
This mean and unrefined ure of mine
Will make you glistring gold, but more to shine.

SPRING

[From "The Four Seasons of the Year" in *The Tenth Muse.*]

Another four I've left yet to bring on,
Of four times four the last *Quaternion*,
The Winter, Summer, Autumn & the Spring,
In season all these Seasons I shall bring:
Sweet Spring like man in his Minority,
At present claim'd and had priority.
With smiling face and garments somewhat green,
She trim'd her locks, which late had frosted been,
Nor hot nor cold, she spake, but with a breath,
Fit to revive, the nummed earth from death.
Three months (quoth she) are 'lotted to my share
March, April, May of all the rest most fair.
Tenth of the first, *Sol* into *Aries* enters,
And bids defiance to all tedious winters,
Crosseth the Line, and equals night and day,
(Stil adds to th' last til after pleasant *May*)
And now makes glad the darkned northern wights
Who for some months have seen but starry lights.
Now goes the Plow-man to his merry toyle,
He might unloose his winter locked soyl:
The Seeds-man too, doth lavish out his grain,
In hope the more he casts, the more to gain:
The Gardner now superfluous branches lops,
And poles erects for his young clambring hops.
Now digs then sowes his herbs, his flowers & roots
And carefully manures his trees of fruits.
The *Pleiades their influence* now give,
And all that seem'd as dead afresh doth live.
The croaking frogs, whom nipping winter kil'd,
Like birds now chirp, and hop about the field,
The Nightingale, the black-bird and the Thrush
Now tune their layes, on sprayes of every bush.

The wanton frisking Kid, and soft-fleec'd Lambs
Do jump and play before their feeding Dams,
The tender tops of budding grass they crop,
They joy in what they have, but more in hope:
For though the frost hath lost his binding power,
Yet many a fleece of snow and stormy shower
Doth darken *Sol's* bright eye, makes us remember
The pinching North-west wind of cold *December*.
My second moneth is *April*, green and fair,
Of longer dayes, and a more temperate Air.
The Sun in *Taurus* keeps his residence,
And with his warmer beams glanceth from thence.
This is the month whose fruitful showrs produces
All set and sown for all delights and uses:
The Pear, the Plum, and Apple-tree now flourish
The grass grows long the hungry beast to nourish.
The Primrose pale, and azure violet
Among the virduous grass hath nature set,
That when the Sun on's Love (the earth) doth shine
These might as lace set out her garment fine.
The fearfull bird his little house now builds
In trees and walls, in Cities and in fields.
The outside strong, the inside warm and neat;
A natural Artificer compleat.
The clocking hen her chirping chickins leads
With wings & beak defends them from the gleads.
My next and last is fruitfull pleasant *May*.
Wherein the earth is clad in rich aray,
The Sun now enters loving *Gemini*,
And heats us with the glances of his eye,
Our thicker rayment makes us lay aside
Lest by his fervor we be torrifi'd.
All flowers the Sun now with his beams discloses,
Except the double pinks and matchless Roses.
Now swarms the busy, witty honey-Bee,
Whose praise deserves a page from more then me
The cleanly Huswifes Dary's now in th' prime,
Her shelves and firkins fill'd for winter time
The meads with Cowslips, Honey-suckles dight,
One hangs his head, the other stands upright:
But both rejoyce at th' heavens clear smiling face.
More at her showers, which water them a space.
For fruits my Season yields the early Cherry,
The hasty Peas, and wholesome cool Strawberry.
More solid fruits require a longer time,
Each Season hath his fruit, so hath each Clime:
Each man his own peculiar excellence.
But none in all that hath preheminence.
Sweet fragrant Spring, with thy short pittance fly
Let some describe thee better then can I.
Yet above all this priviledg is thine,
Thy dayes still lengthen without least decline:

CONTEMPLATIONS

Some time now past in the Autumnal Tide,
When *Phœbus* wanted but one hour to bed,
The trees all richly clad, yet void of pride,
Where gilded o're by his rich golden head.
Their leaves & fruits seem'd painted, but was true
Of green, of red, of yellow, mixed hew,
Rapt were my sences at this delectable view.

I wist not what to wish, yet sure thought I,
If so much excellence abide below;
How excellent is he that dwells on high?
Whose power and beauty by his words we know.
Sure he is goodness, wisdome, glory, light,
That hath this under world so richly dight:
More Heaven then Earth was here no winter & no night.

Then on a stately Oak I cast mine Eye,
Whose ruffling top the Clouds seem'd to aspire;
How long since thou wast in thine Infancy?
Thy strength, and stature, more thy years admire,
Hath hundred winters past since thou wast born?
Or thousand since thou brakest thy shell of horn,
If so, all these as nought, Eternity doth scorn.

Then higher on the glistering Sun I gaz'd,

Whose beams was shaded by the leavie Tree,
The more I look'd, the more I grew amaz'd,
And softly said, "what glory's like to thee?
Soul of this world, this Universes Eye,
No wonder, some made thee a Deity:
Had I not better known, (alas) the same had I.

Thou as a Bridegroom from thy Chamber rushes,
And as a strong man, joyes to run a race,
The morn doth usher thee, with smiles & blushes,
The Earth reflects her glances in thy face.
Birds, insects, Animals with Vegative,
Thy heart from death and dulness doth revive:
And in the darksome womb of fruitful nature dive.

Thy swift Annual, and diurnal Course,
Thy daily streight, and yearly oblique path,
Thy pleasing fervor, and thy scorching force,
All mortals here the feeling knowledg hath.
Thy presence makes it day, thy absence night,
Quaternal Seasons caused by thy might:
Hail Creature, full of sweetness, beauty & delight.

Art thou so full of glory, that no Eye
Hath strength, thy shining Rayes once to behold?
And is thy splendid Throne erect so high?
As to approach it, can no earthly mould.
How full of glory then must thy Creator be?
Who gave this bright light luster unto thee:
Admir'd, ador'd for ever, be that Majesty.

Silent alone, where none or saw, or heard,
In pathless paths I lead my wandring feet,
My humble Eyes to lofty Skyes I rear'd
To sing some Song, my mazed Muse thought meet.
My great Creator I would magnifie,
That nature had, thus decked liberally:
But Ah, and Ah, again, my imbecility!

I heard the merry grashopper then sing,
The black clad Cricket, bear a second part,
They kept one tune, and plaid on the same string,
Seeming to glory in their little Art.
Shall Creatures abject, thus their voices raise?
And in their kind resound their makers praise:
Whilst I as mute, can warble forth no higher layes.

When present times look back to Ages past,
And men in being fancy those are dead,
It makes things gone perpetually to last,
And calls back moneths and years that long since fled
It makes a man more aged in conceit,
Then was *Methuselah*, or's grand-sire great:
While of their persons & their acts his mind doth treat.

Sometimes in *Eden* fair, he seems to be,
Sees glorious *Adam* there made Lord of all,
Fancyes the Apple, dangle on the Tree,
That turn'd his Sovereign to a naked thral.
Who like a miscreant's driven from that place,
To get his bread with pain, and sweat of face:
A penalty impos'd on his backsliding Race.

Here sits our Grandame in retired place,
And in her lap, her bloody *Cain* new born,
The weeping Imp oft looks her in the face,
Bewails his unknown hap, and fate forlorn;
His Mother sighs, to think of Paradise,
And how she lost her bliss, to be more wise,
Believing him that was, and is, Father of lyes.

Here *Cain* and *Abel* come to sacrifice,
Fruits of the Earth, and Fatlings each do bring,
On *Abels* gift the fire descends from Skies,
But no such sign on false *Cain*'s offering;
With sullen hateful looks he goes his wayes.
Hath thousand thoughts to end his brothers dayes,
Upon whose blood his future good he hopes to raise.

There *Abel* keeps his sheep, no ill he thinks,
His brother comes, then acts his fratricide,
The Virgin Earth, of blood her first draught drinks
But since that time she often hath been cloy'd;
The wretch with gastly face and dreadful mind,
Thinks each he sees will serve him in his kind,
Though none on Earth but kindred near then could he find.

Who fancyes not his looks now at the Barr,
His face like death, his heart with horror fraught,
Nor Male-factor ever felt like warr,
When deep dispair, with wish of life hath fought,
Branded with guilt, and crusht with treble woes,
A Vagabond to Land of *Nod* he goes.
A City builds, that wals might him secure from foes.

Who thinks not oft upon the Fathers ages
Their long descent, how nephews sons they saw,
The starry observation of those Sages,
And how their precepts to their sons were law,
How Adam sigh'd to see his Progeny,
Cloth'd all in his black sinfull Livery,
Who neither guilt, nor yet the punishment could fly.

Our Life compare we with their length of dayes
Who to the tenth of theirs doth now arrive?
And though thus short, we shorten many wayes,
Living so little while we are alive;
In eating, drinking, sleeping, vain delight
So unawares comes on perpetual night,
And puts all pleasures vain unto eternal flight.

When I behold the heavens as in their prime,
And then the earth (though old) stil clad in green,
The stones and trees, insensible to time,
Nor age nor wrinkle on their front are seen;
If winter come, and greeness then do fade,
A Spring returns, and they more youthfull made;
But Man grows old, lies down, remains where once he's laid.

By birth more noble then those creatures all,
Yet seems by nature and by custome curs'd,
No sooner born, but grief and care makes fall
That state obliterate he had at first:
Nor youth, nor strength, nor wisdom spring again
Nor habitations long their names retain,
But in oblivion to the final day remain.

Shall I then praise the heavens, the trees, the earth
Because their beauty and their strength last longer
Shall I wish there, or never to had birth,
Because they 're bigger, & their bodyes stronger?
Nay, they shall darken, perish, fade and dye,
And when unmade, so ever shall they lye,
But man was made for endless immortality.

Under the cooling shadow of a stately Elm
Close sate I by a goodly Rivers side,
Where gliding streams the Rocks did overwhelm;
A lonely place, with pleasures dignifi'd.
I once that lov'd the shady woods so well,
Now thought the rivers did the trees excel,
And if the sun would ever shine, there would I dwell.

While on the stealing stream I fixt mine eye,
Which to the long'd for Ocean held its course,
I markt, nor crooks, nor rubs that there did lye
Could hinder ought, but still augment its force:
O happy Flood, quoth I, that holds thy race
Till thou arrive at thy beloved place,
Nor is it rocks or shoals that can obstruct thy pace

Nor is't enough, that thou alone may'st slide,
But hundred brooks in thy cleer waves do meet,
So hand in hand along with thee they glide
To *Thetis* house, where all imbrace and greet:
Thou Emblem true, of what I count the best,
O could I lead my Rivolets to rest,
So may we press to that vast mansion, ever blest.

Ye Fish which in this liquid Region 'bide,
That for each season, have your habitation,
Now salt, now fresh where you think best to glide
To unknown coasts to give a visitation,
In Lakes and ponds, you leave your numerous fry,
So nature taught, and yet you know not why,
You watry folk that know not your felicity.

Look how the wantons frisk to tast the air,
Then to the colder bottome streight they dive,
Eftsoon to *Neptun's* glassie Hall repair
To see what trade they great ones there do drive,
Who forrage o're the spacious sea-green field,
And take the trembling prey before it yield,
Whose armour is their scales, their spreading fins their shield.

While musing thus with contemplation fed,
And thousand fancies buzzing in my brain,
The sweet-tongu'd Philomel percht ore my head,
And chanted forth a most melodious strain
Which rapt me so with wonder and delight,
I judg'd my hearing better then my sight,
And wisht me wings with her a while to take my flight.

O merry Bird (said I) that fears no snares,
That neither toyles nor hoards up in thy barn,
Feels no sad thoughts, nor cruciating cares
To gain more good, or shun what might thee harm
Thy cloaths ne're wear, thy meat is every where,
Thy bed a bough, thy drink the water cleer,
Reminds not what is past, nor whats to come dost fear.

The dawning morn with songs thou dost prevent,
Sets hundred notes unto thy feathered crew,
So each one tunes his pretty instrument,
And warbling out the old, begin anew,
And thus they pass their youth in summer season,
Then follow thee into a better Region,
Where winter's never felt by that sweet airy legion.

Man at the best a creature frail and vain,
In knowledg ignorant, in strength but weak,
Subject to sorrows, losses, sickness, pain,
Each storm his state, his mind, his body break,

1 Rev. ii. 17.

From some of these he never finds cessation,
But day or night, within, without, vexation,
Troubles from foes, from friends, from dearest, near'st Relation

And yet this sinfull creature, frail and vain,
This lump of wretchedness, of sin and sorrow,
This weather-beaten vessel wrackt with pain,
Joyes not in hope of an eternal morrow;
Nor all his losses, crosses, and vexation,
In weight, in frequency and long duration
Can make him deeply groan for that divine Translation.

The Mariner that on smooth waves doth glide,
Sings merrily, and steers his Barque with ease,
As if he had command of wind and tide,
And now become great Master of the seas;
But suddenly a storm spoiles all the sport,
And makes him long for a more quiet port,
Which 'gainst all adverse winds may serve for fort.

So he that saileth in this world of pleasure,
Feeding on sweets, that never bit of th' sowre,
That's full of friends, of honour and of treasure,
Fond fool, he takes this earth ev'n for heav'ns bower.
But sad affliction comes & makes him see
Here's neither honour, wealth, nor safety;
Only above is found all with security.

O Time the fatal wrack of mortal things,
That draws oblivions curtains over kings.
Their sumptuous monuments, men know them not,
Their names without a Record are forgot,
Their parts, their ports, their pomp's all laid in th' dust
Nor wit nor gold, nor buildings scape times rust;
But he whose name is graved in the white stone [1]
Shall last and shine when all of these are gone.

[First published 1678.]

MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH (1631-1705)

The laureate of Puritanism was Michael Wigglesworth whose religious classic poem, *The Day of Doom*, first published in 1662, was more widely read in America in proportion to the population than any book that has been published since, save only the Bible itself. Within a few years it went through no less than nine editions in New England and two in Great Britain. Its author had come to America with his parents when he was seven years old, had been graduated from Harvard College at the age of twenty, and had written his poetry as recreation from his duties as pastor of the church at Malden which he was destined to serve for fifty years. Always frail,—"a little feeble shadow of a man" as the introductory note to his *Day of Doom* described him,—he lived a remarkably active life, varying his pastoral duties not only with poetry but with the practice of medicine, till Cotton Mather, who preached his funeral sermon, could say,

"Once his rare skill did all diseases heal."

Undoubtedly he impressed himself upon his century more than any other man of his generation, not excepting even Mather. Children were compelled to learn his stanzas along with their catechism, ministers quoted him in their sermons to enforce their doctrines, and, according to Lowell, his book was " the solace of every fireside, the flicker of the pine knots by which it was conned perhaps adding a livelier relish to its premonitions of eternal combustion."

One other small poetical work Wigglesworth published, *Meat out of the Eater, or meditations concerning the Necessity, End, and Usefulness of Afflictions unto God's Children; all tending to prepare them for, and comfort them under the Cross*, 1669. Vital as these books were in their own day, they are now mere curiosities of American literature. Their abundance of jigging rhymes reveal to us the poetical requirements of readers in Colonial days, and their fiery theological conceptions throw a flood of light upon the grim Puritan founders, of whom Hawthorne once said, "Let us thank God for having given us such ancestors, and let each generation thank him not less earnestly for being one step further from them in the march of ages."

THE INFANTS PLEAD THEIR CASE

[From *The Day of Doom.*]

Then to the Bar all they drew near
who died in infancy,
And never had or good or bad
effected pers'nally;
But from the womb unto the tomb
were straightway carriéd,
(Or at the least ere they transgress'd)
Who thus began to plead:

"If for our own transgressi-on,
or disobedience,
We here did stand at thy left hand,
just were the Recompense;
But Adam's guilt our souls hath split,
his fault is charg'd upon us;
And that alone hath overthrown
and utterly undone us.

"Not we, but he ate of the Tree,
Whose fruit was interdicted;
Yet on us all of his sad Fall
the punishment's inflicted.
How could we sin that had not been,
or how is his sin our,
Without consent, which to prevent
we never had the pow'r?

"O great Creator why was our Nature
depravéd and forlorn?
Why so defil'd, and made so vil'd,
whilst we were yet unborn?
If it be just, and needs we must
transgressors reckon'd be,
Thy Mercy, Lord, to us afford,
which sinners hath set free.

"Behold we see Adam set free,
and sav'd from his trespass,
Whose sinful Fall hath split us all,
and brought us to this pass.
Canst thou deny us once to try,
or Grace to us to tender,
When he finds grace before thy face,
who was the chief offender?"

Then answeréd the Judge most dread:
"God doth such doom forbid,
That men should die eternally
for what they never did.
But what you call old Adam's Fall,
and only his Trepass,
You call amiss to call it his,
both his and yours it was.

"He was design'd of all Mankind
to be a public Head;
A common Root, whence all should shoot,
and stood in all their stead.
He stood and fell, did ill or well,
not for himself alone,
But for you all, who now his Fall
and trepass would disown.

"If he had stood, then all his brood
had been establishéd
In God's true love never to move,
nor once awry to tread;
Then all his Race my Father's Grace
should have enjoy'd for ever,
And wicked Sprites by subtile sleights
could them have harméd never.

"Would you have griev'd to have receiv'd
through Adam so much good,
As had been your for evermore,
if he at first had stood?
Would you have said, 'We ne're obey'd
nor did thy laws regard;
It ill befits with benefits,
us, Lord, to so reward?'

"Since then to share in his welfare,
you could have been content,
You may with reason share in his treason,
and in the punishment.
Hence you were born in state forlorn,
with Natures so depravéd;
Death was your due because that you
had thus yourselves behavéd.

"You think 'If we had been as he,
whom God did so betrust,
We to our cost would ne'er have lost
all for a paltry lust.'
Had you been made in Adam's stead,
you would like things have wrought,
And so into the self-same woe,
yourselves and yours have brought.

"I may deny you once to try,
or Grace to you to tender,
Though he finds Grace before my face
who was the chief offender;
Else should my Grace cease to be Grace,
for it would not be free,
If to release whom I should please
I have no liberty.

"If upon one what's due to none
I frankly shall bestow,
And on the rest shall not think best
compassion's skirt to throw,
Whom injure I? will you envy
and grudge at others' weal?
Or me accuse, who do refuse
yourselves to help and heal?

"Am I alone of what's my own,
no Master or no Lord?
And if I am, how can you claim
what I to some afford?
Will you demand Grace at my hand,
and challenge what is mine?
Will you teach me whom to set free,
and thus my Grace confine?

"You sinners are, and such a share
as sinners, may expect;
Such you shall have, for I do save
none but mine own Elect.
Yet to compare your sin with their
who liv'd a longer time,
I do confess yours is much less,
though every sin's a crime.

"A crime it is, therefore in bliss
you may not hope to dwell;
But unto you I shall allow
the easiest room in Hell."
The glorious King thus answering,
they cease, and plead no longer;
Their Consciences must needs confess
his Reasons are the stronger.

Thus all men's pleas the Judge with ease
doth answer and confute,
Until that all, both great and small,
are silencéd and mute.
Vain hopes are cropt, all mouths are stopt,
sinners have naught to say,
But that 'tis just and equal most
they should be damn'd for aye.

. . . . . .

THE JUDGE PRONOUNCETH THE SENTENCE OF CONDEMNATION

"Ye sinful wights and cursed sprights,
that work iniquity,

Depart together from me for ever
to endless Misery;
Your portion take in yonder Lake,
where Fire and Brimstone flameth;
Suffer the smart which your desert
as its due wages claimeth."

Oh piercing words, more sharp than swords!
what! to depart from Thee,
Whose face before for evermore
the best of Pleasures be!
What! to depart (unto our smart),
from Thee *Eternally!*
To be for aye banish'd away
with Devils' company!

What! to be sent to Punishment,
and flames of burning Fire!
To be surrounded, and eke confounded
with God's revengeful Ire!
What! to abide, not for a tide,
these Torments, but for Ever!
To be releas'd, or to be eas'd,
not after years, but Never!

Oh fearful Doom! now there's no room
for hope or help at all;
Sentence is past which aye shall last;
Christ will not it recall.
Then might you hear them rend and tear
the Air with their out-cries:
The hideous noise of their sad voice
ascendeth to the Skies.

They wring their hands, their caitiff-hands,
and gnash their teeth for terror,
They cry, they roar for anguish sore,
and gnaw their tongues for horror.
But get away without delay,
Christ pities not your cry;
Depart to Hell, there may you yell,
and roar Eternally.

That word "Depart," maugre their heart,
drives every wicked one,
With mighty pow'r, the self-same hour,
far from the Judge's Throne.
Away they're chas'd by the strong blast
of his Death-threat'ning mouth;
They flee full fast, as if in haste,
although they be full loath.

As chaff that's dry, as dust doth fly
before the Northern wind,
Right so are they chaséd away,
and can no Refuge find.
They hasten to the Pit of Woe,
guarded by Angels stout,
Who to fulfil Christ's holy Will,
attend this wicked Rout;

Whom having brought as they are taught,
unto the brink of Hell,
(That dismal place, far from Christ's face,
where Death and Darkness dwell,
Where God's fierce Ire kindleth the fire,
and vengeance feeds the flame,
With piles of wood and brimstone Flood,
so none can quench the same,)

With Iron bands they bind their hands
and curséd feet together,
And cast them all, both great and small
into that Lake forever,
Where day and night, without respite,
they wail, and cry and howl,
For tort'ring pain which they sustain,
in Body and in Soul.

For day and night, in their despite,
their torment's smoke ascendeth,
Their pain and grief have no relief,
their anguish never endeth.
There must they lie and never die,
though dying every day;
There must they dying ever lie
and not consume away.

Die fain they would if die they could,
but Death will not be had;
God's direful wrath their bodies hath
forev'r immortal made.
They live to lie in misery,
and bear eternal woe;
And live they must whilst God is just,
that he may plague them so.

But who can tell the plagues of Hell,
and torments exquisite?
Who can relate their dismal state,
and terrors infinite?
Who fare the best and feel the least,
yet feel that punishment
Whereby to naught they would be brought
if God did not prevent.

The least degree of misery
there felt is incomparable;
The lightest pain they there sustain
is more than intolerable.
But God's great pow'r from hour to hour
upholds them in the fire,
That they shall not consume a jot
nor by its force expire.

But, ah, the woe they undergo
(*they* more than all beside)
Who had the light, and knew the right,
yet would not it abide!
The sev'n fold smart which to their part
and porti-on doth fall,
Who Christ's free Grace would not embrace,
nor hearken to his call.

[1662]

STANZAS

[From *Meat out of the Eater.*]

Soldier, be strong, who fightest
Under a Captain stout;
Dishonour not thy conquering Head
By basely giving out.
Endure a while, bear up,
And hope for better things.
War ends in peace, and morning light
Mounts upon midnight's wings.

Through changes manifold,
And dangers perilous,
Through fiery flames, and water floods,
Through ways calamitous
We travel towards heaven,
A quiet habitation.
Christ shows a kingdom there prepar'd
Ev'n from the world's foundation.

O heaven, most holy place,
Which art our country dear!
What cause have I to long for thee,
And beg with many a tear.
Earth is to me a prison;
This body a useless wight;
And all things else vile, vain, and nought
To one in such ill plight.

O Christ, make haste, from bands
Of sin and death me free,
And to those heavenly mansions,
Be pleas'd to carry me.
Where glorified saints
For ever are possest
Of God in Christ their chiefest good,
And from all troubles rest.

[1667]

COTTON MATHER (1663-1738)

A tense system of any kind long adhered to rigorously is bound to produce abnormalities. Puritanism in the second and third generations in New England tended to degenerate into bigotry and gloom and a superstitious frame of mind that could accept even the demonology of the middle ages. The most notable prodigy of the system was Cotton Mather, son of Increase Mather, the president of Harvard College, and grandson of Richard of *Bay Psalm Book* fame. The precocity of this culmination of the Mather "dynasty," if we are to believe the traditions that have come down from his generation, was indeed amazing. He seems to have lisped Hebrew and Greek and Latin in his very cradle and he seems to have had no childhood. At fifteen he was graduated at Harvard with all the honors the college could bestow. Looked upon wherever he went, even from boyhood, with something akin to awe because of his erudition, he became intellectually vain and almost childishly fond of amazing his readers and hearers with specimens from the vastness of his learning. His reading was largely in the antique and like the English Burton, author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, he was fond of far-fetched and curious quotations and allusions which his retentive memory abundantly supplied.

The biography of Mather centres about his work as a writer and his leadership as pastor for many years of the Old North Church of Boston. For a generation he was regarded as the religious dictator of New England. He was promiment in all her counsels; he preached to Boston congregations more than four hundred sermons a year; and his pen was incessant in its activity. He seems never in his whole life to have permitted an idle moment. There are manuscripts of his still unpublished the quantity of which almost exceeds belief. The number of his published works,—pamplets, sermons, histories, and the like,—exceeded four hundred. Modern times, however, know him chiefly because of his part in the witchcraft tragedy at Salem. From the first he urged the extremest measures, and his position as he explained it with voice and pen, was always clear and always logical. To read his various tracts and books and chapters dealing with the matter is to be convinced of his honesty and at the same time of his truly mediæval narrowness. To him the devil and his agents were as objectively real as they were even to Luther, and he never wavered from his position. In later years other leaders, like Samuel Sewall, acknowledged they had been hasty and deluded, but Mather stood firm.

His leading work, to which he gave the characteristic title *Magnalia Christi Americana*, is one of the most curious mélanges in all literature. It purports to be a history, but it is history written after the seventeenth century pattern rather than the twentieth. Its primary purpose was religious,—to show to New England the pit from which she had been digged and to exhort her to make herself worthy of her God-given past. It is a mosaic with little attempt at order; it is a miscellaneous assembling of various of his writings many of which had been previously published as separate works. From the standpoint of the modern historian who is scientific and accurate, it is a monstrosity. It swarms with errors, it presents often as undisputed fact mere hear-say and traditionary material, it passes swiftly over important events and dwells long upon wonders and strange answers given by children suspected of being bewitched, and instead of giving biographical details concerning the subject of a memoir it rambles on with elaborate anagrams and puns upon the name, as on the case of Mr. Partridge and President Oakes. His style for the most part was antique even in the day when it was written. He makes use often even of the Elizabethan device of euphuism, the most elaborate and artificial of all prose mannerisms, and was perhaps the last writer in English prominently to do so. His book, however, is not without value. Parts of it, like the *Decennium Luctuosum*, or The Sorrowful Decade, 1688-1698, republished as a part of Book Seven of the *Magnalia*, covers periods of which otherwise we should know little. And not everywhere is he elephantine in his literary tread. There are certain pages of his writings where for a moment he forgot his literary vanity and his pedantic devices and wrote straight on with a style that may be compared to its advantage even with the best English prose of his century.

ENCHANTMENTS ENCOUNTERED

[From *Wonders of the Invisible World.*]

II

The *New Englanders* are a People of God settled in those, which were once the *Devil's* Territories; and it may easily be supposed that the *Devil* was exceedingly disturbed, when he perceived such a people here accomplishing the Promise of old made unto our Blessed Jesus, *That he should have the Utmost parts of the Earth for his Possession.* There was not a greater uproar among the *Ephesians,* when the Gospel was first brought among them, than there was among, *The Powers of the Air* (after whom these *Ephesians* walked) when first the *Silver Trumpets* of the Gospel here made the *Joyful Sound.* The Devil thus Irritated, immediately try'd all sorts of methods to overturn this poor Plantation: and so much of the Church, as was *Fled into this Wilderness,* immediately found, *The Serpent cast out of his Mouth a Flood for the carrying of it away.* I believe, that never were more *Satanical Devices* used for the unsetling of any People under the Sun, than what have been Employ'd for the Extirpation of the *Vine* which God has here *Planted, Casting out the Heathen, and preparing a Room before it, and causing it to take deep Root, and fill the Land, so that it sent its Boughs unto the* Atlantic *Sea* Eastward, *and its Branches unto the* Connecticut *River* Westward, *and the Hills were covered with the shadow thereof.* But, All these Attempts of Hell, have hitherto been Abortive, many an *Ebenezer* has been Erected unto the Praise of God, by his Poor People here; and, *Having obtained Help from God, we continue to this Day.* Wherefore the Devil is now making one Attempt more upon us; an Attempt more Difficult, more Surprizing, more snarl'd with unintelligible Circumstances than any that we have hitherto encountered; an Attempt so *Critical,* that if we get well through, we shall soon enjoy *Halcyon Days* with all the *Vultures* of Hell *Trodden under our Feet.* He has wanted his *Incarnate Legions* to Persecute us, as the People of God have in the other Hemisphere been Persecuted: he has therefore drawn forth his more *Spiritual* ones to make an Attacque upon us. We have been advised by some Credible Christians yet alive, that a Malefactor, accused of *Witchcraft* as well as *Murder,* and Executed in this place more than Forty Years ago, did then give Notice of, *An Horrible* PLOT *against the Country by* WITCHCRAFT, *and a Foundation of* WITCHCRAFT *then laid, which if it were not seasonably discovered, would probably Blow up, and pull down all the Churches in the Country.* And we have now with Horror seen the *Discovery* of such a *Witchcraft!* An Army of *Devils* is horribly broke in upon the place which is the *Center,* and after a sort, the *First-born* of our *English* Settlements: and the Houses of the Good People there are fill'd with the doleful Shrieks of their Children and Servants, Tormented by Invisible Hands, with Tortures altogether preternatural. After the Mischiefs there Endeavoured, and since in part Conquered, the terrible Plague, of *Evil Angels,* hath made its progress into some other places, where other Persons have been in like manner Diabolically handled. These our poor Afflicted Neighbours, quickly after they became *Infected* and *Infested* with these *Daemons,* arrive to a Capacity of Discerning those which they conceive the *Shapes* of their Troublers; and notwithstanding the Great and Just Suspicion, that the *Daemons* might Impose the *Shapes* of Innocent Persons in their *Spectral Exhibitions* upon the Sufferers, (which may perhaps prove no small part of the *Witch-Plot* in the issue) yet many of the Persons thus Represented, being Examined, several of them have been Convicted of a very Damnable *Witchcraft;* yea, more than One *Twenty* have *Confessed,* that they have Signed unto a *Book,* which the Devil show'd them, and Engaged in his Hellish Design of *Bewitching,* and *Ruining* our Land. *We* know not, at least *I* know not, how far the *Delusions* of Satan may be Interwoven into some Circumstances of the *Confessions;* but one would think, all the Rules of Understanding Humane Affairs are at an end, if after so many most Voluntary Harmonious *Confessions,* made by Intelligent Persons of all Ages, in Sundry Towns, at several Times, we must not Believe the *main strokes* wherein

those *Confessions* all agree: especially when we have a thousand preternatural Things every day before our eyes, wherein the *Confessors* do acknowledge their Concernment, and give Demonstration of their being so Concerned. If the Devils now can strike the minds of men with any *Poisons* of so fine a Composition and Operation, that scores of Innocent People shall Unite, in *Confessions* of a Crime, which we see actually committed, it is a thing prodigious, beyond the Wonders of the former Ages, and it threatens no less than a sort of a Dissolution upon the World. Now, by these *Confessions* 'tis Agreed, *That* the Devil has made a dreadful Knot of *witches* in the Country, and by the help of *Witches* has dreadfully increased that Knot: *That* these *Witches* have driven a Trade of Commissioning their *Confederate Spirits,* to do all sorts of Mischiefs to the Neighbours, whereupon there have ensued such Mischievous consequences upon the Bodies and Estates of the Neighbourhood, as could not otherwise be accounted for: yea, *That* at prodigious *Witch-Meetings,* the Wretches have proceeded so far, as to Concert and Consult the Methods of Rooting out the Christian Religion from this Country, and setting up instead of it, perhaps a more gross *Diabolism,* than ever the World saw before. And yet it will be a thing little short of *Miracle,* if in so *spread* a Business as this, the Devil should not get in some of his Juggles, to confound the Discovery of all the rest.

III

Doubtless, the thoughts of many will receive a great Scandal against *New-England,* from the number of Persons that have been Accused, or Suspected, for *Witchcraft,* in this Country. But it were easie to offer many things, that may Answer and Abate the Scandal. If the Holy God should any where permit the Devils to hook two or three wicked *Scholars* into *Witchcraft* and then by their Assistance to Range with their *Poisonous Insinuations,* among Ignorant, Envious, Discontented People, till they have cunningly decoy'd them into some sudden *Act* whereby the Toyls of Hell shall be perhaps inextricably cast over them: what Country in the World would not afford *Witches* numerous to a Prodigy? Accordingly, The Kingdoms of *Sweden, Denmark, Scotland,* yea and *England* itself, as well as the Province of *New-England,* have had their storms of *Witchcrafts* breaking upon them, which have made most Lamentable Devastations: which also I wish, may be *The Last.* And it is not uneasie to be imagined, That God had not brought out all the *Witchcrafts* in many other Lands with such a speedy, dreadful, destroying *Jealousie* as burns forth upon such *High Treasons* committed here in *A Land of Uprightness:* Transgressors may more quickly here than elsewhere become a Prey to the Vengeance of Him, *Who has Eyes like a Flame of Fire,* and, *who walks in the midst of the Golden Candlesticks.* . . .

We are blessed with a GOVERNOUR, than whom no man can be more willing to serve Their Majesties, or this their Province: He is continually venturing his *All* to do it: and were not the Interests of his Prince dearer to him than his own, he could not but soon be weary of the *Helm,* whereat he sits. We are under the Influence of a LIEUTENANT GOVERNOUR, who not only by being admirably accomplished both with Natural and Acquired Endowments, is fitted for the Service of Their Majesties, but also with an unspotted Fidelity applies himself to that Service. Our COUNCELLOURS are some of our most Eminent Persons, and as Loyal Subjects to the Crown, as hearty lovers of their Country. Our Constitution also is attended with singular Priviledges; all which Things are by the Devil exceedingly *Envy'd* unto us. And the Devil will doubtless take this occasion for the raising of such complaints and clamours, as may be of pernicious consequence unto some part of our present Settlement, if he can so far *Impose.* But that which most of all Threatens us, in our present Circumstances, is the *Misunderstanding,* and so the *Animosity,* whereinto the *Witchcraft* now Raging, has Enchanted us. The Embroiling, first, of our *Spirits,* and then of our *Affairs,* is evidently as considerable a Branch of the Hellish Intrigue which now vexes us as any one Thing whatsoever. The Devil has made us like a *Troubled Sea,* and the *Mire* and *Mud* begins now also to heave up apace.

Even Good and Wise Men suffer themselves to fall into their Paroxysms; and the shake which the Devil is now giving us, fetches up the *Dirt* which before lay still at the bottom of our sinful Hearts. If we allow the Mad Dogs of Hell to poyson us by biting us, we shall imagine that we see nothing but such things about us, and like such things fly upon all that we see. Were it not for that IN US, for my part, I should not fear a thousand Legions of Devils: 'tis by our Quarrels that we spoil our Prayers; and if our humble, zealous, and united Prayers are once hindered: Alas, the *Philistines,* of Hell have cut our locks for us; they will then blind us, mock us, ruine us: In truth, I cannot altogether blame it, if People are a little transported, when they conceive all the secular Interests of themselves and their Families at the Stake; and yet at the sight of these Heartburnings, I cannot forbear the Exclamation of the Sweet-spirited *Austin,* in his Pacificatory Epistle to *Jerom,* on the Contest with *Ruffin, O misera & miseranda Conditio!* O Condition, truly miserable! And what shall be done to cure these Distractions? It is wonderfully necessary, that some healing Attempts be made at this time: and I must needs confess (if I may speak so much) like a *Nazianzen,* I am so desirous to share in them, that if, being thrown overboard, were needful to ally the *Storm,* I should think Dying a Trifle to be undergone, for so great a Blessedness.

[1692]

THE CHURCHES OF NEW ENGLAND

[From the General Introduction to the *Magnalia.*]

I write the *Wonders* of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION, flying from the Depravations of *Europe,* to the *American Strand:* And, assisted by the Holy Author of that *Religion,* I do, with all Conscience of *Truth,* required therein by Him, who is the *Truth* it self, report the *Wonderful Displays* of His Infinite Power, Wisdom, Goodness, and Faithfulness, wherewith His Divine Providence hath *Irradiated* an *Indian Wilderness.*

I Relate the *Considerable Matters,* that produced and attended the First Settlement of COLONIES, which have been Renowned for the Degree of REFORMATION, Professed and Attained by *Evangelical Churches,* erected in those *Ends of the Earth:* And a *Field* being thus prepared, I proceed unto a Relation of the *Considerable Matters* which have been acted thereupon.

I first introduce the *Actors,* that have, in a more exemplary manner served those *Colonies;* and give *Remarkable Occurrences,* in the exemplary LIVES of many *Magistrates,* and of more *Ministers,* who so *Lived,* as to leave unto Posterity, *Examples* worthy of *Everlasting Remembrance.*

I add hereunto, the *Notables* of the only *Protestant University,* that ever *shone* in that Hemisphere of the *New World;* with particular Instances of *Criolians,* in our *Biography,* provoking the *whole World,* with vertuous Objects of Emulation.

I introduce then, the *Actions* of a more Eminent Importance, that have signalized those *Colonies;* Whether the *Establishments,* directed by their *Synods;* with a Rich Variety of *Synodical* and *Ecclesiastical* Determinations; or, the *Disturbances,* with which they have been from all sorts of *Temptations* and *Enemies* Tempestuated; and the *Methods* by which they have still weathered out each *Horrible Tempest.*

And into the midst of these *Actions,* I interpose an entire *Book,* wherein there is, with all possible Veracity, a *Collection* made, of *Memorable Occurrences,* and amazing *Judgments* and *Mercies,* befalling many *particular Persons* among the People of *New-England.*

Let my Readers expect all that I have promised them, in this *Bill of Fair;* and it may be that they will find themselves entertained with yet many other Passages, above and beyond their Expectation, deserving likewise a room in *History:* In all which, there will be nothing, but the *Author's* too mean way of preparing so great Entertainments, to Reproach the Invitation.

§ 3. It is the History of these PROTESTANTS, that is here attempted: PROTESTANTS that highly honoured and affected *The Church of* ENGLAND, and

humbly Petition to be a *Part* of it: But by the Mistake of a few powerful *Brethren,* driven to seek a place for the Exercise of the *Protestant Religion,* according to the Light of their Consciences, in the Desarts of *America.* And in this Attempt I have proposed, not only to preserve and secure the Interest of *Religion,* in the Churches of that little Country NEW-ENGLAND, so far as the Lord Jesus Christ may please to Bless it for that End, but also to offer unto the Churches of the *Reformation,* abroad in the World, some small *Memorials,* that may be serviceable unto the Designs of *Reformation,* whereto, I believe, they are quickly to be awakened. . . . In short, The *First Age* was the *Golden Age:* To return unto *That,* will make a Man a *Protestant,* and I may add, a *Puritan.* 'Tis possible, that our Lord Jesus Christ carried some Thousands of *Reformers* into the Retirements of an *American Desart,* on purpose, that, with an opportunity granted unto many of his Faithful Servants, to enjoy the precious *Liberty* of their *Ministry,* tho' in the midst of many *Temptations* all their days, He might there, *To* them first, and then *By* them, give a *Specimen* of many Good Things, which He would have His Churches elsewhere aspire and arise unto: And *This* being done, He knows not whether there be not *All done,* that *New-England* was planted for; and whether the Plantation may not, soon after this, *Come to Nothing.* Upon that Expression in the Sacred Scripture, *Cast the unprofitable Servant into Outer Darkness,* it hath been imagined by some, That the *Regiones Exteræ of America,* are the *Tenebræ Exteriores,* which the *Unprofitable* are there condemned unto. No doubt, the Authors of those Ecclesiastical Impositions and Severities, which drove the English Christians into the *Dark Regions* of *America,* esteemed those *Christians* to be a very *unprofitable* sort of Creatures. But behold, ye *European* Churches, There are *Golden Candlesticks* [more than *twice Seven times Seven!*] in the midst of this *Outer Darkness;* Unto the *Upright* Children of *Abraham,* here hath arisen *Light in Darkness.* And let us humbly speak it, it shall be *Profitable* for you to consider the *Light,* which from the midst of this *Outer Darkness,* is now to be Darted over unto the other side of the *Atlantick* Ocean. But we must therewithal ask your Prayers, that these *Golden Candlesticks* may not *quickly* be *Removed out of their place!* [1702]

THE LIFE OF MR. RALPH PARTRIDGE

[Chap. XI, Book III, of the *Magnalia.*]

When *David* was driven from his Friends into the Wilderness, he made this Pathetical Representation of his Condition, *'Twas as when one doth hunt a Partridge in the Mountains.* Among the many worthy Persons who were persecuted into an *American* Wilderness, for their Fidelity to the Ecclesiastical Kingdom of our true *David,* there was one that bore the *Name,* as well as the *State,* of *an hunted Partridge.* What befel him, was, as *Bede* saith of what was done by *Fœlix, Juxta nominis sui Sacramentum.*

This was Mr. *Ralph Partridge,* who for no Fault but the *Delicacy* of his good *Spirit,* being distress'd by the Ecclesiastical *Setters,* had no Defence, neither of *Beak,* nor *Claw,* but a *Flight* over the Ocean.

The Place where he took Covert, was the Colony of *Plymouth,* and the Town of *Duxbury* in that *Colony.*

This *Partridge* had not only the Innocency of the *Dove,* conspicuous in his blameless and pious Life, which made him very acceptable in his Conversation; but also the Loftiness of an *Eagle,* in the great Soar of his intellectual Abilities. There are some Interpreters, who understanding *Church Officers* by the *living Creatures,* in the Fourth Chapter of the *Apocalypse,* will have the *Teacher* to be intended by the *Eagle* there, for his quick Insight into remote and hidden things. The Church of *Duxbury* had such an *Eagle* in their *Partridge,* when they enjoy'd such a *Teacher.*

By the same *Token,* when the *Platform of Church-Discipline* was to be compos'd, the *Synod* at *Cambridge* appointed three Persons to draw up each of them, *A Model of Church-Government, according to the Word of God,* unto the end, that out of those, the Synod might form what should be found

most agreeable; which three Persons were Mr. *Cotton*, and Mr. *Mather*, and Mr. *Partridge*. So that in the Opinion of that Reverend Assembly, this Person did not come far behind the first three, for some of his Accomplishments.

After he had been *Forty Years* a faithful and painful Preacher of the Gospel, rarely, if ever, in all that while interrupted in his Work, by any Bodily Sickness, he dy'd in a good Old Age about the Year 1658.

There was one singular instance of a *weaned Spirit*, whereby he signalized himself unto the Churches of God. That was this: There was a time, when most of the Ministers in the Colony of *Plymouth*, left the Colony, upon the Discouragement which the want of a *competent Maintenance* among the needy and froward Inhabitants, gave unto them. Nevertheless, Mr. *Partridge* was, notwithstanding the *Paucity* and the *Poverty* of his Congregation, so afraid of being any thing that look'd like *a Bird wandring from his Nest*, that he remained with his poor People, till he *took Wing* to become a *Bird of Paradise*, along with the winged *Seraphim* of Heaven.

Epitaphium.

Avolavit!——— [1702]

WILLIAM BYRD (1674-1744)

The most accomplished literary man of the South during Colonial day, though he published nothing and though his chief work was not put into print until nearly a century after his death, was William Byrd of Virginia. Sent to England in his youth for careful training in all the accomplishments of a gentleman, he was given distinguished tutors, he "was called to the bar in the Middle Temple; studied for some time in the Low Countries; visited the court of France; and was chosen Fellow of the Royal Society." Returning to Virginia, to his father's large estate which he inherited in due time, he became one of the most admirably balanced and most influential men of his generation in the South. In 1729 he was chosen as a member of the expedition sent to determine the dividing line between Virginia and North Carolina. He was appointed journalist of the expedition and his work in the form in which he finally left it, prefaced with a brief history of Virginia, is a rare document, one according to Tyler "almost unique in our Colonial age; and it is, without question, one of the most delightful of the literary legacies which that age has handed down to ours." The work was not published until 1841, when it appeared with the author's title *The History of the Dividing Line.*

THE GREAT DISMAL SWAMP

[From *The History of the Dividing Line.*]

Our Landlord had a tolerable good House and Clean Furniture, and yet we cou'd not be tempted to lodge in it. We chose rather to lye in the open Field, for fear of growing too tender. A clear Sky, spangled with Stars, was our Canopy, which being the last thing we saw before we fell asleep, gave us Magnificent Dreams. The Truth of it is, we took so mucch pleasure in that natural kind of Lodging, that I think at the foot of the Account Mankind are great Losers by the Luxury of Feather-Beds and warm apartments.

The curiosity of beholding so new and withal so Sweet a Method of encamping, brought one of the Senators of N Carolina to make us a Midnight Visit. But he was so very Clamorous in his Commendations of it, that the Centinel, not seeing his Quality, either thro' his habit or Behaviour, had like to have treated him roughly.

After excusing the Unseasonableness of his Visit, and letting us know he was a Parliament Man, he swore he was so taken with our Lodging, that he would set Fire to his House as soon as he got Home, and teach his Wife and Children to lie, like us, in the open field.

13. Early this Morning our Chaplain repair'd to us with the Men we had left at Mr. Wilson's. We had sent for them the Evening before to relieve those who had the Labour Oar from Corotuck-Inlet. But to our great surprise, they petition'd not to be reliev'd, hoping to gain immortal Reputation by being the first of Mankind that Ventur'd thro' the great Dismal. But the rest being equally Ambitions of the same Honour, it was but fair to decide their Pretensions by Lot. After Fortune had declar'd herself, those which she had excluded offer'd Money to the Happy Persons to go in their Stead. But Hercules would have as soon sold the Glory of cleansing the Augean Stables, which was pretty near the same Sort of Work.

No sooner was the Controversy at an end, but we sent them unfortunate Fellows back to their Quarters, whom Chance had Condemn'd to remain upon Firm Land and Sleep in a whole Skin. In the mean while the Surveyors carry'd the Line 3 Miles, which was no Contemptible day's work, considering how cruelly they were entangled with Bryars and Gall Bushes. The Leaf of this last Shrub bespeaks it to be of the Alaternus Family.

Our Work ended within a Quarter of a Mile of the Dismal above-mention'd,

where the Ground began to be already full of Sunken Holes and Slashes, which had, here and there, some few Reeds growing in them.

Tis hardly credible how little the Bordering inhabitants were acquainted with this mighty Swamp, notwithstanding they had liv'd their whole lives within Smell of it. Yet, as great Strangers as they were to it, they pretended to be very exact in their Account of its Dimensions, and were positive it could not be above 7 or 8 Miles wide, but knew no more of the Matter than Star-gazers know of the Distance of the Fixt Stars. At the Same time, they were Simple enough to amuse our Men with Idle Stories of the Lyons, Panthers and Alligators, they were like to encounter in that dreadful Place.

In short, we saw plainly there was no Intelligence of this Terra Incognita to be got, but from our own Experience. For that Reason it was resolv'd to make the requisite Dispositions to enter it next Morning. We allotted every one of the Surveyors for this painful Enterprise, with 12 Men to attend them. Fewer than that cou'd not be employ'd in clearing the way, carrying the Chain, marking the Trees, and bearing the necessary Bedding and Provisions. Nor wou'd the Commissioners themselves have Spared their Persons on this Occasion, but for fear of adding to the poor men's Burthen, while they were certain they cou'd add nothing to their Resolution.

We quarter'd with our Friend and Fellow Traveller, William Wilkins, who had been our faithful Pilot to Coratuck, and liv'd about a mile from the Place where the Line ended. Every thing lookt so very clean, and the Furniture so neat, that we were tempted to Lodge within Doors. But the Novelty of being shut up so close quite spoil'd our rest, nor did we breathe so free by abundance, as when we lay in the open Air.

14. Before nine of the Clock this Morning, the Provisions, Bedding and other Necessaries, were made up into Packs for the Men to carry on their Shoulders into the Dismal. They were victuall'd for 8 days at full Allowance, Nobody doubting but that wou'd be abundantly Sufficient to carry them thro' that Inhospitable Place; nor Indeed was it possible for the Poor Fellows to Stagger under more. As it was, their Loads weigh'd from 60 to 70 Pounds, in just Proportion to the Strength of those who were to bear them.

Twou'd have been unconscionable to have Saddled them with Burthens heavier than that, when they were to lugg them thro' a filthy Bogg, which was hardly practicable with no Burthen at all.

Besides this Luggage at their Backs, they were oblig'd to measure the distance, mark the Trees, and clear the way for the Surveyors every Step they went. It was really a Pleasure to see with how much Cheerfulness they undertook, and with how much Spirit they went thro' all this Drudgery. For their Greater Safety, the Commissioners took care to furnish them with Peruvian-Bark, Rhubarb and Hipocoacanah, in case they might happen, in that wet Journey, to be taken with fevers or Fluxes.

Altho' there was no need of Example to inflame Persons already so cheerful, yet to enter the People with better grace, the Author and two more of the Commissioners accompanied them half a Mile into the Dismal. The Skirts of it were thinly Planted with Dwarf Reeds and Gall-Bushes, but when we got into the Dismal itself, we found the Reeds grew there much taller and closer, and, to mend the matter was so interlac'd with bamboe-briars, that there was no scuffling thro' them without the help of Pioneers. At the same time, we found the Ground moist and trembling under our feet like a Quagmire, insomuch that it was an easy Matter to run a Ten-Foot-Pole up to the Head in it, without exerting any uncommon Strength to do it.

Two of the Men, whose Burthens were the least cumbersome, had orders to march before, with their Tomahawks, and clear the way, in order to make an Opening for the Surveyors. By their Assistance we made a Shift to push the Line half a Mile in 3 Hours, and then reacht a small piece of firm Land, about 100 Yards wide, Standing up above the rest like an Island. Here the people were glad to lay down their Loads and take a little refreshment, while the happy man, whose lot it was to carry the Jugg of Rum, began already, like Aesop's Bread-Carriers, to find it grow a good deal lighter.

After reposing about an Hour, the Commissioners recommended Vigour and Constancy to their Fellow-Travellers, by whom they were answer'd with 3 Cheerful Huzzas, in Token of Obedience. This Ceremony was no sooner over but they took up their Burthens and attended the Motion of the Surveyors, who, tho' they workt with all their might, could reach but one Mile farther, the same obstacles still attending them which they had met with in the Morning.

However small this distance may seem to such as are us'd to travel at their Ease, yet our Poor Men, who were oblig'd to work with an unwieldly Load at their Backs, had reason to think it a long way; Especially in a Bogg where they had no firm Footing, but every Step made a deep Impression, which was instantly fill'd with Water. At the same time they were labouring with their Hands to cut down the Reeds, which were Ten-feet high, their Legs were hampered with the Bryars. Besides, the Weather happen'd to be very warm, and the tallness of the Reeds kept off every Friendly Breeze from coming to refresh them. And, indeed, it was a little provoking to hear the Wind whistling among the Branches of the White Cedars, which grew here and there amongst the Reeds, and at the same time not have the Comfort to feel the least Breath of it.

In the mean time the 3 Commissioners return'd out of the Dismal the same way they went in, and, having join'd their Brethren, proceeded that Night as far as Mr. Wilson's.

This worthy Person lives within sight of the Dismal, in the Skirts whereof his Stocks range and Maintain themselves all the Winter, and yet he knew as little of it as he did of Terra Australis Incognita. He told us a Canterbury Tale of a North Briton, whose Curiosity Spurr'd him a long way into this great Desart, as he call'd it, near 20 Years ago, but he having no Compass, nor seeing the Sun for several Days Together, wander'd about till he was almost famisht; but at last he bethought himself of a Secret his Countrymen make use of to Pilot themselves in a Dark day.

He took a fat Louse out of his Collar, and expos'd it to the open day on a Piece of White Paper which he brought along with him for his Journal. The poor Insect having no Eye-lids, turn'd himself about till he found the Darkest Part of the Heavens, and so made the best of his way towards the North. By this Direction he Steer'd himself Safe out, and gave such a frightful account of the Monsters he saw, and the Distresses he underwent, that no mortall Since has been hardy enough to go upon the like dangerous Discovery.

15. The Surveyors pursued their work with all Diligence, but Still found the Soil of the Dismal so Spongy that the Water ouzed up into every foot-step they took. To their Sorrow, too, they found the Reeds and Bryars more firmly interwoven than they did the day before. But the greatest Grievance was from large Cypresses, which the Wind had blown down and heap'd upon one another. On the Limbs of most of them grew Sharp Snags, Pointing every way like so many Pikes, that requir'd much Pains and Caution to avoid.

These Trees being Evergreens, and Shooting their Large Tops Very high, are easily overset by every Gust of Wind, because there is no firm Earth to Steddy their Roots. Thus many of them were laid prostrate to the great Encumbrance of the way. Such Variety of Difficulties made the Business go on heavily, insomuch that, from Morning till Night, the Line could advance no further than 1 Mile and 31 Poles. Never was Rum, that cordial of Life, found more necessary than it was in this Dirty Place. It did not only recruit the People's Spirits, now almost Jaded with Fatigue, but serv'd to correct the Badness of the Water, and at the same time to resist the Malignity of the Air. Whenever the Men wanted to drink, which was very often, they had nothing more to do but to make a Hole, and the Water bubbled up in a Moment. But it was far from being either clear or well tasted, and had besides a Physical Effect, from the Tincture it receiv'd from the Roots of the Shrubbs and Trees that grew in the Neighbourhood.

[1728]

JONATHAN EDWARDS (1703-1758)

The religious theocracy of New England during the pre-Revolutionary period whatever else it may have done, certainly made for intellectuality. It was insisted upon from the first that the clergy must be men of distinctive intellect and scholarly training. In an atmosphere vibrant with controversy, they became skilful dialecticians and their sermons generally were argumentative, with Q. E. D. endings. The people in the congregation often took notes as if they were a class in divinity, and usually they left the church discussing the soundness of the doctrines which had been advanced and often divided sharply among themselves concerning some hair-drawn point of predestination, free will, infant damnation, or baptism. The culminating product of a century of such intellection was Jonathan Edwards, unquestionably the profoundest thinker and acutest dialectician America has ever produced.

The son of a Connecticut minister, graduated at Yale at seventeen, a tutor almost immediately in the college, minister for nearly twenty-four years at Northampton, Massachusetts, a self-appointed missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, and finally President of Princeton College, dying of small pox just at the beginning of his administration,—these are the main points in his biography. The rest of the record concerns his thinking and the results of his thought. As a preacher he was appallingly effective. His "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," has come down to us as the best-known sermon of a sermonic age. The effect of it upon the Northampton audience to whom it was preached almost exceeds belief. At the end of it the entire congregation was in terror, some even shrieking, and many writhing in hysterics. Yet his manner is described as not sensational: it was the force of personality and the inevitableness of his logic that carried conviction. His most important work is his great metaphysical argument which is generally known by the abbreviated title, "Treatise on the Freedom of the Will," a piece of reasoning the final conclusions of which have not been widely accepted, yet the logic of which has never been successfully refuted. Though little that Edwards wrote can be classed as literature, in the strict definition of the word, one should carefully study him as a typical figure if one is to understand the intellectual and spiritual environment from which came in later years that notable school of writers which Dr. Holmes once denominated "the Brahmins of New England." The following selections have been modernized in spelling.

A YOUNG PURITAN'S CODE

[From the Seventy Resolutions Formed in His Twentieth Year.]

Being sensible that I am unable to do anything without God's help, I do humbly entreat him by his grace, to enable me to keep these resolutions, so far as they are agreeable to his will, for Christ's sake.

Resolved, That I will do whatsoever I think to be most to the glory of God and my own good, profit and pleasure, in the whole of my duration; without any consideration of the time, whether now, nor never so many myriads of ages hence. Resolved to do whatever I think to be my duty, and most for the good and advantage of mankind in general. Resolved, so to do, whatever difficulties I meet with, how many soever, and how great soever.

To be continually endeavoring to find out some new contrivance, and invention, to promote the forementioned things.

Never *to do* any manner of thing, whether in soul or body, less or more, but what tends to the glory of God, nor *be,* nor *suffer* it, if I can possibly avoid it.

To live with all my might, while I do live.

Never to do anything, which I should be afraid to do, if it were the last hour of my life.

To think much, on all occasions, of my own dying, and of the common circumstances which attend death.

When I feel pain, to think of the pains of martrydom, and of hell.

When I think of any theorem in di-

vinity, to be solved, immediately to do what I can towards solving it, if circumstances do not hinder.

If I take delight in it as a gratification of pride, or vanity, or on any such account, immediately to throw it by.

Never to do anything out of revenge.

Never to suffer the least motions of anger toward irrational beings.

Never to speak evil of any one, so that it shall tend to his dishonor, more or less, upon no account except for some real good.

To live so, at all times, as I think is best in my most devout frames, and when I have the clearest notions of the things of the Gospel, and another world.

Never to do anything, which, if I should see in another, I should count a just occasion to despise him for, or to think any way the more meanly of him.

Whenever I do any conspicuously evil action, to trace it back, till I come to the original cause; and then, both carefully endeavor to do so no more, and to fight and pray with all my might against the original of it.

Never to count that a prayer, nor let that pass as a prayer, nor that as a petition of a prayer, which is so made, that I cannot hope that God will answer it; nor that as a confession, which I cannot hope God will accept.

In narrations, never to speak anything but the pure and simple verity.

Never, henceforward, till I die, to act as if I were any way my own, but entirely and altogether God's.

That no other end but religion shall have any influence at all on any of my actions; and that no action shall be, in the least circumstance, any otherwise than the religious end will carry it.

Never to allow any pleasure or grief, joy or sorrow, nor any affection at all, nor any degree of affection, nor any circumstance relating to it, but what helps religion.

That I will act so, in every respect, as judge would have been best, and most prudent, when I come into the future world.

That I will act so in every respect, as I think I shall wish I had done, if I should at last be damned.

I frequently hear persons in old age, say how they would live, if they were to live their lives over again: Resolved, That I will live just so as I can think I shall wish I had done, supposing I live to old age.

To endeavor, to my utmost, so to act, as I can think I should do, if I had already seen the happiness of heaven, and hell torments.

On the supposition, that there never was to be but one individual in the world, at any one time, who was properly a complete Christian, in all respects of a right stamp, having Christianity always shining in its true lustre, and appearing excellent and lovely, from whatever part and under whatever character viewed: Resolved, To act just as I would do, if I strove with all my might to be that one, who should live in my time.

Always to do that which I shall wish I had done when I see others do it.

Let there be something of benevolence in all that I speak.

[1722–23]

WHETHER ANY EVENT, OR VOLITION, CAN COME TO PASS WITHOUT A CAUSE

[From *Treatise on The Freedom of the Will.*]

I assert that nothing ever comes to pass without a Cause. What is self-existent must be from eternity, and must be unchangeable; but as to all things that begin to be, they are not self-existent, and therefore must have some foundation of their existence without themselves; that whatsoever begins to be which before was not, must have a Cause why it then begins to exist, seems to be the first dictate of the common and natural sense which God hath implanted in the minds of all mankind, and the main foundation of all our reasonings about the existence of things, past, present, or to come.

And this dictate of common sense equally respects substances and modes, or things and the manner and circumstances of things. Thus, if we see a body which has hitherto been at rest, start out of a state of rest, and begin to move, we do as naturally and necessarily suppose there is some Cause or reason of this new mode of existence, as of

the existence of a body itself which had hitherto not existed. And so if a body, which had hitherto moved in a certain direction, should suddenly change the direction of its motion; or if it should put off its old figure, and take a new one; or change its color; the beginning of these new modes is a new Event, and the mind of mankind necessarily supposes that there is some Cause or reason of them.

If this grand principle of common sense be taken away, all arguing from effects to Causes ceaseth, and so all knowledge of any existence, besides what we have by the most direct and immediate intuition. Particularly all our proof of the being of God ceases: we argue his being from our own being and the being of other things, which we are sensible once were not, but have begun to be; and from the being of the world, with all its constituent parts, and the manner of their existence; all which we see plainly are not necessary in their own nature, and so not self-existent, and therefore must have a Cause. But if things, not in themselves necessary, may begin to be without a Cause, all this arguing is vain. . . .

But if once this grand principle of common sense be given up, that what is not necessary in itself, must have a Cause; and we begin to maintain, that things may come into existence, and begin to be, which heretofore have not been, of themselves without any Cause; all our means of ascending in our arguing from the creature to the Creator, and all our evidence of the Being of God, is cut off at one blow. In this case, we cannot prove that there is a God, either from the Being of the world, and the creatures in it, or from the manner of their being, their order, beauty and use. For if things may come into existence without any Cause at all, then they doubtless may without any Cause answerable to the effect. Our minds do alike naturally suppose and determine both these things; namely, that what begins to be has a Cause, and also that it has a Cause proportionable and agreeable to the effect. The same principle which leads us to determine that there cannot be anything coming to pass without a Cause, leads us to determine that there cannot be more in the effect than in the Cause.

Yea, if once it should be allowed, that things may come to pass without a Cause, we should not only have no proof of the Being of God, but we should be without evidence of the existence of anything whatsoever, but our own immediately present ideas and consciousness. For we have no way to prove any thing else, but by arguing from effects to causes; from the ideas now immediately in view, we argue other things not immediately in view: from sensations now excited in us, we infer the existence of things without us, as the Causes of these sensations; and from the existence of these things, we argue other things, which they depend on, as effects on Causes. We infer the past existence of ourselves, or anything else, by memory; only as we argue that the ideas, which are now in our minds, are the consequences of past ideas and sensations. We immediately perceive nothing else but the ideas which are this moment extant in our minds. We perceive or know other things only by means of these, as necessarily connected with others, and dependent on them. But if things may be without Causes, all this necessary connection and dependence is dissolved, and so all means of our knowledge is gone. If there be no absurdity nor difficulty in supposing one thing to start out of non-existence into being, of itself without a Cause; then there is no absurdity nor difficulty in supposing the same of millions of millions. For nothing, or no difficulty multiplied, still is nothing, or no difficulty, nothing multiplied by nothing, does not increase the sum.

And indeed, according to the hypothesis I am opposing, of the acts of the Will coming to pass without a Cause, it is the case in fact, that millions of millions of Events are continually coming into existence contingently, without any cause or reason why they do so, all over the world, every day and hour, through all ages. So it is in a constant succession, in every moral agent. This contingency, this efficient nothing, this effectual No Cause, is always ready at hand, to produce this sort of effects, as long as the agent exists, and as often as he has occasion.

If it were so, that things only of one kind, viz., acts of the Will, seemed to come to pass of themselves; but those

of this sort in general came into being thus; and it were an event that was continual, and that happened in a course, wherever were capable subjects of such events; this very thing would demonstrate that there was some cause of them, which made such a difference between this Event and others, and that they did not really happen contingently. For contingence is blind, and does not pick and choose for a particular sort of events. Nothing has no choice. This No Cause, which causes no existence, cannot cause the existence which comes to pass, to be of one particular sort only, distinguished from all others. Thus, that only one sort of matter drops out of the heavens, even water, and that this comes so often, so constantly and plentifully, all over the world, in all ages, shows that there is some Cause or reason of the falling of the water out of the heavens; and that something besides mere contingence has a hand in the matter.

If we should suppose nonentity to be about to bring forth; and things were coming into existence, without any Cause or antecedent, on which the existence, or kind, or manner of existence depends; or which could at all determine whether the things should be stones, or stars, or beasts, or angels, or human bodies, or souls, or only some new motion or figure in natural bodies, or some new sensation in animals, or new ideas in the human understanding, or new volitions in the Will; or anything else of all the infinite number of possibles; then certainly it would not be expected, although many millions of millions of things are coming into existence in this manner, all over the face of the earth, that they should be only of one particular kind, and that it should be thus in all ages, and that this sort of existences should never fail to come to pass where there is room for them, or a subject capable of them, and that constantly whenever there is occasion for them.

If any should imagine, there is something in the sort of Event that renders it possible for it to come into existence without a Cause, and should say, that the free acts of the Will are existences of an exceeding different nature from other things; by reason of which they may come into existence without any previous ground or reason of it, though other things cannot; if they make this objection in good earnest, it would be an evidence of their strangely forgetting themselves; for they would be giving an account of some ground of the existence of a thing, when at the same time they would maintain there is no ground of its existence. Therefore I would observe, that the particular nature of existence, be it ever so diverse from others, can lay no foundation for that thing's coming into existence without a Cause; because to suppose this, would be to suppose the particular nature of existence to be a thing prior to the existence; and so a thing that makes way for existence, with such a circumstance, namely, without a cause or reason for existence. But that which in any respect makes way for a thing's coming into being, or for any manner or circumstance of its first existence, must be prior to the existence. The distinguished nature of the effect, which is something belonging to the effect, cannot have influence backward, to act before it is. The peculiar nature of that thing called volition, can do nothing, can have no influence, while it is not. And afterwards it is too late for its influence; for then the thing has made sure of existence already, without its help.

So that it is indeed as repugnant to reason, to suppose that an act of the Will should come into existence without a Cause, as to suppose the human soul, or an angel, or the globe of the earth, or the whole universe, should have come into existence without a Cause. And if once we allow, that such a sort of effect as a Volition may come to pass without a Cause, how do we know but that many other sorts of effects may do so too? It is not the particular kind of effect that makes the absurdity of supposing it has been without a Cause, but something that is common to all things that ever began to be, viz., that they are not self-existent, or necessary in the nature of things.

[1754]

TWO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY WITS

It is easy to gain the impression that the Puritan age in Massachusetts was one of unrelieved sombreness; that the ministers, at least of the early churches, thought only of Jonathan-Edwards-like themes. One does not read long in the literature of the period, however, to realize that there were also lighter elements. The life of Mather Byles (1706-1788), for forty-three years pastor of the Hollis Street Church in Boston, would in itself relieve one of this impression. So inveterate a wag was he that a contemporary described him thus:

There's punning Byles provokes our smiles,
A man of stately parts.
He visits folks to crack his jokes,
Which never mend their hearts.

With strutting gait and wig so great,
He walks along the streets;
And throws out wit, or what's like it,
To every one he meets.

He was a poet of more than local reputation, his work being mentioned even by Pope. He was generally accepted by his own generation as the leading American writer of his century, New England even placing him in the realm of the great classic writers of the world. One contemporary rhymer declared that

Harvard's honor and New England's hope
Bids fair to rise and sing and rival Pope.

His stately, Pope-like verses, however, have perished, but a few of his lighter efforts still are remembered, notably those called forth by his constant jovial clash with his Harvard classmate and rival wit Joseph Green, (1706-1780).

Green undoubtedly was the most brilliant humorist of pre-revolutionary America. A business man, a distiller, a man of wealth and manifold activities, yet he always found time for poetry. His pen was ever ready, at a moment's notice, to make an epigram, a satirical epitaph, an inscription for a picture, or any other *jeu d'esprit* that might be timely. At one time Byles, whom he followed constantly in wit combats, was inveagled by his friends on ship-board, and sorely against his will taken on a voyage to Maine. Making the best of it, he insisted on regular worship, and finding no hymn books, composed a hymn for the occasion. This gave Green a chance for a lampoon to which effort Byles instantly responded. Green was a satirist with a bitter pen, and most of the abuses of his time, especially those coming from abuse of power, he rebuked in scathing stanzas. On occasion he could be as serious as could Byles, but such occasions were not frequent. In 1743 one of his friends composed this quatrain to be used as his epitaph:

Siste, Viator! Here lies one,
Whose life was whim, whose soul was pun;
And if you go too near his hearse,
He 'll joke you, both in prose and verse.

BYLES'S HYMN TO BE SUNG AT SEA

Great God, thy works our wonders raise;
To thee our swelling notes belong;
While skies and winds, and rocks and seas,
Around shall echo to our song.

Thy power produced this mighty frame,
Aloud to thee the tempests roar,
Or softer breezes tune thy name
Gently along the shelly shore.

Round thee the scaly nation roves,
Thy opening hands their joys bestow,
Through all the blushing coral groves,
These silent gay retreats below.

See the broad sun forsake the skies,
Glow on the waves, and downward glide;
Anon heaven opens all its eyes,
And star-beams tremble o'er the tide.

Each various scene, or day or night,
Lord! points to thee our nourish'd soul;
Thy glories fix our whole delight;
So the touch'd needle courts the pole.

GREEN'S VERSION OF THE HYMN

In David's Psalms an oversight
Byles found one morning at his tea,
Alas! that he should never write
A proper psalm to sing at sea.

Thus ruminating on his seat,
Ambitious thoughts at length prevail'd,
The bard determined to complete
The part wherein the prophet fail'd.

He sat a while and stroked his muse,
Then taking up his tuneful pen,
Wrote a few stanzas for the use
Of his seafaring brethren.

The task perform'd, the bard content,
Well chosen was each flowing word;
On a short voyage himself he went,
To hear it read and sung on board.

Most serious Christians do aver,
(Their credit sure we may rely on,)
In former times that after prayer,
They used to sing a song of Zion.

Our modern parson having pray'd,
Unless loud fame our faith beguiles,
Sat down, took out his book and said,
"Let's sing a psalm of Mather Byles."

At first, when he began to read,
Their heads the assembly downwards hung,
But he with boldness did proceed,
And thus he read, and thus they sung.

THE PSALM

With vast amazement we survey
The wonders of the deep,
Where mackerel swim, and porpoise play,
And crabs and lobsters creep.

Fish of all kinds inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode.
Here haddock, hake, and flounders are,
And eels, and perch, and cod.

From raging winds and tempests free,
So smoothly as we pass,
The shining surface seems to be
A piece of Bristol glass.

But when the winds and tempests rise,
And foaming billows swell,
The vessel mounts above the skies,
And lower sinks than hell.

Our heads the tottering motion feel,
And quickly we become
Giddy as new-dropp'd calves, and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

What praises then are due that we
Thus far have safely got,
Amarescoggin tribe to see,
And tribe of Penobscot.

BYLES'S PARODY OF GREEN'S VERSION

In Byles's works an oversight
Green spy'd, as once he smok'd his chunk;
Alas! that Byles should never write
A song to sing, when folks are drunk.

Thus in the chimney on his block,
Ambition fir'd the 'stiller's pate;
He summon'd all his little stock,
The poet's volume to complete.

Long paus'd the lout and scratch'd his skull,
Then took his chalk (he own'd no pen,)
And scrawl'd some doggrel, for the whole
Of his flip-drinking brethren.

The task perform'd—not to content—
Ill chosen was each Grub-street word;
Strait to the tavern club he went,
To hear it bellow'd round the board.

Unknown delights his ears explore,
Inur'd to midnight caterwauls,
To hear his hoarse companions roar,
The horrid thing his dulness scrawls.

The club, if fame we may rely on,
Conven'd, to hear the drunken catch,
At the three-horse-shoes, or red lion—
Tippling began the night's debauch.

The little 'stiller took the pint
Full fraught with flip and songs obscene,
And, after a long stutt'ring, meant
To sing a song of Josy Green.

Soon as with stam'ring tongue, to read
The drunken ballad, he began,
The club from clam'ring strait recede,
To hear him roar the thing alone.

SONG

With vast amazement we survey
The can so broad, so deep,
Where punch succeeds to strong sangree,
Both to delightful flip.

Drink of all smacks, inhabit here,
And throng the dark abode;
Here's rum, and sugar, and small beer,
In a continual flood.

From cruel thoughts and conscience free,
From dram to dram we pass:
Our cheeks, like apples, ruddy be;
Our eyeballs look like glass.

At once, like furies up we rise,
Our raging passions swell;
We hurl the bottle to the skies,
But why, we cannot tell.

Our brains a tott'ring motion feel,
And quickly we become
Sick, as with negro steaks, and reel
Like Indians drunk with rum.

Thus lost in deep tranquillity,
We sit, supine and sot,
Till we two moons distinctly see—
Come give us t'other pot.

ELEGY BY GREEN FOR BYLES'S CAT

THE POET'S LAMENTATION FOR THE LOSS OF HIS CAT, WHICH HE USED TO CALL HIS MUSE

FELIS QUAEDAM DELICIUM ERAT CUJUSDAM ADOLESCENTIS.—ÆSOP.

Oppress'd with grief in heavy strains I mourn
The partner of my studies from me torn.
How shall I sing? what numbers shall I chuse?
For in my fav'rite cat I've lost my muse.
No more I feel my mind with raptures fir'd,
I want those airs that Puss so oft inspir'd;
No crowding thoughts my ready fancy fill,
Nor words run fluent from my easy quill;
Yet shall my verse deplore her cruel fate,
And celebrate the virtues of my cat.
In acts obscene she never took delight;
No caterwauls disturb'd our sleep by night;
Chaste as a virgin, free from every stain,
And neighb'ring cats mew'd for her love in vain.
She never thirsted for the chickens' blood;
Her teeth she only used to chew her food;
Harmless as satires which her master writes,
A foe to scratching, and unused to bites,
She in the study was my constant mate;
There we together many evenings sat.
Whene'er I felt my tow'ring fancy fail,
I stroked her head, her ears, her back, and tail;
And as I stroked improv'd my dying song
From the sweet notes of her melodious tongue:
Her purrs and mews so evenly kept time,
She purr'd in metre, and she mew'd in rhyme.
But when my dulness has too stubborn prov'd,
Nor could by Puss's music be remov'd,
Oft to the well-known volumes have I gone,
And stole a line from Pope or Addison.
Ofttimes when lost amidst poetic heat,
She leaping on my knee has took her seat;
There saw the throes that rock'd my lab'ring brain,
And lick'd and claw'd me to myself again.
Then, friends, indulge my grief, and let me mourn,
My cat is gone, ah! never to return.
Now in my study, all the tedious night,
Alone I sit and unassisted write;
Look often round (O greatest cause of pain),
And view the num'rous labors of my brain;
Those quires of words array'd in pompous rhyme,
Which braved the jaws of all-devouring time,
Now undefended and unwatch'd by cats,
Are doom'd a victim to the teeth of rats.

[All the above selections appeared in *The London Magazine*, November, 1733.]

IMPROMPTU VERSES

WRITTEN BY GREEN UNDER SMIBERT'S PORTRAIT OF HIS FRIEND CHECKLEY.

John, had thy sickness snatched thee from our sight
And sent thee to the realms of endless night,
Posterity would then have never known
Thine eye, thy beard, thy cowl and shaven crown;

But now, redeemed by Smibert's faithful hand,
Of immortality secure you stand.
When nature into ruin shall be hurled,
And the last conflagration burn the world,
This piece shall then survive the general evil,—
For flames, we know, cannot consume the Devil.

GREEN'S EPITAPH FOR THE REVEREND JONATHAN MAYHEW

The wise, the just, the pious, and the brave,
Live in their deaths, and flourish in the grave;
Grain hid in earth repays the peasant's care,
And evening suns but rise to set more fair.

ON THE DEATH OF THE HONORABLE DANIEL OLIVER, Esq.

[From "An Elegy Address'd to His Excellency Governour Belcher," by Mather Byles.]

Mindless of Grandieur, from the Crowd he fled,
Sought green Retirements and the Silent Shade.
Ye bow'ry Trees which round his Mansion bloom,
Oft ye conceal'd him in your hallow'd Gloom:
Oft he enjoy'd, in your sublime Abode,
His Books, his Innocence, his Friend, his God.
Now sad, I wander o'er the lofty Seat
And trace the Mazes of the soft Retreat,
View the fair Prospects, round the Gardens rove,
Bend up the Hill and search the lonely Grove.
But ah, no more his Voice salutes my Ear,
Nor in his Hands the blushing Fruits appear;
Yet is his image in each Scene convey'd
And busy Fancy forms his gliding Shade:
I seem to meet him in the flow'ry Walks,
And thro' the Boughs his whispering Spirit talks;
Eager I call, the dear Delusion flies,
Grief seals my Lips and Tears suffuse my Eyes.
O far, far off, above the Ken of these,
The rising Mountain and th' aspiring Trees,
In the gay Bow'rs that crown th' Eternal Hills
His spotless Soul in deathless Pleasure dwells;
Tuneful replies while Choral Seraphs play,
And in bright Visions smiles the Hours away.
He visits now no more this dull Abode,
But talks with Angels, and beholds his God.

JOHN WOOLMAN (1720-1772)

The journal of John Woolman, the Quaker, has in it a simplicity and an unaffected genuineness that are rare in literature. Charles Lamb said of it: "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," and Henry Crabb Robinson wrote in his journal: "An illiterate tailor, he writes in a style of the most exquisite purity and grace. His moral qualities are transferred to his writings. Had he not been so very humble, he would have written a still better book; for, fearing to indulge in vanity, he conceals the events in which he was a great actor. His religion was love."

Woolman was a native of New Jersey, was born on a farm, learned early the tailor's trade and lived by it all his life, though his real profession was scattering far and wide the doctrines of love. He travelled widely among the friends, preaching constantly, and exemplifying in his own life the religion which he professed. He stood ever against oppression; his was one of the first voices in America to plead for the rights of dumb animals, and he stood uncompromisingly against the institution of human slavery. It was on this latter account that in 1871 Whittier prepared a centenary edition of the Journal, an edition now recognized as the standard one of the work. Woolman died of small pox shortly after his landing in England after the voyage recorded in the accompanying selection.

THE JOURNAL OF JOHN WOOLMAN

CHAPTER XI

[1772]

EMBARKS AT CHESTER, WITH SAMUEL EMLEN, IN A SHIP BOUND FOR LONDON

Having been some time under a religious concern to prepare for crossing the seas, in order to visit Friends in the northern parts of England, and more particularly in Yorkshire, after consideration I thought it expedient to inform Friends of it at our Monthly Meeting at Burlington, who, having unity with me therein, gave me a certificate. I afterwards communicated the same to our Quarterly Meeting, and they likewise certified their concurrence. Some time after, at the General Spring Meeting of ministers and elders, I thought it my duty to acquaint them with the religious exercise which attended my mind; and they likewise signified their unity therewith by a certificate, dated the 24th of third month, 1772, directed to Friends in Great Britain.

In the fourth month following I thought the time was come for me to make some inquiry for a suitable conveyance; and as my concern was principally towards the northern parts of England, it seemed most proper to go in a vessel bound to Liverpool or Whitehaven. While I was at Philadelphia deliberating on this subject I was informed that my beloved friend Samuel Emlen, junior, intended to go to London, and had taken a passage for himself in the cabin of the ship called the Mary and Elizabeth, of which James Sparks was master, and John Head, of the city of Philadelphia, one of the owners; and feeling a draught in my mind towards the steerage of the same ship, I went first and opened to Samuel the feeling I had concerning it.

My beloved friend wept when I spake to him, and appeared glad that I had thoughts of going in the vessel with him, though my prospect was toward the steerage; and he offering to go with me, we went on board, first into the cabin, —a commodious room,—and then into the steerage, where we sat down on a chest, the sailors being busy about us. The owner of the ship also came and sat down with us. My mind was turned towards Christ, the Heavenly Counsellor, and feeling at this time my own will subjected, my heart was contrite before him. A motion was made by the owner to go and sit in the cabin, as a

place more retired; but I felt easy to leave the ship, and, making no agreement as to a passage in her, told the owner if I took a passage in the ship I believed it would be in the steerage; but did not say much as to my exercise in that case.

After I went to my lodgings, and the case was a little known in town, a Friend laid before me the great inconvenience attending a passage in the steerage, which for a time appeared very discouraging to me.

I soon after went to bed, and my mind was under a deep exercise before the Lord, whose helping hand was manifested to me as I slept that night, and his love strengthened my heart. In the morning I went with two Friends on board the vessel again, and after a short time spent therein, I went with Samuel Emlen to the house of the owner, to whom, in the hearing of Samuel only, I opened my exercise in relation to a scruple I felt with regard to a passage in the cabin, in substance as follows:—

"That on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabin was I observed sundry sorts of carved work and imagery; that in the cabin I observed some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts; and that according to the ways of men's reckoning, the sum of money to be paid for a passage in that apartment has some relation to the expense of furnishing it to please the minds of such as give way to a conformity to this world; and that in this, as in other cases, the moneys received from the passengers are calculated to defray the cost of these superfluities, as well as the other expenses of their passage. I therefore felt a scruple with regard to paying my money to be applied to such purposes."

As my mind was now opened, I told the owner that I had, at several times, in my travels, seen great oppressions on this continent, at which my heart had been much affected and brought into a feeling of the state of the sufferers; and having many times been engaged in the fear and love of God to labor with those under whom the oppressed have been borne down and afflicted, I have often perceived that with a view to get riches and to provide estates for children, that they may live conformably to the customs and honors of this world, many are entangled in the spirit of oppression, and the exercise of my soul had been such that I could not find peace in joining in anything which I saw was against that wisdom which is pure.

After this I agreed for a passage in the steerage; and hearing that Joseph White had desired to see me, I went to his house, and next day home, where I tarried two nights. Early the next morning I parted with my family under a sense of the humbling hand of God upon me, and, going to Philadelphia, had an opportunity with several of my beloved friends, who appeared to be concerned for me on account of the unpleasant situation of that part of the vessel in which I was likely to lodge. In these opportunities my mind, through the mercies of the Lord, was kept low in an inward waiting for his help; and Friends having expressed their desire that I might have a more convenient place than the steerage, did not urge it, but appeared disposed to leave me to the Lord.

Having stayed two nights at Philadelphia, I went the next day to Derby Monthly Meeting, where through the strength of Divine love my heart was enlarged towards the youth there present, under which I was helped to labor in some tenderness of spirit. I lodged at William Horn's and afterwards went to Chester, where I met with Samuel Emlen, and we went on board 1st of fifth month, 1772. As I sat alone on the deck I felt a satisfactory evidence that my proceedings were not in my own will, but under the power of the cross of Christ.

Seventh of fifth month.—We have had rough weather mostly since I came on board, and the passengers, James Reynolds, John Till Adams, Sarah Logan and her hired maid, and John Bispham, all sea-sick at times; from which sickness, through the tender mercies of my Heavenly Father, I have been preserved, my afflictions now being of another kind. There appeared an openness in the minds of the master of the ship and in the cabin passengers towards me. We are often together on the deck, and sometimes in the cabin. My mind, through the merciful help of the Lord, hath been preserved in a good degree watchful and quiet, for which I have great cause to be thankful.

As my lodging in the steerage, now

near a week, hath afforded me sundry opportunities of seeing, hearing, and feeling with respect to the life and spirit of many poor sailors, an exercise of soul hath attended me in regard to placing out children and youth where they may be likely to be exampled and instructed in the pure fear of the Lord.

Being much among the seamen I have, from a motion of love, taken sundry opportunities with one of them at a time, and have in free conversation labored to turn their minds towards the fear of the Lord. This day we had a meeting in the cabin, where my heart was contrite under a feeling of Divine love.

I believe a communication with different parts of the world by sea is at times consistent with the will of our Heavenly Father, and to educate some youth in the practice of sailing, I believe may be right; but how lamentable is the present corruption of the world! How impure are the channels through which trade is conducted! How great is the danger to which poor lads are exposed when placed on shipboard to learn the art of sailing! Five lads training up for the seas were on board this ship. Two of them were brought up in our Society, and the other, by name James Naylor, is a member, to whose father James Naylor, mentioned in Sewel's history, appears to have been uncle. I often feel a tenderness of heart towards these poor lads, and at times look at them as though they were my children according to the flesh.

O that all may take heed and beware of covetousness! O that all may learn of Christ, who was meek and lowly of heart. Then in faithfully following him he will teach us to be content with food and raiment without respect to the customs or honors of this world. Men thus redeemed will feel a tender concern for their fellow-creatures, and a desire that those in the lowest stations may be assisted and encouraged, and where owners of ships attain to the perfect law of liberty and are doers of the Word, these will be blessed in their deeds.

A ship at sea commonly sails all night, and the seamen take their watches four hours at a time. Rising to work in the night, it is not commonly pleasant in any case, but in dark rainy nights it is very disagreeable, even though each man were furnished with all conveniences. If, after having been on deck several hours in the night, they come down into the steerage soaking wet, and are so closely stowed that proper convenience for change of garments is not easily come at, but for want of proper room their wet garments are thrown in heaps, and sometimes, through much crowding, are trodden under foot in going to their lodgings and getting out of them, and it is difficult at times for each to find his own. Here are trials for the poor sailors.

Now, as I have been with them in my lodge, my heart hath often yearned for them, and tender desires have been raised in me that all owners and masters of vessels may dwell in the love of God and therein act uprightly, and by seeking less for gain and looking carefully to their ways they may earnestly labor to remove all cause of provocation from the poor seamen, so that they may neither fret nor use excess of strong drink; for, indeed, the poor creatures, in the wet and cold, seem to apply at times to strong drink to supply the want of other convenience. Great reformation is wanting in the world, and the necessity of it among those who do business on great waters hath at this time been abundantly opened before me.

Eighth of fifth month.—This morning the clouds gathered, the wind blew strong from the southeast, and before noon so increased that sailing appeared dangerous. The seamen then bound up some of their sails and took down others, and the storm increasing they put the deadlights, so called, into the cabin windows and lighted a lamp as at night. The wind now blew vehemently, and the sea wrought to that degree that an awful seriousness prevailed in the cabin, in which I spent, I believe, about seventeen hours, for the cabin passengers had given me frequent invitations, and I thought the poor wet toiling seamen had need of all the room in the crowded steerage. They now ceased from sailing and put the vessel in the posture called lying to.

My mind during this tempest, through the gracious assistance of the Lord, was preserved in a good degree of resignation; and at times I expressed a few words in his love to my shipmates in regard to the all-sufficiency of Him who formed the great deep, and whose care

is so extensive that a sparrow falls not without his notice, and thus in a tender frame of mind I spoke to them of the necessity of our yielding in true obedience to the instructions of our Heavenly Father, who sometimes through adversities intendeth our refinement.

About eleven at night I went out on the deck. The sea wrought exceedingly, and the high, foaming waves round about had in some sort the appearance of fire, but did not give much if any light. The sailor at the helm said he lately saw a corposant at the head of the mast. I observed that the master of the ship ordered the carpenter to keep on the deck; and, though he said little, I apprehended his care was that the carpenter with his axe might be in readiness in case of any extremity. Soon after this the vehemency of the wind abated, and before morning they again put the ship under sail.

Tenth of fifth month.—It being the first day of the week and fine weather, we had a meeting in the cabin, at which most of the seamen were present; this meeting was to me a strengthening time. 13th.—As I continue to lodge in the steerage I feel an openness this morning to express something further of the state of my mind in respect to poor lads bound apprentice to learn the art of sailing. As I believe sailing is of use in the world, a labor of soul attends me that the pure counsel of truth may be humbly waited for in this case by all concerned in the business of the seas. A pious father whose mind is exercised for the everlasting welfare of his child may not with a peaceable mind place him out to an employment among a people whose common course of life is manifestly corrupt and profane. Great is the present defect among seafaring men in regard to virtue and piety; and, by reason of an abundant traffic and many ships being used for war, so many people are employed on the sea that the subject of placing lads to this employment appears very weighty.

When I remember the saying of the Most High through his prophet, "This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise," and think of placing children among such to learn the practice of sailing, the consistency of it with a pious education seems to me like that mentioned by the prophet, "There is no answer from God."

Profane examples are very corrupting and very forcible. And as my mind day after day and night after night hath been affected with a sympathizing tenderness towards poor children who are put to the employment of sailors, I have sometimes had weighty conversation with the sailors in the steerage, who were mostly respectful to me and became more so the longer I was with them. They mostly appeared to take kindly what I said to them; but their minds were so deeply impressed with the almost universal depravity among sailors that the poor creatures in their answers to me have revived in my remembrance that of the degenerate Jews a little before the captivity, as repeated by Jeremiah the prophet, "There is no hope."

. . . . . .

Second of Sixth Month.—Last evening the seamen found bottom at about seventy fathoms. This morning, a fair wind and pleasant. I sat on deck; my heart was overcome with the love of Christ, and melted into contrition before Him. In this state the prospect of that work to which I found my mind drawn when in my native land being, in some degree, opened before me, I felt like a little child; and my cries were put up to my Heavenly Father for preservation, that in an humble dependence on Him, my soul might be strengthened in His love and kept inwardly waiting for His counsel. This afternoon I saw that part of England called the Lizard.

Some fowls yet remained of those the passengers took for their sea-store. I believe about fourteen perished in the storms at sea, by the waves breaking over the quarter-deck, and a considerable number with sickness at different times. I observed the cocks crew as we came down the Delaware, and while we were near the land, but afterwards I think I did not hear one of them crow till we came near the English coast, when they again crowed a few times. In observing their dull appearance at sea, and the pining sickness of some of them, I often remembered the Fountain of goodness, who gave being to all creatures, and whose love extends to caring for the sparrows. I believe where the love of

God is verily perfected, and the true spirit of government watchfully attended to, a tenderness towards all creatures made subject to us will be experienced, and a care felt in us that we do not lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation which the great Creator intends for them under our government.

Fourth of Sixth Month.—Wet weather, high winds, and so dark that we could see but a little way. I perceived our seamen were apprehensive of the danger of missing the channel, which I understood was narrow. In a while it grew lighter, and they saw the land and knew where they were. Thus the Father of Mercies was pleased to try us with the sight of dangers, and then graciously, from time to time, deliver us from them; thus sparing our lives, that in humility and reverence we might walk before Him and put our trust in Him. About noon a pilot came off from Dover, where my beloved friend Samuel Emlen went on shore and thence to London, about seventy-two miles by land; but I felt easy in staying in the ship.

Seventh of Sixth Month and first of the week.—A clear morning: we lay at anchor for the tide, and had a parting meeting with the ship's company, in which my heart was enlarged in a fervent concern for them, that they may come to experience salvation through Christ. Had a head-wind up the Thames; lay sometimes at anchor; saw many ships passing, and some at anchor near; and I had large opportunity of feeling the spirit in which the poor bewildered sailors too generally live. That lamentable degeneracy which so much prevails in the people employed on the sea, so affected my heart that I cannot easily convey the feeling I had to another.

The present state of the seafaring life in general appears so opposite to that of a pious education, so full of corruption and extreme alienation from God, so full of the most dangerous examples to young people that in looking towards a young generation I feel a care for them, that they may have an education different from the present one of lads at sea, and that all of us who are acquainted with the pure gospel spirit may lay this case to heart, may remember the lamentable corruptions which attend the conveyance of merchandise across the seas, and so abide in the love of Christ that, being delivered from the entangling expenses of a curious, delicate, and luxurious life, we may learn contentment with a little, and promote the seafaring life no further than that spirit which leads into all truth attends us in our proceedings.

[1772]

THOMAS GODFREY (1736-1763)

The distinction of having been the first American to write a tragedy that was strong enough to force its way to representation upon the professional stage belongs to Thomas Godfrey, son of Thomas Godfrey, the Philadelphian, famous as the inventor of the mariner's quadrant. More than of any other poet of his period may it be said of Godfrey that he was endowed with a spark of genius. There is, to be sure, little among his "literary remains" that is of permanent value, but it must be remembered that he worked in a dark period so far as poetry was concerned. He was bound by the traditions of the Pope school, then in the fulness of its power; the literary atmosphere about him was thin and unexhilarating; there were few magazines and few critics and few readers of "polite literature." Moreover, the circumstances of his environment were a handicap: he had been bound as apprentice to a watchmaker who took all his time; then he joined the militia and took part in the expedition against Fort Duquesne; then he embarked upon a business enterprise in North Carolina, and for three years had little time for poetic composition. He died at twenty-seven.

Had he lived, he might, perhaps, have outgrown the influence of his early models,—Shakespeare, Pope, Young—and have made himself the leading poet of America before Emerson. It was in him, undoubtedly. As it was, his *Prince of Parthia*, lamentably crude though it be, wholly wanting in humor and in verisimilitude, is a remarkable work for a youth of twenty-three who perhaps never had seen a theatrical presentation, at least of a serious play. The tragedy was staged in Philadephia April 24, 1767, four years after the death of its author. It was not played again, so far as I can ascertain, until 1915, when it was revived by the Zelosophic Society of the University of Pennsylvania. If one reads the last act of the drama one need read no more. The act is really complete in itself, needing little explanation to make the plot clear. Moreover, it is complete in another way: it presents all that is necessary to be known of the strength and the weakness of Thomas Godfrey as a dramatist.

THE PRINCE OF PARTHIA

ACT V, SCENE I.

The Palace. The curtain rises, slowly, to soft music, and discovers EVANTHE *sleeping on a sofa; after the music ceases,* VARDANES *enters.*

VARDANES. Now shining Empire standing at the goal,
Beck'ns me forward to increase my speed;
But, yet, *Arsaces* lives, bane to my hopes,
Lysias I'll urge to ease me of his life,
Then give the villain up to punishment.
The shew of justice gains the changeling croud.
Besides, I ne'er will harbour in my bosom
Such serpents, ever ready with their stings—
But now one hour for love and fair *Evanthe*—
Hence with ambition's cares—see, where reclin'd,
In slumbers all her sorrows are dismiss'd,
Sleep seems to heighten ev'ry beauteous feature,
And adds peculiar softness to each grace.
She weeps—in dreams some lively sorrow pains her—
I'll take one kiss—oh! what a balmy sweetness!
Give me another—and another still—
For ever thus I'd dwell upon her lips.
Be still my heart, and calm unruly transports.—
Wake her, with music, from this mimic death. [*Music sounds.*]

Song.

Tell me, Phillis, tell me why,
You appear so won'rous coy,
When that glow, and sparkling eye,
Speak you want to taste the joy?
Prithee give this fooling o'er,
Nor torment your lover more.

While youth is warm within our veins,
And nature tempts us to be gay,

Give to pleasure loose the reins,
Love and youth fly swift away.
Youth in pleasure should be spent,
Age will come, we'll then repent.

EVANTHE (*Waking*) I come ye lovely shades—Ha! am I here?
Still in the tyrant's palace? Ye bright pow'rs!
Are all my blessings then but vis'onary?
Methought I was arriv'd on that blest shore
Where happy souls for ever dwell, crown'd with
Immortal bliss; *Arsaces* led me through
The flow'ry groves, while all around me gleam'd
Thousand and thousand shades, who welcom'd me
With pleasing songs of joy—*Vardanes*, ha!—
VARDANES. Why beams the angry lightning of thine eye
Against thy sighing slave? Is love a crime?
Oh! if to dote, with such excess of passion
As rises e'en to mad extravagance
Is criminal, I then am so, indeed.
EVANTHE. Away! vile man!—
VARDANES. If to pursue thee e'er
With all the humblest offices of love,
If ne'er to know one single thought that does
Not bear thy bright idea, merits scorn—
EVANTHE. Hence from my sight—nor let me, thus, pollute
Mine eyes, with looking on a wretch like thee,
Thou cause of all my ills; I sicken at
Thy loathsome presence—
VARDANES. 'Tis not always thus,
Nor dost thou ever meet the sounds of love
With rage and fierce disdain: *Arsaces*, soon,
Could smooth thy brow, and melt thy icy breast.
EVANTHE. Ha! does it gall thee? Yes, he could, he could;
Oh! when he speaks, such sweetness dwells upon
His accents, all my soul dissolves to love,
And warm desire; such truth and beauty join'd!
His looks are soft and kind, such gentleness
Such virtue swells his bosom! in his eye
Sits majesty, commanding ev'ry heart.
Strait as the pine, the pride of all the grove,
More blooming than the spring, and sweeter far,
Than asphodels or roses infant sweets.
Oh! I could dwell forever on his praise,
Yet think eternity was scarce enough
To tell the mighty theme; here in my breast
His image dwells, but one dear thought of him,
When fancy paints his Person to my eye,
As he was wont in tenderness dissolv'd,
Sighing his vows, or kneeling at my feet,
Wipes off all mem'ry of my wretchedness.
VARDANES. I know this brav'ry is affected, yet
It gives me joy, to think my rival only
Can in imagination taste thy beauties.
Let him,—'twill ease him in his solitude,
And gild the horrors of his prison-house,
Till death shall—
EVANTHE. Ha! what was that? till death—ye Gods!
Ah, now I feel distress's tort'ring pang—
Thou canst not villain—darst not think his death—
O mis'ry!—
VARDANES. Naught but your kindness saves him,
Yet bless me, with your love, and he is safe;
But the same frown which kills my growing hopes,
Gives him to death.
EVANTHE. O horror, I could die
Ten thousand times to save the lov'd *Arsaces*.
Teach me the means, ye pow'rs, how to save him!
Then lead me to what ever is my fate.
VARDANES. Not only shall he die, but to thy view
I'll bring the scene, those eyes that take delight
In cruelty, shall have enough of death.
E'en here, before thy sight, he shall expire,
Not sudden, but by ling'ring torments; all
That mischief can invent shall be practis'd
To give him pain; to lengthen out his woe
I'll search around the realm for skillful men,
To find new tortures.
EVANTHE. Oh! wrack not thus my soul!
VARDANES. The sex o'erflows with various humours, he
Who catches not their smiles the very moment,
Will lose the blessing—I'll improve this softness,—
(*Aside to her.*)

Heav'n never made thy beauties to destroy,
They were to bless, and not to blast mankind;
Pity should dwell within thy lovely breast,
That sacred temple ne'er form'd for hate
A habitation; but a residence
For love and gaiety.
EVANTHE. Oh! heav'ns!
VARDANES. That sigh,
Prolaims your kind consent to save *Arsaces.*
(*Laying hold of her.*)
EVANTHE. Ha! villain, off—unhand me—hence—
VARDANES. In vain is opportunity to those, who spend
An idle courtship on the fair, they well
Deserve their fate, if they're disdain'd:—her charms
To rush upon, and conquer opposition,
Gains the Fair one's praise; an active lover
Suits, who lies aside the coxcomb's empty whine,
And forces her to bliss.
EVANTHE. Ah! hear me, hear me,
Thus kneeling, with my tears, I do implore thee: . . . .
VARDANES. 'Tis in vain,
The idle pray'rs by fancy'd grief put up,
Are blown by active winds regardless by,
Nor ever reach the heav'ns.

SCENE II.

EVANTHE, VARDANES, *and* LYSIAS.

LYSIAS. Arm, arm, my Lord!—
VARDANES. Damnation! why this interruption now?—
LYSIAS. Oh! arm! my noble Prince, the foe's upon us.
Arsaces, by *Barzaphernes* releas'd,
Join'd with the citizens, assaults the Palace,
And swears revenge for *Artabanus'* death.
VARDANES. Ha! What? revenge for *Artabanus'* death?—
'Tis the curse of Princes that their counsels,
Which should be kept like holy mysteries,
Can never rest in silent secrecy.
Fond of employ, some cursed tattling tongue
Will still divulge them.
LYSIAS. Sure some fiend from hell,
In mischief eminent, to cross our views,
Has giv'n th' intelligence, for man could not.
EVANTHE. Oh! ever blest event!—All-gracious heav'n!
This beam of joy revives me.

SCENE III.

VARDANES, EVANTHE, LYSIAS, *to them, an* OFFICER.

OFFICER. Haste! my Lord!
Or all will soon be lost; tho' thrice repuls'd
By your e'erfaithful guards, they still return
With double fury.
VARDANES. Hence, then, idle love—
Come forth, my trusty sword—curs'd misfortune!—
Had I but one short hour, without reluctance,
I'd meet them, tho' they brib'd the pow'rs of hell,
To place their furies in the van: Yea, rush
To meet this dreadful Brother 'midst the war—
Haste to the combat—Now a crown or death—
The wretch who dares to give an inch of ground
Till I retire, shall meet the death he shun'd.
Away—away! delays are dang'rous now—

SCENE IV.

EVANTHE, *alone.*

Now heav'n be partial to Arsaces' cause,
Nor leave to giddy chance when virtue strives;
Let victory sit on his warlike helm,
For justice draws his sword: be thou his aid,
And let the opposer's arm sink with the weight
Of his most impious crimes—be still my heart,
For all that thou canst aid him with is pray'r.
Oh! that I had the strength of thousands in me!
Or that my voice could wake the sons of men
To join and crush the tyrant!—

Scene V.

Evanthe *and* Cleone.

Evanthe. My *Cleone*—
Welcome thou partner of my joys and sorrows.
Cleone. Oh! yonder terror triumphs uncontroul'd
And glutton death seems never satisfy'd.
Each soft sensation lost in thoughtless rage,
And breast to breast, oppos'd in furious war,
The fiery Chiefs receive the vengeful steel.
O'er lifeless heaps of men the soldiers climb
Still eager for the combat, while the ground
Made slipp'ry by the gushing streams of gore
Is treach'rous to their feet.—Oh! horrid sight!—
Too much for me to stand, my life was chill'd,
As from the turret I beheld the fight,
It forc'd me to retire.
Evanthe. What of *Arsaces?*
Cleone. I saw him active in the battle, now,
Like lightning, piercing thro' the thickest foe,
Then scorning to disgrace his sword in low
Plebeian blood—loud for *Vardanes* call'd—
To meet him singly, and decide the war.
Evanthe. Save him, ye Gods!—oh! all my soul is fear—
Fly, fly *Cleone,* to the tow'r again,
See how fate turns the ballance; and pursue
Arsaces with thine eye; mark ev'ry blow,
Observe if some low villain dares to urge
His sword presumptuous at my Hero's breast.
Haste, my *Cleone,* haste, to ease my fears.

Scene VI.

Evanthe, *alone.*

Ah! what a cruel torment is suspense!
My anxious soul is torn 'twixt love and fear,
Scarce can I please me with one fancied bliss
Which kind imagination forms, but reason,
Proud, surly reason, snatches the vain joy,
And gives me up again to sad distress.
Yet I can die, and should *Arsaces* fall
This fatal draught shall ease me of my sorrows.

Scene VII.

Cleone, *alone.*

Oh! horror! horror! horror!—cruel Gods!—
I saw him fall—I did—pierc'd thro' with wounds—
Curs'd! curs'd *Vardanes!*—hear'd the gen'ral cry,
Which burst, as tho' all nature had dissolv'd.
Hark! how they shout! the noise seems coming this way.

Scene VIII.

Arsaces, Gotarzes, Barzaphernes, *and* Officers, *with* Vardanes *and* Lysias *prisoners.*

Arsaces. Thanks to the ruling pow'rs who blest our arms,
Prepare the sacrifices to the Gods,
And grateful songs of tributary praise.—
Gotarzes, fly, my Brother, find *Evanthe,*
And bring the lovely mourner to my arms.
Gotarzes. Yes, I'll obey you, with a willing speed (*Exit* Gotarzes.)
Arsaces. Thou, Lysias, from yon tow'rs aspiring height
Be hurl'd to death, thy impious hands are stain'd
With royal blood—Let the traitor's body
Be giv'n to hungry dogs.
Lysias. Welcome grim death!—
I've fed thy maw with Kings, and lack no more
Revenge—Now, do thy duty, Officer.
Officer. Yea, and would lead all traitors gladly thus,—
The boon of their deserts.

Scene IX.

Arsaces, Vardanes, Barzaphernes.

Arsaces. But for *Vardanes,*
The Brother's name forgot—
Vardanes. You need no more,

I know the rest—Ah! death is near, my wounds
Permit me not to live—my breath grows short,
Curs'd be *Phraates* arm which stop'd my sword,
Ere it had reach'd my proud exulting heart.
But the wretch paid dear for his presuming;
A just reward.—
ARSACES. He sinks, yet bear him up—
VARDANES. Curs'd be the multitude which o'erpow'rd me,
And beat me to the ground, cover'd with wounds—
But, oh! 't is done! my ebbing life is done—.
I feel death's hand upon me—Yet, I die
Just as I wish, and daring for a crown,
Life without rule is my disdain; I scorn
To swell a haughty Brother's sneaking train,
To wait upon his ear with flatt'ring tales,
And court his smiles; come, death, in thy cold arms,
Let me forget Ambition's mighty toil,
And shun the triumphs of a hated Brother—
O! bear me off—Let not his eyes enjoy
My agonies—My sight grows dim with death. (*They bear him off.*)

SCENE THE LAST.

ARSACES, GOTARZES, BARZAPHERNES, *and* EVANTHE *supported.*

EVANTHE. Lead me, oh! lead me, to my lov'd *Arsaces,*
Where is he?—
ARSACES. Ha! what's this? Just heav'ns! —my fears—
EVANTHE. *Arsaces,* oh! thus circl'd in thy arms,
I die without a pang.
ARSACES. Ha! die?—why stare ye,
Ye lifeless ghosts? Have none of ye a tongue
To tell me I'm undone?
GOTARZES. Soon, my Brother,
Too soon, you'll know it by the sad effects;
And if my grief will yet permit my tongue
To do its office, thou shalt hear the tale.
Cleone, from the turret, view'd the battle.
And on *Phraates* fix'd her erring sight,
Thy brave unhappy friend she took for thee,
By his garb deceiv'd, which like to thine he wore.
Still with her eyes she follow'd him, where e'er
He pierc'd the foe, and to *Vardanes'* sword
She saw him fall a hapless victim, then,
In agonies of grief, flew to *Evanthe,*
And told the dreadful tale—the fatal bowl I saw—
ARSACES. Be dumb, nor ever give again
Fear to the heart, with thy ill-boding voice.
EVANTHE. Here, I'll rest, till death, on thy lov'd bosom,
Here let me sigh my—Oh! the poison works—
ARSACES. Oh! horror!—
EVANTHE. Cease—this sorrow pains me more
Than all the wringing agonies of death,
The dreadful parting of the soul from this,
Its wedded clay—Ah! there—that pang shot thro'
My throbbing heart—
ARSACES. Save her, ye Gods!—oh! save her!
And I will bribe ye with clouds of incense;
Such num'rous sacrifices, that your altars
Shall even sink beneath the mighty load.
EVANTHE. When I am dead, dissolv'd to native dust,
Yet let me live in thy dear mem'ry—
One tear will not be much to give *Evanthe.*
ARSACES. My eyes shall e'er two running fountains be,
And wet thy urn with overflowing tears,
Joy ne'er again within my breast shall find
A residence—Oh! speak, once more—
EVANTHE. Life's just out—
My Father—Oh! protect his honour'd age,
And give him shelter from the storms of fate,
He's long been fortune's sport—Support me—ah!—
I can no more—my glass is spent—farewell—
Forever—*Arsaces!*—oh! (*Dies.*)
ARSACES. Stay, oh! stay,
Or take me with thee—dead! she's cold and dead!
Her eyes are clos'd, and all my joys are flown—
Now burst ye elements, from your restraint,

Let order cease, and chaos be again.
Break! break tough heart!—oh! torture—
life dissolve—
Why stand ye idle? Have I not one
friend
To kindly free me from this pain? One
blow,
One friendly blow would give me ease.
BARZAPHERNES. The Gods
Forefend!—Pardon me, Royal Sir, if I
Dare, seemingly disloyal, seize your sword,
Despair may urge you far—
ARSACES. Ha! traitors! rebels!—
Hoary rev'rend Villain! what, disarm me?
Give me my sword—what, stand ye by,
and see
Your Prince insulted? Are ye rebels all?—
BARZAPHERNES. Be calm, my gracious
Lord!
GOTARZES. Oh! my lov'd Brother!
ASARCES. Gotarzes too! all! all! con-
spir'd against me?
Still, are ye all resolv'd that I must live,
And feel the momentary pangs of death?—
Ha!—this, shall make a passage for my soul
—(*Snatches Barzaphernes' sword.*)
Out, out vile cares, from your distress'd
abode—(*Stabs himself.*)
BARZAPHERNES. Oh! ye eternal Gods!
GOTARZES. Distraction! heav'ns!
I shall run mad—
ARSACES. Ah! 'tis in vain to grieve—
The steel has done its part, and I'm at rest.—
Gotarzes wear my crown, and be thou blest,
Cherish *Barzaphernes,* my trusty chief—
I faint, oh! lay me by *Evanthe's* side—
Still wedded in our deaths—*Bethas*—
BARZAPHERNES. Despair,
My Lord, has broke his heart, I saw him
stretch'd,
Along the flinty pavement, in his gaol—
Cold, lifeless—
ARSACES. He's happy then—had he
heard
This tale, he'd—Ah! *Evanthe* chides my
soul,
For ling'ring here so long—another pang
And all the world, adieu—oh adieu!—
(Dies.)

GOTARZES. Oh!
Fix me, heav'n, immoveable, a statue,
And free me from o'erwhelming tides of
grief.
BARZAPHERNES. Oh! my lov'd Prince, I
soon shall follow thee:
Thy laurel'd glories, whither are they fled?—
Would I had died before this fatal day!—
Triumphant garlands pride my soul no more,
No more the lofty voice of war can
charm—
And why then am I here? Thus then—
(*Offers to stab himself.*)
GOTARZES. Ah! Hold,
Nor rashly urge the blow—think of me, and
Live—My heart is wrung with streaming
anguish,
Tore with the smarting pangs of woe, yet
will I
Dare to live, and stem misfortune's
billows.
Live then, and be the guardian of my youth,
And lead me on thro' virtue's rugged path.
BARZAPHERNES. O, glorious youth, thy
words have rous'd the
Drooping genius of my soul; thus, let me
Clasp thee, in my aged arms; yes, I will
live—
Live, to support thee in thy kingly rights,
And when thou'rt firmly fix'd, my task's
perform'd,
My honourable task—Then I'll retire,
Petition gracious heav'n to bless my work,
And in the silent grave forget my cares.
GOTARZES. Now, to the Temple, let us
onward move,
And strive t' appease the angry pow'rs above.
Fate yet may have some ills reserved in
store,
Continu'd curses, to torment us more.
Tho', in their district, Monarchs rule
alone,
Jove sways the mighty Monarch on his
throne:
Nor can the shining honours which they
wear,
Purchase one joy, or save them from one
care.

[Written, perhaps, as early as 1759]

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY PERIODS

The most spontaneous and original poetry of a period is that which bursts from a people under strain, when everything is forgotten save the emotions deeply stirred. Such expressions are always lyric,—songs, rallying cries, ballads. The border wars with the Indians furnished an abundance of ballad material, but in that strenuous era there were few balladists, or, what doubtless is more accurate, few channels through which ballads might come down to our own day. Large numbers of ballads of colonial days were issued as broadsides, and numbers of them have disappeared as daily papers disappear to-day. Crude as it is, the "Lovewell's Fight" ballad has survived as the best specimen of its period.

The warfare waged by the hardy New Englanders upon the monsters of the ocean produced the most realistic and spirited song of pre-Revolutionary America, the "Whaling Song" by John Osborn of Cape Cod, a song declared by Griswold to have been "well known in the Pacific for more than half a century."

The French and Indian campaigns, like all other wars, had their songs which were sung by the soldiers about the camp-fires or on the march. The best is the "Soldier Song" which tradition has attributed to General Wolfe who fell at Quebec, a song which became a great favorite certainly with the British soldiers during the revolution. The unfortunate Major André often rendered it most effectively. The great epic struggle for freedom furnished an astonishing abundance of songs and ballads. Several volumes of them gathered from newspapers and broadsides have been issued and there is material for volumes more. Some of these intensely patriotic lyrics came long before the final struggle, like Dickinson's "The Liberty Song," seemingly an attempt to create even at that early epoch an American national anthem. Later, when war had become a certainty, there were stirring calls to arms, and still later there sprang up a plenteous crop of ballads covering every episode of the struggle. The greater number of them are the veriest doggerel, yet all of them are important,—they are genuine expressions of emotion and of patriotism, and they show the heart of America during "the days that tried men's souls." Undoubtedly the best ballad that came from the struggle was the anonymous "Nathan Hale." The loyalist balladry, too, must not be forgotten. The loyalists were the patriots and the conservative element of their day: they stood by the established government and refused to be disloyal to the King whom they had served all their lives. Their songs and ballads are full of denunciation of the "rebels" and the "rabble" that were defying the King's regulars. The Revolution was a civil war as well as a war against an overseas power, and it divided communities and even families. The poetry of this phase of the struggle had not many outlets in the newspapers of America, but the specimens which have survived are full of genuine feeling, and moreover they are as characteristically American in spirit as even the poetic products of the "rabble" they reviled.

LOVEWELL'S FIGHT

Of worthy Captain Lovewell I purpose now to sing,
How valiantly he served his country and his King;
He and his valiant soldiers, did range the woods full wide,
And hardships they endured to quell the Indians' pride.

'Twas nigh unto Pigwacket, on the eighth day of May,
They spied a rebel Indian soon after break of day;
He on a bank was walking, upon a neck of land,
Which leads into a pond as we're made to understand.

Our men resolved to have him and travell'd two miles round,
Until they met the Indian, who boldly stood his ground;
Then spake up Captain Lovewell, "Take you good heed," said he,

"This rogue is to decoy us, I very plainly see.

"The Indians lie in ambush, in some place nigh at hand,
In order to surround us upon this neck of land;
Therefore we'll march in order, and each man leave his pack,
That we may briskly fight them when they make their attack."

They came unto this Indian, who did them thus defy,
As soon as they came nigh him, two guns he did let fly,
Which wounded Captain Lovewell, and likewise one man more,
But when this rogue was running, they laid him in his gore.

Then having scalp'd the Indian, they went back to the spot,
Where they had laid their packs down, but there they found them not,
For the Indians having spy'd them, when they them down did lay,
Did seize them for their plunder, and carry them away.

These rebels lay in ambush, this very place hard by,
So that an English soldier did one of them espy,
And cried out, "Here's an Indian," with that they started out,
As fiercely as old lions, and hideously did shout.

With that our valiant English, all gave a loud huzza,
To show the rebel Indians they fear'd them not a straw:
So now the fight began, and as fiercely as could be,
The Indians ran up to them, but soon were forc'd to flee.

Then spake up Captain Lovewell, when first the fight began,
"Fight on, my valiant heroes! you see they fall like rain."
For as we are inform'd, the Indians were so thick,
A man could scarcely fire a gun and not some of them hit.

Then did the rebels try their best our soldiers to surround,
But they could not accomplish it, because there was a pond,
To which our men retreated and covered all the rear,
The rogues were forc'd to flee them, altho' they skulk'd for fear.

Two logs there were behind them, that close together lay,
Without being discovered, they could not get away;
Therefore our valiant English, they travell'd in a row,
And at a handsome distance as they were wont to go.

'Twas ten o'clock in the morning, when first the fight begun,
And fiercely did continue until the setting sun;
Excepting that the Indians, some hours before 'twas night,
Drew off into the bushes and ceased awhile to fight.

But soon again returned, in fierce and furious mood,
Shouting as in the morning, but yet not half so loud;
For as we are informed, so thick and fast they fell,
Scarce twenty of their number, at night did get home well.

And that our valiant English, till midnight there did stay,
To see whether the rebels would have another fray;
But they no more returning, they made off towards their home,
And brought away their wounded as far as they could come.

Of all our valiant English, there were but thirty-four,
And of the rebel Indians, there were about four score.
And sixteen of our English did safely home return,
The rest were killed and wounded, for which we all must mourn.

Our worthy Captain Lovewell among them there did die,
They killed Lt. Robins, and wounded good young Frye,

Who was our English chaplain; he many Indians slew,
And some of them he scalp'd when bullets round him flew.

Young Fullam too I'll mention, because he fought so well,
Endeavouring to save a man, a sacrifice he fell;
But yet our valliant Englishmen in fight were ne'er dismay'd,
But still they kept their motion, and Wyman's Captain made,

Who shot the old chief Paugus, which did the foe defeat,
Then set his men in order, and brought off the retreat;
And braving many dangers and hardships in the way,
They safe arriv'd at Barnstable, the thirteenth day of May.

[*c.* 1724]

SONG COMPOSED IN CHESTER COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA AT THE TIME OF BRADDOCK'S EXPEDITION AGAINST FORT DU QUESNE

To arms, to arms! my jolly grenadiers!
Hark, how the drums do roll it along!
To horse, to horse, with valiant good cheer;
We'll meet our proud foe before it is long.
Let not your courage fail you;
Be valiant, stout, and bold;
And it will soon avail you,
My royal hearts of gold.
Huzzah, my valiant countrymen!—again I say huzzah!
'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—huzzah, huzzah!

March on, march on, brave Braddock leads the foremost;
The battle is begun as you may fairly see.
Stand firm, be bold, and it will soon be over;
We'll soon gain the field from our proud enemy.
A squadron now appears, my boys;
If that they do but stand!
Boys, never fear, be sure you mind
The word of command!
Huzzah, my valiant countrymen!—again I say huzzah!
'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—huzzah, huzzah!

See how, see how, they break and fly before us!
See how they are scattered all over the plain!
Now, now—now, now, our country will adore us!
In peace and in triumph, boys, when we return again!
Then laurels shall our glory crown
For all our actions told:
The hills shall echo all around,
My loyal hearts of gold.
Huzzah, my valiant countrymen!—again I say huzzah!
'Tis nobly done—the day's our own—huzzah, huzzah!

[1755]

A WHALING SONG

[By John Osborn (1713–1753.)]

When spring returns with western gales,
And gentle breezes sweep
The ruffling seas, we spread our sails
To plough the wat'ry deep.

For killing northern whales prepared,
Our nimble boats on board,
With craft and rum (our chief regard)
And good provisions stored.

Cape Cod, our dearest native land,
We leave astern, and lose
Its sinking cliffs and lessening sands,
While Zephyr gently blows.

Bold, hardy men, with blooming age,
Our sandy shores produce;
With monstrous fish they dare engage,
And dangerous callings choose.

Now towards the early dawning east
We speed our course away,
With eager minds, and joyful hearts,
To meet the rising day.

Then as we turn our wondering eyes,
We view one constant show;
Above, around, the circling skies,
The rolling seas below.

When eastward, clear of Newfoundland,
We stem the frozen pole,
We see the icy islands stand,
The northern billows roll.

As to the north we make our way,
  Surprising scenes we find;
We lengthen out the tedious day,
  And leave the night behind.

Now see the northern regions, where
  Eternal winter reigns:
One day and night fills up the year,
  And endless cold maintains.

We view the monsters of the deep,
  Great whales in numerous swarms;
And creatures there, that play and leap,
  Of strange, unusual forms.

When in our station we are placed,
  And whales around us play,
We launch our boats into the main,
  And swiftly chase our prey.

In haste we ply our nimble oars,
  For an assault design'd;
The sea beneath us foams and roars,
  And leaves a wake behind.

A mighty whale we rush upon,
  And in our irons throw:
She sinks her monstrous body down
  Among the waves below.

And when she rises out again,
  We soon renew the fight;
Thrust our sharp lances in amain,
  And all her rage excite.

Enraged, she makes a mighty bound;
  Thick foams the whiten'd sea;
The waves in circles rise around,
  And widening roll away.

She thrashes with her tail around,
  And blows her redd'ning breath;
She breaks the air, a deaf'ning sound,
  While ocean groans beneath.

From numerous wounds, with crimson flood,
  She stains the frothy seas,
And gasps, and blows her latest blood,
  While quivering life decays.

With joyful hearts we see her die,
  And on the surface lay;
While all with eager haste apply,
  To save our deathful prey.

[Before 1752]

SOLDIER SONG

How stands the glass around?
For shame ye take no care, my boys,
  How stands the glass around?
  Let mirth and wine abound,
  The trumhets sound,
The colours they are flying, boys.
  To fight, kill, or wound,
  May we still be found
Content with our hard fate, my boys,
  On the cold ground.

Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
  Why, soldiers, why,
  Whose business 'tis to die!
  What, sighing? fie!
Don't fear, drink on, be jolly, boys!
  'Tis he, you or I!
  Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow, boys,
  And scorn to fly!

'Tis but in vain,—
I mean not to upbraid you, boys,—
  'Tis but in vain,
  For soldiers to complain:
  Should next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
  We're free from pain!
  But if we remain,
A bottle and a kind landlady
  Cure all again.

[1759?]

THE LIBERTY SONG

[By John Dickinson.]

Come join hand in hand, brave Americans all,
And rouse your bold hearts at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts, shall suppress your just claim,
Nor stain with dishonor America's name.
  In freedom we're born, and in freedom we'll live;
  Our purses are ready,
  Steady, Friends, steady,
  Not as *slaves*, but as *freemen* our money we'll give.

Our worthy forefathers—let's give them a cheer—
To climates unknown did courageously steer;

Thro' oceans to deserts, for freedom they came,
And, dying, bequeath'd us their freedom and fame.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despis'd,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they priz'd;
We'll keep what they gave, we will piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.

The Tree, their own hands had to Liberty rear'd,
They lived to behold growing strong and rever'd;
With transport then cried,—"Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."

How sweet are the labors that freemen endure,
That they shall enjoy all the profit, secure,—
No more such sweet labors Americans know,
If Britons shall reap what Americans sow.

Swarms of placemen and pensioners soon will appear,
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year:
Suns vainly will rise, showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others shall spend.

Then join hand in hand brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause let us hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves of each generous deed.

All ages shall speak with amaze and applause,
Of the courage we'll show in support of our laws;
To die we can bear,—but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.

This bumper I crown for our sovereign's health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth;
That wealth, and that glory immortal may be,
If she is but just, and we are but free.
In freedom we're born, &c.

[1768]

VIRGINIA BANISHING TEA

BY A LADY

[*The Pennsylvania Journal,* September 14, 1774.]

Begone, pernicious baneful tea,
With all Pandora's ills possess'd;
Hyson, no more beguiled by thee,
My noble sons shall be oppress'd.
To Britain fly, where gold enslaves
And venal men their birth-right sell:
Tell North and his brib'd clan of knaves
Their bloody acts were made in hell.
In Henry's reign those acts began,
Which sacred rules of justice broke;
North now pursues the hellish plan,
To fix on us his slavish yoke.
But we oppose, and will be free,
This great good cause we will defend;
Nor bribe, nor Gage, nor North's decree,
Shall make us "at his feet to bend."
From Anglia's ancient sons we came,
Those heroes who for freedom fought;
In Freedom's cause we'll match their fame,
By their example greatly taught.
Our king we love, but North we hate,
Nor will to him submission own;
If death's our doom, we'll brave our fate,
But pay allegiance to the throne.

[1774]

A LADY'S ADIEU TO HER TEA-TABLE

Farewell the tea-board, with its gaudy equipage
Of cups and saucers, cream-bucket, sugar-tongs;
The pretty tea-chest, also, lately stor'd
With Hyson, Congou and best double fine.
Full many a joyous moment have I sat by ye,
Hearing the girls tattle, the old maids talk scandal,
And the spruce coxcomb laugh at—may be—nothing.
No more shall I dish out the once lov'd liquor,
Though now detestable,

Because I am taught (and I believe it true)
Its use will *fasten slavish chains upon my country,*
And LIBERTY's the goddess I would chose
To reign triumphant in AMERICA.

[1774]

A SONG

To the tune of "The Echoing Horn."

[*Pennsylvania Journal,* May 31, 1775.]

Hark! 'tis Freedom that calls, come, patriots, awake!
To arms, my brave boys, and away:
'Tis Honour, 'tis Virtue, 'tis Liberty calls,
And upbraids the too tedious delay.
What pleasure we find in pursuing our foes,
Thro' blood and thro' carnage we'll fly;
Then follow, we'll soon overtake them, huzza!
The tyrants are seized on, they die.

Triumphant returning with Freedom secur'd,
Like men, we'll be joyful and gay—
With our wives and our friends, we'll sport, love, and drink,
And lose the fatigues of the day.
'Tis freedom alone gives a relish to mirth,
But oppression all happiness sours;
It will smooth life's dull passage, 'Twill slope the descent,
And strew the way over with flowers.

[1775]

THE PENNSYLVANIA SONG

We are the troop that ne'er will stoop
To wretched slavery,
Nor shall our seed, by our base deed
Despisèd vassals be;
Freedom we will bequeathe to them,
Or we will bravely die;
Our greatest foe, ere long shall know,
How much did Sandwich lie.
And all the world shall know,
Americans are free;
Nor slaves nor cowards we will prove,
Great Britain soon shall see.

We'll not give up our birthright,
Our foes shall find us men;
As good as they, in any shape,
The British troops shall ken.
Huzza! brave boys, we'll beat them
On any hostile plain;
For freedom, wives, and children dear
The battle we'll maintain.

What! can those British tyrants think,
Our fathers cross'd the main,
And savage foes, and dangers met,
To be enslav'd by them?
If so, they are mistaken,
For we will rather die;
And since they have become our foes,
Their forces we defy.
And all the world shall know,
Americans are free,
Nor slaves nor cowards we will prove,
Great Britain soon shall see.

[1775]

A NEW SONG

[*New York Packet,* June 13, 1776.]

When virtuous ardor, from motions sincere,
Nerves the arm of a soldier, what foe can he fear?
Unduanted he fights, and his glorious name
Immortal shall flourish through every campaign.

No horrible story of Briton or Hessian,
Can appal or incline him to quit a profession,
Which eager to follow, his soul's all in flame;
And burns for a part in the next brave campaign.

In fatigue, toil, and danger, he nobly delights,
No station alarms him, no terror affrights;
All the hardships of war, like a god, he sustains,
And thirsts for the glory of future campaigns.

Though each of his foes were like Hercules brave,
While their efforts are tending a land to enslave,
With contempt he beholds th' unsoldierly stain,
And courts the fierce combat, and speedy campaign.

Should their number, the legions of Xerxes surpass;

Were their limbs of firm steel, and their bodies like brass,
He'd attempt to dissolve them with gunpowder flame,
And smile at the terrors of such a campaign.

The love of his country impassions his breast,
For its sake, with whole squadrons the field he'd contest,
Exert every nerve, and inflate every vein,
And a thousand times die in a single campaign.

Come then, each true soldier, thus let us behave,
Such motives are ours and like him we'll be brave;
Let's disclose to the world from what heroes we came,
By the deeds of their sons, the ensuing campaign.

Let spirit and union dispel party strife,
While struggling for freedom and empire and life;
Ungenerous sentiments nobly disdain
Fir'd with the idea of such a campaign.

Then wreaths shall be twined of unfading renown,
Our brows to encircle and actions to crown;
And the clarion immortal, of sonorous fame,
Shall transmit to all ages, this glorious campaign.

[1776]

NATHAN HALE

The breezes went steadily thro' the tall pines,
A saying "oh! hu-ush!" a saying "oh! hu-ush!"
As stilly stole by a bold legion of horse,
For Hale in the bush, for Hale in the bush.

"Keep still!" said the thrush as she nestled her young,
In a nest by the road; in a nest by the road.
For the tyrants are near, and with them appear,
What bodes us no good; what bodes us no good."

The brave captain heard it, and thought of his home,
In a cot by the brook; in a cot by the brook.
With mother and sister and memories dear,
He so gaily forsook; he so gaily forsook.

Cooling shades of the night were coming apace,
The tattoo had beat; the tattoo had beat.
The noble one sprang from his dark lurking place,
To make his retreat; to make his retreat.

He warily trod on the dry rustling leaves,
As he pass'd thro' the wood; as he pass'd thro' the wood;
And silently gain'd his rude launch on the shore,
As she play'd with the flood; as she play'd with the flood.

The guards of the camp, on that dark, dreary night,
Had a murderous will; had a murderous will.
They took him and bore him afar from the shore,
To a hut on the hill; to a hut on the hill.

No mother was there, nor a friend who could cheer,
In that little stone cell; in that little stone cell.
But he trusted in love, from his Father above.
In his heart, all was well; in his heart, all was well.

An ominous owl with his solemn base voice,
Sat moaning hard by; sat moaning hard by.
"The tyrant's proud minions most gladly rejoice,
"For he must soon die; for he must soon die."

The brave fellow told them, no thing he restrain'd,
The cruel gen'ral; the cruel gen'ral.
His errand from camp, of the ends to be gain'd,
And said that was all; and said that was all.

They took him and bound him and bore him away,
Down the hill's grassy side; down the hill's grassy side.
'Twas there the base hirelings, in royal array,

His cause did deride; his cause did deride.

Five minutes were given, short moments, no more,
For him to repent; for him to repent;
He pray'd for his mother, he ask'd not another,
To Heaven he went; to Heaven he went.

The faith of a martyr, the tragedy shew'd,
As he trod the last stage; as he trod the last stage.
And Britons will shudder at gallant Hale's blood,
As his words do presage, as his words do presage.

"Thou pale king of terrors, thou life's gloomy foe,
Go frighten the slave, go frighten the slave;
Tell tyrants, to you, their allegiance they owe.
No fears for the brave; no fears for the brave."

[1776]

THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOYNE

When Jack the King's commander
Was going to his duty,
Through all the crowd he smiled and bow'd
To every blooming beauty.

The city rung with feats he'd done
In Portugal and Flanders,
And all the towns thought he'd be crown'd
The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton Court he first repairs
To kiss great George's hand, sirs;
Then to harangue on state affairs
Before he left the land, sirs.

The "Lower House" sat mute as mouse
To hear his grand oration;
And "all the peers," with loudest cheers,
Proclaimed him to the nation.

Then off he went to Canada,
Next to Ticonderoga,
And quitting these away he goes
Straightway to Saratoga.

With great parade his march he made
To gain his wished-for station,
While far and wide his minions hied
To spread his "Proclamation."

To such as staid he offers made
Of *"Pardon* on *submission;*
But savage bands should waste the lands
Of all in opposition."

But ah, the cruel fates of war!
This boasted son of Britain,
When mounting his triumphal car
With sudden fear was smitten.

The sons of Freedom gathered round,
His hostile bands confounded,
And when they'd fain have turn'd their back
They found themselves surrounded!

In vain they fought, in vain they fled,
Their chief, humane and tender,
To save the rest soon thought it best
His forces to surrender.

Brave St. Clair, when first retired
Knew what the fates portended;
And Arnold and heroic Gates
His conduct have defended.

Thus may America's brave sons
With honour be rewarded,
And be the fate of all her foes
The same as here recorded.

[1777]

BOLD HAWTHORNE; OR THE CRUISE OF THE FAIR AMERICAN, COMMANDED BY CAPT. DANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Written by the Surgeon of the Vessel.

The twenty-second of August,
Before the close of day,
All hands on board of our privateer,
We got her under weigh;
We kept the Eastern shore along,
For forty leagues or more,
Then our departure took for sea,
From the isle of Mauhegan shore.

Bold Hawthorne was commander,
A man of real worth,
Old England's cruel tyranny
Induced him to go forth;
She, with relentless fury,
Was plundering all our coast,
And thought, because her strength was great,
Our glorious cause was lost.

Yet boast not, Haughty Britons,
of power and dignity,
By land thy conquering armies,
Thy matchless strength at sea;
Since taught by numerous instances
Americans can fight,
With valour can equip their stand,
Your armies put to flight.

Now farewell to fair America,
Farewell our friends and wives;
We trust in Heaven's peculiar care,
For to protect their lives;
To prosper our intended cruise
Upon the raging main,
And to preserve our dearest friends
Till we return again.

The wind it being leading,
It bore us on our way,
As far unto the southward
As the Gulf of Florida;
Where we fell in with a British ship,
Bound homeward from the main;
We gave her two bow-chasers,
And she return'd the same.

We hauled up our courses,
And so prepared for fight;
The contest held four glasses,
Until the dusk of night;
Then having sprung our mainmast,
And had so large a sea,
We dropp'd astern and left our chase
Till the returning day.

Next morn we fish'd our mainmast,
The ship still being nigh,
All hands made for engaging
Our chance once more to try;
But wind and sea being boisterous
Our cannon would not bear,
We thought it quite imprudent
And so we left her there.

We cruised to the eastward,
Near the coast of Portugal,
In the longitude of twenty-seven
We saw a lofty sail;
We gave her chase, and soon perceived
She was a British snow
Standing for fair America,
With troops for General Howe.

Our captain did inspect her
With glasses, and he said,
"My boys, she means to fight us,
But be you not afraid;
All hands repair to quarters,
See everything is clear,
We'll give her a broadside, my boys,
As soon as she comes near."

She was prepared with nettings,
And her men were well secured,
And bore directly for us,
And put us close on board;
When the cannon roar'd like thunder,
And the muskets fired amain,
But we were soon alongside
And grappled to her chain.

And now the scene it alter'd,
The cannon ceased to roar,
We fought with swords and boarding-pikes
One glass or something more,
Till British pride and glory
No longer dared to stay,
But cut the Yankee grapplings,
And quickly bore away.

Our case was not so desperate
As plainly might appear;
Yet sudden death did enter
On board our privateer.
Mahoney, Crew, and Clemmons,
The valiant and the brave,
Fell glorious in the contest,
And met a watery grave.

Ten other men were wounded
Among our warlike crew,
With them our noble captain,
To whom all praise is due;
To him and all our officers,
Let's give a hearty cheer;
Success to fair America
And our good privateer!

[1777]

EXPEDITION TO RHODE ISLAND

[*Rivington's Gazette*, October 3, 1778.]

From Lewis, Monsieur Gerard came
To Congress in this town, sir,
They bow'd to him, and he to them,
And then they all sat down, sir.

Begar, said Monsieur, one grand coup,
You shall bientôt behold, sir;
This was believ'd as gospel true,
And Jonathan felt bold, sir.

So Yankee Doodle did forget

The sound of British drum, sir,
How oft it made him quake and sweat,
In spite of Yankee rum, sir.

He took his wallet on his back,
His rifle on his shoulder,
And veow'd Rhode Island to attack,
Before he was much older.

In dread array their tatter'd crew,
Advanc'd with colors spread, sir,
Their fifes played Yankee Doodle, doo,
King Hancock at their head, sir.

What numbers bravely cross'd the seas,
I cannot well determine,
A swarm of rebels and of fleas,
And every other vermin.

Their mighty hearts might shrink they tho't,
For all flesh only grass is,
A plenteous store they therefore brought,
Of whiskey and molasses.

They swore they'd make bold Pigot squeak,
So did their good ally, sir,
And make him prison'r in a week,
But that was all my eye, sir.

As Jonathan so much desir'd,
To shine in martial story,
D'Estaing with politesse retir'd,
To leave him all the glory.

He left him what was better yet
At least it was more use, sir,
He left him for a quick retreat,
A very good excuse, sir.

To stay, unless he rul'd the sea,
He thought would not be right, sir,
And Continental troups, said he,
On islands should not fight, sir.

Another cause with these combined,
To throw him in the dumps, sir,
For Clinton's name alarmed his mind,
And made him stir his stumps, sir.

[1778]

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW: A PROPHECY

[Jonathan Odell(?).]

What though last year be past and gone,
Why should we grieve or mourn about it?
As good a year is now begun,
And better too,—let no one doubt it.
'Tis New Year's morn; why should we part?
Why not enjoy what heaven has sent us?
Let wine expand the social heart,
Let friends, and mirth, and wine content us.

War's rude alarms disturbed last year;
Our country bled and wept around us;
But this each honest heart shall cheer,
And peace and plenty shall surround us.

Last year "King Congo," through the land,
Displayed his thirteen stripes to fright us;
But George's power, in Clinton's hand,
In this New Year shall surely right us.

Last year saw many honest men
Torn from each dear and sweet connection;
But this shall see them home again,
And happy in their king's protection.

Last year vain Frenchmen braved our coasts,
And baffled Howe, and 'scaped from Byron;
But this shall bring their vanquished hosts
To crouch beneath the British lion.

Last year rebellion proudly stood,
Elate, in her meridian glory;
But this shall quench her pride in blood,—
George shall avenge each martyred Tory.

Then bring us wine, full bumpers bring:
Hail this New Year in joyful chorus;
God bless great George our gracious king,
And crush rebellion down before us.
'Tis New Year's morn; why should we part?
Why not enjoy what heaven has sent us?
Let wine expand the social heart,
Let friends, and mirth, and wine content us.

[January 1, 1779]

A TORY BALLAD

THE SIEGE OF SAVANNAH

[*Rivington's Gazette*, Nov. 27, 1779.]

Come let us rejoice,
With heart and with voice

Her triumphs let loyalty show, sir,
While bumpers go round
Re-echo the sound,
Huzza, for the King and Prevost, sir.

With warlike parade,
And his Irish brigade,
His ships and his spruce Gallic host, sir,
As proud as an elf,
D'Estaing came himself,
And landed on Georgia's coast, sir.

There joining a band,
Under Lincoln's command,
Of rebels and traitors and Whigs, sir,
'Gainst the town of Savannah,
He planted his banner,
And then he felt wondrous big, sir.

With thund'ring of guns,
And bursting of bombs,
He thought to have frighted our Boys, sir,
But amidst all their din,
Brave Maitland push'd in,
And Moncrieff cry'd, "a fig for your noise, sir."

Chagrin'd at delay
(As he meant not to stay),
The bold Count form'd his troops in the morn, sir,
Van, centre, and rear
March'd up without fear,
Cock sure of success—by a storm, sir.

Though rude was the shock,
Unmov'd as a rock,
Stood our firm British bands to their works, sir.
While the brave German corps,
And Americans bore,
Their parts as intrepid as Turks, sir.

Then muskets did rattle,
Fierce raged the battle,
Grape shot it flew thicker than hail, sir.
The ditch fill'd with slain,
Blood dyed all the plain,
When the rebels and French turned tail, sir.

See, see, how they run!
Lord! what glorious fun!
How they tumble by cannon mow'd down, sir!
Brains fly all around,
Dying screeches resound,
And mangled limbs cover the ground, sir.

There Polasky fell
That Imp of old *Bell*,
Who attempted to murder his King, sir,
But now he is gone
Whence he'll never return,
But will make H— with treason to ring, sir.

To Charlestown with fear,
The rebels repair,
D'Estaing scampers back to his boats, sir,
Each blaming the other,
Each cursing his brother,
And may they cut each other's throats, sir.

Scarce three thousand men,
The town did maintain,
'Gainst three times their number of foes, sir,
Who left on the plain,
Of wounded and slain,
Three thousand to fatten the crows, sir.

Three thousand? No less!
For the rebels confess
Some loss, as you very well know, sir,
Then let bumpers go round,
And re-echo the sound,
Huzza for the King and Prevost, sir.

[1779]

LOYALIST SONG

[By Joseph Stansbury.]

I've heard in old times that a sage used to say,
The seasons were nothing, December, or May;
The heat, or the cold never entered his plan,—
That all should be happy whenever they can.

No matter what power directed the state,
He looked upon such things as ordered by fate:
Whether governed by many or ruled by one man,
His rule was—be happy whenever you can.

He happened to enter this world the same day
With the supple, complying, famed Vicar of Bray:
Through both of their lives the same principle ran—
My boys, we'll be happy as long as we can.

Time-serving I hate, yet I see no good reason
A leaf from their book should be thought out of season:
When kicked like a football from Sheba to Dan—
Egad, let's be happy as long as we can.

Since no man can tell what to-morrow may bring,
Or which side shall triumph, the Congress or King,
Since fate must o'errule us and carry her plan—
Why, let us be happy as long as we can.

To-night, let's enjoy this good wine and a song,
And relish the hour which we cannot prolong:
If evil will come, we'll adhere to our plan—
And baffle misfortune as long as we can.

[c. 1781]

JOHN DICKINSON (1732-1808)

"The penman of the Revolution" is the title that has been bestowed upon John Dickinson, the most sane and yet the most inflexible demander of rights of the propagandists of the stormy decade preceding the war. As a native of Pennsylvania with its Quakers and its Germans, he lived in an atmosphere of conservative hard-headedness and moderation, and his demand was for firmness with England, for the yielding of not a single point, and yet for conciliation and equitable settlement. From a literary standpoint his writings surpass in excellence all the other political products of the era, and they equal at times even the best efforts of Burke. There is a universality about them that is lacking in Paine's impassioned appeals. They are full of sage epigrams, political apothegms, and wise observations that make them, in principle at least, living documents for statesmen, useful even in the settlement of present-day problems in government. "Their appearance," observes Tyler, the historian of the literature of their period, "may perhaps fairly be described as constituting, upon the whole, the most brilliant event in the literary history of the Revolution."

Dickinson's most influential work appeared as a series of twelve letters written shortly after the Stamp Act episode, and copied into most of the newspapers of the time, and then issued in book form with the title *Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies*. The book was widely circulated and was, undoubtedly, like Paine's pamphlets, one of the forces that precipitated the war. Their author became the recipient of numberless honors and of torrents of praise. "The resources of language were strained," says a contemporary essayist, "in the effort to celebrate the genius and the virtue of a man who had so gloriously distinguished himself by asserting the rights and liberties of America." While he had fought with all the logic at his command against rebellion and independence, he was by no means a tory. When war became at length inevitable he did all in his power to win the conflict, using his pen always with cogent effect and even joining as a soldier the patriot army.

LETTERS FROM A FARMER

LETTER III

Beloved Countrymen,

I rejoice to find, that my two former letters to you, have been generally received with so much favour by such of you whose sentiments I have had an opportunity of knowing. Could you look into my heart, you would instantly perceive an ardent affection for your persons, a zealous attachment to your interests, a lively resentment of every insult and injury offered to your honour or happiness, and an inflexible resolution to assert your rights, to the utmost of my weak power, to be the only motives that have engaged me to address you. I am no further concerned in anything affecting America, than any one of you; and when liberty leaves it, I can quit it much more conveniently than most of you: but while Divine Providence, that gave me existence in a land of freedom, permits my head to think, my lips to speak, and my hand to move, I shall so highly and gratefully value the blessing received, as to take care that my silence and inactivity shall not give my implied assent to any act degrading my brethren and myself from the birthright wherewith heaven itself *"hath made us free."*

Sorry I am to learn, that there are some few persons, shake their heads with solemn motion, and pretend to wonder what can be the meaning of these letters. "Great Britain, they say, is too powerful to contend with; she is determined to oppress us; it is in vain to speak of right on one side, when there is power on the other; when we are strong enough to resist, we shall attempt it; but now we are not strong enough, and therefore we had better be quiet; it signifies nothing to convince us that our rights are invaded, when we cannot defend them; and if we should get into riots and tumults about the late

act, it will only bring down heavier displeasure upon us."

What can such men design? What do their grave observations amount to, but this—"that these colonies, totally regardless of their liberties, should commit them, with humble resignation, to *chance, time,* and the tender mercies of *ministers.*"

Are these men ignorant, that usurpations, which might have been successfully opposed at first, acquire strength by continuance, and thus become irresistible? Do they condemn the conduct of these colonies, concerning the *Stamp-Act?* Or have they forgot its successful issue? Ought the colonies at that time, instead of acting as they did, to have trusted for relief to the fortuitous events of futurity? If it is needless "to speak of rights" now, it was as needless then. If the behaviour of the colonies was prudent and glorious then, and successful too, it will be equally prudent and glorious to act in the same manner now, if our rights are equally invaded, and may be as successful. Therefore it becomes necessary to enquire, whether "our rights *are* invaded." To talk of "defending" them, as if they could be no otherwise "defended" than by arms, is as much out of the way, as if a man having a choice of several roads to reach his journey's end, should prefer the worst, for no other reason, than because it is the worst.

As to "riots and tumults," the gentlemen who are so apprehensive of them, are much mistaken, if they think, that grievances cannot be redressed without such assistance.

I will now tell the gentlemen what is "the meaning of these letters." The meaning of them is, to convince the people of these colonies, that they are at this moment exposed to the most imminent dangers; and to persuade them immediately, vigorously, and unanimously, to exert themselves, in the most firm, but most peaceable manner, for obtaining relief.

The cause of liberty is a cause of too much dignity, to be sullied by turbulence and tumult. It ought to be maintained in a manner suitable to her nature. Those who engage in it, should breathe a sedate, yet fervent spirit, animating them to actions of prudence, justice, modesty, bravery, humanity, and magnanimity.

To such a wonderful degree were the ancient Spartans, as brave and as free a people as ever existed, inspired by this happy temperature of soul, that rejecting even in their battles the use of trumpets, and other instruments for exciting heat and rage, they marched up to scenes of havock and horror, with the sound of flutes, to the tunes of which their steps kept pace—"exhibiting, as *Plutarch* says, at once a terrible and delightful sight, and proceeding with a deliberate valour, full of hope and good assurance, as if some divinity had insensibly assisted them."

I hope, my dear countrymen, that you will, in every colony, be upon your guard against those who may at any time endeavour to stir you up, under pretense of patriotism, to any measures disrespectful to our Sovereign and our mother country. Hot, rash, disorderly proceedings, injure the reputation of a people as to wisdom, valour and virtue, without procuring them the least benefit. I pray God, that he may be pleased to inspire you and your posterity to the latest ages with that spirit, of which I have an idea, but find a difficulty to express: to express in the best manner I can, I mean a spirit that shall so guide you, that it will be impossible to determine, whether an *American's* character is most distinguishable for his loyalty to his Sovereign, his duty to his mother country, his love of freedom, or his affection for his native soil.

Every government, at some time or other, falls into wrong measures; these may proceed from mistake or passion. —But every such measure does not dissolve the obligation between the governors and the governed; the mistake may be corrected; the passion may pass over.

It is the duty of the governed to endeavour to rectify the mistake and appease the passion. They have not at first any other right, than to represent their grievances, and to pray for redress, unless an emergence is so pressing as not to allow time for receiving an answer to their applications, which rarely happens. If their applications are disregarded, then that kind of opposition becomes justifiable, which can be made without breaking the

laws, or disturbing the public peace. This consists in the prevention of the oppressors reaping advantage from their oppressions, and not in their punishment. For experience may teach what reason did not; and harsh methods cannot be proper, till milder ones have failed.

If at length it becomes undoubted, that inveterate resolution is formed, to annihilate the liberties of the governed, the English history affords frequent examples of resistance by force. What particular circumstances will in any future case justify such resistance, can never be ascertained till they happen. Perhaps it may be allowable to say, generally, that it never can be justifiable, until the people are FULLY CONVINCED, that any further submission will be destructive to their happiness.

When the appeal is made to the sword, highly probable it is, that the punishment will exceed the offence; and the calamities attending on war out-weigh those preceding it. These considerations of justice and prudence will always have great influence with good and wise men.

To these reflections on this subject, it remains to be added, and ought forever to be remembered; that resistance in the case of colonies against their mother country is extremely different from the resistance of a people against their prince. A nation may change their king or race of kings, and retaining their ancient form of government, be gainers by changing. Thus Great-Britain, under the illustrious house of Brunswick, a house that seems to flourish for the happiness of mankind, has found a felicity, unknown in the reigns of the Stuarts. But if once we are separated from our mother country, what new form of government shall we accept, or when shall we find another Britain to supply our loss? Torn from the body to which we are united by religion, liberty, laws, affections, relations, language, and commerce, we must bleed at every vein.

In truth, the prosperity of these provinces is founded in their dependence on Great-Britain; and when she returns to "her old good humour, and old good nature," as Lord Clarendon expresses it, I hope they will always esteem it their duty and interest, as it most certainly will be, to promote her welfare by all the means in their power.

We cannot act with too much caution in our disputes. Anger produces anger; and differences that might be accommodated by kind and respectful behaviour, may by imprudence be changed to an incurable rage.

In quarrels between countries, as well as in those between individuals, when they have risen to a certain height, the first cause of dissension is no longer remembered, the minds of the parties being wholly engaged in recollecting and resenting the mutual expressions of their dislike. When feuds have reached that fatal point, all considerations of reason and equity vanish; and a blind fury governs, or rather confounds all things. A people no longer regards their interest, but the gratification of their wrath. The sway of the Cleon's and Clodius's, the designing and detestable flatterers of the prevailing passion, becomes confirmed.

Wise and good men in vain oppose the storm, and may think themselves fortunate, if, endeavouring to preserve their ungrateful fellow citizens, they do not ruin themselves. Their prudence will be called baseness; their moderation, guilt; and if their virtue does not lead them to destruction, as that of many other great and excellent persons has done, they may survive, to receive from their expiring country, the mournful glory of her acknowledgement, that their counsels, if regarded, would have saved her.

The constitutional modes of obtaining relief are those which I would wish to see pursued on the present occasion; that is, by petitioning of our assemblies, or, where they are not permitted to meet, of the people to the powers that can afford us relief.

We have an excellent Prince, in whose good dispositions towards us we may confide. We have a generous, sensible, and humane nation, to whom we may apply. They may be deceived; they may, by artful men, be provoked to anger against us; but I cannot yet believe they will be cruel or unjust; or that their anger will be implacable. Let us behave like dutiful children, who have received unmerited blows from a beloved parent. Let us complain to our parents, but let our complaints speak at the same time, the language of affliction and veneration. If, however, it shall happen, by an un-

fortunate course of affairs, that our applications to his Majesty and the parliament for the redress, prove ineffectual, let us then take another step, by withholding from Great-Britain all the advantages she has been used to receive from us. Then let us try, if our ingenuity, industry, and frugality, will not give weight to our remonstances. Let us all be united with one spirit in one cause. Let us invent; let us work; let us save; let us at the same time, keep up our claims, and unceasingly repeat our complaints; but above all, let us implore the protection of that infinite good and gracious Being, "by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice."

"Nil desperandum."

Nothing is to be despaired of.

A FARMER.

[1767]

LETTER XI

Beloved Countrymen,

I have several times, in the course of these letters, mentioned the late act of parliament, as being the foundation of future measures injurious to these colonies; and the belief of this truth I wish to prevail, because I think it necessary to our safety.

A perpetual jealousy respecting liberty, is absolutely requisite in all free states. The very texture of their constitution, in mixt governments, demands it. For the cautions with which power is distributed among the several orders, imply, that each has that share which is proper for the general welfare, and therefore, that any further imposition must be pernicious. Machiavel employs a whole chapter in his discourses, to prove that a state, to be long lived, must be frequently corrected, and reduced to its first principles. But of all states that have existed, there never was any, in which this jealousy could be more proper than in these colonies. For the government here is not only mixt, but dependant, which circumstance occasions a peculiarity in its form, of a very delicate nature.

Two reasons induce me to desire, that this spirit of apprehension may be always kept up among us, in its utmost vigilance. The first is this, that as the happiness of these provinces indubitably consists in their connection with Great Britain, any separation between them is less likely to be occasioned by civil discords, if every disgusting measure is opposed singly, and while it is new; for in this manner of proceeding, every such measure is most likely to be rectified. On the other hand, oppressions and dissatisfactions being permitted to accumulate—if ever the governed throw off the load, they will do more. A people does not reform with moderation. The rights of the subject therefore cannot be too often considered, explained, or asserted; and whoever attempts to do this, shews himself, whatever may be the rash and peevish reflections of pretended wisdom, and pretended duty, a friend to those who injudiciously exercise their power, as well as to them over whom it is so exercised.

Had all the points of prerogative claimed by Charles I. been separately contested and settled in preceding reigns, his fate would in all probability have been very different, and the people would have been content with that liberty which is compatible with regal authority. But he thought, it would be as dangerous for him to give up the powers which at any time had been by usurpation exercised by the crown, as those that were legally vested in it. This produced an equal excess on the part of the people. For when their passions were excited by multiplied grievances, they thought it would be as dangerous for them, to allow the powers that were legally vested in the crown, as those which at any time had been by usurpation exercised by it. Acts, that might by themselves have been upon many considerations excused or extenuated, derived a contagious malignancy and odium from other acts, with which they were connected. They were not regarded according to the simple force of each, but as parts of a system of oppression. Every one therefore, however small in itself, being alarming, as an additional evidence of tyrannical designs. It was in vain for prudent and moderate men to insist, that there was no necessity to abolish royalty. Nothing less than the utter destruction of monarchy, could satisfy those who had suffered, and thought they had reason to believe, they always should suffer under it.

The consequences of these mutual distrusts are well known: but there is no other people mentioned in history, that I recollect, who have been so constantly watchful of their liberty, and so successful in their struggles for it, as the English. This consideration leads me to the second reason, why I "desire that the spirit of apprehension may be always kept up among us in its utmost vigilance."

The first principles of government are to be looked for in human nature. Some of the best writers have asserted, and it seems with good reason, that "government is founded on opinion."

Custom undoubtedly has a mighty force in producing opinion, and reigns in nothing more arbitrarily than in public affairs. It gradually reconciles us to objects even of dread and detestation; and I cannot but think these lines of Mr. Pope, as applicable to vice in politics, as to vice in ethics.

"Vice is a monster of so horrid mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

When an act injurious to freedom has been once done, and the people bear it, the repetition of it is most likely to meet with submission. For as the mischief of the one was found to be tolerable, they will hope that of the second will prove so too; and they will not regard the infamy of the last, because they are stained with that of the first.

Indeed, nations in general, are not apt to think until they feel; and therefore nations in general have lost their liberty: for as violations of the rights of the governed, are commonly only specious, but small at the beginning, they spread over the multitude in such a manner, as to touch individuals but slightly. Thus they are disregarded. The power or profit that arises from these violations, centering in few persons, is to them considerable. For this reason the governors having in view their particular purposes, successively preserve an uniformity of conduct for attaining them. They regularly increase and multiply the first injuries, till at length the inattentive people are compelled to perceive the heaviness of their burdens.—They begin to complain and enquire—but too late.—They find their oppressors so strengthened by success, and themselves so entangled in examples of express authority on the part of their rulers, and of tacit recognition on their own part, that they are quite confounded: for millions entertain no other idea of the legality of power, than that it is founded on the exercise of power. They voluntarily fasten their chains, by adopting a pusillanimous opinion, "that there will be too much danger in attempting a remedy," or another opinion no less fatal, "that the government has a right to treat them as it does." They then seek a wretched relief for their minds, by persuading themselves, that to yield their obedience is to discharge their duty. The deplorable poverty of spirit, that prostrates all the dignity bestowed by divine providence on our nature—of course succeeds.

From these reflections I conclude, that every free state should incessantly watch, and instantly take alarm on any addition being made to the power exercised over them, innumerable instances might be produced to shew, from what slight beginnings the most extensive consequences have flowed; but I shall select two only from the history of England.

Henry the seventh was the first monarch of that kingdom who established a standing body of armed men. This was a band of fifty archers, called yeomen of the guard: and this institution, notwithstanding the smallness of the number, was to prevent, discontent, "disguised under the pretence of majesty and grandeur." In 1684, the standing forces were so much augmented, that Rapin says—"The King, in order to make his people fully sensible of their new slavery, affected to muster his troops, which amounted to 4,000 well armed and disciplined men." I think our army, at this time, consists of more than seventy regiments.

The method of taxing by excise was first introduced amidst the convulsions of civil wars. Extreme necessity was pretended, and its short continuance promised. After the restoration, an excise upon beer, ale and other liquors, was granted to the King, one half in fee, the other for life, as an equivalent for the court of wards. Upon James the second's accession, the parliament gave

him the first excise, with an additional duty on wine, tobacco, and some other things. Since the revolution it has been extended to salt, candles, leather, hides, hops, soap, paper, paste-board, mill-boards, scale boards, vellum, parchment, starch, silks, calicoes, linens, stuffs, printed, stained, &c., wire, wrought plate, coffee, tea, chocolate, &c.

Thus a standing army and excise have, from the first slender origins, though always hated, always feared, always opposed, at length swelled up to their vast present bulk.

These facts are sufficient to support what I have said. 'Tis true that all the mischiefs apprehended by our ancestors from a standing army and excise, have not yet happened: but it does not follow from thence, that they will not happen. The inside of a house may catch fire, and the most valuable apartments be ruined, before the flames burst out. The question in these cases is not, what evil has actually attended particular measures— but what evil, in the nature of things, is likely to attend them. Certain circumstances may for some time delay effects, that were reasonably expected, and that must endure. There was a long period, after the Romans had prorogued the command to Q. Publius Philo, before that example destroyed their liberty. All our kings, from the revolution to the present reign have been foreigners. Their ministers generally continued but a short time in authority; and they themselves were mild and virtuous princes.

A bold, ambitious prince, possessed of great abilities, firmly fixed in the throne by descent, served by ministers like himself, and rendered either venerable or terrible by the glory of his successes, may execute what his predecessors did not dare to attempt. Henry IV. tottered in his seat during his whole reign. Henry V. drew the strength of the kingdom into France, to carry on his wars there, and left the Commons at home, protesting "that the people were not bound to serve out of the realm."

It is true, that a strong spirit of liberty subsists at present in Great Britain, but what reliance is to be placed in the temper of a people, when the prince is possessed of an unconstitutional power, our own history can sufficiently inform us. When Charles II. had strengthened himself by the return of the garrison of Tangier, "England (says Rapin) saw on a sudden an amazing revolution; saw herself stripped of all her rights and privileges, excepting such as the king should vouchsafe to grant her; and what is more astonishing, the English themselves delivered up these very rights and privileges to Charles II. which they had so passionately, and, if I may say it, furiously defended against the designs of Charles I." This happened only thirty-six years after this last prince had been beheaded.

Some persons are of opinion, that liberty is not violated, but by such open acts of force; but they seem to be greatly mistaken. I could mention a period within these forty years, when almost as great a change of disposition was produced by the secret measures of a long administration, as by Charles's violence. Liberty, perhaps, is never exposed to so much danger, as when the people believe there is the least; for it may be subverted, and yet they not think so.

Public disgusting acts are seldom practised by the ambitious, at the beginning of their designs. Such conduct silences and discourages the weak, and the wicked, who would otherways have been their advocates or accomplices. It is of great consequence, to allow those, who, upon any account, are inclined to favour them, something specious to say in their defence. The power may be fully established, though it would not be safe for them to do whatever they please. For there are things, which, at some times, even slaves will not bear. Julius Caesar and Oliver Cromwell, did not dare to assume the title of king. The grand Seignior dares not lay a new tax. The king of France dares not be a protestant. Certain popular points may be left untouched, and yet freedom be extinguished. The commonality of Venice imagine themselves free, because they are permitted to do what they ought not. But I quit a subject that would lead me too far from my purpose.

By the late act of parliament, taxes are to be levied upon us, for "defraying the charge of the administration of justice, the support of civil government— and the expenses of defending his Majesty's dominions in America."

If any man doubts what ought to be

the conduct of these colonies on this occasion, I would ask him these questions.

Has not the parliament expressly avowed their intention of raising money from us for certain purposes? Is not this scheme popular in Great Britain? Will the taxes, imposed by the late act, answer those purposes? If it will, must it not take an immense sum from us? If it will not, is it to be expected that the parliament will not fully execute their intention, when it is pleading at home, and not opposed here? Must not this be done by imposing new taxes? Will not every addition, thus made to our taxes, be an addition to the power of the British legislature, by increasing the number of officers employed in the collection? Will not every additional tax therefore render it more difficult to abrogate any of them? When a branch of revenue is once established, does it not appear to many people invidious and undutiful, to attempt to abolish it? If taxes, sufficient to accomplish the intention of the parliament, are imposed by the parliament, what taxes will remain to be imposed by our assemblies? If no material taxes remain to be imposed by them, what must become of them, and the people they represent?

"If any person considers these things, and yet not thinks our liberties are in danger, I wonder at that person's security." [Demosthenes.]

One other argument is to be added, which, by itself, I hope, will be sufficient to convince the most incredulous man on this continent, that the late act of parliament is only designed to be a precedent, whereupon the future vassalage of these colonies may be established.

Every duty thereby laid on articles of British manufacture is laid on some commodity, upon the exportation of which, from Great Britain, a drawback is payable. Those drawbacks in most of the articles, are exactly double to the duties given by the late act. The parliament therefore might in half a dozen lines have raised much more money only by stopping the drawbacks in the hands of the officers at home, on exportation to these colonies, than by this solemn imposition of taxes upon us, to be collected here. Probably, the artful contrivers of this act formed it in this manner, in order to reserve to themselves, in case of any objections being made to it, this specious pretence—"That the drawbacks are gifts to the colonies; and that the act only lessens those gifts." But the truth is, that the drawbacks are intended for the encouragement and promotion of British manufactures and commerce, and are allowed on exportation to any foreign parts, as well as on exportation to these provinces. Besides, care has been taken to slide into the act some articles on which there are no drawbacks. However, the whole duties laid by the late act on all the articles therein specified, are so small, that they will not amount to as much as the drawbacks which are allowed on part of them only. If, therefore, the sum to be obtained by the late act has been the sole object in forming it, there would not have been any occasion for the "Commons of Great Britain to give and grant to his Majesty's dominions in America, for making a more certain and adequate provision for defraying the charge of the administration of justice, the support of civil government, and the expenses of defending the said dominions." Nor would there have been any occasion for an expensive board of commissioners, and all the other new charges to which we are made liable.

Upon the whole, for my part, I regard the late act as an experiment made of our disposition. It is a bird sent over the waters, to discover whether the waves, that lately agitated this part of the world, with such violence, are yet subsided. If this adventurer gets footing here, we shall quickly be convinced, that it is not a phœnix, for we shall soon see it followed by others of the same kind. We shall find it rather to be of the breed described by the poet—

"Infelix vates."

A direful foreteller of future calamities.

A Farmer.

[1767]

PATRICK HENRY (1736-1799)

Tradition has decreed that the leading orator of the revolutionary period was Patrick Henry of Virginia, and in the absence of a method of weighing the oratory of a vanished period, the verdict of tradition will stand. Of the great numbers of orations and speeches made during the decade before 1775 and the decade after it, surprisingly few have been recorded in the words in which they were first given. Most of the fiery harangues of the pre-revolutionary days are lost to us. Henry's powerful appeal to the Virginia Assembly in 1775—we can judge only by the testimony of those who heard it and by its effect upon the assembly—perished with the occasion. The version of it that has been declaimed by generations of school boys was written by William Wirt from memory years after the event. Henry's later orations, many of them taken down in short hand and preserved in their original language, were equally effective at the time they were given, but as read to-day none of them has the literary finish and the balance of period and the effectiveness of phraseology of the earlier effort. Undoubtedly the orator's personal presence, his rapt intensity, his emotionality, his methods of delivery were more potent than his words. He was "full of the fire and splendor of the South." The literary quality was added by Wirt, and added, it must be said, with consummate skill. He added indeed the one element that Henry lacked, and adding it, he raised Henry to a place among the great "single-speech" orators of the world.

SPEECH BEFORE THE VIRGINIA CONVENTION OF 1775

[As Reported in William Wirt's *Life of Patrick Henry*.]

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth—and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation —the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britian any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years.

Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject. Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned—we have remonstrated—we have supplicated—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. *There is no longer any room for hope.* If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! —I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts, is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!! I repeat it, sir, let it come!!!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

[1775]

THOMAS PAINE (1737-1809)

The fires of a great revolution attract always from the whole world the most adventurous spirits of the time. Certainly no revolution ever attracted a more fiery soul or a more effective partisan than did the American revolution when it drew to itself the impetuous cosmopolitan Thomas Paine. An Englishman by birth and, curiously enough, a Quaker by training, he became a man without a country and a man at odds with all the creeds of his day. He was unknown until well after middle life, having succeeded in nothing he had undertaken. He then fell in with Franklin, who was at the time in London, and was induced by him to try his fortunes in the new world. Never did Franklin do his country a better service. In Philadelphia Paine's latent powers sprang quickly into life. He became an editor, then a publicist, issuing in 1774 his *Common Sense: Addressed to the Inhabitants of America*, a document which exerted a powerful influence. From this moment he became the leading propagandist of the patriot cause. His *Crisis*, with its opening sentence "These are the times which try men's souls," Washington ordered read before his officers, to stimulate their patriotism. Thirteen regular numbers and several supernumerary numbers of this periodical were issued during the war and their effect upon the morale of the country can not be overestimated. Paine's pen was in constant activity and his writings went always into surprisingly large editions.

After the conflict was over, and cool heads and deliberate measures were needed, Paine found himself out of his element. In 1787 he returned to England, but soon the French revolution attacted him to another storm centre and he plunged again into conflict. His *Rights of Man* became one of the leading documents of that historic struggle. Fresh from new free democratic America, he bore the new gospel of "all men created free and equal." He was the connecting link between the two great uprisings: the one common figure in both.

The storm over, again he sank into obscurity. His *Age of Reason*, an attack upon the established churches and the Christian dogmas of his day, a book not at all as dangerous as it was once believed to be, estranged him from America, and there was no place for him in France or England. He became a man without a country indeed. Franklin had once said "Where Liberty is, there is my country" and Paine had replied "Where Liberty is not, there is my country." He was a man in advance of his times, a citizen of the world in the full meaning of the term.

His influence on revolutionary America was enormous. He was an agitator, wholly without humor; he was a propagandist who used every method he thought would be effective; he was a journalist who knew his readers,—largely the plain people,—and who knew perfectly the value of timeliness and sensation. Of constructive ability he had little, though his political doctrines, derived largely from Locke and Rousseau, influenced the republic builders who followed him. He was a creature of the tempest, exulting in it, directing it, but powerless when once its violence had passed away.

GOVERNMENT AND FREEDOM

[From *Common Sense.*]

But where, say some, is the King of America? I'll tell you, friend, he reigns above, and doth not make havoc of mankind like the Royal Brute of Great Britain. Yet that we may not appear to be defective even in earthly honours, let a day be solemnly set apart for proclaiming the Charter; let it be brought forth placed on the Divine Law, the Word of God; let a crown be placed thereon, by which the world may know, that so far as we approve of monarchy, that in America the law is king. For as in absolute governments the King is law, so in free countries the law ought to be king; and there ought to be no other. But lest any ill use should afterwards arise, let the Crown at the conclusion of the ceremony be demolished, and scattered among the people whose right it is.

A government of our own is our natural right: and when a man seriously reflects on the precariousness of human affairs, he will become convinced, that it is infinitely wiser and safer, to form a constitution of our own in a cool delib-

erate manner, while we have it in our power, than to trust such an interesting event to time and chance. If we omit it now, some Massanello may hereafter arise, who, laying hold of popular disquietudes, may collect together the desperate and the discontented, and by assuming to themselves the powers of government, finally sweep away the liberties of the Continent like a deluge. Should the government of America return again into the hands of Britain, the tottering situation of things will be a temptation for some desperate adventurer to try his fortune; and in such case, what relief can Britain give? Ere she could hear the news, the fatal business might be done; and ourselves suffering like the wretched Britons under the oppression of the Conqueror. Ye that oppose independence now, ye know not what ye do: ye are opening a door to eternal tyranny, by keeping vacant the seat of government. There are thousands and tens of thousands, who would think it glorious to expel from the Continent, that barbarous and hellish power, which hath stirred up the Indians and the Negroes to destroy us; the cruelty hath a double guilt, it is dealing brutally by us, and treacherously by them.

To talk of friendship with those in whom our reason forbids us to have faith, and our affections wounded thro' a thousand pores instruct us to detest, is madness and folly. Every day wears out the little remains of kindred between us and them; and can there be any reason to hope, that as the relationship expires, the affection will increase, or that we shall agree better when we have ten times more and greater concerns to quarrel over than ever?

Ye that tell us of harmony and reconciliation, can ye restore to us the time that is past? Can ye give to prostitution its former innocence? neither can ye reconcile Britain and America. The last cord now is broken, the people of England are presenting addresses against us. There are injuries which nature cannot forgive; she would cease to be nature if she did. As well can the lover forgive the ravisher of his mistress, as the Continent forgive the murders of Britain. The Almighty hath implanted in us these unextinguishable feelings for good and wise purposes. They are the Guardians of his Image in our hearts. They distinguish us from the herd of common animals. The social compact would dissolve, and justice be extirpated from the earth, or have only a casual existence were we callous to the touches of affection. The robber and the murderer would often escape unpunished, did not the injuries which our tempers sustain, provoke us into justice.

O! ye that love mankind! Ye that dare oppose not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the old world is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted round the Globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her like a stranger, and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive, and prepare in time an asylum for mankind.

[Jan. 10, 1776.]

"THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS"

[From "The Crisis."]

These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands it *now*, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives every thing its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed if so celestial an article as FREEDOM should not be highly rated. Britain, with an army to enforce her tyranny, has declared that she has a right *(not only to* TAX) but "to BIND *us in* ALL CASES WHATSOEVER," and if being *bound in that manner,* is not slavery, then there is not such a thing as slavery upon earth. Even the expression is impious; for so unlimited a power can belong only to God.

Whether the independence of the continent was declared too soon, or delayed too long, I will not now enter into as an argument; my own simple opinion is, that had it been eight months earlier, it would

have been much better. We did not make a proper use of last winter, neither could we, while we were in a dependent state. However, the fault, if it were one, was all our own; we have none to blame but ourselves. But no great deal is lost yet. All that Howe has been doing for this month past, is rather a ravage than a conquest, which the spirit of the Jerseys, a year ago, would have quickly repulsed, and which time and a little resolution will soon recover.

I have as little superstition in me as any man living, but my secret opinion has ever been, and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction, or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war, by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me, as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world, and given us up to the care of devils; and as I do not, I cannot see on what grounds the king of Britain can look up to heaven for help against us: a common murderer, a highwayman, or a housebreaker, has as good a pretence as he.

'Tis surprising to see how rapidly a panic will sometimes run through a country. All nations and ages have been subject to them: Britain has trembled like an ague at the report of a French fleet of flat bottomed boats; and in the fourteenth century the whole English army, after ravaging the kingdom of France, was driven back like men petrified with fear; and this brave exploit was performed by a few broken forces collected and headed by a woman, Joan of Arc. Would that heaven might inspire some Jersey maid to spirit up her countrymen, and save her fair fellow sufferers from ravage and ravishment! Yet panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is always short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstones of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered. In fact, they have the same effect on secret traitors, which an imaginary apparition would have upon a private murderer. They sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world. Many a disguised tory has lately shown his head, that shall penitentially solemnize with curses the day on which Howe arrived upon the Delaware.

As I was with the troops at Fort Lee, and marched with them to the edge of Pennsylvania, I am well acquainted with many circumstances, which those who live at a distance know but little or nothing of. Our situation there was exceedingly cramped, the place being a narrow neck of land between the North River and the Hackensack. Our force was inconsiderable, being not one fourth so great as Howe could bring against us. We had no army at hand to have relieved the garrison, had we shut ourselves up and stood on our defence. Our ammunition, light artillery and the best part of our stores, had been removed, on the apprehension that Howe would endeavor to penetrate the Jerseys, in which case Fort Lee could be of no use to us; for it must occur to every thinking man, whether in the army or not, that these kind of field forts are only for temporary purposes, and last in use no longer than the enemy directs his force against the particular object, which such forts are raised to defend. Such was our situation and condition at fort Lee on the morning of the 20th of November, when an officer arrived with information that the enemy with 200 boats had landed about seven miles above: Major General Green, who commanded the garrison, immediately ordered them under arms, and sent express to General Washington at the town of Hackensack, distant by the way of the ferry = six miles. Our first object was to secure the bridge over the Hackensack, which laid up the river between the enemy and us, about six miles from us, and three from them. General Washington arrived in about three quarters of an hour, and marched at the head of the troops towards the bridge, which place I expected we should have a brush for; however, they did not choose to dispute it with us, and the greatest part of our troops went over the bridge, the rest over the ferry, except some which passed at a mill on a small creek, between the

bridge and the ferry, and made their way through some marshy grounds up to the town of Hackensack, and there passed the river. We brought off as much baggage as the wagons could contain, the rest was lost. The simple object was to bring off the garrison, and march them on till they could be strengthened by the Jersey or Pennsylvania militia, so as to be enabled to make a stand. We staid four days at Newark, collected our outposts with some of the Jersey militia, and marched out twice to meet the enemy, on being informed that they were advancing, though our numbers were greatly inferior to theirs. Howe, in my little opinion, committed a great error in generalship in not throwing a body of forces off from Staten Island through Amboy, by which means he might have seized all our stores at Brunswick, and intercepted our march into Pennsylvania; but if we believe the power of hell to be limited, we must likewise believe that their agents are under some providential controul.

I shall not now attempt to give all the particulars of our retreat to the Delaware; suffice it for the present to say, that both officers and men, though greatly harrassed and fatigued, frequently without rest, covering, or provision, the inevitable consequences of a long retreat, bore it with a manly and martial spirit. All their wishes centered in one, which was, that the country would turn out and help them to drive the enemy back. Voltaire has remarked that King William never appeared to full advantage but in difficulties and in action; the same remark may be made on General Washington, for the character fits him. There is a natural firmness in some minds which cannot be unlocked by trifles, but which, when unlocked, discovers a cabinet of fortitude; and I reckon it among those kind of public blessings, which we do not immediately see, that God hath blessed him with uninterrupted health, and given him a mind that can even flourish upon care.

I shall conclude this paper with some miscellaneous remarks on the state of our affairs; and shall begin with asking the following question, Why is it that the enemy have left the New-England provinces, and made these middle ones the seat of war? The answer is easy: New-England is not infested with tories, and we are. I have been tender in raising the cry against these men, and used numberless arguments to show them their danger, but it will not do to sacrifice a world either to their folly or their baseness. The period is now arrived, in which either they or we must change our sentiments, or one or both must fall. And what is a tory? Good God! what is he? I should not be afraid to go with a hundred whigs against a thousand tories, were they to attempt to get into arms. Every tory is a coward; for servile, slavish, self-interested fear is the foundation of toryism; and a man under such influence, though he may be cruel, never can be brave.

But, before the line of irrecoverable separation be drawn between us, let us reason the matter together: Your conduct is an invitation to the enemy, yet not one in a thousand of you has heart enough to join him. Howe is as much deceived by you as the American cause is injured by you. He expects you will all take up arms, and flock to his standard, with muskets on your shoulders. Your opinions are of no use to him, unless you support him personally, for 'tis soldiers, and not tories, that he wants.

I once felt all that kind of anger, which a man ought to feel, against the mean principles that are held by the tories: a noted one, who kept a tavern at Amboy, was standing at his door, with as pretty a child in his hand, about eight or nine years old, as ever I saw, and after speaking his mind as freely as he thought was prudent, finished with this unfatherly expression. *"Well! give me peace in my day."* Not a man lives on the continent but fully believes that a separation must some time or other finally take place, and a generous parent should have said, *"If there must be trouble, let it be in my day, that my child may have peace;"* and this single reflection, well applied, is sufficient to awaken every man to duty. Not a place upon earth might be so happy as America. Her situation is remote from all the wrangling world, and she has nothing to do but to trade with them. A man can distinguish himself between temper and principle, and I am as confident, as I am that God

governs the world, that America will never be happy till she gets clear of foreign dominion. Wars, without ceasing, will break out till that period arrives, and the continent must in the end be conqueror; for though the flame of liberty may sometimes cease to shine, the coal can never expire.

[*The Pennsylvania Journal*, Dec. 19, 1776.]

FROM THE CASTLE IN THE AIR TO THE LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD

[Mr. Paine, while in prison at Paris, corresponded with a lady under the signature of the "Castle in the Air," while she addressed her letters from "The Little Corner of the World."—*Note by Thomas Rickman.*]

In the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise,
My Castle of Fancy was built;
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sunbeams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state,
Enamell'd the mansion around;
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottoes, and fountains, and orange-tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet shady walks, for the Gods and their Loves,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen and roll'd,
While wrapp'd in a slumber I lay;
And when I look'd out in the morning, behold
My Castle was carried away.

It past over rivers, and vallies, and groves,
The world it was all in my view;
I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
And often, full often of You.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
That Nature in silence had made;
The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,
And checquer'd with sunshine and shade.

I gazed, and I envied with painful good-will,
And grew tired of my seat in the air;
When all of a sudden my Castle stood still,
As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down,
And placed me exactly in view,
When who should I meet, in this charming retreat,
This corner of calmness, but You.

Delighted to find you in honour and ease,
I felt no more sorrow, nor pain;
But the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
And went back with my Castle again.

[1794]

FRANCIS HOPKINSON (1737-1791)

During the period before Irving, Philadelphia was the literary and artistic centre of America. Here were to be found such leaders as Franklin, Freneau, Thomas Godfrey, Benjamin Webb, the painter, and Hopkinson, the last in many respects the literary superior of them all. The first matriculant in what is now the University of Pennsylvania, graduated in 1757; a brilliant student of the law, in later years leading lawyer before the supreme court in the Dartmouth College case; a man of cosmopolitan experience, twice resident in England as an officer under the Crown; a patriot and a statesman, signer of the Declaration of Independence,—he was one of the most cultured and most symmetrically rounded of all the early American writers. Literature was to him an avocation, pursued only as he could find time from more pressing duties, but he pursued it his life long. His literary remains have been published in three large volumes. He was the first humorist who may be called genuinely American in his humor. Many of his facetious and satirical essays have a singularly modern style: it is but a short step from Hopkinson to Washington Irving. He was a caustic satirist both in prose and verse and a controversialist who wielded a cogent pen. Unlike most of the poets of his period,—Barlow, Trumbull, Freneau, Dwight, and the others—he had no vision of an American poetry of epic dimensions. He was distinctively a lyrist, and judging from the few lyrics that he allowed himself to publish, he had a lyric genius that was equalled in its time only by Freneau's. By a curious irony, he has been remembered almost solely because of a rollicking bit of doggerel dashed off during the British occupancy of Philadelphia, his mock heroic "Battle of the Kegs" [pronounced in 1778 *kags* undoubtedly], an effusion the most popular in its day of all the revolutionary balladry.

A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN IN AMERICA TO HIS FRIEND IN EUROPE ON WHITE-WASHING

Dear Sir,—The peculiar customs of every country appear to strangers awkward and absurd, but the inhabitants consider them as very proper and even necessary. Long habit imposes on the understanding, and reconciles it to any thing that is not manifestly pernicious or immediately destructive.

The religion of a country is scarcely held in greater veneration than its established customs: and it is almost as difficult to produce an alteration in the one as in the other. Any interference of government for the reformation of national customs, however trivial and absurd they may be, never fails to produce the greatest discontent, and sometimes dangerous convulsions. Of this there are frequent instances in history. Bad habits are most safely removed by the same means that established them, viz. by imperceptible gradations, and the constant example and influence of the higher class of the people.

We are apt to conclude that the fashions and manners of our own country are most rational and proper, because the eye and the understanding have long since been reconciled to them, and we ridicule or condemn those of other nations on account of their novelty; yet the foreigner will defend his national habits with at least as much plausibility as we can our own. The truth is, that reason has little to do in the matter. Customs are for the most part arbitrary, and one nation has as good a right to fix its peculiarities as another. It is of no purpose to talk of convenience as a standard: everything becomes convenient by practice and habit.

I have read somewhere of a nation (in Africa, I think) which is governed by twelve counsellors. When these counsellors are to meet on public business, twelve large earthen jars are set in two rows, and filled with water. The counsellors enter the apartment one after another, stark naked, and each leaps into a jar, where he sits up to the chin in water. When the jars are all filled with counsellors, they proceed to deliberate on the great concerns of the nation. This, to be sure, forms a very grotesque scene;

but the object is to transact the public business: they have been accustomed to do it in this way, and therefore it appears to them the most rational and convenient way. Indeed, if we consider it impartially, there seems to be no reason why a counsellor may not be as wise in an earthen jar as in an elbow chair; or why the good of the people may not be as maturely considered in the one as in the other.

The established manners of every country are the standards of propriety with the people who have adopted them; and every nation assumes the right of considering all deviations therefrom as barbarisms and absurdities.

The *Chinese* have retained their laws and customs for ages immemorial: and although they have long had a commercial intercourse with European nations, and are well acquainted with their improvements in the arts, and their modes of civilization, yet they are so far from being convinced of any superiority in the European manners, that their government takes the most serious measures to prevent the customs of foreigners taking root amongst them. It employs their utmost vigilance to enjoy the benefits of commerce, and at the same time guard against innovations that might affect the characteristic manners of the people.

Since the discovery of the *Sandwich* islands in the South-Sea, they have been visited by ships from several nations; yet the natives have shown no inclination to prefer the dress and manners of the visitors to their own. It is even probable that they pity the ignorance of the Europeans they have seen, as far removed from civilization; and value themselves on the propriety and advantage of their own customs.

There is nothing new in these observations, and I had no intention of making them when I sat down to write, but they obtruded themselves upon me. My intention was to give you some account of the people of these new states; but I am not sufficiently informed for the purpose, having, as yet, seen little more than the cities of *New-York* and *Philadelphia*. I have discovered but few national singularities amongst them. Their customs and manners are nearly the same with those of England, which they have long been used to copy. For, previous to the late revolution, the Americans were taught from their infancy to look up to the English as the patterns of perfection in all things.

I have, however, observed one custom, which, for aught I know, is peculiar to this country. An account of it will serve to fill up the remainder of this sheet, and may afford you some amusement.

When a young couple are about to enter on the matrimonial state, a never-failing article in the marriage treaty is, that the lady shall have and enjoy the free and unmolested rights of WHITE-WASHING, with all its ceremonials, privileges, and appurtenances. You will wonder what this privilege of *white-washing* is. I will endeavor to give you an idea of the ceremony, as I have seen it performed.

There is no season of the year in which the lady may not, if she pleases, claim her privilege; but the latter end of May is generally fixed upon for the purpose. The attentive husband may judge, by certain prognostics, when the storm is nigh at hand. If the lady grows uncommonly fretful, finds fault with the servants, is discontented with the children, and complains much of the nastiness of everything about her: these are symptoms which ought not to be neglected, yet they sometimes go off without any further effect. But if, when the husband rises in the morning, he should observe in the yard, a wheel-barrow, with a quantity of lime in it, or should see certain buckets filled with a solution of lime in water, there is no time for hesitation. He immediately locks up the apartment or closet where his papers and private property are kept, and putting the key in his pocket, betakes himself to flight. A husband, however beloved, becomes a perfect nuisance during this season of female rage. His authority is superseded, his commission suspended, and the very scullion who cleans the brasses in the kitchen becomes of more importance than him. He has nothing for it, but to abdicate, for a time, and run from an evil which he can neither prevent nor mollify.

The husband gone, the ceremony begins. The walls are stripped of their furniture—paintings, prints, and look-

ing-glasses lie huddled in heaps about the floors; the curtains are torn from their testers, the beds crammed into windows, chairs and tables, bedsteads and cradles crowd the yard; and the garden fence bends beneath the weight of carpets, blankets, cloth cloaks, old coats, under petticoats, and ragged breeches. *Here* may be seen the lumber of the kitchen, forming a dark and confused mass for the foreground of the picture; gridirons and frying-pans, rusty shovels and broken tongs, joint stools, and the fractured remains of rush-bottomed chairs. *There* a closet has disgorged its bowels—riveted plates and dishes, halves of china bowls, cracked tumblers, broken wine-glasses, phials of forgotten physic, papers of unknown powders, seeds and dried herbs, tops of tea-pots, and stoppers of departed decanters—from the rag-hole in the garret, to the rat-hole in the cellar, no place escapes unrummaged. It would seem as if the day of general doom was come, and the utensils of the house were dragged forth to judgment. In this tempest, the words of *King Lear* unavoidably present themselves, and might with little alteration be made strictly applicable.

> . . . Let the great gods
> That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads
> Find out their enemies now. Tremble thou wretch
> That hast within thee undivulged crimes
> Unwhipt of justice . .
> . . . Close pent up guilt,
> Rive your concealing continents, and ask
> These dreadful summoners grace.

This ceremony completed, and the house thoroughly evacuated, the next operation is to smear the walls and ceilings with brushes, dipped into a solution of lime called WHITE-WASH; to pour buckets of water over every floor, and scratch all the partitions and wainscots with hard brushes, charged with soft soap and stone-cutter's sand.

The windows by no means escape the general deluge. A servant scrambles out upon the pent-house, at the risk of her neck, and with a mug in her hand, and a bucket within reach, dashes innumerable gallons of water against the glass panes, to the great annoyance of passengers in the street.

I have been told that an action at law was once brought against one of these water nymphs, by a person who had a new suit of clothes spoiled by this operation: but after long argument it was determined that no damages could be awarded; inasmuch as the defendant was in the exercise of a legal right, and not answerable for the consequences. So the poor gentleman was doubly nonsuited; for he lost both his suit of clothes and his suit at law.

These smearings and scratchings, these washings and dashings, being duly performed, the next ceremonial is to cleanse and replace the distracted furniture. You may have seen a house-raising, or a ship launch—recollect, if you can, the hurry, bustle, confusion, and noise of such a scene, and you will have some idea of this cleansing match. The misfortune is, that the sole object is to make things *clean*. It matters not how many useful, ornamental, or valuable articles suffer mutilation or death under the operation. A mahogany chair and a carved frame undergo the same discipline; they are to be made *clean* at all events; but their preservation is not worthy of attention. For instance: a fine large engraving is laid flat upon the floor; a number of smaller prints are piled upon it, until the super-incumbent weight cracks the lower glass—but this is of no importance. A valuable picture is placed leaning against the sharp corner of a table; others are made to lean against that, till the pressure of the whole forces the corner of the table through the canvas of the first. The frame and glass of a fine print are to be cleaned; the spirit and oil used on this occasion are suffered to leak through and deface the engraving—no matter! If the glass is clean and the frame shines it is sufficient—the rest is not worthy of consideration. An able arithmetician hath made a calculation, founded on long experience, and proved that the losses and destruction incident to two white-washings are equal to one removal, and three removals equal to one fire.

This cleansing frolic over, matters begin to resume their pristine appearance: the storm abates, and all would be well

again: but it is impossible that so great a convulsion in so small a community should pass over without producing some consequences. For two or three weeks after the operation, the family are usually afflicted with sore eyes, sore throats, or severe colds, occasioned by exhalations from wet floors and damp walls.

I know a gentleman here who is fond of accounting for everything in a philosophical way. He considers this, what I call a *custom,* as a real, periodical disease, peculiar to the climate. His train of reasoning is whimsical and ingenious, but I am not at leisure to give you the detail. The result was, that he found the distemper to be incurable; but after much study, he thought he had discovered a method to divert the evil he could not subdue. For this purpose, he caused a small building, about twelve feet square, to be erected in his garden, and furnished with some ordinary chairs and tables, and a few prints of the cheapest sort. His hope was that when the white-washing frenzy seized the females of his family, they might repair to this apartment, and scrub, and scour, and smear to their hearts' content; and so spend the violence of the disease in this out-post, whilst he enjoyed himself in quiet at headquarters. But the experiment did not answer his expectation. It was impossible it should, since a principal part of the gratification consists in the lady's having an uncontrolled right to torment her husband, at least once in every year; to turn him out of doors, and take the reins of government into her own hands.

There is a much better contrivance than this of the philosopher's: which is, to cover the walls of the house with paper. This is generally done. And though it does not abolish, it at least shortens the period of female dominion. This paper is decorated with various fancies, and made so ornamental that the women have admitted the fashion without perceiving the design.

There is also another alleviation of the husband's distress. He generally has the sole use of a small room or closet for his books and papers, the key of which he is allowed to keep. This is considered as a privileged place, even in the white-washing season, and stands like the land of *Goshen* amidst the plagues of *Egypt.* But then he must be extremely cautious, and ever upon his guard; for should he inadvertently go abroad, and leave the key in his door, the house-maid, who is always on the watch for such an opportunity, immediately enters in triumph with buckets, brooms, and brushes—takes possession of the premises, and forthwith puts all his books and papers *to rights,* to his utter confusion, and sometimes serious detriment. I can give you an instance.

A gentleman was sued at law, by the executors of a mechanic, on a charge found against him on the deceased's books to the amount of £30. The defendant was strongly impressed with a belief that he had discharged the debt and taken a receipt; but as the transaction was of long standing, he knew not where to find the receipt. The suit went on in course, and the time approached when judgment should be obtained against him. He then sat down seriously to examine a large bundle of old papers, which he had untied and displayed on a table for the purpose. In the midst of his search he was suddenly called away on business of importance. He forgot to lock the door of his room. The house-maid, who had been long looking for such an opportunity, immediately entered with the usual implements, and with great alacrity fell to cleaning the room and *putting things to rights.* One of the first objects that struck her eye was the confused situation of the papers on the table. These, without delay, she huddled together like so many dirty knives and forks; but in the action, a small piece of paper fell unnoticed on the floor, which unfortunately happened to be the very receipt in question. As it had no very respectable appearance, it was soon after swept out with the common dirt of the room, and carried in a dust-pan to the yard. The tradesman had neglected to enter the credit in his books. The defendant could find nothing to obviate the charge, and so judgment went against him for debt and costs. A fortnight after the whole was settled, and the money paid, one of the children found the receipt amongst the dirt in the yard.

There is also another custom, peculiar

to the city of Philadelphia, and nearly allied with the former. I mean that of washing the pavements before the doors every Saturday evening. I at first supposed this to be a regulation of the police; but, on further inquiry, I find it is a religious rite preparatory to the Sabbath; and it is, I believe, the only religious rite in which the numerous sectaries of this large city perfectly agree. The ceremony begins about sunset and continues till ten or eleven at night. It is very difficult for a stranger to walk the streets on those evenings. He runs a continual risk of having a bucket of dirty water dashed against his legs; but a Philadelphian born is so much accustomed to the danger that he avoids it with surprising dexterity. It is from this circumstance that a Philadelphian may be known any where by a certain skip in his gait. The streets of New York are paved with rough stones. These, indeed, are not washed, but the dirt is so thoroughly swept from between them that they stand out sharp and prominent to the great annoyance of those who are not accustomed to so rough a path. But habit reconciles everything. It is diverting enough to see a Philadelphian at New York. He walks the streets with as much painful caution as if his toes were covered with corns, or his feet lamed by the gout: whilst a New Yorker, as little approving the plain masonry of Philadelphia, shuffles along the pavement like a parrot upon a mahogany table.

It must be acknowledged that the ablutions I have mentioned are attended with no small inconvenience; yet the women would not be induced by any consideration to resign their privilege.

Notwithstanding this singularity, I can give you the strongest assurances that the women of America make the most faithful wives, and the most attentive mothers in the world. And I don't doubt but you will join me in opinion, that if a married man is made miserable only for one week in a whole year, he will have no great cause to complain of the matrimonial bond.

This letter has run to a length I did not expect; I therefore hasten to assure you that I am, as ever,

[*June*, 1785.] Your, &c. &c. &c.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS

[*Pennsylvania Packet*, March 4, 1778.]

[This ballad was occasioned by a real incident. Certain machines, in the form of kegs, charg'd with gun powder, were sent down the river to annoy the British shipping then at Philadelphia. The danger of these machines being discovered, the British manned the wharfs and shipping, and discharged their small arms and cannons at every thing they saw floating in the river during the ebb tide.—*Hopkinson's Note.*]

Gallants attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befel
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor too in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said, some mischief's brewing.

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickling herring;
And they're come down t'attack the town,
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes, to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cry'd, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

Sir William he, snug as a flea,
Lay all this time a snoring,
Nor dreamed of harm as he lay warm,
[Line omitted]

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
For God's sake, what's the matter?

At his bed-side he then espy'd,
Sir Erskine at command, sir,
Upon one foot, he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

"Arise, arise," Sir Erskine cries,
"The rebels—more's the pity,
"Without a boat are all afloat,
"And rang'd before the city.

"The motley crew, in vessels new,
"With Satan for their guide, sir.
"Pack'd up in bags, or wooden kegs,
"Come driving down the tide, sir.

"Therefore prepare for bloody war,
"These kegs must all be routed,
"Or surely we despised shall be,
"And British courage doubted."

The royal band, now ready stand
All rang'd in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle;
Since wars began I'm sure no man
E'er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded;
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack'd from ev'ry quarter;
Why sure, thought they, the devil's to pay,
'Mongst folks above the water.

The kegs, 'tis said, tho' strongly made,
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conqu'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porrage.

An hundred men with each a pen,
Or more upon my word, sir,
It is most true would be too few,
Their valour to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
Against these wick'd kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

[1778]

MY GEN'ROUS HEART DISDAINS

I

My gen'rous heart disdains
The slave of love to be,
I scorn his servile chains,
And boast my liberty.
This whining
And pining
And wasting with care,
Are not to my taste, be she ever so fair.

II

Shall a girl's capricious frown
Sink my noble spirits down?
Shall a face of white and red
Make me droop my silly head?
Shall I set me down and sigh
For an eye-brow or an eye?
For a braided lock of hair,
Curse my fortune and despair?
My gen'rous heart disdains, &c.

III

Still uncertain is tomorrow,
Not quite certain is today—
Shall I waste my time in sorrow?
Shall I languish life away?
All because a cruel maid,
Hath not Love with Love repaid.
My gen'rous heart disdains, &c.

A HUNTING SONG

O'er the hills far away, at the birth of the morn,
I hear the full tone of the sweet-sounding horn;
The sportsmen with shoutings all hail the new day,
And swift run the hounds o'er the hills far away.
Across the deep valley their course they pursue,
And rush thro' the thickets yet silver'd with dew:

Nor hedges nor ditches their speed can
delay—
Still sounds the sweet horn o'er the hills
far away.

JEMMY THE SAILOR

My love is gone to sea,
Whilst I his absence mourn,
No joy shall smile on me
Until my love return.
He ask'd me for his bride,
And many vows he swore;
I blush'd—and soon complied,
My heart was his before.

One little month was past,
And who so blest as we?
The summons came at last,
And Jemmy must to sea.
I saw his ship so gay
Swift fly the wave-worn shore;
I wip'd my tears away—
And saw his ship no more.

When clouds shut in the sky,
And storms around me howl;
When vivid lightnings fly,
And threat'ning thunders roll;
All hopes of rest are lost
No slumbers visit me;
My anxious thoughts are tost
With Jemmy on the sea.

JOHN TRUMBULL (1750-1831)

Of the once-famous "Hartford Wits," or "Yale School of Poets" as sometimes they have been called,—Dwight, Trumbull, Barlow, and the others,—Trumbull was the most popular, and during the Revolution the most effective. In college, like Barlow and Freneau, he had had dreams of literature as a profession. With Dwight he wrote a series of Addisonian essays, and in 1771-1773, while a tutor in his alma mater, had produced a long Hudibrastic satire upon the educational methods of his day, entitled *The Progress of Dulness*. A little later, in 1775, catching the spirit of the times, he had continued on in Hudibrastic satire, directing his wit and bitterness now against the tory element that was stubbornly standing against the rising tide of revolution. This second satire he called *M'Fingal: A Modern Epic Poem*, issuing in January, 1776, what are now the first two cantos of the poem in a forty page book that became one of the most popular of American publications.

This tremendous mock heroic production which Moses Coit Tyler pronounced "one of the world's masterpieces in political badinage," was like Paine's pamphlets, one of the leading forces that won American independence. It sent men laughing into the armies of Washington. Paine appealed solely to reason; Trumbull appealed to the sense of humor and was almost as effective. It was this earlier half of the poem which served as propaganda and which molded so markedly patriot thought and morale. The two concluding cantos, which bring the total of lines of the poem to over three thousand, were added after the surrender of Cornwallis, and the poem in its final form was not issued until 1782. It did not die with the times that called it forth. No less than eighteen different editions have been issued, the last as late as 1881.

The latter half is the more finished and the more brilliant. From it have come most of the quotations that have wrongly been attributed to Butler, as for instance the Squire's pregnant speech just before his punishment at the liberty pole. The poem as a whole undoubtedly is one of the best specimens extant of a sustained mock heroic satire. The similes are elaborate travesties of Homer's style, but most of them are made from native materials, as, when covered with newly-melted tar, the Tory squire is said to have

> "glitter'd to the western ray,
> Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies."

Canto Four is after the Miltonic pattern: M'Fingal, after his tremendous fall, like Satan, finds himself in the lower regions of darkness surrounded by his crew, or, more correctly speaking, in a vegetable cellar mid cider barrels and ale kegs. Here in the darkness the redoubtable chief, still unconquered, like Satan on the fiery marl,

> "Rose solemn from the turnip-bin.
> Nor yet his form had wholly lost
> Th' original brightness it could boast.
> Nor less appear'd than justice quorum,
> In feather'd majesty before 'em," etc.

Then, like Satan, he too began to harangue his host in sorry plight:

> "Brethren and friends, the glorious band
> Of loyalty in rebel land!"

Only in this case, gifted with true Scotch second sight, he could see no hope. He prophesies disaster at real length and it speedily comes in the form of a Whig invasion of the cellar.

Trumbull's dream of poetry as a profession faded quickly as did Freneau's and Barlow's. The times were rude and far from ready for professional poets. Reluctantly he bade farewell to the muse and gave himself up to the practice of the law, which led him ever farther and farther from the dream of his youth. Connected vitally as it is with the great American struggle for liberty, his one poem undoubtedly will never be wholly forgotten.

M'FINGAL, AN EPIC POEM

CANTO THIRD

THE LIBERTY-POLE

Now arm'd with ministerial ire,
Fierce sally'd forth our loyal squire,
And on his striding steps attends,
His desp'rate clan of tory friends;
When sudden met his angry eye
A pole ascending to the sky,
Which num'rous throngs of whiggish race
Were raising in the market-place;
Not higher school-boys' kites aspire,
Or royal mast, or country spire,
Like spears at Brobdingnagian tilting,
Or Satan's walking-staff in Milton;
And on its top the flag unfurl'd,
Wav'd triumph o'er the prostrate world,
Inscrib'd with inconsistent types
Of liberty and thirteen stripes.
Beneath, the crowd without delay,
The dedication rites essay,
And gladly pay in ancient fashion,
The ceremonies of libation;
While briskly to each patriot lip
Walks eager round th' inspiring flip:
Delicious draught, whose pow'rs inherit
The quintessence of public spirit!
Which whoso tastes, perceives his mind
To nobler politics refin'd,
Or rous'd for martial controversy,
As from transforming cups of Circe;
Or warm'd with Homer's nectar'd liquor,
That fill'd the veins of gods with ichor.
At hand for new supplies in store,
The tavern opes its friendly door,
Whence to and fro the waiters run,
Like bucket-men at fires in town.
Then with three shouts that rend the sky,
'Tis consecrate to liberty:
To guard it from th' attacks of tories,
A grand committee cull'd of four is,
Who foremost on the patriot spot,
Had bought the flip, and paid the shot.
But now M'Fingal with his train,
Advanc'd upon th' adjacent plain,
And fierce with loyal rage possess'd,
Pour'd forth the zeal, that fir'd his breast.
"What madbrain'd rebel gave commission
To raise this maypole of sedition?
Like Babel rear'd by bawling throngs,
With like confusion too of tongues,
To point at heav'n, and summon down
The thunders of the British crown?
Say, will this paltry pole secure
Your forfeit heads from Gage's pow'r?
Attack'd by heroes brave and crafty,
Is this to stand your ark of safety?
Or, driv'n by Scottish laird or laddie,
Think ye to rest beneath its shadow?
When bombs, like fiery serpents, fly,
And balls move hissing thro' the sky,
Will this vile pole, devote to freedom,
Save like the Jewish pole in Edom,
Or like the brazen snake of Moses,
Cure your crackt skulls and batter'd noses?
Ye dupes to ev'ry factious rogue,
Or tavern-prating demagogue,
Whose tongue but rings, with sound more full,
On th' empty drumhead of his skull,
Behold you not, what noisy fools
Use you, worse simpletons, for tools?
For liberty in your own by-sense,
Is but for crimes a patent licence;
To break of law th' Egyptian yoke,
And throw the world in common flock,
Reduce all grievances and ills
To magna charta of your wills,
Establish cheats and frauds and nonsense,
Fram'd by the model of your conscience,
Cry justice down, as out of fashion,
And fix its scale of depreciation,
Defy all creditors to trouble ye,
Enact new years of Jewish jubilee;
Drive judges out, like Aaron's calves,
By jurisdiction of white staves,
And make the bar and bench and steeple,
Submit t' our sov'reign lord, the people,
Assure each knave his whole assets,
By gen'ral amnesty of debts;
By plunder rise to pow'r and glory,
And brand all property as tory;
Expose all wares to lawful seizures
Of mobbers and monopolizers;
Break heads, and windows, and the peace,
For your own int'rest and increase;
Dispute, and pray, and fight, and groan,
For public good, and mean your own;
Prevent the laws, by fierce attacks,
From quitting scores upon your backs;
Lay your old dread, the gallows, low,
And seize the stocks, your ancient foe;
And turn them as convenient engines
To wreak your patriotic vengeance:
While all, your claims who understand,
Confess they 're in the owner's hand:
And when by clamours and confusions,
Your freedom's grown a public nuisance,
Cry, Liberty, with pow'rful yearning,
As he does, fire, whose house is burning,
Tho' he already has much more,
Than he can find occasion for.
While ev'ry dunce, that plough'd the plains,

Tho' bankrupt in estate and brains,
By this new light transform'd to traitor,
Forsakes his plough to turn dictator,
Starts an haranguing chief of whigs,
And drags you by the ears, like pigs.
All bluster, arm'd with factious licence,
Transform'd at once to politicians;
Each leather-apron'd clown, grown wise,
Presents his forward face t' advise;
And tatter'd legislators meet
From ev'ry workshop thro' the street;
His goose the tailor finds new use in,
To patch and turn the constitution;
The blacksmith comes with sledge and grate,
To iron-bind the wheels of state;
The quack forbears his patient's souse,
To purge the council and the house;
The tinker quits his moulds and doxies,
To cast assembly-men at proxies.
From dunghills deep of sable hue,
Your dirtbred patriots spring to view,
To wealth, and pow'r, and pension rise,
Like new-wing'd maggots chang'd to flies;
And flutt'ring round in proud parade,
Strut in the robe, or gay cockade.
See Arnold quits for ways more certain,
His bankrupt perj'ries for his fortune,
Brews rum no longer in his store,
Jockey and skipper now no more;
Forsakes his warehouses and docks,
And writs of slander for the pox;
And purg'd by patriotism from shame,
Grows gen'ral of the foremost name.
For in this ferment of the stream,
The dregs have work'd up to the brim,
And, by the rule of topsy-turveys,
The scum stands swelling on the surface.
You've caus'd your pyramid t' ascend,
And set it on the little end;
Like Hudibras, your empire's made,
Whose crupper had o'ertopped his head;
You've push'd and turn'd the whole world up-
Side down, and got yourselves a-top:
While all the great ones of your state,
Are crush'd beneath the pop'lar weight;
Nor can you boast, this present hour,
The shadow of the form of pow'r.
For what's your congress, or its end?
A pow'r t' advise and recommend:
To call for troops, adjust your quotas,
And yet no soul is bound to notice;
To pawn your faith to th' utmost limit,
But cannot bind you to redeem it;
And, when in want, no more in them lies
Than begging of your state-assemblies;
Can utter oracles of dread,
Like friar Bacon's brazen head;
But should a faction e'er dispute 'em,
Has ne'er an arm to execute 'em.
As though you chose supreme dictators,
And put them under conservators;
You 've but pursued the self-same way,
With Shakespeare's Trinclo in the play,
'You shall be viceroys here, 'tis true,
But we 'll be viceroys over you.'
What wild confusion hence must ensue,
Tho' common danger yet cements you!
So some wreck'd vessel all in shatters,
Is held up by surrounding waters;
But, stranded, when the pressure ceases,
Falls by its rottenness to pieces:
And fall it must—if wars were ended,
You 'll ne'er have sense enough to mend it:
But creeping on with low intrigues,
Like vermin of a hundred legs,
'T will find as short a life assign'd,
As all things else of reptile kind.
Such is the government you chose;
For this you bade the world be foes;
For this, so mark'd for dissolution,
You scorn the British constitution,
That constitution form'd by sages,
The wonder of all modern ages:
Which owns no failure in reality,
Except corruption and venality;
And only proves the adage just,
That best things spoil'd, corrupt to worst:
So man supreme in mortal station,
And mighty lord of this creation,
When once his corse is dead as herring,
Becomes the most offensive carrion,
And sooner breeds the plague, 'tis found,
Than all beasts rotting 'bove the ground.
Yet for this gov'rnment to dismay us,
You've call'd up anarchy from chaos,
With all the followers of her school,
Uproar and rage and wild misrule;
For whom this rout of whigs distracted
And ravings dire of every crack'd head,
These new-cast legislative engines
Of county-musters and conventions,
Committees vile of correspondence,
And mobs, whose tricks have almost undone 's;
While reason fails to check your course,
And loyalty's kick'd out of doors,
And folly, like inviting landlord,
Hoists on your poles the royal standard.

. . . . . .

'Tis done: fair Mercy shuts her door,
And Vengeance now shall sleep no more:
Rise, then, my friends, in terror rise,
And wipe this scandal from the skies!
You 'll see their Dagon, tho' well jointed,
Will sink before the Lord's anointed,

And like Old Jericho's proud wall,
Before our ram's horns prostrate fall."
This said, our 'squire yet undismay'd,
Call'd forth the constable to aid;
And bade him read in nearer station,
The riot-act, and proclamation;
Who now advancing tow'rd the ring,
Began, "Our sov'reign lord the king,"
When thousand clam'rous tongues he hears
And clubs and stones assail his ears;
To fly was vain, to fight was idle,
By foes encompass'd in the middle:
In stratagem his aid he found,
And fell right craftily to ground:
Then crept to seek an hiding place,
'T was all he could, beneath a brace;
Where soon the conqu'ring crew espy'd him.
And where he lurk'd, they caught and ty'd him.
At once with resolution fatal,
Both whigs and tories rush'd to battle:
Instead of weapons, either band
Seiz'd on such arms, as came to hand.
And as fam'd Ovid paints th' adventures
Of wrangling Lapithae and Centaurs,
Who at their feast, by Bacchus led,
Threw bottles at each other's head,
And these arms failing in their scuffles,
Attack'd with andirons, tongs, and shovels.
So clubs and billets, staves and stones
Met fierce, encount'ring every sconce,
And cover'd o'er with knobs and pains
Each void receptacle for brains:
Their clamours rend the hills around,
And earth rebellows with the sound:
And many a groan increas'd the din
From broken nose and batter'd shin.
M'Fingal rising at the word,
Drew forth his old militia sword;
Thrice cry'd "King George," as erst in distress,
Romancing lovers did their mistress,
And brandishing the blade in air,
Struck terror through th' opposing war.
The whigs, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, shrunk behind.
With whirling steel around address'd,
Fierce thro' their thickest throng he press'd,
(Who roll'd on either side in arch,
Like Red-Sea waves in Israel's march)
And like a meteor rushing through,
Struck on their pole a vengeful blow.
Around, the whigs, of clubs and stones
Discharged whole vollies, in platoons,
That o'er in whistling fury fly;
But not a foe dares venture nigh.
And now perhaps with glory crown'd
Our 'squire had fell'd the pole to ground,
Had not some pow'r, a whig at heart,
Descended down and took their part;
(Whether 'twere Pallas, Mars, or Iris,
'Tis scarce worth while to make inquiries)
Who at the nick of time alarming,
Assumed the graven form of chairman,
Address'd a whig, in ev'ry scene
The stoutest wrestler on the green,
And pointed where the spade was found,
Late us'd to set their pole in ground,
And urg'd, with equal arms and might,
To dare our 'squire to single fight.
The whig thus arm'd, untaught to yield,
Advanced tremendous to the field:
Nor did M'Fingal shun the foe,
But stood to brave the desp'rate blow;
While all the party gaz'd, suspended
To see the deadly combat ended;
And Jove in equal balance weigh'd
The sword against the brandish'd spade,
He weigh'd; but lighter than a dream,
The sword flew up, and kick'd the beam.
Our 'squire on tiptoe rising fair
Lifts high a noble stroke in air,
Which hung not, but like dreadful engines,
Descended on the foe in vengeance.
But ah! in danger, with dishonour
The sword, perfidious, fails its owner;
That sword, which oft had stood its ground,
By huge trainbands encompass'd round;
And on the bench, with blade right loyal,
Had won the day at many a trial,
Of stones and clubs had braved th' alarms,
Shrunk from these new Vulcanian arms,
The spade, so temper'd from the sledge,
Nor keen nor solid harm'd its edge,
Now met it from his arm of might,
Descending with steep force to smite;
The blade snapp'd short, and from his hand,
With rust embrown'd the glittering sand.
Swift turn'd M'Fingal at the view,
And call'd for aid th' attendant crew,
In vain: The tories all had run,
When scarce the fight was well begun;
Their setting wigs he saw decreas'd
Far in th' horizon tow'rd the west.
Amazed, he view'd the shameful sight,
And saw no refuge, but in flight:
But age unwieldy check'd his pace,
Tho' fear had wing'd his flying race;
For not a trifling prize at stake;
No less than great M'Fingal's back.
With legs and arms he work'd his course,
Like rider that outgoes his horse,
And labour'd hard to get away, as
Old Satan struggling on thro' chaos;
'Till looking back, he spy'd in rear

The spade-arm'd chief advance'd too near:
Then stopp'd and seized a stone that lay
An ancient landmark near the way;
Nor shall we, as old bards have done,
Affirm it weigh'd an hundred ton;
But such a stone as at a shift
A modern might suffice to lift,
Since men, to credit their enigmas,
Are dwindled down to dwarfs and pigmies,
And giants exil'd with their cronies
To Brobdingnags and Patagonias.
But while our hero turn'd him round,
And stoop'd to raise it from the ground,
The deadly spade discharged a blow
Tremendous on his rear below:
His bent knee fail'd, and void of strength
Stretch'd on the ground his manly length.
Like ancient oak o'erturn'd, he lay,
Or tow'r to tempests fall'n a prey,
Or mountain sunk with all his pines,
Or flow'r, the plow to dust consigns,
And more things else—but all men know 'em,
If slightly versed in epic poem.
At once the crew at this dread crisis,
Fall on and bind him ere he rises;
And with loud shouts and joyful soul
Conduct him pris'ner to the pole.
When now the mob in lucky hour,
Had got their en'mies in their pow'r,
They first proceed by wise command,
To take the constable in hand;
Then from the pole's sublimest top
They speeded to let down the rope,
At once its other end in haste bind,
And make it fast unto his waistband,
Till like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
He hung self-balanc'd on his center.
Then upwards all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle so fair,
He rose like meteor in the air.
As Socrates of old first did,
To aid philosophy, get hoisted,
And found his thoughts flow strangely clear,
Swung in a basket in mid air:
Our culprit thus in purer sky,
With like advantage rais'd his eye;
And looking forth in prospect wide,
His tory errors clearly spy'd,
And from his elevated station,
With bawling voice began addressing:
"Good gentlemen, and friends, and kin,
For heav'n's sake hear, if not for mine!
I here renounce the pope, the Turks,
The king, the dev'l, and all their works;
And will, set me but once at ease,
Turn whig or christian, what you please;
And always mind your laws as justly,
Should I live long as old Methus'lah,
I 'll never join with British rage,
Nor help lord North, or gen'ral Gage,
Nor lift my gun in future fights,
Nor take away your charter'd rights,
Nor overcome your new-rais'd levies,
Destroy your towns, nor burn your navies,
Nor cut your poles down while I've breath,
Tho' rais'd more thick than hatchel-teeth;
But leave King George and all his elves
To do their conqu'ring work themselves."
This said, they lower'd him down in state,
Spread at all points, like falling cat;
But took a vote first on the question,
That they'd accept this full confession,
And to their fellowship and favour,
Restore him on his good behaviour.
Not so, our 'squire submits to rule,
But stood heroic as a mule.
"You 'll find it all in vain, quoth he,
To play your rebel tricks on me.
All punishments the world can render,
Serve only to provoke th' offender;
The will 's confirm'd by treatment horrid,
As hides grow harder when they're curried.
No man e'er felt the halter draw,
With good opinion of the law;
Or held in method orthodox
His love of justice in the stocks;
Or fail'd to lose by sheriff's shears
At once his loyalty and ears.
Have you made Murray look less big,
Or smoak'd old Williams to a whig?
Did our mobb'd Ol'ver quit his station,
Or heed his vows of resignation?
Has Rivington, in dread of stripes,
Ceas'd lying since you stole his types?
And can you think my faith will alter,
By tarring, whipping, or the halter?
I 'll stand the worst; for recompence
I trust King George and providence.
And when, our conquest gain'd, I come,
Array'd in law and terror home,
You 'll rue this inauspicious morn,
And curse the day you e'er were born,
In Job's high style of imprecations,
With all his plagues, without his patience."
Meanwhile beside the pole, the guard
A bench of justice had prepar'd,
Where sitting round in awful sort,
The grand committee held their court;
While all the crew in silent awe,
Wait from their lips the lore of law.
Few moments with deliberation,
They hold the solemn consultation,
When soon in judgment all agree,
And clerk declares the dread decree:
"That 'squire M'Fingal having grown

The vilest tory in the town,
And now on full examination,
Convicted by his own confession,
Finding no token of repentence,
This court proceed to render sentence:
That first the mob a slip-knot single
Tie round the neck of said M'Fingal;
And in due form do tar him next,
And feather, as the law directs;
Then thro' the town attendant ride him,
In cart with constable beside him,
And having held him up to shame,
Bring to the pole from whence he came."
Forthwith the crowd proceed to deck
With halter'd noose M'Fingal's neck,
While he, in peril of his soul,
Stood ty'd half-hanging to the pole;
Then lifting high the pond'rous jar,
Pour'd o'er his head the smoking tar:
With less profusion erst was spread
The Jewish oil on royal head,
That down his beard and vestments ran,
And cover'd all his outward man.
As when (so Claudian sings) the gods
And earth-born giants fell at odds,
The stout Enceladus in malice,
Tore moutains up to throw at Pallas;
And as he held them o'er his head,
The river, from their fountains fed,
Pour'd down his back its copius tide,
And wore its channels in his hide:
So from the high-rais'd urn, the torrents
Spread down his side their various currents.
His flowing wig, as next the brim,
First met and drank the sable stream:
Adown his visage stern and grave,
Roll'd and adher'd the viscid wave:
With arms depending as he stood,
Each cuff capacious holds the flood:
From nose and chin's remotest end,
The tarry icicles depend:
Till all o'erspread with colours gay
He glitter'd to the western ray,
Like sleet-bound trees in wintry skies,
Or Lapland idol carv'd in ice.
And now the feather-bag display'd,
Is wav'd in triumph o'er his head,
And spreads him o'er with feathers missive
And down upon the tar adhesive:
Not Maia's son, with wings for ears,
Such plumes around his visage wears;
Nor Milton's six-wing'd angel gathers
Such superfluity of feathers.
Till all complete appears our 'squire,
Like gorgon or chimera dire;
No more could boast, on Plato's plan,
To rank amid the race of man,
Or prove his claim to human nature,
As a two-legg'd, unfeather'd creature.

Then on the two-wheel'd car of state,
They rais'd our grand duumvirate;
And as at Rome a like committee,
That found an owl within their city,
With solemn rites and sad processions,
At ev'ry shrine perform'd lustrations;
And, lest infection should abound
From prodigy with face so round,
All Rome attends him thro' the street,
In triumph to his country seat:
With like devotion, all the choir
Paraded round our feather'd 'squire;
In front the martial music comes
Of horns and fiddles, fifes and drums,
With jingling sound of carriage bells,
And treble creak of rusted wheels;
Behind, the crowd in lengthen'd row,
With grave procession clos'd the show;
And at fit periods ev'ry throat
Combin'd in universal shout,
And hail'd great Liberty in chorus,
Or bawl'd confusion to the tories.
Not louder storm the welkin braves,
From clamours of conflicting waves;
Less dire in Lybian wilds the noise,
When rav'ning lions lift their voice;
Or triumphs at town-meetings made,
Or passing votes to reg'late trade.
Thus having borne him round the town,
Last at the pole they set him down,
And tow'rd the tavern take their way,
To end in mirth the festal day.
And now the mob dispers'd and gone,
Left 'squire and constable alone.
The constable in rueful case
Lean'd sad and solemn o'er a brace,
And fast beside him, cheek by jowl,
Stuck 'squire M'Fingal 'gainst the pole,
Glued by the tar t' his rear apply'd,
Like barnacle on vessel's side.
But tho' his body lack'd physician,
His spirit was in worse condition,
He found his fears of whips and ropes
By many a drachm outweigh'd his hopes.
As men in jail without mainprize,
View everything with other eyes,
And all goes wrong in church and state,
Seen thro' perspective of the grate:
So now M'Fingal's second sight
Beheld all things in diff'rent light;
His visual nerve, well purg'd with tar,
Saw all the coming scenes of war.
As his prophetic soul grew stronger,
He found he could hold in no longer;
First from the pole, as fierce he shook,
His wig from pitchy durance broke,
His mouth unglued, his feathers flutter'd.
His tarr'd skirts crack'd, and thus he utter'd,
"Ah, mr. Constable, in vain

We strive 'gainst wind, and tide, and rain!
Behold my doom! this feather'd omen
Portends what dismal times are coming.
Now future scenes before my eyes,
And second-sighted forms arise:
I hear a voice that calls away,
And cries, the whigs will win the day;
My beck'ning genius gives command,
And bids us fly the fatal land;
Where, changing name and constitution,
Rebellion turns to revolution,
While loyalty oppress'd, in tears,
Stands trembling for its neck and ears.
Go, summon all our brethren greeting,
To muster at our usual meeting.
There my prophetic voice shall warn 'em;
Of all things future that concern 'em;
And scenes disclose, on which, my friend,
Their conduct and their lives depend:
There I—but first 'tis more of use,
From this vile pole to set me loose;
Then go with cautious steps and steady,
While I steer home and make all ready."

[1782]

JOEL BARLOW (1754-1813)

The glorious close of the war of Independence gave to America a poetic theme that seemed to the new generation the greatest that had ever filled the pens of poets,—the future glories of the new republic. Upon none of them was this idea more tremendously impressed than upon Joel Barlow, who even in his college days at Yale—he was graduated class poet in 1778—had begun upon that colossal poem that was to widen into the *Vision of Columbus*, and finally, after many years, into the ocean-like *Columbiad*. In his early period he showed real poetic promise. He was chosen to make a version of the Psalms for use as a hymn book, and his version stands high in poetic quality. Again, while in France, he wrote another poem of real excellence, his *Hasty-Pudding*, a mock heroic pastoral that in parts suggests the Whittier of a later generation. Of his ponderous epic *The Vision of Columbus*, later absorbed in his *Columbiad* with its ten books, less can be said. The theme is not unpoetic. Hesper takes Columbus into a high mountain and shows him Columbia, and unfolds to him the history to be. But size, or even glorious subject, cannot alone make a great epic. The poem is turgid in style, often bombastic, and always heavy. In one respect however it ranks as the greatest poem in American literature. The first edition of it, in huge quarto, was a magnificent volume, and according to Barrett Wendell it was in size "among the most impressive books to look at in the world." It helped its author to various important diplomatic positions abroad undoubtedly, but little more can be said of it. An attempt to give the land of Niagara and the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains and the great plains an epic of equal magnitude, is an attempt that is sure to result not only in failure but even in ridicule.

PSALM CXXXVII PARAPHRASED

Along the banks where Babel's current flows
Our captive bands in deep despondence strayed,
While Zion's fall in sad remembrance rose,
Her friends, her children, mingled with the dead.

The tuneless harp that once with joy we strung,
When praise employed, and mirth inspired the lay,
In mournful silence on the willows hung,
And growing grief prolonged the tedious day.

The barbarous tyrants, to increase our woe,
With taunting smiles a song of Zion claim,
Bid sacred praise in strains melodious flow
While they blaspheme the great Jehovah's name.

But how, in heathen climes and lands unknown,
Shall Israel's sons a song of Zion raise?
O hapless Salem, God's terrestrial throne,
Thou land of glory, sacred mount of praise.

If e'er my memory lose thy lovely name,
If my cold heart neglect my kindred race,
Let dire destruction seize this guilty frame—
My hand shall perish, and my voice shall cease.

Yet shall the Lord, who hears when Zion calls,
O'ertake her foes with terror and dismay;
His arm avenge her desolated walls,
And raise her children to eternal day.

[1785]

THE AMERICAN POETS

[From *The Vision of Columbus.*]

To equal fame ascends the tuneful throng,
The boast of genius, and the pride of song:
Warm'd with the scenes, that grace their various clime,
Their lays shall triumph o'er the lapse of time.
With keen-eye'd glance, thro' nature's walks to pierce,
With all the pow'rs and every charm of verse,
Each science op'ning in his ample mind,
His fancy glowing, and his taste refin'd.

See Trumbull lead the train. His skilful hand
Hurls the keen darts of satire through the land.
Pride, knav'ry, dulness, feel his mortal stings:
And list'ning virtue triumphs while he sings.
Proud Albion's sons, victorious now no more,
In guilt retiring from the wasted shore,
Strive their curst cruelities to hide in vain:
The world shall learn them from his deathless strain.
On glory's wing to raise the ravish'd soul,
Beyond the bounds of earth's benighted pole,
For daring Dwight the epic muse sublime
Hails her new empire on the western clime;
Fir'd with the themes by seers seraphic sung,
Heav'n in his eye, and rapture on his tongue,
His voice divine revives the promis'd land,
The heav'n-taught leader, and the chosen band.
In Hanniel's fate proud faction finds her doom,
Ai's midnight flames light nations to their tomb:
In visions bright, supernal joys are giv'n,
And all the dread futurities of heav'n.
While freedom's cause his patriot bosom warms,
In lore of nations skill'd, and brave in arms,
See Humphreys glorious from the field retire,
Sheathe the glad sword, and string the sounding lyre;
That lyre, which erst in hours of dark despair,
Rous'd the sad realms to urge th' unfinish'd war;
O'er fallen friends with all the strength of woe,
His heartfelt sighs in moving numbers flow;
His country's wrongs, her duties, dangers, praise,
Fire his full soul, animate his lays:
Immortal WASHINGTON with joy shall own
So fond a favourite, and so great a son.

[1787]

HASTY-PUDDING

. . . . . .

E'en Hasty-Pudding, purest of all food,
May still be bad, indifferent, or good,
As sage experience the short process guides,
Or want of skill, or want of care presides.
Whoe'er would form it on the surest plan,
To rear the child and long sustain the man;
To shield the morals while it mends the size,
And all the powers of every food supplies—
Attend the lessons that the Muse shall bring,
Suspend your spoons, and listen while I sing.

But since, O man! thy life and health demand
Not food alone, but labor from thy hand,
First in the field, beneath the sun's strong rays,
Ask of thy Mother Earth the needful maize;
She loves the race that courts her yielding soil,
And gives her bounties to the sons of toil.

When now the ox, obedient to thy call,
Repays the loan that filled the winter stall,
Pursue his traces o'er the furrowed plain,
And plant in measured hills the golden grain.
But when the tender germ begins to shoot,
And the green spire declares the sprouting root,
Then guard your nursling from each greedy foe—
The insideous worm, the all-devouring crow.
A little ashes, sprinkled round the spire,
Soon steeped in rain, will bid the worm retire;
The feathered robber with his hungry maw
Swift flies the field before your man of straw—
A frightful image, such as schoolboys bring
When met to burn the Pope, or hang the King.

Thrice in the season, through each verdant row,
Wield the strong ploughshare and the faithful hoe—
The faithful hoe; a double task that takes,—
To till the summer corn and roast the winter cakes.
Slow springs the blade while checked by chilling rains,
E'er yet the sun the seat of Cancer gains;
But when his present fires emblaze the land,
Then start the juices, then the roots expand;
Then, like a column of Corinthian mould,
The stalk struts upward and the leaves unfold;
The bushy branches all the ridges fill,

Entwine their arms, and kiss from hill to hill.
Here cease to vex them, all your cares are done;
Leave the last labors to the parent sun;
Beneath his genial smiles the well-dressed field,
When Autumn calls, a plenteous crop shall yield.

Now the strong foliage bears the standards high,
And shoots the tall top-gallants to the sky;
The suckling ears their silky fringes bend,
And pregnant grown, their swelling coats distend;
The loaded stalk, while still the burden grows,
O'erhangs the space that runs between the rows.
High as a hop-field waves the silent grove,
A safe retreat for little thefts of love,
When the fledged roasting-ears invite the maid
To meet her swain beneath the new-formed shade:
His generous hand unloads the cumbrous hill,
And the green spoils her ready basket fill;
Small compensation for the twofold bliss,
The promised wedding and the present kiss.

Slight depredations these; but now the moon
Calls from his hollow tree the sly raccoon;
And while by night he bears his prize away,
The bolder squirrel labors through the day:
Both thieves alike, but provident of time—
A virtue rare that almost hides their crime.
Then let them steal the little stores they can,
And fill their granaries from the toils of man;
We've one advantage where they take no part:
With all their wiles they ne'er have found the art
To boil the Hasty-Pudding; here we shine
Superior far to tenants of the pine;
This envied boon to man shall still belong,
Unshared by them in substance or in song.

At last the closing season browns the plain,
And ripe October gathers in the grain;
Deep-loaded carts the spacious corn-house fill,
The sack distended marches to the mill;
The laboring mill beneath the burden groans,
And showers the future pudding from the stones,
'Till the glad housewife greets the powdered gold,
And the new crop exterminates the old.
Ah! who can sing, what every wight must feel,
The joy that enters with the bag of meal.
A general jubilee pervades the house,
Wakes every child and gladdens every mouse.

The days grow short, but though the falling sun
To the glad swain proclaims his day's work done,
Night's pleasing shades his various tasks prolong,
And yields new subjects to my various song.
For now, the corn-house filled, the harvest home,
The invited neighbors to the *Husking* come;
A frolic scene, where work, and mirth, and play
Unite their charms to chase the hours away.
Where the huge heap lies centred in the hall,
The lamp suspended from the cheerful wall,
Brown, corn-fed nymphs and strong, hard-handed beaux,
Alternate ranged, extend in circling rows,
Assume their seats, the solid mass attack;
The dry husks rustle and the corn-cobs crack;
The song, the laugh, alternate notes resound,
And the sweet cider trips in silence round.

The laws of husking every wight can tell—
And sure no laws he ever keeps so well:
For each red ear a general kiss he gains,
With each smut ear she smuts the luckless swains;
But when to some sweet maid a prize is cast,
Red as her lips and taper as her waist,
She walks the round, and culls one favored beau,
Who leaps, the luscious tribute to bestow.
Various the sport as are the wits and brains
Of well-pleased lasses and contending swains,
Till the vast mound of corn is swept away,
And he that gets the last ear wins the day.

Meanwhile the housewife urges all her care,

The well-earned feast to hasten and prepare:
The sifted meal already waits her hand,
The milk is strained, the bowls in order stand,
The fire flames high, and, as a fool that takes
The headlong stream that o'er the mill-dam breaks,
Foams, roars, and rages with incessant toils,
So the vexed cauldron rages, roars, and boils.

First with clean salt she seasons well the food,
Then strews the flour and thickens all the flood.
Long o'er the simmering fire she lets it stand—
To stir it well demands a stronger hand:
The husband takes his turn, and round and round
The ladle flies; at last the toil is crowned;
When to the board the thronging huskers pour,
And take their seats as at the corn before.

I leave them at their feast. There still belong
More useful matters to my faithful song;
For rules there are, though ne'er unfolded yet,
Nice rules and wise, how pudding should be eat.

Some with molasses line the luscious treat,
And mix, like Bards, the useful with the sweet.
A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise,
A great resource in those bleak, wintry days,
When the chilled earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.

Blest cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ:
Great source of health, the only source of joy,
Mother of Egypt's god;—but sure for me,
Were I to leave my God I'd worship thee.
How oft thy teats these pious hands have prest!
How oft thy bounties proved my only feast!
How oft I've fed thee with my favorite grain,
And roared, like thee, to see thy children slain!

Ye swains who know her various worth to prize,
Ah! house her well from Winter's angry skies.
Potatoes, pumpkins, should her sadness cheer,
Corn from her crib, and mashes from your beer;
When spring returns she'll well acquit the loan,
And nurse at once your infants and her own.

Milk, then, with pudding, I should always choose;
To this in future I confine my muse,
Till she, in haste, some further hints unfold,
Good for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding; these, at first, will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand; you've got the portion due.
So taught my Sire, and what he taught is true.

[1793]

INDEPENDENCE; AND THE COMING OF WAR

[From *The Columbiad.*]

Each generous Adams, freedom's favorite pair,
And Hancock rose the tyrant's rage to dare,
Groupt with firm Jefferson, her steadiest hope,
Of modest mien but vast unclouded scope.
Like four strong pillars of her state they stand,
They clear from doubt her brave but wavering band;
Colonial charters in their hands they bore
And lawless acts of ministerial power.
Some injured right in every page appears,
A king in terrors and a land in tears;
From all his guileful plots the veil they drew,
With eye retortive look'd creation thro,
Traced moral nature thro her total plan,

Markt all the steps of liberty and man;
Crowds rose to reason while their accents rung,
And INDEPENDENCE thunder'd from their tongue.
Columbus turn'd; when rolling to the shore
Swells o'er the seas an undulating roar;
Slow, dark, portentious, as the meteors sweep
And curtain back the illimitable deep,
High stalks, from surge to surge, a demon Form
That howls thro heaven and breathes a billowing storm.
His head is hung with clouds; his giant hand
Flings a blue flame far flickering to the land;
His blood-stain'd limbs drip carnage as he strides
And taint with gory grume the staggering tides;
Like two red suns his quivering eyeballs glare,
His mouth disgorges all the stores of war,
Pikes, muskets, mortars, guns and globes of fire
And lighted bombs that fusing trails expire.
Percht on his helmet, two twin sisters rode,
The favorite offspring of the murderous god,
Famine and Pestilence; whom whilom bore
His wife, grim Discord, on Trinacria's shore:
When first their cyclop sons, from Etna's forge,
Fill'd his foul magazine, his gaping gorge:
Then earth convulsive groan'd, high shriek'd the air,
And hell in gratulation call'd him War.
Behind the fiend, swift hovering for the coast,
Hangs o'er the wave Britannia's sail-wing'd host;
They crowd the main, they spread their sheets abroad
From the wide Laurence to the Georgian flood,
Point their black batteries to the peopled shore,
And spouting flames commence the hideous roar.
Where fortless Falmouth, looking o'er her bay,
In terror saw the approaching thunders play,
The fire begins; the shells o'er-arching fly
And shoot a thousand rainbows thro the sky;
On Charlestown spires, on Bedford roofs they light,
Groton and Fairfield kindle from the flight,
Norwalk expands the blaze; o'er Reading hills
High flaming Danbury the welkin fills;
Esopus burns, Newyork's delightful fanes
And sea-nursed Norfolk light the neighboring plains.
From realm to realm the smoky volumes bend,
Reach round the bays and up the streams extend;
Deep o'er the concave heavy wreaths are roll'd,
And midland towns and distant groves infold.
Thro solid curls of smoke the bursting fires
Climb in tall pyramids above the spires,
Concentring all the winds; whose forces, driven
With equal rage from every point of heaven,
Whirl into conflict, round the scantling pour
The twisting flames and thro the rafters roar,
Suck up the cinders, send them sailing far,
To warn the nations of the raging war,
Bend high the blazing vortex, swell'd and curl'd,
Careering, brightening o'er the lustred world,
Absorb the reddening clouds that round them run,
Lick the pale stars and mock their absent sun:
Seas catch the splendor, kindling skies resound,
And falling structures shake the smoldering ground.
Crowds of wild fugitives, with frantic tread,
Flit thro the flames that pierce the midnight shade,
Back on the burning domes revert their eyes,
Where some lost friend, some perisht infant lies.
Their maim'd, their sick, their age-enfeebled sires
Have sunk sad victims to the sateless fires;
They greet with one last look their tottering walls,
See the blaze thicken as the ruin falls,

Then o'er the country train their dumb despair
And far behind them leave the dancing glare;
Their own crusht roofs still lend a trembling light,
Point their long shadows and direct their flight.
Till wandering wide they seek some cottage door,
Ask the vile pittance due the vagrant poor;
Or faint and faltering on the devious road,
They sink at last and yield their mortal load.
But where the sheeted flames thro Charlestown roar,
And lashing waves hiss round the burning shore,
Thro the deep folding fires dread Bunker's height
Thunders o'er all and shows a field of fight.
Like nightly shadows thro a flaming grove,
To the dark fray the closing squadrons move;
They join, they break, they thicken thro the glare,
And blazing batteries burst along the war;
Now rapt in reddening smoke, now dim in sight,
They rake the hill or wing the downward flight;
Here, wheel'd and wedged, Britannia's veterans turn
And the long lightnings from their muskets burn:
There scattering strive the thin colonial train,
Whose broken platoons still the field maintain;
Till Britain's fresh battalions rise the height
And with increasing vollies give the fight.
When, choked with dust, discolor'd deep in gore
And gall'd on all sides from the ships and shore,
Hesperia's host moves off the field afar
And saves, by slow retreat, the sad remains of war.

[1807]

II

THE NEW YORK PERIOD
1787–1830

11

THE NEW YORK PERIOD

(1783–1820)

CENTURY READINGS FOR A COURSE IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (1706–1790)

The life of Benjamin Franklin, especially in its early years, is doubtless better known than that of any other person connected with American history. Every child can tell of his entry into Philadelphia eating a roll while his future wife looked on in amusement, and most school boys have read of his trip to England under the patronage of the governor of the province, his discovery that he had been duped, his return at length to Philadelphia to enter business soon on his own account, his steady prosperity, his entry into the struggle of the colonies for independence, and his service abroad in England and in France. Only incidentally was Franklin a man of letters. He was a printer, a man of affairs, a statesman, a postmaster, a diplomat, a scientist, a philosopher, and what he wrote was the by-product of his activities in these various fields or else the diversions of idle moments. The *Autobiography* was simply the whim of a moment of leisure while visiting an English home. It was written for his son alone, with no thought of publication. He was careless about preserving what he wrote and he took no pains to collect his writings. When others did this he was not interested enough to superintend the edition or even to dictate its plan. It is doubtful that even in his last years he had any idea that later generations would consider that he was a man of letters. He hoped to be known as a scientist and as a patriot and a statesman.

From a literary standpoint the really valuable part of his product is small. The *Autobiography*, *Father Abraham's Address*, which gathers into one piece the maxims of *Poor Richard's Almanac*, and in addition a few bits like 'The Whistle' are all that need concern the student of literature. But even with this desultory and meager showing he may be ranked as the leading author in America before Washington Irving. What other American writings of the eighteenth century are still read? His *Autobiography* still circulates widely in the libraries, and is still placed at the head of all reading lists in American literature.

A SELECTION FROM FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY[1]

From a child I was fond of reading, and all the little money that came into my hands was ever laid out in books. Pleased with the *Pilgrim's Progress,* my first collection was of John Bunyan's works in separate little volumes. I afterward sold them to enable me to buy R. Burton's *Historical Collections;* they were small chapmen's books, and cheap, forty or fifty in all. My father's little library consisted chiefly of books in polemic divinity, most of which I read, and have since often regretted that, at a time when I had such a thirst for knowledge, more proper books had not fallen in my way, since it was now resolved that I should not be a clergyman. *Plutarch's Lives* there was in which I read abundantly, and I still think that time spent to great advantage. There was also a book of De Foe's, called an *Essay on Projects,* and another of Dr. Mather's, called *Essays to Do Good,* which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life.

This bookish inclination at length determined my father to make me a printer, though he had already one son (James) of that profession. In 1717 my brother James returned from England with a press and letters, to set up his business in Boston. I liked it much better than that of my father, but still had a hankering for the sea. To prevent the apprehended effect of such an inclination, my father was impatient to have me bound to my brother. I stood out some time, but at last was persuaded, and signed the indentures when I was yet but twelve years old. I

[1]Text from the Bigelow edition, courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

was to serve as an apprentice till I was twenty-one years of age, only I was to be allowed journeyman's wages during the last year. In a little time I made great proficiency in the business, and became a useful hand to my brother. I now had access to better books. An acquaintance with the apprentices of booksellers enabled me sometimes to borrow a small one, which I was careful to return soon and clean. Often I sat up in my room reading the greatest part of the night, when the book was borrowed in the evening and to be returned early in the morning, lest it should be missed or wanted.

And after some time an ingenious tradesman, Mr. Matthew Adams, who had a pretty collection of books, and who frequented our printing-house, took notice of me, invited me to his library, and very kindly lent me such books as I chose to read. I now took a fancy to poetry, and made some little pieces; my brother, thinking it might turn to account, encouraged me, and put me on composing occasional ballads. One was called *The Lighthouse Tragedy*, and contained an account of the drowning of Captain Worthilake, with his two daughters; the other was a sailor's song, on the taking of Teach (or Blackbeard), the pirate. They were wretched stuff, in the Grub Street ballad style; and when they were printed he sent me about the town to sell them. The first sold wonderfully, the event being recent, having made a great noise. This flattered my vanity; but my father discouraged me by ridiculing my performances, and telling me verse-makers were generally beggars. So I escaped being a poet, most probably a very bad one; but as prose writing has been of great use to me in the course of my life, and was a principal means of my advancement, I shall tell you how, in such a situation, I acquired what little ability I have in that way.

There was another bookish lad in the town, John Collins by name, with whom I was intimately acquainted. We sometimes disputed, and very fond we were of argument, and very desirous of confuting one another, which disputatious turn, by the way, is apt to become a very bad habit, making people often extremely disagreeable in company by the contradiction that is necessary to bring it into practice; and thence, besides souring and spoiling the conversation, is productive of disgusts and perhaps enmities where you may have occasion for friendship. I had caught it by reading my father's books of dispute about religion. Persons of good sense, I have since observed, seldom fall into it, except lawyers, university men, and men of all sorts that have been bred at Edinburgh.

A question was once, somehow or other, started between Collins and me, of the propriety of educating the female sex in learning, and their abilities for study. He was of the opinion that it was improper, and that they were naturally unequal to it. I took the contrary side, perhaps a little for dispute's sake. He was naturally more eloquent, had a ready plenty of words; and sometimes, as I thought, bore me down more by his fluency than by the strength of his reasons. As we parted without settling the point, and were not to see one another again for some time, I sat down to put my arguments in writing, which I copied fair and sent to him. He answered, and I replied. Three or four letters of a side had passed, when my father happened to find my papers and read them. Without entering into the discussion, he took occasion to talk to me about the manner of my writing; observed that, though I had the advantage of my antagonist in correct spelling and pointing (which I owed to the printing-house), I fell far short in elegance of expression, in method, and in perspicuity, of which he convinced me by several instances. I saw the justice of his remarks, and thence grew more attentive to the manner in writing, and determined to endeavor at improvement.

About this time I met with an odd volume of the *Spectator*. It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent, and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this in view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days, and then, without looking at the book, tried to complete the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my *Spectator* with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recol-

lecting and using them, which I thought I should have acquired before that time if I had gone on making verses; since the continual occasion for words of the same import, but of different length, to suit the measure, or of different sound for the rhyme, would have laid me under a constant necessity of searching for variety, and also have tended to fix that variety in my mind, and make me master of it. Therefore I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotten the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collection of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and complete the paper. This was to teach me method in the arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious. My time for these exercises and for reading was at night, after work, or before it began in the morning, or on Sundays, when I contrived to be in the printing-house alone, evading as much as I could the common attendance on public worship which my father used to exact of me when I was under his care, and which indeed I still thought a duty, though I could not, as it seemed to me, afford time to practice it.

When about sixteen years of age I happened to meet with a book, written by one Tryon, recommending a vegetable diet, I determined to go into it. My brother, being yet unmarried, did not keep house, but boarded himself and his apprentices in another family. My refusing to eat flesh caused an inconveniency, and I was frequently chid for my singularity. I made myself acquainted with Tryon's manner of preparing some of his dishes, such as boiling potatoes or rice, making hasty pudding, and a few others, and then proposed to my brother that if he would give me, weekly, half the money he paid for my board, I would board myself. He instantly agreed to it, and I presently found I could save half what he paid me. This was an additional fund for buying books. But I had another advantage in it. My brother and the rest going from the printing-house to their meals, I remained there alone, and dispatching presently my light repast, which often was no more than a biscuit or a slice of bread, a handful of raisins or a tart from the pastry-cook's, and a glass of water, had the rest of the time till their return for study, in which I made the greater progress, from that greater clearness of head and quicker apprehension which usually attend temperance in eating and drinking.

And now it was that, being on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed in learning when at school, I took Cocker's book of Arithmetic, and went through the whole by myself with great ease. I also read Seller's and Shermy's books of Navigation, and became acquainted with the little geometry they contain; but never proceeded far in that science. And I read about this time Locke *On Human Understanding* and the *Art of Thinking* by Messrs. du Port Royal.

While I was intent on improving my language, I met with an English grammar (I think it was Greenwood's), at the end of which there were two little sketches of the arts of rhetoric and logic, the latter finishing with a specimen of a dispute in the Socratic method; and soon after I procured Xenophon's *Memorable Things of Socrates,* wherein there are many instances of the same method. I was charmed with it, adopted it, dropped my abrupt contradiction and positive argumentation, and put on the humble inquirer and doubter. And being then, from reading Shaftesbury and Collins, become a real doubter in many points of our religious doctrine, I found this method safest for myself and very embarrassing to those against whom I used it; therefore I took a delight in it, practised it continually, and grew very artful and expert in drawing people, even of superior knowledge, into concessions the consequences of which they did not foresee, entangling them in difficulties out of which they could not extricate themselves, and so obtaining victories that neither myself nor my cause always deserved. I continued this method some few years, but gradually left it, retaining only the habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence; never

using, when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words *certainly, undoubtedly,* or any others that give the air of positiveness to an opinion; but rather say, I conceive or apprehend a thing to be so and so; it appears to me, or *I should think it so or so,* for such and such reasons; or *I imagine it to be so;* or *it is so if I am not mistaken.* This habit, I believe, has been of great advantage to me when I have had occasion to inculcate my opinions, and persuade men into measures that I have been from time to time engaged in promoting; and as the chief ends of conversation are to *inform* or to be *informed,* to *please* or to *persuade,* I wish well-meaning, sensible men would not lessen their power of doing good by a positive, assuming manner, that seldom fails to disgust, tends to create opposition, and to defeat every one of those purposes for which speech was given to us, to wit, giving or receiving information or pleasure. For if you would inform, a positive and dogmatical manner in advancing your sentiments may provoke contradiction and prevent a candid attention. If you wish information and improvement from the knowledge of others, and yet at the same time express yourself as firmly fixed in your present opinions, modest, sensible men who do not love disputation will probably leave you undisturbed in the possession of your error. And by such a manner you can seldom hope to recommend yourself in *pleasing* your hearers, or to persuade those whose concurrence you desire. Pope says, judiciously:—

'Men should be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot';

farther recommending to us

'To speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.'

And he might have coupled with this line that which he has coupled with another, I think less properly,

'For want of modesty is want of sense.'

If you ask, Why less properly? I must repeat the lines,—

'Immodest words admit of no defense,
For want of modesty is want of sense.'

Now, is not *want of sense* (where a man is so unfortunate as to want it) some apology for this *want of modesty?* and would not the lines stand more justly thus?

'Immodest words admit *but* this defense,
That want of modesty is want of sense.'

This, however, I should submit to better judgments.

My brother had, in 1720 or 1721, begun to print a newspaper. It was the second that appeared in America, and was called the *New England Courant.* The only one before it was the *Boston News-Letter.* I remember his being dissuaded by some of his friends from the undertaking, as not likely to succeed, one newspaper being, in their judgment, enough for America. At this time (1771) there are not less than five-and-twenty. He went on, however, with the undertaking, and after having worked in composing the types and printing off the sheets, I was employed to carry the papers through the streets to the customers.

He had some ingenious men among his friends, who amused themselves by writing little pieces for this paper, which gained it credit and made it more in demand, and these gentlemen often visited us. Hearing their conversations, and their accounts of the approbation their papers were received with, I was excited to try my hand among them; but being still a boy, and suspecting that my brother would object to printing anything of mine in his paper if he knew it to be mine, I contrived to disguise my hand, and writing an anonymous paper, I put it in at night under the door of the printing-house. It was found in the morning, and communicated to his writing friends when they called in as usual. They read it, commented on it in my hearing, and I had the exquisite pleasure of finding it met with their approbation, and that in their different guesses at the author, none were named but men of some character among us for learning and ingenuity. I suppose now that I was rather lucky in my judges, and that perhaps they were not really so very good ones as I then esteemed them.

Encouraged, however, by this, I wrote and conveyed in the same way to the press several more papers which were equally approved: and I kept my secret till my small fund of sense for such performances

was pretty well exhausted, and then I discovered it, when I began to be considered a little more by my brother's acquaintance, and in a manner that did not quite please him, as he thought, probably with reason, that it tended to make me too vain. And, perhaps, this might be one occasion of the differences that we began to have about this time. Though a brother, he considered himself as my master, and me as his apprentice, and, accordingly, expected the same services from me as he would from another, while I thought he demeaned me too much in some he required of me, who from a brother expected more indulgence. Our disputes were often brought before our father, and I fancy I was either generally in the right, or else a better pleader, because the judgment was generally in my favor. But my brother was passionate, and had often beaten me, which I took extremely amiss; and, thinking my apprenticeship very tedious, I was continually wishing for some opportunity of shortening it, which at length offered in a manner unexpected.

One of the pieces in our newspaper on some political point, which I have now forgotten, gave offense to the Assembly. He was taken up, censured, and imprisoned for a month, by the speaker's warrant, I suppose, because he would not discover his author. I too was taken up and examined before the council; but, though I did not give them any satisfaction, they contented themselves with admonishing me, and dismissed me, considering me, perhaps, as an apprentice, who was bound to keep his master's secrets.

During my brother's confinement, which I resented a good deal, notwithstanding our private differences, I had the management of the paper; and I made bold to give our rulers some rubs in it, which my brother took very kindly, while others began to consider me in an unfavorable light, as a young genius that had a turn for libelling and satire. My brother's discharge was accompanied with an order of the House (a very odd one), that '*James Franklin should no longer print the paper called the New England Courant.*'

There was a consultation held in our printing-house among his friends, what he should do in this case. Some proposed to evade the order by changing the name of the paper; but my brother, seeing inconveniences in that, it was finally concluded on as a better way, to let it be printed for the future under the name of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN; and to avoid the censure of the Assembly, that might fall on him as still printing it by his apprentice, the contrivance was that my old indenture should be returned to me, with a full discharge on the back of it, to be shown on occasion, but to secure to him the benefit of my service, I was to sign new indentures for the remainder of the term, which were to be kept private. A very flimsy scheme it was; however, it was immediately executed, and the paper went on accordingly, under my name for several months.

At length, a fresh difference arising between my brother and me, I took upon me to assert my freedom, presuming that he would not venture to produce the new indentures. It was not fair in me to take this advantage, and this I therefore reckon one of the first errata of my life; but the unfairness of it weighed little with me, when under the impressions of resentment for the blows his passion too often urged him to bestow upon me, though he was otherwise not an ill-natured man: perhaps I was too saucy and provoking.

When he found I would leave him, he took care to prevent my getting employment in any other printing-house of the town, by going round and speaking to every master, who accordingly refused to give me work. I then thought of going to New York, as the nearest place where there was a printer; and I was rather inclined to leave Boston when I reflected that I had already made myself a little obnoxious to the governing party, and from the arbitrary proceedings of the Assembly in my brother's case, it was likely I might, if I stayed, soon bring myself into scrapes; and further, that my indiscreet disputations about religion began to make me pointed at with horror by good people as an infidel or atheist. I determined on the point, but my father now siding with my brother, I was sensible that if I attempted to go openly, means would be used to prevent me. My friend Collins, therefore, undertook to manage a little for me. He agreed with the captain of a New York sloop for my passage, under the notion of my being a young acquaintance of his who had got a naughty

girl with child, whose friends would compel me to marry her, and therefore I could not appear or come away publicly. So I sold some of my books to raise a little money, was taken on board privately, and as we had a fair wind, in three days I found myself in New York, near three hundred miles from home, a boy of but seventeen, without the least recommendation to, or knowledge of, any person in the place, and with very little money in my pocket.

My inclinations for the sea were by this time worn out, or I might now have gratified them. But, having a trade, and supposing myself a pretty good workman, I offered my service to the printer in the place, old Mr. William Bradford, who had been the first printer in Pennsylvania, but removed from thence upon the quarrel of George Keith. He could give me no employment, having little to do, and help enough already; but says he, 'My son at Philadelphia has lately lost his principal hand, Aquila Rose, by death; if you go thither, I believe he may employ you.' Philadelphia was a hundred miles further; I set out, however, in a boat for Amboy, leaving my chest and things to follow me round by sea.

In crossing the bay, we met with a squall that tore our rotten sails to pieces, prevented our getting into the Kill, and drove us upon Long Island. In our way, a drunken Dutchman, who was a passenger too, fell overboard; when he was sinking, I reached through the water to his shock pate, and drew him up, so that we got him in again. His ducking sobered him a little, and he went to sleep, taking first out of his pocket a book, which he desired I would dry for him. It proved to be my old favorite author, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* in Dutch, finely printed on good paper, with copper cuts, a dress better than I had ever seen it wear in its own language. I have since found that it has been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and suppose it has been more generally read than any other book, except perhaps the Bible. Honest John was the first that I know of who mixed narration and dialogue; a method of writing very engaging to the reader, who in the most interesting parts finds himself, as it were, brought into the company and present at the discourse. De Foe in his *Crusoe,* his *Moll Flanders*, *Religious Courtship, Family Instructor,* and other pieces, has imitated it with success, and Richardson has done the same in his *Pamela,* etc.

When we drew near the island, we found it was at a place where there could be no landing, there being a great surf on the stony beach. So we dropped anchor, and swung round towards the shore. Some people came down to the water edge and hallooed to us, as we did to them; but the wind was so high, and the surf so loud, that we could not hear so as to understand each other. There were canoes on the shore, and we made signs, and hallooed that they should fetch us; but they either did not understand us, or thought it impracticable, so they went away, and night coming on, we had no remedy but to wait till the wind should abate; and, in the mean time, the boatman and I concluded to sleep, if we could; and so crowded into the scuttle, with the Dutchman, who was still wet; and the spray beating over the head of our boat, leaked through to us, so that we were soon almost as wet as he. In this manner we lay all night, with very little rest; but the wind abating the next day, we made a shift to reach Amboy before night, having been thirty hours on the water, without victuals, or any drink but a bottle of filthy rum, the water we sailed on being salt.

In the evening I found myself very feverish, and went in to bed; but having read somewhere that cold water drank plentifully was good for a fever, I followed the prescription, sweat plentifully most of the night, my fever left me, and in the morning, crossing the ferry, I proceeded on my journey on foot, having fifty miles to Burlington, where I was told I should find boats that would carry me the rest of the way to Philadelphia.

It rained very hard all the day; I was thoroughly soaked, and by noon a good deal tired; so I stopped at a poor inn, where I stayed all night, beginning now to wish that I had never left home. I cut so miserable a figure, too, that I found, by the questions asked me, I was suspected to be some runaway servant, and in danger of being taken up on that suspicion. However, I proceeded the next day, and got in the evening to an inn, within eight or ten miles of Burlington, kept by one Dr. Brown. He entered into conversation with me while I took some

refreshment, and, finding I had read a little, became very sociable and friendly. Our acquaintance continued as long as he lived. He had been, I imagine, an itinerant doctor, for there was no town in England, or country in Europe, of which he could not give a very particular account. He had some letters, and was ingenious, but much of an unbeliever, and wickedly undertook, some years after, to travesty the Bible in doggerel verse, as Cotton had done Virgil. By this means he set many of the facts in a very ridiculous light, and might have hurt weak minds if his work had been published; but it never was.

At his house I lay that night, and the next morning reached Burlington, but had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone a little before my coming, and no other expected to go before Tuesday, this being Saturday; wherefore I returned to an old woman in the town, of whom I had bought gingerbread to eat on the water, and asked her advice. She invited me to lodge at her house till a passage by water should offer; and being tired with my foot traveling, I accepted the invitation. She, understanding I was a printer, would have had me stay at that town and follow my business, being ignorant of the stock necessary to begin with. She was very hospitable, gave me a dinner of ox-cheek with great good-will, accepting only a pot of ale in return; and I thought myself fixed till Tuesday should come. However, walking in the evening by the side of the river, a boat came by, which I found was going towards Philadelphia, with several people in her. They took me in, and, as there was no wind, we rowed all the way; and about midnight, not having yet seen the city, some of the company were confident we must have passed it, and would row no farther; the others knew not where we were; so we put toward the shore, got into a creek, landed near an old fence, with the rails of which we made a fire, the night being cold, in October, and there we remained till daylight. Then one of the company knew the place to be Cooper's Creek, a little above Philadelphia, which we saw as soon as we got out of the creek, and arrived there about eight or nine o'clock on the Sunday morning, and landed at the Market Street wharf.

I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working-dress, my best clothes being to come round by sea. I was dirty from my journey; my pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no soul nor where to look for lodging. I was fatigued with traveling, rowing, and want of rest, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted of a Dutch dollar, and about a shilling in copper. The latter I gave the people of the boat for my passage, who at first refused it on account of my rowing; but I insisted on their taking it. A man being sometimes more generous when he has but a little money than when he has plenty, perhaps through fear of being thought to have but little.

Then I walked up the street, gazing about, till, near the market-house, I met a boy with bread. I had made many a meal on bread, and, inquiring where he got it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to, in Second Street, and asked for biscuit, intending such as we had in Boston; but they, it seems, were not made in Philadelphia. Then I asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none such. So, not considering or knowing the difference of money, and the greater cheapness nor the names of his bread, I bade him give me three-penny worth of any sort. He gave me, accordingly, three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the quantity, but took it, and, having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market Street as far as Fourth Street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me, and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut Street, and part of Walnut Street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market Street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and, being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking

the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers, near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when one was kind enough to rouse me. This was, therefore, the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia.

Walking down again toward the river, and looking in the faces of people, I met a young Quaker man, whose countenance I liked, and, accosting him, requested he would tell me where a stranger could get lodging. We were then near the sign of the Three Mariners. 'Here,' says he, 'is one place that entertains strangers, but it is not a reputable house; if thee wilt walk with me, I 'll show thee a better.' He brought me to the Crooked Billet in Water Street. Here I got a dinner; and while I was eating it, several sly questions were asked me, as it seemed to be suspected from my youth and appearance that I might be some runaway.

After dinner, my sleepiness returned, and being shown to a bed, I lay down without undressing and slept till six in the evening, was called to supper, went to bed again very early, and slept soundly till next morning. Then I made myself as tidy as I could, and went to Andrew Bradford the printer's. I found in the shop the old man his father, whom I had seen at New York, and who, traveling on horseback, had got to Philadelphia before me. He introduced me to his son, who received me civilly, gave me a breakfast, but told me he did not at present want a hand, being lately supplied with one; but there was another printer in town, lately set up, one Keimer, who, perhaps, might employ me; if not, I should be welcome to lodge at his house and he would give me a little work to do now and then till fuller business should offer.

The old gentleman said he would go with me to the new printer; and when we found him, 'Neighbor,' says Bradford, 'I have brought to see you a young man of your business; perhaps you may want such a one.' He asked me a few questions, put a composing stick in my hand to see how I worked, and then said he would employ me soon, though he had just then nothing for me to do; and taking old Bradford, whom he had never seen before, to be one of the town's people that had a good will for him, entered into a conversation on his present undertaking and prospects; while Bradford, not discovering that he was the other printer's father, on Keimer's saying he expected soon to get the greatest part of the business into his own hands, drew him on by artful questions, and starting little doubts, to explain all his views, what interests he relied on, and in what manner he intended to proceed. I, who stood by and heard all, saw immediately that one of them was a crafty old sophister, and the other a mere novice. Bradford left me with Keimer, who was greatly surprised when I told him who the old man was.

Keimer's printing-house, I found, consisted of an old shattered press, and one small, worn-out font of English, which he was then using himself, composing an Elegy on Aquilla Rose, before mentioned, an ingenious young man of excellent character, much respected in the town, clerk of the Assembly, and a pretty poet. Keimer made verses too, but very indifferently. He could not be said to write them, for his manner was to compose them in the types directly out of his head. So there being no copy, but one pair of cases, and the Elegy likely to require all the letter, no one could help him. I endeavored to put his press (which he had not yet used, and of which he understood nothing) into order fit to be worked with; and promising to come and print off his Elegy as soon as he should have got it ready, I returned to Bradford's, who gave me a little job to do for the present, and there I lodged and dieted. A few days after, Keimer sent for me to print off the Elegy. And now he had got another pair of cases, and a pamphlet to reprint, on which he set me to work.

These two printers I found poorly qualified for their business. Bradford had not been bred to it, and was very illiterate; and Keimer, though something of a scholar, was a mere compositor knowing nothing of presswork. He had been one of the French prophets, and could act their enthusiastic agitations. At this time he did not profess any particular religion, but something of all on occasion; was very ignortant of the world, and had, as I afterward found, a good deal of the knave in his composition. He did not

like my lodging at Bradford's while I worked with him. He had a house indeed, but without furniture, so he could not lodge me; but he got me a lodging at Mr. Read's before mentioned, who was the owner of his house; and my chest and clothes being come by this time, I made rather a more respectable appearance in the eyes of Miss Read than I had done when she first happened to see me eating my roll in the street.

I began now to have some acquaintance among the young people of the town that were lovers of reading, with whom I spent my evenings very pleasantly; and gaining money by my industry and frugality, I lived very agreeably, forgetting Boston as much as I could, and not desiring that any there should know where I resided except my friend Collins, who was in my secret, and kept it when I wrote to him. At length, an incident happened that sent me back again much sooner than I had intended. I had a brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, master of a sloop that traded between Boston and Delaware. He being at Newcastle, forty miles below Philadelphia, heard there of me, and wrote me a letter mentioning the concern of my friends in Boston at my abrupt departure, assuring me of their good-will to me, and that everything would be accommodated to my mind if I would return, to which he exhorted me very earnestly. I wrote an answer to his letter, thanked him for his advice, but stated my reasons for quitting Boston fully and in such a light as to convince him I was not so wrong as he had apprehended.

Sir William Keith, governor of the province, was then at Newcastle, and Captain Holmes, happening to be in company with him when my letter came to hand, spoke to him of me, and showed him the letter. The governor read it, and seemed surprised when he was told my age. He said I appeared a young man of promising parts, and therefore should be encouraged; the printers of Philadelphia were wretched ones; and, if I would set up there, he made no doubt I should succeed; for his part, he would procure me the public business, and do me every other service in his power. This my brother-in-law afterwards told me in Boston, but I knew as yet nothing of it; when, one day, Keimer and I being at work together near the window, we saw the governor and another gentleman (which proved to be Colonel French of Newcastle), finely dressed, come directly across the street to our house, and heard them at the door.

Keimer ran down immediately, thinking it a visit to him; but the governor inquired for me, came up, and with a condescension and politeness I had been quite unused to made me many compliments, desired to be acquainted with me, blamed me kindly for not having made myself known to him when I first came to the place, and would have me away with him to the tavern, where he was going with Colonel French to taste, as he said, some excellent Madeira. I was not a little surprised, and Keimer stared like a pig poisoned. I went, however, with the governor and Colonel French to a tavern, at the corner of Third Street, and over the Madeira he proposed my setting up my business, laid before me the probabilities of success, and both he and Colonel French assured me I should have their interest and influence in procuring the public business of both governments. On my doubting whether my father would assist me in it, Sir William said he would give me a letter to him, in which he would state the advantages, and he did not doubt of prevailing with him. So it was concluded I should return to Boston in the first vessel, with the governor's letter recommending me to my father. In the meantime the intention was to be kept a secret, and I went on working with Keimer as usual, the governor sending for me now and then to dine with him, a very great honor I thought it, and conversing with me in the most affable, familiar, and friendly manner imaginable.

About the end of April, 1724, a little vessel offered for Boston. I took leave of Keimer as going to see my friends. The governor gave me an ample letter, saying many flattering things of me to my father, and strongly recommending the project of my setting up at Philadelphia as a thing that must make my fortune. We struck on a shoal in going down the bay, and sprung a leak; we had a blustering time at sea, and were obliged to pump almost continually, at which I took my turn. We arrived safe, however, at Boston in about a fortnight. I had been absent seven months, and my friends had heard nothing of me; for my brother Holmes was not yet returned and had not

written about me. My unexpected appearance surprised the family; all were, however, very glad to see me, and made me welcome, except my brother. I went to see him at his printing-house. I was better dressed than ever while in his service, having a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and my pockets lined with near five pounds sterling in silver. He received me not very frankly, looked me all over, and turned to his work again.

The journeymen were inquisitive where I had been, what sort of a country it was, and how I liked it. I praised it much, and the happy life I led in it; expressing strongly my intention of returning to it; and one of them asking what kind of money we had there, I produced a handful of silver, and spread it before them, which was a kind of rare show they had not been used to, paper being the money of Boston. Then I took an opportunity of letting them see my watch; and, lastly (my brother still grum and sullen), I gave them a piece of eight to drink, and took my leave. This visit of mine offended him extremely; for, when my mother some time after spoke to him of a reconciliation, and of her wishes to see us on good terms together and that we might live for the future as brothers, he said I had insulted him in such a manner before his people that he could never forget or forgive it. In this, however, he was mistaken.

My father received the governor's letter with some apparent surprise, but said little of it to me for some days, when Captain Holmes returning he showed it to him, asked him if he knew Keith, and what kind of man he was; adding his opinion that he must be of small discretion to think of setting a boy up in business who wanted yet three years of being at man's estate. Holmes said what he could in favor of the project, but my father was clear in the impropriety of it, and at last gave a flat denial to it. Then he wrote a civil letter to Sir William, thanking him for the patronage he had so kindly offered me, but declining to assist me as yet in setting up, I being, in his opinion, too young to be trusted with the management of a business so important, and for which the preparation must be so expensive.

My friend and companion Collins, who was a clerk in the post-office, pleased with the account I gave him of my new country, determined to go thither also; and, while I waited for my father's determination, he set out before me by land to Rhode Island, leaving his books, which were a pretty collection of mathematics and natural philosophy, to come with mine and me to New York, where he proposed to wait for me.

My father, though he did not approve Sir William's proposition, was yet pleased that I had been able to obtain so advantageous a character from a person of such note where I had resided, and that I had been so industrious and careful as to equip myself so handsomely in so short a time; therefore, seeing no prospect of an accommodation between my brother and me, he gave his consent to my returning again to Philadelphia, advised me to behave respectfully to the people there, endeavor to obtain the general esteem, and avoid lampooning and libelling, to which he thought I had too much inclination; telling me, that by steady industry and a prudent parsimony I might save enough by the time I was one-and-twenty to set me up; and that, if I came near the matter, he would help me out with the rest. This was all I could obtain, except some small gifts as tokens of his and my mother's love, when I embarked again for New York, now with their approbation and their blessing.

(1771) (1868)

THE WAY TO WEALTH

Courteous Reader: I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by other learned authors. This pleasure I have seldom enjoyed, for, though I have been, if I may say it without vanity, an eminent author (of almanacs) annually now a full quarter of a century, my brother authors in the same way, for what reason I know not, have ever been very sparing in their applauses and no other author has taken the least notice of me: so that, did not my writings produce me some solid pudding, the great deficiency of praise would have quite discouraged me.

I concluded at length that the people were the best judges of my merit, for they buy my works; and, besides, in my rambles where I am not personally known, I have frequently heard one or other of

my adages repeated with 'As Poor Richard says' at the end on 't; this gave me some satisfaction, as it showed not only that my instructions were regarded, but discovered likewise some respect for my authority; and I own that, to encourage the practice of remembering and repeating those wise sentences, I have sometimes *quoted myself* with great gravity.

Judge then how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at a vendue of merchant goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times, and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man with white locks, 'Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?' Father Abraham stood up and replied, 'If you'd have my advice, I'll give it to you in short; for A word to the wise is enough, and Many words won't fill a bushel, as Poor Richard says.' They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

'Friends,' says he, 'and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; God helps them that help themselves, as Poor Richard says in his almanac of 1733.

'It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments or amusements, that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright, as Poor Richard says. But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that The sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that There will be sleeping enough in the grave, as Poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as Poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality; since, as he elsewhere tells us, Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us, then, up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry, all things easy, as poor Richard says; and, He that riseth late must trot all day and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him, as we read in Poor Richard, who adds, Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and, Early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

'So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. Industry need not wish, as Poor Richard says, and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands; or if I have, they are smartly taxed. And as Poor Richard likewise observes, He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath an office of profit and honor; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling well followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for, as Poor Richard says, At the workingman's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter; for Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them, says Poor Richard. — What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy; Diligence is the mother of good luck, as Poor Richard says, and God gives all things to Industry. Then plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep, says Poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day, or you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow, which makes Poor Richard say, One to-day is worth two to-morrows; and

farther, Have you somewhat to do to-morrow, do it to-day. If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, as Poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your gracious King be up by peep of day. Let not the sun look down and say, Inglorious here he lies. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that The cat in gloves catches no mice, as Poor Richard says. 'Tis true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will be great effects; for, Constant dropping wears away stones; and, By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and Little strokes fell great oaks, as Poor Richard says in his almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.

'Methinks I hear some of you say, Must a man afford himself no leisure? I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour. Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that, as Poor Richard says, A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor? No, for as Poor Richard says, Trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toil from needless ease, Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock. Whereas industry gives comfort and plenty and respect. Fly pleasures and they'll follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow everybody bids me good morrow. All which is well said by Poor Richard.

'But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says:

I never saw an oft-removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

And again, Three removes is as bad as a fire; and again, Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee; and again, If you would have your business done, go; if not, send. And again,

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

And again, The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands; and again, Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge; and again, Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open. Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for, as the *Almanac* says, In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it. But a man's own care is profitable; for saith Poor Dick, Learning is to the studious, and riches to the careful, as well as power to the bold, and heaven to the virtuous. And, farther, If you would have a faithful servant and one that you like, serve yourself. And again, he adviseth to circumspection and care, even in the smallest matters, because sometimes, A little neglect may breed great mischief; adding, For want of a nail the shoe was lost, for want of a shoe the horse was lost, and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of care about a horseshoe nail.

'So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will, as Poor Richard says; and

Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be wealthy, says he, in another *Almanac*, Think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

'Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for, as Poor Dick says,

Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small, and the wants great.

And farther, What maintains one vice would bring up two children. You may think, perhaps, that a *little* tea or a *little* punch now and then, diet a *little* more costly, clothes a *little* finer, and a *little* entertainment now and then, can be no *great* matter: but remember what Poor Richard says, Many a little makes a mickle; and farther, Beware of little expenses; A small leak will sink a great ship; and again, Who dainties love shall beggars prove; and moreover, Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.

'Here you are all got together at this vendue of fineries and knick knacks. You call them goods; but, if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but, if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says; Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries. And again, At a great pennyworth pause awhile. He means that perhaps the cheapness is *apparent* only, and not *real;* or, the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths. Again, Poor Richard says, 'Tis foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance; and yet this folly is practised every day at vendues for want of minding the *Almanac.* Wise men, as Poor Dick says, learn by others' harms, fools scarcely by their own; but *Felix quem facirent aliena pericula cautum.* Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back have gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved their families. Silks and satins, scarlet and velvets, as Poor Richard says, put out the kitchen fire.

'These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them. The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and as Poor Dick says, For one poor person there are an hundred indigent. By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formery despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that, A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees, as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them which they knew not the getting of; they think, 'Tis day and will never be night; that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; a child and a fool, as Poor Richard says, imagine twenty shilling and twenty years can never be spent, but, Always take out of the meal tub and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom; then as Poor Dick says, When the well 's dry they know the worth of water. But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing; and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again. Poor Dick farther advises and says:

Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

And again, Pride is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, 'Tis easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it. And 'tis as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

Great estates may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

'Tis, however, a folly soon punished; for, Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt, as Poor Richard says. And in another place, Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy. And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

What is a butterfly? At best
He 's but a caterpillar dressed.
The gaudy fop 's his picture just.

as Poor Richard says.

'But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered by the terms of this vendue six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we

cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah, think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for, as Poor Richard says, The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt. And again to the same purpose, Lying rides upon debt's back; whereas a freeborn Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. 'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright, as Poor Richard truly says.

'What would you think of that prince, or that government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or a gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you are free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress. Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in jail for life, or to sell you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment! But, Creditors, Poor Richard tells us, have better memories than debtors; and in another place says, Creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times. The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as shoulders. Those have a short Lent, saith Poor Richard, who owe money to be paid at Easter. Then, since as he says, The borrower is slave to the lender, and the debtor to the creditor, disdain the chain, preserve your freedom; and maintain your independency; be industrious and free; be frugal and free. At present, perhaps you may think yourself in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but

For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day,

as Poor Richard says. Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and, 'Tis easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel, as Poor Richard says. So Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.

Get what you can, and what you get, hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold,

as Poor Richard says. And when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

'This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember Job suffered, and was afterward prosperous.

'And now, to conclude, Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for, it is true, We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct, as Poor Richard says. However, remember this: They that won't be counseled can't be helped, as Poor Richard says; and farther that, If you will not hear Reason, she 'll surely rap your knuckles.'

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it, and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the vendue opened and they began to buy extravagantly notwithstanding his cautions, and their own fear of taxes. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of five-and-twenty years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else; but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own

which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and, though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

(1758) (1758)

AN ADDED CHAPTER TO THE BOOK OF GENESIS

1. And it came to pass after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun.

2. And behold a man, bowed with age, coming from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff.

3. And Abraham arose, and met him, and said unto him, Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night, and thou shalt arise early in the morning and go on thy way.

4. But the man said, Nay, for I will abide under this tree.

5. And Abraham pressed him greatly; so he turned and they went into the tent; and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat.

6. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, creator of heaven and earth?

7. And the man answered and said, I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a God, which abideth alway in mine house, and provideth me with all things.

8. And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth with blows into the wilderness.

9. And at midnight God called unto Abraham, saying, Abraham, where is the stranger?

10. And Abraham answered and said, Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name, therefore have I driven him out from before my face, into the wilderness.

11. And God said, Have I not borne with him these hundred ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me: and couldst not thou, that art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?

12. And Abraham said, Let not the anger of my Lord wax hot against his servant; lo, I have sinned; forgive me, I pray thee.

13. And he arose, and went forth into the wilderness, and sought diligently for the man, and found him;

14. And returned with him to his tent; and when he had entreated him kindly, he sent him away in the morning with gifts.

15. And God spake again unto Abraham, saying, For this thy sin shall thy seed be afflicted four hundred years in a strange land.

16. But for thy repentance will I deliver them; and they shall come forth with power, and with gladness of heart, and with much substance.

(Summer of 1763)

GEORGE WASHINGTON (1732–1799)

Though George Washington cannot be rated as a man of letters in the sense that Irving or Longfellow were men of letters, yet his 'literary remains,' as collected by Jared Sparks, fill twelve volumes. Like Lincoln and like Grant, he wrote with distinction and with compelling power because he had something vital to say. There is a stately eighteenth century ring to his prose, even to the most trivial of it. All that he wrote was deeply serious and it is worthy in every way of the Great Man whom all generations in America will know as the Father of his Country. The Farewell Address is one of the classics that should be a part of the early education of every American.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

FRIENDS AND FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person, who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those, out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation, which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in withdrawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which your suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclination to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire. I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives, which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement, from which I had been reluctantly drawn. The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.

I rejoice, that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty, or propriety; and am persuaded, whatever partiality may be retained for my services, that, in the present circumstances of our country, you will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions, with which I first undertook the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of the trust, I will only say, that I have, with good intentions, contributed towards the organization and administration of the government the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not, unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, perhaps still more in the eyes of others, has strengthened the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome. Satisfied, that, if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the

consolation to believe, that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it.

In looking forward to the moment, which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude, which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation, which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger, natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a People. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of Government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad; of your safety; of your prosperity; of that very Liberty, which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee, that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion, that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political

principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels, and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those, which apply more immediately to your interest. Here, every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole.

The *North,* in an unrestrained intercourse with the *South,* protected by the equal laws of a common government, finds, in the productions of the latter, great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise and precious materials of manufacturing industry. The *South,* in the same intercourse, benefiting by the agency of the *North,* sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning party into its own channels the seamen of the *North,* it finds its particular navigation invigorated; and, while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength, to which itself is unequally adapted. The *East,* in a like intercourse with the *West,* already finds, and in the progressive improvement of interior communications by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home. The *West* derives from the *East* supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and, what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the *secure* enjoyment of indispensable *outlets* for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest as *one nation.* Any other tenure by which the *West* can hold this essential advantage, whether derived from its own separate strength, or from an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign power, must be intrinsically precarious.

While, then, every part of our country thus feels an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the parts combined cannot fail to find in the united mass of means and efforts greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign nations; and, what is of inestimable value, they must derive from Union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which so frequently afflict neighboring countries not tied together by the same governments, which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce, but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments, and intrigues would stimulate and embitter. Hence, likewise, they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown military establishments, which, under any form of government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which are to be regarded as particularly hostile to Republican Liberty. In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to every reflecting and virtuous mind, and exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of Patriotic desire. Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it. To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal. We are authorized to hope, that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. It is well worth a fair and full experiment. With such powerful and obvious motives to Union, affecting all parts of our country, while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be reason to distrust the patriotism of those, who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands.

In contemplating the causes, which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by *Geographical* discriminations, *Northern* and *Southern, Atlantic* and *Western;* whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief, that there is a real difference of local interests and views. One of the expedients of party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts. You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and

heart-burnings, which spring from these misrepresentations; they tend to render alien to each other those, who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection. The inhabitants of our western country have lately had a useful lesson on this head; they have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the MISSISSIPPI; they have been witnesses to the formation of two treaties, that with Great Britain, and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire, in respect to our foreign relations, towards confirming their prosperity. Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the UNION by which they were procured? Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their brethren, and connect them with aliens?

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions, which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an intimate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns. This Government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government. But the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish Government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of the Laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force; to put, in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of a party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community; and according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common counsels, and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above descriptions may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people, and to usurp for themselves the reins of government; destroying afterwards the very engines, which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Towards the preservation of your government, and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular oppositions to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care the spirit of innovation upon its principles, however specious the pretexts. One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the constitution, alterations, which will impair the energy of the system, and thus to undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments, as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the

credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion; and remember, especially, that, for the efficient management of your common interests, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name, where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprise of faction, to confine each member of the society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

I have already intimated to you the danger of parties in the state, with particular reference to the founding of them on geographical discriminations. Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the spirit of party, generally.

This spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from our nature, having its root in the strongest passions of the human mind. It exists under different shapes in all governments, more or less stifled, controlled, or repressed; but, in those of the popular form, it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge, natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism. But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism. The disorders and miseries which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an individual; and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

It serves always to distract the Public Councils, and enfeeble the Public Administration. It agitates the Community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms; kindles the animosity of one party against another, foments occasionally riot and insurrection. It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access to the government itself through the channels of party passions. Thus the policy and the will of one country are subjected to the policy and will of another.

There is an opinion, that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of Liberty. This within certain limits is probably true; and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And, there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume.

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution, in those intrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, whatever the form of government, a real despotism. A just estimate of that love of power, and proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position. The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the Guardian of the Public Weal against invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our own eyes. To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them. If, in the opin-

ion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way, which the constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits, which lead to political prosperity, Religion and Morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens. The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in Courts of Justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect, that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.

It is substantially true, that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is, to use it as sparingly as possible; avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it; avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of peace to discharge the debts, which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen, which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should coöperate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be Revenue; that to have Revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised, which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant, that the intrinsic embarrassment, inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties), ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining revenue, which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and Morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be, that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great Nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt, that, in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it? Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its Virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential, than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular Nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated. The Nation, which indulges towards another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a

slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed, and bloody contests. The Nation, prompted by ill-will and resentment, sometimes impels to war the Government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the national propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times, it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes perhaps the liberty, of Nations has been the victim.

So likewise, a passionate attachment of one Nation for another produces a variety of evils. Sympathy for the favorite Nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest, in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite Nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the Nation making the concessions; by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained; and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate, in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld. And it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favorite nation), facility to betray or sacrifice the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity; gilding, with the appearances of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base of foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent Patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the Public Councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence (I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens), the jealousy of a free people ought to be *constantly* awake; since history and experience prove, that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation, and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little *political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality, we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us

provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectable defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity, and interest. But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand; neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences; consulting the natural course of things; diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing; establishing, with powers so disposed, in order to give trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants, and to enable the government to support them, conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit, but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate; constantly keeping in view, that it is folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character; that, by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors, and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon real favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion, which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course, which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

How far in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by the principles which have been delineated, the public records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to you and to the world. To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relating to the still subsisting war in Europe, my Proclamation of the 22d of April, 1793, is the index of my Plan. Sanctioned by your approving voice, and by that of your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me, uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination, with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest to take, a neutral position. Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance and firmness.

The considerations, which respect the right to hold this conduct, it is not necessary on this occasion to detail. I will only observe, that, according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the Belligerent Powers, has been virtually admitted by all.

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more.

from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on every nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of peace and amity towards other nations.

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct will best be referred to your own reflections and experience. With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavor to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanely speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconscious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall also carry with me the hope, that m Country will never cease to view the with indulgence; and that, after forty-fiv years of my life dedicated to its servic with an upright zeal, the faults of incon petent abilities will be consigned to ob livion, as myself must soon be to the mar sions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as i other things, and actuated by that ferver love towards it, which is so natural to man, who views in it the native soil o himself and his progenitors for severa generations; I anticipate with pleasing ex pectation that retreat, in which I promis myself to realize, without alloy, the swee enjoyment of partaking, in the midst o my fellow-citizens, the benign influence o good laws under a free government, th ever favorite object of my heart, and th happy reward, as I trust, of our mutua cares, labors, and dangers.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

United States, September 17th, 1796.

PHILIP FRENEAU (1752–1832)

Freneau was of Huguenot descent. His grandfather, André Fresneau, a refugee from France, had landed in New York in 1707 and had established himself as an importer of wines. His business capacity was inherited by his son, and it was into a home of wealth and refinement that the grandson, Philip Freneau, was born in January, 1752. The boy was reared among books. His father, a lover of the arts, surrounded his children with refining influences. The future poet was carefully fitted for college by a tutor and at the age of sixteen was matriculated in the sophomore class at Princeton, graduating three years later with James Madison, H. H. Brackenridge and others who were destined to become known.

The Freneau family now lost its wealth save for an estate in New Jersey, a plantation to which the poet retired at intervals during the rest of his life. It was from here that he sent forth his early pamphlets satirizing the British at the opening of the war. During the years 1775 to 1778 he was in the West Indies in a business capacity and while there he wrote his distinctive poem 'The House of Night.' On his second trip to the islands in 1779 he was captured by the British and confined for several months on a prison ship in New York harbor. Discharged at length on account of his physical condition, he retired to New Jersey and wrote his well-known long poem 'The British Prison Ship' which he issued in 1779.

Recovered from his illness, he secured a position in the Philadelphia post office and gave all his leisure time to the writing of poetry, the most of which appeared in *The Freeman's Journal*. Later he became captain of a coasting vessel. After his marriage in 1790 he became editor successively of the New York *Daily Advertiser*, the Philadelphia *National Gazette*, the *Jersey Chronicle*, and the New York *Time-Piece and Literary Companion*, to all of which he contributed many poems. During the last twenty-five years of his life he was a farmer on his estate in New Jersey, though at times he made voyages to the Azores and to other ports. He died from exposure during a winter storm in 1832.

Freneau made collections of his poems in 1786, 1788, 1795, 1809, and 1815. For the edition of 1795 he set the type with his own hands and did the presswork on his own press. The most complete account of his life and work is in Pattee's Edition of the *Poems of Philip Freneau*, 1902.

THE RISING GLORY OF AMERICA

. . . . . .

But come, Leander, since we know the past
And present glory of this empire wide,
What hinders to pervade with searching eye
The mystic scenes of dark futurity?
Say, shall we ask what empires yet must rise,
What kingdoms, pow'rs and states where now are seen
But dreary wastes and awful solitude,
Where melancholy sits with eye forlorn
And hopes the day when Britain's sons shall spread
Dominion to the north and south and west
Far from th' Atlantic to Pacific shores?
A glorious theme, but how shall mortals dare
To pierce the mysteries of future days,
And scenes unravel only known to fate.

ACASTO

This might we do if warm'd by that bright coal
Snatch'd from the altar of seraphic fire,
Which touch'd Isaiah's lips, or if the spirit
Of Jeremy and Amos, prophets old,
Should fire the breast; but yet I call the muse
And what we can will do. I see. I see
A thousand kingdoms rais'd, cities and men,
Num'rous as sand upon the ocean shore;
Th' Ohio then shall glide by many a town
Of note: and where the Mississippi stream
By forests shaded now runs weeping on,
Nations shall grow and states not less in fame
Than Greece and Rome of old: we too shall boast
Our Alexanders, Pompeys, heroes, kings
That in the womb of time yet dormant lie
Waiting the joyful hour for life and light.

O snatch us hence, ye muses! to those days
When, through the veil of dark antiquity,
Our sons shall hear of us as things remote,
That blossom'd in the morn of days, alas!
How could I weep that we were born so soon,
In the beginning of more happy times!
But yet perhaps our fame shall last unhurt.
The sons of science nobly scorn to die;
Immortal virtue this denies, the muse
Forbids the men to slumber in the grave
Who well deserve the praise that virtue gives.

EUGENIO

'Tis true no human eye can penetrate
The veil obscure, and in fair light disclos'd
Behold the scenes of dark futurity;
Yet if we reason from the course of things,
And downward trace the vestiges of time,
The mind prophetic grows and pierces far
Thro' ages yet unborn. We saw the states
And mighty empires of the East arise
In swift succession from the Assyrian
To Macedon and Rome; to Britain thence
Dominion drove her car, she stretch'd her reign
O'er many isles, wide seas, and peopled lands.
Now in the west a continent appears;
A newer world now opens to her view,
She hastens onward to th' Americ shores
And bids a scene of recent wonders rise.
New states, new empires and a line of kings,
High rais'd in glory, cities, palaces,
Fair domes on each long bay, sea, shore or stream,
Circling the hills now rear their lofty heads.
Far in the Arctic skies a Petersburgh,
A Bergen, or Archangel lifts its spires
Glitt'ring with Ice, far in the West appears
A new Palmyra or an Ecbatan
And sees the slow pac'd caravan return
O'er many a realm from the Pacific shore,
Where fleets shall then convey rich Persia's silks,
Arabia's perfumes, and spices rare
Of Philippine, Cœlebe and Marian Isles,
Or from the Acapulco coast our India then,
Laden with pearl and burning gems and gold.
Far in the south I see a Babylon,
As once by Tigris or Euphrates stream,
With blazing watch tow'rs and observatories
Rising to heav'n; from thence astronomers
With optic glass take nobler views of God
In golden suns and shining worlds display'd
Than the poor Chaldean with the naked eye.
A Nineveh where Oronoque descends
With waves discolor'd from the Andes high,
Winding himself around a hundred isles
Where golden buildings glitter o'er his tide.
To mighty nations shall the people grow
Which cultivate the banks of many a flood,
In crystal currents poured from the hills
Apalachia nam'd, to lave the sands
Of Carolina, Georgia, and the plains
Stretch'd out from thence far to the burning Line,
St. Johns or Clarendon or Albermarle.
And thou Patowmack, navigable stream,
Rolling thy waters thro' Virginia's groves,
Shall vie with Thames, the Tiber or the Rhine,
For on thy banks I see a hundred towns
And the tall vessels wafted down thy tide.
Hoarse Niagara's stream now roaring on
Thro' woods and rocks and broken mountains torn,
In days remote far from their ancient beds,
By some great monarch taught a better course,
Or cleared of cataracts shall flow beneath
Unnumber'd boats and merchandize and men;
And from the coasts of piny Labradore,
A thousand navies crowd before the gale,
And spread their commerce to remotest lands,
Or bear their thunder round the conquered world.

LEANDER

And here fair freedom shall forever reign.
I see a train, a glorious train appear,
Of Patriots plac'd in equal fame with those
Who nobly fell for Athens or for Rome.
The sons of Boston, resolute and brave,
The firm supporters of our injur'd rights,
Shall lose their splendors in the brighter beams
Of patriots fam'd and heroes yet unborn.

ACASTO

'Tis but the morning of the world with us
And Science yet but sheds her orient rays.
I see the age, the happy age, roll on
Bright with the splendors of her mid-day beams,
I see a Homer and a Milton rise
In all the pomp and majesty of song,
Which gives immortal vigor to the deeds
Achiev'd by Heroes in the fields of fame.
A second Pope, like that Arabian bird
Of which no age can boast but one, may yet
Awake the muse by Schuylkill's silent stream,

And bid new forests bloom along her tide.
And Susquehanna's rocky stream unsung,
In bright meanders winding round the hills,
Where first the mountain nymph, sweet echo, heard
The uncouth musick of my rural lay,
Shall yet remurmur to the magic sound
Of song heroic, when in future days
Some noble Hambden rises into fame.

LEANDER

Or Roanoke's and James's limpid waves
The sound of musick murmurs in the gale;
Another Denham celebrates their flow,
In gliding numbers and harmonious lays.

EUGENIO

Now in the bow'rs of Tuscororah hills,
As once on Pindus all the muses stray,
New Theban bards high soaring reach the skies
And swim along thro' azure deeps of air.

LEANDER

From Alleghany in thick groves imbrown'd,
Sweet music breathing thro' the shades of night
Steals on my ear, they sing the origin
Of those fair lights which gild the firmament;
From whence the gale that murmurs in the pines;
Why flows the stream down from the mountains brow
And rolls the ocean lower than the land.
They sing the final destiny of things,
The great result of all our labors here,
The last day's glory, and the world renew'd.
Such are their themes, for in these happier days
The bard enraptur'd scorns ignoble strains,
Fair science smiling and full truth revealed,
The world at peace, and all her tumults o'er,
The blissful prelude to Emanuel's reign.

EUGENIO

And when a train of rolling years are past,
(So sang the exil'd seer in Patmos isle,)
A new Jerusalem sent down from heav'n
Shall grace our happy earth, perhaps this land,
Whose virgin bosom shall then receive, tho' late,
Myriads of saints with their almighty king,
To live and reign on earth a thousand years
Thence call'd Millennium. Paradise anew
Shall flourish, by no second Adam lost.
No dang'rous tree or deathful fruit shall grow,
No tempting serpent to allure the soul,
From native innocence; a Canaan here
Another Canaan shall excel the old,
And from fairer Pisgah's top be seen.
No thistle here or briar or thorn shall spring,
Earth's curse before: the lion and the lamb
In mutual friendship link'd shall browse the shrub,
And tim'rous deer with rabid tygers stray
O'er mead or lofty hill or grassy plain.
Another Jordan's stream shall glide along
And Siloah's brook in circling eddies flow,
Groves shall adorn their verdant banks, on which
The happy people free from second death
Shall find secure repose; no fierce disease,
No fevers, slow consumption, direful plague
Death's ancient ministers, again renew
Perpetual war with man: Fair fruits shall bloom
Fair to the eye, sweet to the taste, if such
Divine inhabitants could need the taste
Of elemental food, amid the joys
Fit for a heav'nly nature. Music's charms
Shall swell the lofty soul and harmony
Triumphant reign; thro' ev'ry grove shall sound
The cymbal and the lyre, joys too divine
For fallen man to know. Such days the world
And such, America, thou first shall have
When ages yet to come have run their round
And future years of bliss alone remain.

ACASTO

This is thy praise, America, thy pow'r,
Thou best of climes, by science visited,
By freedom blest and richly stor'd with all
The luxuries of life. Hail, happy land,
The seat of empire, the abode of kings,
The final stage where time shall introduce
Renowned characters, and glorious works
Of high invention and of wond'rous art
Which not the ravages of time shall waste
Till he himself has run his long career;
Till all those glorious orbs of light on high,
The rolling wonders that surround the ball,
Drop from their spheres extinguish'd and consum'd;
When final ruin with her fiery car
Rides o'er creation, and all nature's works
Are lost in chaos and the womb of night.

(1771) (1772)

THE NORTHERN SOLDIER

Ours not to sleep in shady bowers,
When frosts are chilling all the plain,
And nights are cold and long the hours
To check the ardor of the swain,
Who parting from his cheerful fire
All comforts doth forego,
And here and there
And everywhere
Pursues the prowling foe.

But we must sleep in frost and snows,
No season shuts up our campaign;
Hard as the oaks, we dare oppose
The autumn's or the winter's reign.
Alike to us the winds that blow
In summer's season gay,
Or those that rave
On Hudson's wave
And drift his ice away.

For Liberty, celestial maid,
With joy all hardships we endure.
In her blest smiles we are repaid,
In her protection are secure.
Then rise superior to the foe,
Ye freeborn souls of fire;
Respect these arms,
'Tis freedom warms,
To noble deeds aspire.

Winter and death may change the scene,
The cold may freeze, the ball may kill,
And dire misfortunes intervene;
But freedom shall be potent still
To drive these Britons from our shore,
Who, cruel and unkind,
With slavish chain
Attempt in vain
Our freeborn limbs to bind.

The Poems of Philip Freneau,
(1775) 1786.

THE HOUSE OF NIGHT; OR, SIX HOURS LODGING WITH DEATH

I

Trembling I write my dream, and recollect
A fearful vision at the midnight hour;
So late, Death o'er me spread his sable wings,
Painted with fancies of malignant power!
. . . . . .

6

By some sad means, when Reason holds no sway,
Lonely I rov'd at midnight o'er a plain
Where murmuring streams and mingling rivers flow
Far to their springs, or seek the sea again.

7

Sweet vernal May! tho' then thy woods in bloom
Flourish'd, yet nought of this could Fancy see,
No wild pinks bless'd the meads, no green the fields,
And naked seem'd to stand each lifeless tree:

8

Dark was the sky, and not one friendly star
Shone from the zenith or horizon, clear,
Mist sate upon the woods, and darkness rode
In her black chariot, with a wild career.

9

And from the woods the late resounding note
Issued of the loquacious Whip-poor-will,
Hoarse, howling dogs, and nightly roving wolves
Clamor'd from far off cliffs invisible.

10

Rude, from the wide extended Chesapeke
I heard the winds the dashing waves assail,
And saw from far, by picturing fancy form'd,
The black ship traveling through the noisy gale.

11

At last, by chance and guardian fancy led,
I reach'd a noble dome, rais'd fair and high,
And saw the light from upper windows flame,
Presage of mirth and hospitality.

12

And by that light around the dome appear'd
A mournful garden of autumnal hue,
Its lately pleasing flowers all drooping stood
Amidst high weeds that in rank plenty grew.

13

The Primrose there, the violet darkly blue,
Daisies and fair Narcissus ceas'd to rise,
Gay spotted pinks their charming bloom withdrew,
And Polyanthus quench'd its thousand dyes.

14

No pleasant fruit or blossom gaily smil'd,
Nought but unhappy plants or trees were seen,

The yew, the myrtle, and the church-yard elm,
The cypress, with its melancholy green.

15

There cedars dark, the osier, and the pine,
Shorn tamarisks, and weeping willows grew,
The poplar tall, the lotos, and the lime,
And pyracantha did her leaves renew.

16

The poppy there, companion to repose,
Display'd her blossoms that began to fall,
And here the purple amaranthus rose
With mint strong-scented, for the funeral.

17

And here and there with laurel shrubs between
A tombstone lay, inscrib'd with strains of woe,
And stanzas sad, throughout the dismal green,
Lamented for the dead that slept below.

18

Peace to this awful dome! — when strait I heard
The voice of men in a secluded room,
Much did they talk of death, and much of life,
Of coffins, shrouds, and horrors of a tomb.

. . . . . .

23

Then up three winding stairs my feet were brought
To a high chamber, hung with mourning sad,
The unsnuff'd candles glar'd with visage dim,
'Midst grief, in ecstasy of woe run mad.

24

A wide leaf'd table stood on either side,
Well fraught with phials, half their liquids spent,
And from a couch, behind the curtain's veil,
I heard a hollow voice of loud lament.

25

Turning to view the object whence it came,
My frighted eyes a horrid form survey'd;
Fancy, I own thy power — Death on the couch,
With fleshless limbs, at rueful length, was laid.

26

And o'er his head flew jealousies and cares,
Ghosts, imps, and half the black Tartarian crew,
Arch-angels damn'd, nor was their Prince remote,
Borne on the vaporous wings of Stygian dew.

27

Around his bed, by the dull flambeaux' glare,
I saw pale phantoms — Rage to madness vext,
Wan, wasting grief, and ever musing care,
Distressful pain, and poverty perplext.

28

Sad was his countenance, if we can call
That countenance, where only bones were seen
And eyes sunk in their sockets, dark and low,
And teeth, that only show'd themselves to grin.

29

Reft was his scull of hair, and no fresh bloom
Of cheerful mirth sate on his visage hoar:
Sometimes he rais'd his head, while deep-drawn groans
Were mixt with words that did his fate deplore.

30

Oft did he wish to see the daylight spring,
And often toward the window lean'd to hear,
Fore-runner of the scarlet-mantled morn,
The early note of wakeful Chanticleer.

31

Thus he — But at my hand a portly youth
Of comely countenance, began to tell,
'That this was Death upon his dying bed,
'Sullen, morose, and peevish to be well;

32

'Fixt is his doom — the miscreant reigns no more
'The tyrant of the dying or the dead;
'This night concludes his all-consuming reign,
'Pour out, ye heav'ns, your vengeance on his head.

33

'But since, my friend (said he), chance leads you here,
'With me this night upon the sick attend,

'You on this bed of death must watch, and I
'Will not be distant from the fretful fiend.'

. . . . . .

46

So said, at Death's left side I sate me down,
The mourning youth toward his right reclin'd;
Death in the middle lay, with all his groans,
And much he toss'd and tumbled, sigh'd and pin'd.

47

But now this man of hell toward me turn'd,
And strait, in hideous tone, began to speak;
Long held he sage discourse, but I forbore
To answer him, much less his news to seek.

48

He talk'd of tomb-stones and of monuments,
Of equinoctial climes and India shores,
He talk'd of stars that shed their influence,
Fevers and plagues, and all their noxious stores.

49

He mention'd, too, the guileful *calenture,*
Tempting the sailor on the deep sea main
That paints gay groves upon the ocean floor,
Beckoning her victim to the faithless scene.

50

Much spoke he of the myrtle and the yew,
Of ghosts that nightly walk the church-yard o'er,
Of storms that through the wint'ry ocean blow
And dash the well-mann'd galley to the shore.

. . . . . .

103

Scarce had he spoke, when on the lofty dome
Rush'd from the clouds a hoarse resounding blast—
Round the four eaves so loud and sad it play'd
As though all music were to breathe its last.

104

Warm was the gale, and such as travelers say
Sport with the winds on Zaara's barren waste;
Black was the sky, a mourning carpet spread,
Its azure blotted, and its stars o'ercast!

105

Lights in the air like burning stars were hurl'd,
Dogs how'd, heaven mutter'd, and the tempest blew,
The red half-moon peeped from behind a cloud
As if in dread the amazing scene to view.

106

The mournful trees that in the garden stood
Bent to the tempest as it rush'd along,
The elm, the myrtle, and the cypress sad
More melancholy tun'd its bellowing song.

107

No more that elm its noble branches spread,
The yew, the cypress, or the myrtle tree,
Rent from the roots the tempest tore them down,
And all the grove in wild confusion lay.

108

Yet, mindful of his dread command, I part
Glad from the magic dome—nor found relief;
Damps from the dead hung heavier round my heart,
While sad remembrance rous'd her stores of grief.

109

O'er a dark field I held my dubious way
Where Jack-a-lanthorn walk'd his lonely round,
Beneath my feet substantial darkness lay,
And screams were heard from the distemper'd ground.

110

Nor look'd I back, till to a far off wood,
Trembling with fear, my weary feet had sped—
Dark was the night, but at the inchanted dome
I saw the infernal windows flaming red.

111

And from within the howls of Death I heard,
Cursing the dismal night that gave him birth,
Damning his ancient sire, and mother sin,
Who at the gates of hell, accursed, brought him forth.

112

[For fancy gave to my enraptur'd soul
An eagle's eye, with keenest glance to see,

And bade those distant sounds distinctly roll,
Which, waking, never had affected me.]

113

Oft his pale breast with cruel hand he smote,
And tearing from his limbs a winding sheet,
Roar'd to the black skies, while the woods around,
As wicked as himself, his words repeat.

114

Thrice tow'rd the skies his meagre arms he rear'd,
Invok'd all hell, and thunders on his head,
Bid light'nings fly, earth yawn, and tempests roar,
And the sea wrap him in its oozy bed.

115

My life for one cool draught! — O, fetch your springs,
Can one unfeeling to my woes be found!
'No friendly visage comes to my relief,
'But ghosts impend, and spectres hover round.

116

'Though humbled now, dishearten'd and distrest,
'Yet, when admitted to the peaceful ground,
'With heroes, kings, and conquerors I shall rest,
'Shall sleep as safely, and perhaps as sound.'

117

Dim burnt the lamp, and now the phantom Death
Gave his last groans in horror and despair —
'All hell demands me hence,'— he said, and threw
The red lamp hissing through the midnight air.

118

Trembling, across the plain my course I held,
And found the grave-yard, loitering through the gloom,
And, in the midst, a hell-red, wandering light,
Walking in fiery circles round the tomb.

119

Among the graves a spiry building stood,
Whose tolling bell, resounding through the shade,
Sung doleful ditties to the adjacent wood,
And many a dismal drowsy thing it said.

120

This fabric tall, with towers and chancels grac'd,
Was rais'd by sinners' hands, in ages fled;
The roof they painted, and the beams they brac'd,
And texts from scripture o'er the walls they spread:

121

But wicked were their hearts, for they refus'd
To aid the helpless orphan, when distrest,
The shivering, naked stranger they misus'd,
And banish'd from their doors the starving guest.

122

By laws protected, cruel and profane,
The poor man's ox these monsters drove away; —
And left Distress to attend her infant train,
No friend to comfort, and no bread to stay.

123

But heaven look'd on with keen, resentful eye,
And doom'd them to perdition and the grave,
That as they felt not for the wretch distrest,
So heaven no pity on their souls would have.

124

In pride they rais'd this building tall and fair,
Their hearts were on perpetual mischief bent,
With pride they preach'd, and pride was in their prayer,
With pride they were deceiv'd, and so to hell they went.

125

At distance far approaching to the tomb,
By lamps and lanthorns guided through the shade,
A coal-black chariot hurried through the gloom,
Spectres attending, in black weeds array'd.

126

Whose woeful forms yet chill my soul with dread,
Each wore a vest in Stygian chambers wove,
Death's kindred all — Death's horses they bestrode,
And gallop'd fiercely, as the chariot drove.

127

Each horrid face a grizly mask conceal'd,
Their busy eyes shot terror to my soul
As now and then, by the pale lanthorn's glare,
I saw them for their parted friend condole.

128

Before the hearse Death's chaplain seem'd to go,
Who strove to comfort, what he could, the dead;
Talk'd much of Satan, and the land of woe,
And many a chapter from the scriptures read.

129

At last he rais'd the swelling anthem high,
In dismal numbers seem'd he to complain;
The captive tribes that by Euphrates wept,
Their song was jovial to this dreary strain.

130

That done, they plac'd the carcase in the tomb,
To dust and dull oblivion now resign'd,
Then turn'd the chariot tow'rd the House of Night,
Which soon flew off, and left no trace behind.

131

But as I stoop'd to write the appointed verse,
Swifter than thought the airy scene decay'd;
Blushing the morn arose, and from the east
With her gay streams of light dispell'd the shade,

132

What is this Death, ye deep read sophists, say? —
Death is no more than one unceasing change;
New forms arise, while other forms decay,
Yet all is Life throughout creation's range.

133

The towering Alps, the haughty Apennine,
The Andes, wrapt in everlasting snow,
The Apalachian and the Ararat
Sooner or later must to ruin go.

134

Hills sink to plains, and man returns to dust,
That dust supports a reptile or a flower;
Each changeful atom by some other nurs'd
Takes some new form, to perish in an hour.

135

Too nearly join'd to sickness, toils, and pains,
(Perhaps for former crimes imprison'd here)
True to itself the immortal soul remains,
And seeks new mansions in the starry sphere.

136

When Nature bids thee from the world retire,
With joy thy lodging leave, a fated guest;
In Paradise, the land of thy desire,
Existing always, always to be blest.

United States Magazine,
(1779) August, 1779.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS

Under General Greene, in South Carolina, who fell in the action of September 8, 1781.

At Eutaw Springs the valiant died;
Their limbs with dust are covered o'er —
Weep on, ye springs, your tearful tide;
How many heroes are no more!

If in this wreck of ruin, they
Can yet be thought to claim a tear,
O smite your gentle breast, and say
The friends of freedom slumber here!

Thou, who shalt trace this bloody plain,
If goodness rules thy generous breast,
Sigh for the wasted rural reign;
Sigh for the shepherds, sunk to rest!

Stranger, their humble graves adorn;
You too may fall, and ask a tear;
'Tis not the beauty of the morn
That proves the evening shall be clear.—

They saw their injured country's woe;
The flaming town, the wasted field;
Then rushed to meet the insulting foe;
They took the spear — but left the shield.

Led by thy conquering genius, Greene,
The Britons they compelled to fly;
None distant viewed the fatal plain,
None grieved, in such a cause to die —

But, like the Parthian, famed of old,
Who, flying, still their arrows threw,
These routed Britons, full as bold,
Retreated, and retreating slew.

Now rest in peace, our patriot band;
Though far from nature's limits thrown,
We trust they find a happier land,
A brighter sunshine of their own.
The Freeman's Journal, No-
(1781) vember 21, 1781.

ARNOLD'S DEPARTURE

Mala soluta navis exit alite
Ferens olentem Mævium, &c.
Imitated from Horace.

With evil omens from the harbor sails
The ill-fated ship that worthless ARNOLD bears,
God of the southern winds, call up thy gales,
And whistle in rude fury round his ears.

With horrid waves insult his vessel's sides,
And may the east wind on a leeward shore
Her cables snap, while she in tumult rides,
And shatter into shivers every oar.

And let the north wind to her ruin haste,
With such a rage, as when from mountains high
He rends the tall oak with his weighty blast,
And ruin spreads where'er his forces fly.

May not one friendly star that night be seen;
No Moon, attendant, dart one glimmering ray,
Nor may she ride on oceans more serene
Than Greece, triumphant, found that stormy day,

When angry Pallas spent her rage no more
On vanquish'd Ilium, then in ashes laid,
But turn'd it on the barque that Ajax bore,
Avenging thus her temple, and the maid.

When toss'd upon the vast Atlantic main
Your groaning ship the southern gales shall tear,
How will your sailors sweat, and you complain
And meanly howl to Jove, that will not hear!

But if, at last, upon some winding shore
A prey to hungry cormorants you lie,
A wanton goat to every stormy power,
And a fat lamb, in sacrifice, shall die.
Freeman's Journal,
(1781) 1782.

THE HURRICANE

Happy the man who, safe on shore,
Now trims, at home, his evening fire;
Unmov'd, he hears the tempests roar,
That on the tufted groves expire:
Alas! on us they doubly fall,
Our feeble barque must bear them all.

Now to their haunts the birds retreat,
The squirrel seeks his hollow tree,
Wolves in their shaded caverns meet,
All, all are blest but wretched we—
Foredoomed a stranger to repose,
No rest the unsettled ocean knows.

While o'er the dark abyss we roam,
Perhaps, with last departing gleam,
We saw the sun descend in gloom,
No more to see his morning beam;
But buried low, by far too deep,
On coral beds, unpitied, sleep!

But what a strange, uncoasted strand
Is that, where fate permits no day—
No charts have we to mark that land,
No compass to direct that way—
What Pilot shall explore that realm,
What new Columbus take the helm!

While death and darkness both surround,
And tempests rage with lawless power,
Of friendship's voice I hear no sound,
No comfort in this dreadful hour—
What friendship can in tempests be,
What comfort on this raging sea?

The barque, accustomed to obey,
No more the trembling pilots guide:
Alone she gropes her trackless way,
While mountains burst on either side—
Thus, skill and science both must fall;
And ruin is the lot of all.
The Freeman's Journal,
(1784) April 13, 1785.

THE WILD HONEY SUCKLE

Fair flower, that dost so comely grow,
Hid in this silent, dull retreat,
Untouched thy honied blossoms blow,
Unseen thy little branches greet:
No roving feet shall crush thee here,
No busy hand provoke a tear.

By Nature's self in white arrayed,
She bade thee shun the vulgar eye,
And planted here the guardian shade,
And sent soft waters murmuring by;
Thus quietly thy summer goes,
Thy days declining to repose.

Smit with those charms, that must decay,
I grieve to see your future doom;
They died — nor were those flowers more gay,
The flowers that did in Eden bloom;
Unpitying frosts, and Autumn's power
Shall leave no vestige of this flower.

From morning suns and evening dews
At first thy little being came:
If nothing once, you nothing lose,
For when you die you are the same;
The space between, is but an hour,
The frail duration of a flower.

The Freeman's Journal, August 2, 1786.
(1786)

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

In spite of all the learned have said,
I still my old opinion keep;
The posture, that we give the dead,
Points out the soul's eternal sleep.

Not so the ancients of these lands —
The Indian, when from life released,
Again is seated with his friends,
And shares again the joyous feast.

His imaged birds, and painted bowl,
And venison, for a journey dressed,
Bespeak the nature of the soul,
Activity, that knows no rest.

His bow, for action ready bent,
And arrows, with a head of stone,
Can only mean that life is spent,
And not the old ideas gone.

Thou, stranger, that shall come this way,
No fraud upon the dead commit —
Observe the swelling turf, and say
They do not lie, but here they sit.

Here still a lofty rock remains,
On which the curious eye may trace
(Now wasted, half, by wearing rains)
The fancies of a ruder race.

Here still an aged elm aspires,
Beneath whose far-projecting shade
(And which the shepherd still admires)
The children of the forest played!

There oft a restless Indian queen
(Pale Shebah, with her braided hair)
And many a barbarous form is seen
To chide the man that lingers there.

By midnight moons, o'er moistening dews;
In habit for the chase arrayed,
The hunter still the deer pursues,
The hunter and the deer, a shade!

And long shall timorous fancy see
The painted chief, and pointed spear,
And Reason's self shall bow the knee
To shadows and delusions here.

From *Miscellaneous Works,* 1788.

TO CYNTHIA

Through Monmouth's groves, a wandering stream
That still its wonted music keeps,
Inspires no more my evening dream,
Where Cynthia, in retirement, sleeps.

Sweet murmuring stream! how blest art thou
To kiss the bank where she resides,
Where Nature decks the beechen bough
That trembles o'er your shallow tides.

The cypress-tree on Hermit's height,
Where Love his soft addresses paid
By Luna's pale reflected light —
No longer charms me to its shade!

To me, alas! so far removed,
What raptures, once, that scenery gave,
Ere wandering yet from all I loved,
I sought a deeper, drearier wave.

Your absent charms my thoughts employ:
I sigh to think how sweet you sung,
And half adore the painted toy
That near my careless heart you hung.

Now, fettered fast in icy fields,
In vain we loose the sleeping sail;
The frozen wave no longer yields,
And useless blows the favoring gale.

Yet, still in hopes of vernal showers,
And breezes, moist with morning dew,
I pass the lingering, lazy hours,
Reflecting on the spring — and you.

The Freeman's Journal, Jan. 29, 1789.
1789)

ODE

God save the Rights of Man!
Give us a heart to scan
Blessings so dear;
Let them be spread around
Wherever man is found,
And with the welcome sound
Ravish his ear.

Let us with France agree,
And bid the world be free,
While tyrants fall!
Let the rude savage host
Of their vast numbers boast—
Freedom's almighty trust
Laughs at them all!

Though hosts of slaves conspire
To quench fair Gallia's fire,
Still shall they fail:
Though traitors round her rise,
Leagu'd with her enemies,
To war each patriot flies,
And will prevail.

No more is valor's flame
Devoted to a name,
Taught to adore—
Soldiers of Liberty
Disdain to bow the knee,
But teach Equality
To every shore.

The world at last will join
To aid thy grand design,
Dear Liberty!
To Russia's frozen lands
The generous flame expands:
On Afric's burning sands
Shall man be free!

In this our western world
Be Freedom's flag unfurl'd
Through all its shores!
May no destructive blast
Our heaven of joy o'ercast,
May Freedom's fabric last
While time endures.

If e'er her cause require!—
Should tyrants e'er aspire
To aim their stroke,
May no proud despot daunt—
Should he his standard plant,
Freedom will never want
Her heart of oak!

(1793?) From *Poems*, 1795.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY

Of the Storming of the Bastille, at Paris, July 14th, 1789

The chiefs that bow to Capet's reign,
In mourning, now, their weeds display;
But we, that scorn a monarch's chain,
Combine to celebrate the day
To Freedom's birth that put the seal,
And laid in dust the proud Bastille.

To Gallia's rich and splendid crown,
This mighty Day gave such a blow
As Time's recording hand shall own
No former age had power to do:
No single gem some Brutus stole,
But instant ruin seiz'd the whole.

Now Tyrant's rise, once more to bind
In royal chains a nation freed—
Vain hope! for they, to death consign'd,
Shall soon, like perjur'd Louis, bleed:
O'er every king, o'er every queen
Fate hangs the sword, and guillotine.

'Plung'd in a gulf of deep distress
France turns her back—(so traitors say)
Kings, priests, and nobles, round her press,
Resolv'd to seize their destin'd prey:
Thus Europe swears (in arms combin'd)
To Poland's doom is France consign'd.'

Yet those, who now are thought so low
From conquests that were basely gain'd,
Shall rise tremendous from the blow
And free Two Worlds, that still are chain'd,
Restrict the Briton to his isle,
And Freedom plant in every soil.

Ye sons of this degenerate clime,
Haste, arm the barque, expand the sail;
Assist to speed that golden time
When Freedom rules, and monarchs fail;
All left to France—new powers may join,
And help to crush the cause divine.

Ah! while I write, dear France Allied,
My ardent wish I scarce restrain,
To throw these Sybil leaves aside,
And fly to join you on the main:
Unfurl the topsail for the chace
And help to crush the tyrant race!

(1793) *National Gazette*, July 17, 1793.

THE REPUBLICAN GENIUS OF EUROPE

Emperors and kings! in vain you strive
  Your torments to conceal—
The age is come that shakes your thrones,
Tramples in dust despotic crowns,
  And bids the sceptre fail.

In western worlds the flame began:
  From thence to France it flew—
Through Europe, now, it takes its way,
Beams an insufferable day,
  And lays all tyrants low.

Genius of France! pursue the chace
  Till Reason's laws restore
Man to be Man, in every clime;—
That Being, active, great, sublime
  Debas'd in dust no more.

In dreadful pomp he takes his way
  O'er ruin'd crowns, demolish'd thrones—
    Pale tyrants shrink before his blaze—
Round him terrific lightnings play—
  With eyes of fire, he looks them through,
  Crushes the vile despotic crew,
    And Pride in ruin lays.

The Jersey Chronicle, May 23, (1795) 1795.

ON A HONEY BEE

Drinking from a Glass of Wine and Drowned Therein

Thou, born to sip the lake or spring,
Or quaff the waters of the stream,
Why hither come on vagrant wing?—
Does Bacchus tempting seem—
Did he, for you, this glass prepare?—
Will I admit you to a share?

Did storms harass or foes perplex,
Did wasps or king-birds bring dismay—
Did wars distress, or labors vex,
Or did you miss your way?—
A better seat you could not take
Than on the margin of this lake.

Welcome!—I hail you to my glass:
All welcome, here, you find;
Here let the cloud of trouble pass,
Here, be all care resigned.—
This fluid never fails to please,
And drown the griefs of men or bees.

What forced you here, we cannot know,
And you will scarcely tell—
But cheery we would have you go
And bid a glad farewell:
On lighter wings we bid you fly,
Your dart will now all foes defy.

Yet take not, oh! too deep a drink,
And in this ocean die;
Here bigger bees than you might sink,
Even bees full six feet high.
Like Pharaoh, then, you would be said
To perish in a sea of red.

Do as you please, your will is mine;
Enjoy it without fear—
And your grave will be this glass of wine
Your epitaph—a tear—
Go, take your seat in Charon's boat,
We'll tell the hive, you died afloat.

From *Poems*, 1809.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT (1752–1817)

For a generation Timothy Dwight was the representative New Englander just as Cotton Mather had been at an earlier day and Jonathan Edwards had been a century later. Scholar, theologian, preacher, college president, dominating personality, poet,—in every way he was what Dr. Holmes later was to call a leader of the New England 'Brahmin caste.' He was born at Northampton, Massachusetts, a town associated with the name of Edwards, and his mother was a daughter of that great divine. No child was ever more precocious: he was reading Latin at six, and he could have entered Yale at eight, but was held back until he was thirteen. At seventeen he was graduated with distinction and at nineteen he entered upon a six years' tutorship in the college. In 1771, the year of Freneau's *Rising Glory of America*, he began upon a ponderous epic in Heroic couplets, *The Conquest of Canaan*, founded upon the wars of Joshua. It was three years before he completed it and it was not until 1785 that it appeared in print to be reviewed in extenso by the poet Cowper. In 1777 he resigned as tutor to enter the continental army as a chaplain. During the year that he was with the troops he wrote the resonant, though somewhat overornate, lyric 'Columbia,' which must be classed as his best poetic effort. His *Greenfield Hill*, much admired in its day, a poem designed, in its author's words, 'to imitate the manner of several British Poets,' appeared in 1794.

In 1795 Dwight accepted the presidency of Yale, a position which he filled with distinction during the rest of his life. Among theologians he is known for his *Theology Explained and Defended*, five volumes of doctrinal sermons preached before his students. One other book, *Travels in New England and New York*, a record of leisurely journeys during vacation periods, was published after his death. Had the author dared to forget himself and to descend from the stately eminence of his eighteenth century self-consciousness the book might have become a classic. As it is, it is seldom opened by modern readers. An illuminating treatment of Dwight may be found in Moses Coit Tyler's *Three Men of Letters*, 1895.

COLUMBIA

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and child of the skies!
Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time,
Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
Let the crimes of the east ne'er crimson thy name,
Be freedom, and science, and virtue, thy fame.

To conquest, and slaughter, let Europe aspire:
Whelm nations in blood, and wrap cities in fire:
Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
A world is thy realm: for a world be thy laws,
Enlarg'd as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
On Freedom's broad basis, that empire shall rise,
Extend with the main, and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star.
New bards, and new sages, unrival'd shall soar
To fame unextinguish'd when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue design'd,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to heaven, with transports shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And Genius and Beauty in harmony blend;

The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire;
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refin'd,
And Virtue's bright image instamp'd on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe.

Thy fleets to all regions thy pow'r shall display,
The nations admire, and the oceans obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded, thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow;
While the ensigns of union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd —
The gloom from the face of fair heav'n retir'd;
The winds ceas'd to murmur; the thunders expir'd;
Perfumes, as of Eden, flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
'Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies.'

(1777)

PSALM CXXXVII

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church, our blest Redeemer sav'd
With his own precious blood.

I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

If e'er to bless thy sons
My voice, or hands, deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
'Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Savior and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories, earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

(1800)

ROYALL TYLER (1757–1826)

Almost exactly contemporary with the typical early poet of the Middle States, Philip Freneau, was another fluent newspaper versifier and satirist, Royall Tyler, a native of Boston as Freneau was of New York, and a graduate of Harvard as Freneau was of Princeton. One may not, however, press the parallel far. Tyler was a New Englander to the core: he had studied law with John Adams, he had served in the Revolutionary army as aide-de-camp to General Lincoln, and finally he had settled in New Hampshire and then in Vermont as a lawyer and finally as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the latter state, easing ever the toils of his profession with his ready pen.

His writings, which have never been collected, include among others a series of satirical poems and political squibs signed Colon and Spondee, a series of sprightly papers entitled *An Author's Evenings*, 1801, a romance of adventure, *The Algerine Captive*, 1797, and at least three comedies which were acted in New York and other places: *The Contrast*, *May Day, or New York in an Uproar*, 1787, and *The Georgia Spec, or Land in the Moon*, 1798. The first of these was written while in New York in 1787 while the author was in the city on business connected with the suppression of Shays' Rebellion and was acted at the John's Street Theater on April 16, of the same year.

Tyler's chief claim to literary recognition is based upon the fact that his *Contrast* is the first native comedy and the second native play,— Thomas Godfrey's *Prince of Parthia* being the first, — to be produced on the American stage by a professional company. The play itself, however, unlike Godfrey's, still merits attention: its 'Prologue' is the first American literary declaration of independence, and moreover, at least one of the characters in the comedy is alive, a genuine American product, the pioneer Yankee in a procession that has extended to our own day.

THE CONTRAST, A COMEDY

Prologue

Written by a Young Gentleman of New York, and Spoken by Mr. Wignell

Exult each patriot heart! — this night is shown
A piece, which we may fairly call our own;
Where the proud titles of 'My Lord! Your Grace!'
To humble Mr. and plain Sir give place.
Our Author pictures not from foreign climes
The fashions, or the follies of the times;
But has confin'd the subject of his work
To the gay scenes — the circles of New York.
On native themes his Muse displays her pow'rs;
If ours the faults, the virtues too are ours.
Why should our thoughts to distant countries roam,
When each refinement may be found at home?
Who travels now to ape the rich or great,
To deck an equipage and roll in state;
To court the graces, or to dance with ease,
Or by hypocrisy to strive to please?
Our free-born ancestors such arts despis'd;
Genuine sincerity alone they priz'd;
Their minds, with honest emulation fir'd,
To solid good — not ornament — aspir'd;
Or, if ambition rous'd a bolder flame,
Stern virtue throve, where indolence was shame.

But modern youths, with imitative sense,
Deem taste in dress the proof of excellence;
And spurn the meanness of your homespun arts,
Since homespun habits would obscure their parts;
Whilst all, which aims at splendor and parade,
Must come from Europe, and be ready made.
Strange! we should thus our native worth disclaim,
And check the progress of our rising fame.
Yet one, whilst imitation bears the sway,
Aspires to nobler heights, and points the way,
Be rous'd, my friends! his bold example view;
Let your own Bards be proud to copy you!
Should rigid critics reprobate our play,
At least the patriotic heart will say,
'Glorious our fall, since in a noble cause.

'The bold attempt alone demands applause.
Still may the wisdom of the Comic Muse
Exalt your merits, or your faults accuse.
But think not, 'tis her aim to be severe;—
We all are mortals, and as mortals err.
If candor pleases, we are truly blest;
Vice trembles, when compell'd to stand confess'd.
Let not light Censure on your faults, offend,
Which aims not to expose them, but amend.
Thus does our Author to your candor trust;
Conscious, the free are generous, as just.

ACT SECOND

Scene 2. *The Mall*

(*Enter* Jessamy)

Positively this Mall is a very pretty place. I hope the city won't ruin it by repairs. To be sure, it won't do to speak of in the same day with Ranelagh or Vauxhall; however, it 's a fine place for a young fellow to display his person to advantage. Indeed, nothing is lost here; the girls have taste, and I am very happy to find they have adopted the elegant London fashion of looking back, after a genteel fellow like me has passed them. Ah! who comes here? This, by his awkwardness, must be the Yankee colonel's servant. I 'll accost him.

(*Enter* Jonathan)

Votre très — humble serviteur, Monsieur. I understand Colonel Manly, the Yankee officer, has the honor of your services.

Jonathan. Sir! —

Jessamy. I say, Sir, I understand that Colonel Manly has the honor of having you for a servant.

Jonathan. Servant! Sir, do you take me for a neger,— I am Colonel Manly's waiter.

Jessamy. A true Yankee distinction, egad, without a difference. Why, Sir, do you not perform all the offices of a servant? Do you not even blacken his boots?

Jonathan. Yes; I do grease them a bit sometimes, but I am a true blue son of liberty, for all that. Father said I should come as Colonel Manly's waiter to see the world, and all that; but no man shall master me: my father has as good a farm as the colonel.

Jessamy. Well, Sir, we will not quarrel about terms upon the eve of an acquaintance, from which I promise myself so much satisfaction,— therefore sans ceremonie —

Jonathan. What? —

Jessamy. I say, I am extremely happy to see Colonel Manly's waiter.

Jonathan. Well, and I vow, too, I am pretty considerably glad to see you — but what the dogs need of all this outlandish lingo? Who may you be, Sir, if I may be so bold?

Jessamy. I have the honor to be Mr. Dimple's servant, or, if you please, waiter. We lodge under the same roof, and should be glad of the honor of your acquaintance.

Jonathan. You a waiter! By the living jingo, you look so topping, I took you for one of the agents to Congress.

Jessamy. The brute has discernment notwithstanding his appearance.— Give me leave to say I wonder then at your familiarity.

Jonathan. Why, as to the matter of that, Mr. —— pray, what 's your name?

Jessamy. Jessamy, at your service.

Jonathan. Why, I swear we don't make any great matter of distinction in our state, between quality and other folks.

Jessamy. This is, indeed, a levelling principle. I hope, Mr. Jonathan, you have not taken part with the insurgents.

Jonathan. Why, since General Shays has sneaked off, and given us the bag to hold, I don't care to give my opinion; but you 'll promise not to tell — put your ear this way — you won't tell? — I vow, I did think the sturgeons were right.

Jessamy. I thought, Mr. Jonathan, you Massachusetts men always argued with a gun in your hand.— Why did n't you join them?

Jonathan. Why, the colonel is one of those folks called the Shin-shin — dang it all, I can't speak them lignum vitae words — you know who I mean — there is a company of them — they wear a China goose at their button hole — a kind of gilt thing.— Now the colonel told father and brother,— you must know there are, let me see — there is Elnathan, Silas, and Barnabas, Tabitha, — no, no, she 's a she — tarnation, now

I have it — there's Elnathan, Silas, Barnabas, Jonathan, that 's I — seven of us, six went to the wars, and I staid at home to take care of mother. Colonel said that it was a burning shame for the true-blue Bunker-hill sons of liberty, who had fought Governor Hutchinson, Lord North, and the Devil, to have any hand in kicking up a cursed dust against a government, which we had every mother's son of us a hand in making.

JESSAMY. Bravo! — Well, have you been abroad in the city since your arrival? What have you seen that is curious and entertaining?

JONATHAN. Oh! I have seen a power of fine sights. I went to see two marble-stone men and a leaden horse, that stands out in doors in all weathers; and when I came where they was, one had got no head, and t'other wer 'nt there. They said as how the leaden man was a damn'd tory, and that he took wit in his anger and rode off in the time of the troubles. . . .

JESSAMY. We have a number of elegant fine girls here, that make a man's leisure hours pass very agreeably. I would esteem it an honour to announce you to some of them. — Gad! that announce is a select word; I wonder where I picked it up.

JONATHAN. I don't want to know them.

JESSAMY. Come, come, my dear friend. I see that I must assume the honour of being the director of your amusements. Nature has given us passions, and youth and opportunity stimulate to gratify them. It is no shame, my dear Blueskin, for a man to amuse himself with a little gallantry.

JONATHAN. Girl huntry! I don't altogether understand. I never played at that game. I know how to play hunt the squirrel, but I can't play anything with the girls; I am as good as married.

JESSAMY. Vulgar, horrid brute! Married, and above a hundred miles from his wife, and think that an objection to his making love to every woman he meets! He never can have read, no, he never can have been in a room with a volume of the divine Chesterfield.— So you are married?

JONATHAN. No, I don't say so; I said I was as good as married, a kind of promise.

JESSAMY. As good as married! —

JONATHAN. Why, yes; there 's Tabitha Wymen, the deacon's daughter, at home, she and I have been courting a great while, and folks say as how we are to be married; and so I broke a piece of money with her when we parted, and she promised not to spark it with Solomon Dyer while I am gone. You would n:t have me false to my true love, would you?

JESSAMY. May be you have another reason for constancy; possibly the young lady has a fortune? Ha! Mr. Jonathan, the solid charms; the chains of love are never so binding as when the links are made of gold.

JONATHAN. Why, as to fortune, I must needs say her father is pretty dumb rich; he went representative for our town last year. He will give her — let me see — four times seven is — seven times four — nought and carry one; — he will give her twenty acres of land — somewhat rocky though — a bible, and a cow.

JESSAMY. Twenty acres of rock, a bible, and a cow! Why, my dear Mr. Jonathan, we have servant maids, or, as you would more elegantly express it, wait-'resses, in this city, who collect more in one year from their mistresses' cast clothes.

JONATHAN. You don't say so! —

JESSAMY. Yes, and I 'll introduce you to one of them. There is a little lump of flesh and delicacy that lives at next door, wait'ress to Miss Maria; we often see her on the stoop.

JONATHAN. But are you sure she would be courted by me?

JESSAMY. Never doubt it; remember a faint heart never — blisters of my tongue — I was going to be guilty of a vile proverb; flat against the authority of Chesterfield.— I say there can be no doubt, that the brilliancy of your merit will secure you a favourable reception.

JONATHAN. Well, but what must I say to her?

JESSAMY. Say to her! why, my dear friend, though I admire your profound knowledge on every other subject, yet, you will pardon my saying, that your want of opportunity has made the female heart escape the poignancy of your penetration. Say to her! — Why, when a man goes a-courting, and hopes

for success, he must begin with doing, and not saying.

JONATHAN. Well, what must I do?

JESSAMY. Why, when you are introduced you must make five or six elegant bows.

JONATHAN. Six elegant bows! I understand that; six, you say? Well —

JESSAMY. Then you must press and kiss her hand; then press and kiss, and so on to her lips and cheeks; then talk as much as you can about hearts, darts, flames, nectar and ambrosia — the more incoherent the better.

JONATHAN. Well, but suppose she should be angry with I?

JESSAMY. Why, if she should pretend — please to observe, Mr. Jonathan — if she should pretend to be offended, you must — But I 'll tell you how my master acted in such a case: He was seated by a young lady of eighteen upon a sopha, plucking with a wanton hand the blooming sweets of youth and beauty. When the lady thought it necessary to check his ardour, she called up a frown upon her lovely face, so irresistibly alluring, that it would have warmed the frozen bosom of age: remember, said she, putting her delicate arm upon his, remember your character. My master instantly dropped upon his knees; with eyes swimming with love, cheeks glowing, and in the gentlest modulation of voice, he said — My dear Caroline, in a few months our hands will be indissolubly united at the altar; our hearts I feel are already so. . . .

JONATHAN. Well, if I follow all your plans, make them six bows, and all that, shall I —

JESSAMY. What are you musing upon?

JONATHAN. You say you 'll certainly make me acquainted? — Why, I was thinking then how I should contrive to pass this broken piece of silver — won't it buy a sugar-dram?

JESSAMY. What is that, the love-token from the deacon's daughter? — You come on bravely. But I must hasten to my master. Adieu, my dear friend.

JONATHAN. Stay, Mr. Jessamy — must I buss her when I am introduced to her?

JESSAMY. I told you, you must kiss her.

JONATHAN. Well, but must I buss her?

JESSAMY. Why, kiss and buss, and buss and kiss, is all one.

JONATHAN. Oh! my dear friend, though you have a profound knowledge of all, a pugnancy of tribulation, you don't know everything. (*Exit.*)

JESSAMY. (*Alone.*) Well, certainly I improve; my master could not have insinuated himself with more address into the heart of a man he despised.— Now will this blundering dog sicken Jenny with nauseous pawings, until she flies into my arms for very ease. How sweet will the contrast be, between the blundering Jonathan, and the courtly and accomplished Jessamy!

ACT THIRD

SCENE I. DIMPLE'S *Room*

DIMPLE. Jessamy, who are these strange lodgers that came to the house last night?

JESSAMY. Why, the master is a Yankee colonel; I have not seen much of him; but the man is the most unpolished animal your honour ever disgraced your eyes by looking upon. I have had one of the most *outré* conversations with him! — He really has a most prodigious effect upon my risibility.

DIMPLE. I ought, according to every rule of Chesterfield, to wait on him and insinuate myself into his good graces.— Jessamy, wait on the colonel with my compliments, and if he is disengaged, I will do myself the honour of paying him my respects.— Some ignorant unpolished boor —

(*Jessamy goes off and returns.*)

JESSAMY. Sir, the colonel is gone out, and Jonathan, his servant, says that he is gone to stretch his legs upon the Mall — Stretch his legs! what an indelicacy of diction!

DIMPLE. Very well. Reach me my hat and sword. I 'll accost him there, in my way to Letitia's, as by accident; pretend to be struck with his person and address, and endeavour to steal into his confidence. Jessamy, I have no business for you at present. (*Exit.*)

JESSAMY. (*Taking up the book.*) My master and I obtain our knowledge from the same source; — though, gad! I think myself much the prettier fellow of the two. (*Surveying himself in the glass.*) That was a brilliant thought, to insinuate that I folded my master's letters for him; the folding is so neat,

that it does honour to the operator. I once intended to have insinuated that I wrote his letters too; but that was before I saw them; it won't do now; no honour there, positively.—'Nothing looks more vulgar (*reading affectedly*), ordinary, and illiberal, than ugly, uneven, and ragged nails; the ends of which should be kept even and clean, not tipped with black, and cut in small segments of circles.'— Segments of circles! surely my lord did not consider that he wrote for the beaux. Segments of circles! what a crabbed term! Now I dare answer, that my master, with all his learning, does not know that this means, according to the present mode, to let the nails grow long, and then cut them off even at the top. (*Laughing without.*) Ha! that's Jenny's titter. I protest I despair of ever teaching that girl to laugh; she has something so execrably natural in her laugh, that I declare it absolutely discomposes my nerves. How came she into our house! —(*Calls.*) Jenny!

(*Enter* JENNY)

JESSAMY. Prythee, Jenny, don't spoil your fine face with laughing.

JENNY. Why, must n't I laugh, Mr. Jessamy?

JESSAMY. You may smile; but, as my lord says, nothing can authorize a laugh.

JENNY. Well, but I can't help laughing — Have you seen him, Mr. Jessamy? Ha, ha, ha!

JESSAMY. Seen whom? —

JENNY. Why, Jonathan, the New-England colonel's servant. Do you know he was at the play last night, and the stupid creature don't know where he has been. He would not go to a play for the world; he thinks it was a show, as he calls it.

JESSAMY. As ignorant and unpolished as he is, do you know, Miss Jenny, that I propose to introduce him to the honour of your acquaintance.

JENNY. Introduce him to me! For what?

JESSAMY. Why, my lovely girl, that you may take him under your protection, as Madam Rambouilliet did young Stanhope; that you may, by your plastic hand, mould this uncouth cub into a gentleman. He is to make love to you.

JENNY. Make love to me! —

JESSAMY. Yes, Mistress Jenny, make love to you; and, I doubt not, when he shall become domesticated in your kitchen, that this boor, under your auspices, will soon become *un amiable petit Jonathan.*

JENNY. I must say, Mr. Jessamy, if he copies after me, he will be vastly monstrously polite.

JESSAMY. Stay here one moment, and I will call him.— Jonathan! — Mr. Jonathan! — (*Calls.*)

JONATHAN. (*Within.*) Holla! there.— (*Enters.*) You promise to stand by me — six bows you say. (*Bows.*)

JESSAMY. Mrs. Jenny, I have the honour of presenting Mr. Jonathan, Colonel Manly's waiter, to you. I am extremely happy that I have it in my power to make two worthy people acquainted with each other's merit.

JENNY. So, Mr. Jonathan, I hear you were at the play last night.

JONATHAN. At the play! why, did you think I went to the devil's drawing-room!

JENNY. The devil's drawing-room!

JONATHAN. Yes; why an't cards and dice the devil's device; and the play-house the shop where the devil hangs out the vanities of the world, upon the tenter-hooks of temptation. I believe you have not heard how they were acting the old boy one night, and the wicked one came among them sure enough; and went right off in a storm, and carried one quarter of the play-house with him. Oh! no, no, no! you won't catch me at a play-house, I warrant you.

JENNY. Well, Mr. Jonathan, though I don't scruple your veracity, I have some reasons for believing you were there; pray, where were you about six o'clock?

JONATHAN. Why, I went to see one Mr. Morrison, the *hocus pocus* man; they said as how he could eat a café knife.

JENNY. Well, and how did you find the place?

JONATHAN. As I was going about here and there, to and again, to find it, I saw a great crowd of folks going into a long entry, that had lantherns over the door; so I asked a man, whether that was not the place where they played *hocus pocus?* He was a very civil kind man, though he did speak like the Hessians; he lifted up his eyes and said —'they play *hocus pocus* tricks enough there, Got knows, mine friend.'

JENNY. Well —

JONATHAN. So I went right in, and they showed me away clean up to the garret, just like a meeting-house gallery. And so I saw a power of topping folks, all sitting round in little cabbins, 'just like father's corn-cribs'; — and then there was such a squeaking with the fiddles, and such a tarnal blaze with the lights, my head was near turned. At last the people that sat near me set up such a hissing — hiss — like so many mad cats; and then they went thump, thump, thump, just like our Peleg threshing wheat, and stampt away, just like the nation; and called out for one Mr. Langolee,— I suppose he helps acts the tricks.

JENNY. Well, and what did you do all this time?

JONATHAN. Gor, I — I liked the fun, and so I tumpt away, and hiss'd as lustily as the best of 'em. One sailor-looking man that sat by me, seeing me stamp, and knowing I was a cute fellow, because I could make a roaring noise, clapt me on the shoulder and said, you are a d —— d hearty cock, smite my timbers! I told him so I was, but I thought he need not swear so, and make use of such naughty words.

JENNY. The savage! — Well, and did you see the man with his tricks?

JONATHAN. Why, I vow, as I was looking out for him, they lifted up a great green cloth, and let us look right into the next neighbour's house. Have you a good many houses in New York made so in that 'ere way?

JENNY. Not many: but did you see the family?

JONATHAN. Yes, swamp it; I see'd the family.

JENNY. Well, and how did you like them?

JONATHAN. Why, I vow they were pretty much like other families: — there was a poor, good natured, curse of a husband, and a sad rantipole of a wife.

JENNY. But did you see no other folks?

JONATHAN. Yes. There was one youngster, they called him Mr. Joseph; he talked as sober and as pious as a minister; but like some ministers that I know, he was a fly tike in his heart for all that: He was going to ask a young woman to spark it with him, and — the Lord have mercy on my soul! — she was another man's wife.

JESSAMY. The Wabash!

JENNY. And did you see any more folks?

JONATHAN. Why they came on as thick as mustard. For my part, I thought the house was haunted. There was a soldier fellow, who talked about his row de dow dow, and courted a young woman; but of all the cute folk I saw I liked one little fellow —

JENNY. Aye! who was he?

JONATHAN. Why, he had red hair, and a little round plump face like mine, only not altogether so handsome. His name was Darby: — that was his baptizing name, his other name I forgot. Oh! it was Wig — Wag — Wag-all, Darby Wag-all; — pray, do you know him? — I should like to take a fling with him, or a drap of cyder with a pepper-pod in it to make it warm and comfortable.

JENNY. I can't say I have that pleasure.

JONATHAN. I wish you did, he is a cute fellow. But there was one thing I did n't like in that Mr. Darby; and that was, he was afraid of some of them 'ere shooting irons, such as your troopers wear on training days. Now, I 'm a true born Yankee American son of liberty, and I never was afraid of a gun yet in all my life.

JENNY. Well, Mr. Jonathan, you were certainly at the play-house.

JONATHAN. I at the play-house! — Why did n't I see the play then?

JENNY. Why, the people you saw were players.

JONATHAN. Mercy on my soul! did I see the wicked players? — Mayhap that 'ere Darby that I liked so, was the old serpent himself, and had his cloven foot in his pocket. Why, I vow, now I come to think on 't, the candles seemed to burn blue, and I am sure where I sat it smelt tarnally of brimstone.

JESSAMY. Well, Mr. Jonathan, from your account, which I confess it very accurate, you must have been at the playhouse.

JONATHAN. Why, I vow I began to smell a rat. When I came away, I went to the man for my money again: you want your money, says he; yes, says I; for what, says he; why, says I, no man shall jocky me out of my money: I paid my money to see sights and the dogs a bit of a sight have I seen, unless you call listening to people's private

business a sight. Why, says he, it is the School for Scandalization.— The School for Scandalization! — Oh, ho! no wonder you New York folks are so cute at it, when you go to school to learn it: and so I jogged off.

JESSAMY. My dear Jenny, my master's business drags me from you; would to heaven I knew no other servitude than to your charms.

JONATHAN. Well, but don't go; you won't leave me so.—

JESSAMY. Excuse me.— Remember the cash. (*Aside to him, and — Exit.*)

JENNY. Mr. Jonathan, won't you please to sit down. Mr. Jessamy tells me you wanted to have some conversation with me. (*Having brought forward two chairs, they sit.*)

JONATHAN. Ma'am! —

JENNY. Sir! —

JONATHAN. Ma'am! —

JENNY. Pray, how do you like the city, Sir?

JONATHAN. Ma'am! —

JENNY. I say, Sir, how do you like New York?

JONATHAN. Ma'am! —

JENNY. The stupid creature! but I must pass some little time with him, if it is only to endeavour to learn, whether it was his master that made such an abrupt entrance into our house, and my young mistress's heart, this morning. (*Aside.*) As you don't seem to like to talk, Mr. Jonathan, do you sing?

JONATHAN. Gor, I — I am glad she asked that, for I forgot what Mr. Jessamy bid me say, and I dare as well be hanged as act what he bid me to, I 'm so ashamed. (*Aside.*) Yes, Ma'am, I can sing — I can sing Mear, Old Hundred, and Bangor.

JENNY. Oh! I don't mean psalm tunes. Have you no little song to please the ladies; such as Roslin Castle, or the Maid of the Mill?

JONATHAN. Why, all my tunes go to meeting tunes, save one, and I count you won't altogether like that 'ere.

JENNY. What is it called?

JONATHAN. I am sure you have heard folks talk about it, it is called Yankee Doodle.

JENNY. Oh! it is the tune I am fond of; and, if I know anything of my mistress. she would be glad to dance to it. Pray, sing?

JONATHAN. (*Sings.*)

Father and I went to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin;
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.
Yankee Doodle do, etc.

And there we saw a swamping gun,
Big as a log of maple,
On a little deuced cart,
A load for father's cattle.
Yankee Doodle do, etc.

And every time they fired it off,
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise — like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.
Yankee Doodle do, etc.

There was a man in our town,
His name was —

No, no, that won't do. Now, if I was with Tabitha Wymen and Jemima Cawley, down at father Chase's, I should n't mind singing this all out before them — you would be affronted if I was to sing that, though that 's a lucky thought; if you should be affronted, I have something dang'd cute, which Jessamy told me to say to you.

JENNY. Is that all! I assure you I like it of all things

JONATHAN. No, no. I can sing more, some other time, when you and I are better acquainted, I 'll sing the whole of it — no, no — that 's a fib — I can't sing but a hundred and ninety verses: our Tabitha at home can sing it all.— (*Sings.*)

Marblehead 's a rocky place,
And Cape-Cod is sandy;
Charleston is burnt down,
Boston is the dandy.
Yankee Doodle do, etc.

I vow, my own town song has put me in such topping spirits, that I believe I 'll begin to do a little, as Jessamy says we must when we go a courting — (*Runs and kisses her.*) Burning rivers! cooling flames! red hot roses! pignuts! hasty-pudding and ambrosia!

JENNY. What means this freedom! you insulting wretch. (*Strikes him.*)

JONATHAN. Are you affronted?

JENNY. Affronted! with what looks shall I express my anger?

JONATHAN. Looks! why, as to the matter of looks, you look as cross as a witch.

JENNY. Have you no feeling for the delicacy of my sex?

JONATHAN. Feeling! Gor, I — I feel the delicacy of your sex pretty smartly (*rubbing his cheek*), though, I vow, I thought when you city ladies courted and married, and all that, you put feeling out of the question. But I want to know whether you are really affronted, or only pretend to be so? 'Cause, if you are certainly right down affronted, I am at the end of my tether; — Jessamy did n't tell me what to say to you.

JENNY. Pretend to be affronted!

JONATHAN. Aye, aye, if you only pretend, you shall hear how I 'll go to work to make cherubim consequences. (*Runs up to her.*)

JENNY. Begone, you brute!

JONATHAN. That looks like mad; but I won't lose my speech. My dearest Jenny — your name is Jenny, I think? My dearest Jenny, though I have the highest esteem for the sweet favours you have just now granted me — Gor, that 's a fib though, but Jessamy says it is not wicked to tell lies to the women. (*Aside.*) I say, though I have the highest esteem for the favours you have just now granted me, yet, you will consider, that as soon as the dissolvable knot is tied, they will no longer be favours, but only matters of duty, and matters of course.

JENNY. Marry you! you audacious monster! get out of my sight, or rather let me fly from you. (*Exit hastily.*)

JONATHAN. Gor! she 's gone off in a swinging passion, before I had time to think of consequences. If this is the way with your city ladies, give me the twenty acres of rock, the bible, the cow, and Tabitha.

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I. DIMPLE'S *Lodgings.*

JESSAMY *meeting* JONATHAN

JESSAMY. Well, Mr. Jonathan, what success with the fair?

JONATHAN. Why, such a tarnal cross tike you never saw! — You would have counted she had lived on crab-apples and vinegar for a fortnight. But what the rattle makes you look so tarnation glum?

JESSAMY. I was thinking, Mr. Jonathan, what could be the reason of her carrying herself so coolly to you.

JONATHAN. Coolly, do you call it? Why, I vow, she was fire-hot angry: may be it was because I buss'd her.

JESSAMY. No, no, Mr. Jonathan; there must be some other cause: I never yet knew a lady angry at being kissed.

JONATHAN. Well, if it is not the young woman's bashfulness, I vow I can't conceive why she should n't like me.

JESSAMY. Maybe it is because you have not the Graces, Mr. Jonathan.

JONATHAN. Grace! Why, does the young woman expect I must be converted before I court her?

JESSAMY. I mean graces of person; for instance, my lord tells us that we must cut off our nails even at top, in small segments of circles; — though you won't understand that — In the next place, you must regulate your laugh.

JONATHAN. Maple-log seize it! don't I laugh natural?

JESSAMY. That 's the very fault, Mr. Jonathan. Besides, you absolutely misplace it. I was told by a friend of mine that you laughed outright at the play the other night, when you ought only to have tittered.

JONATHAN. Gor! I — what does one go to see fun for if they can't laugh?

JESSAMY. You may laugh; — but you must laugh by rule.

JONATHAN. Swamp it — laugh by rule! Well, I should like that tarnally.

JESSAMY. Why you know, Mr. Jonathan, that to dance, a lady to play with her fan, or a gentleman with his cane, and all other natural motions, are regulated by art. My master has composed an immensely pretty gamut, by which any lady, or gentleman, with a few years' close application, may learn to laugh as gracefully as if they were born and bred to it.

JONATHAN. Mercy on my soul! A gamut for laughing — just like fa, la, sol?

JESSAMY. Yes. It comprises every possible display of jocularity, from an *affettuoso* smile to a *piano* titter, or full chorus *fortissimo* ha, ha, ha! My master employs his leisure-hours in marking out the plays, like a cathedral chant

ing-book, that the ignorant may know where to laugh; and that pit, box, and gallery may keep time together, and not have a snigger in one part of the house, a broad grin in the other, and a d — d grum look in the third. How delightful to see the audience all smile together, then look on their books, then twist their mouths into an agreeable simper, then altogether shake the house with a general ha, ha, ha! loud as a full chorus of Handel's, at an Abbey-commemoration.

JONATHAN. Ha, ha, ha! that 's dang'd cute, I swear.

JESSAMY. The gentlemen, you see, will laugh the tenor; the ladies will play the counter-tenor; the beaux will squeak the treble; and our jolly friends in the gallery a thorough bass, ho, ho, ho!

JONATHAN. Well, can't you let me see that gamut?

JESSAMY. Oh! yes, Mr. Jonathan; here it is. (*Takes out a book.*) Oh! no, this is only a titter with its variations. Ah, here it is. (*Takes out another.*) Now you must know, Mr. Jonathan, this is a piece written by Ben Jonson, which I have set to my master's gamut. The places where you must smile, look grave, or laugh outright, are marked below the line. Now look over me.— 'There was a certain man'— now you must smile.

JONATHAN. Well, read it again; I warrant I 'll mind my eye.

JESSAMY. 'There was a certain man, who had a sad scolding wife,'— now you must laugh.

JONATHAN. Tarnation! That 's no laughing matter, though.

JESSAMY. 'And she lay sick a-dying'; — now you must titter.

JONATHAN. What, snigger when the good woman 's a-dying! Gor, I —

JESSAMY. Yes; the notes say you must — 'And she asked her husband leave to make a will,'— now you must begin to look grave; —'and her husband said'—

JONATHAN. Aye, what did her husband say? — something dang'd cute, I reckon.

JESSAMY. 'And her husband said, you have had your will all your life time, and would you have it after you are dead too?'

JONATHAN. Ho, ho, ho! There the old man was even with her; he was up to the notch — ha, ha, ha!

JESSAMY. But, Mr. Jonathan, you must not laugh so. Why, you ought to have tittered *piano,* and you have laughed *fortissimo.* Look here; you see these marks, A. B. C. and so on; these are the references to the other part of the book. Let us turn to it, and you will see the directions how to manage the muscles. This (*turns over*) was note D you blundered at.—'You must purse the mouth into a smile, then titter, discovering the lower part of the three front upper teeth.'

JONATHAN. How! read it again.

JESSAMY. 'There was a certain man'— very well! 'who had a sad scolding wife,'— why don't you laugh?

JONATHAN. Now, that scolding wife sticks in my gizzard so pluckily, that I can't laugh for the blood and nowns of me. Let me look grave here, and I 'll laugh your belly full where the old creature 's a-dying.—

JESSAMY. 'And she asked her husband' —(*Bell rings.*) My master's bell! he 's returned, I fear — Here, Mr. Jonathan, take this gamut; and, I make no doubt but with a few years' close application, you may be able to smile gracefully. (*Exeunt severally.*)

(1787) (1790)

ALEXANDER WILSON (1766–1813)

Wilson, who shares with Audubon pioneer honors in the realm of American ornithology, was born in Scotland and did not arrive in America until he was twenty-eight. His youthful ambition had centered wholly upon poetry. An edition of his poems had appeared in 1789 three years after the first volume of his contemporary neighbor Burns, and he had followed it with others, one of which had sold a hundred thousand copies in a few weeks. Sympathy with the spirit of the French revolution led him, as Burns was tempted to do at about the same period, to emigrate to America. Almost as soon as he landed he became intensely interested in the strange new bird life of the new world, and began at once to study it, supporting himself in the meantime by teaching school. Under difficulties almost insuperable he struggled on until in 1808 he was able to issue the first volume of what ultimately was to be the nine volumes of his *American Ornithology*. He lacked Audubon's energy and vision, and as a result worked on a smaller scale for a smaller audience and has won a smaller place for himself. His writings, however, are more literary than Audubon's and far more poetical. He was a true poet. The poetical endings of his studies of American birds are original and poetic and intensely American.

THE BLUEBIRD

The pleasing manners, and sociable disposition of this little bird, entitle him to particular notice. As one of the first messengers of spring, bringing the charming tidings to our very doors, he bears his own recommendation always along with him, and meets with a hearty welcome from everybody.

Though generally accounted a bird of passage, yet, so early as the middle of February, if the weather be open, he usually makes his appearance about his old haunts, the barn, orchard, and fence posts. Storms and deep snows sometimes succeeding, he disappears for a time; but about the middle of March is again seen, accompanied by his mate, visiting the box in the garden, or the hole in the old apple tree, the cradle of some generations of his ancestors. 'When he first begins his amours,' says a curious and correct observer, 'it is pleasing to behold his courtship, his solicitude to please and to secure the favour of his beloved female. He uses the tenderest expressions, sits close by her, caresses and sings to her his most endearing warblings. When seated together, if he espies an insect delicious to her taste, he takes it up, flies with it to her, spreads his wings over her, and puts it in her mouth.' If a rival makes his appearance (for they are ardent in their loves), he quits her in a moment, attacks and pursues the intruder as he shifts from place to place, in tones that bespeak the jealousy of his affection, conducts him, with many reproofs, beyond the extremities of his territory, and returns to warble out his transports of triumph beside his beloved mate. The preliminaries being thus settled, and the spot fixed on, they begin to clean out the old nest, and the rubbish of the former year, and to prepare for the reception of their future offspring. Soon after this, another sociable little pilgrim (*motacilla domestica*, house wren), also arrives from the south, and, finding such a snug berth preoccupied, shows his spite, by watching a convenient opportunity, and, in the absence of the owner, popping in and pulling out sticks; but takes special care to make off as fast as possible.

The female lays five, and sometimes six eggs, of a pale blue colour; and raises two, and sometimes three brood in a season; the male taking the youngest under his particular care while the female is again setting. Their principal food are insects, particularly large beetles, and other hard-shelled sorts, that lurk among old, dead, and decaying trees. Spiders are also a favourite repast with them. In the fall, they occasionally regale themselves on the berries of the sour gum; and, as winter approaches, on those of the

red cedar, and on the fruit of a rough hairy vine that runs up and cleaves fast to the trunks of trees. Ripe persimmons is another of their favourite dishes, and many other fruits and seeds which I have found in their stomachs at that season, which, being no botanist, I am unable to particularize. They are frequently pestered with a species of tape worm, some of which I have taken from their intestines of an extraordinary size, and, in some cases, in great numbers. Most other birds are also plagued with these vermin, but the bluebird seems more subject to them than any I know, except the woodcock. An account of the different species of vermin, many of which, I doubt not, are nondescripts, that infest the plumage and intestines of our birds, would of itself form an interesting publication; but, as this belongs more properly to the entomologist, I shall only, in the course of this work, take notice of some of the most remarkable.

The usual spring and summer song of the blue bird is a soft, agreeable, and oft-repeated warble, uttered with open quivering wings, and is extremely pleasing. In his motions and general character, he has great resemblance to the robin redbreast of Britain; and, had he the brown olive of that bird, instead of his own blue, could scarcely be distinguished from him. Like him, he is known to almost every child; and shows as much confidence in man by associating with him in summer, as the other by his familiarity in winter. He is also of a mild and peaceful disposition, seldom fighting or quarrelling with other birds. His society is courted by the inhabitants of the country, and few farmers neglect to provide for him, in some suitable place, a snug little summer-house, ready fitted and rent free. For this he more than sufficiently repays them by the cheerfulness of his song, and the multitudes of injurious insects which he daily destroys. Towards fall, that is in the month of October, his song changes to a single plaintive note, as he passes over the yellow many-coloured woods; and its melancholy air recalls to our minds the approaching decay of the face of nature. Even after the trees are stript of their leaves, he still lingers over his native fields, as if loath to leave them. About the middle or end of November, few or none of them are seen; but, with every return of mild and open weather, we hear his plaintive note amidst the fields, or in the air, seeming to deplore the devastations of winter. Indeed, he appears scarcely ever totally to forsake us; but to follow fair weather through all its journeyings till the return of spring.

Such are the mild and pleasing manners of the bluebird, and so universally is he esteemed, that I have often regretted that no pastoral muse has yet arisen in this western woody world, to do justice to his name, and endear him to us still more by the tenderness of verse, as has been done to his representative in Britain, the robin redbreast. A small acknowledgment of this kind I have to offer, which the reader, I hope, will excuse as a tribute to rural innocence.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown furrow'd fields re-appearing,
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore;
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering;
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the bluebird, the herald of spring!
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring;
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather;
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together:
O then to your gardens ye housewives repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure;
The bluebird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure!

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apple's sweet blossoms:

He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from the webs, where they riot and welter;
His songs and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is — in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows — now mounting to cheer him;
The gard'ner delights in his sweet, simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow ling'ring schoolboys forget they 'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before them
In mantle of sky-blue, and bosom so red,
And each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers, that charm'd us before,
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The bluebird, forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers, and looks for a milder tomorrow,
Till forced by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love's native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given,
Still dear to each bosom the bluebird shall be,
His voice, like the thrillings of hope, is a treasure,
For, through bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure!

(1808)

THE FISH-HAWK

This formidable, vigorous-winged, and well known bird, subsists altogether on the finny tribes that swarm in our bays, creeks, and rivers; procuring his prey by his own active skill and industry; and seeming no further dependent on the land than as a mere resting place, or, in the usual season, a spot of deposit for his nest, eggs, and young.

The fish-hawk is migratory, arriving on the coasts of New York and New Jersey about the twenty-first of March, and retiring to the south about the twenty-second of September. Heavy equinoctial storms may vary these periods of arrival and departure a few days; but long observation has ascertained, that they are kept with remarkable regularity. On the arrival of these birds in the northern parts of the United States, in March, they sometimes find the bays and ponds frozen, and experience a difficulty in procuring fish for many days. Yet there is no instance on record of their attacking birds, or inferior land animals, with intent to feed on them; though their great strength of flight, as well as of feet and claws, would seem to render this no difficult matter. But they no sooner arrive, than they wage war on the bald eagles, as against a horde of robbers and banditti; sometimes succeeding, by force of numbers, and perseverance, in driving them from their haunts, but seldom or never attacking them in single combat.

The first appearance of the fish-hawk in spring, is welcomed by the fishermen, as the happy signal of the approach of those vast shoals of herring, shad, etc., that regularly arrive on our coasts, and enter our rivers in such prodigious multitudes. Two of a trade, it is said, seldom agree; the adage, however, will not hold good in the present case, for such is the respect paid the fish-hawk, not only by this class of men, but generally, by the whole neighborhood where it resides, that a person who should attempt to shoot one of them, would stand a fair chance of being insulted. This prepossession in favor of the fish-hawk is honorable to their feelings. They associate, with its first appearance, ideas of plenty, and all the gaiety of business; they see it active and industrious like themselves; inoffensive to the productions of their farms; building with confidence, and without the least disposi-

tion to concealment, in the middle of their fields, and along their fences; and returning, year after year, regularly to its former abode.

. . . . . .

The regular arrival of this noted bird at the vernal equinox, when the busy season of fishing commences, adds peculiar interest to its first appearance, and procures it many a benediction from the fishermen. With the following lines, illustrative of these circumstances, I shall conclude its history: —

Soon as the sun, great ruler of the year,
Bends to our northern climes his bright career,
And from the caves of ocean calls from sleep
The finny shoals and myriads of the deep;
When freezing tempests back to Greenland ride,
And day and night the equal hours divide;
True to the season, o'er our sea-beat shore,
The sailing osprey high is seen to soar,
With broad unmoving wing; and, circling slow,
Marks each loose straggler in the deep below;
Sweeps down like lightning! plunges with a roar!
And bears the struggling victim to the shore.

The long-housed fisherman beholds with joy,
The well known signals of his rough employ;
And, as he bears his nets and oars along,
Thus hails the welcome season with a song: —

THE FISHERMAN'S HYMN

The osprey sails above the sound,
The geese are gone, the gulls are flying;
The herring shoals swarm thick around,
The nets are launch'd, the boats are plying;
Yo ho, my hearts! let 's seek the deep,
Raise high the song, and cheerly wish her,
Still as the bending net we sweep,
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'

She brings us fish — she brings us spring,
Good times, fair weather, warmth, and plenty,
Fine store of shad, trout, herring, ling,
Sheepshead and drum, and old-wives' dainty.
Yo ho, my hearts! let 's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
Still as the bending net we sweep,
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'

She rears her young on yonder tree,
She leaves her faithful mate to mind 'em;
Like us, for fish, she sails to sea,
And, plunging, shows us where to find 'em.
Yo ho, my hearts! let 's seek the deep,
Ply every oar, and cheerly wish her,
While the slow bending net we sweep,
'God bless the fish-hawk and the fisher!'

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN (1771–1810)

The first professional man of letters in America and, moreover, the pioneer novelist of our American literature, was Charles Brockden Brown of Philadelphia. Ponderously educated by the learned Dr. Proud, the historian of Pennsylvania, he was a classical scholar and a writer of epic poems while in his early teens. He tried the law, but finding it distasteful, never practised it. He lived for a time in New York City where he became a friend of Dunlap and other literary men of the time. He wrote a dialogue on the rights of women, *Alcuin*, 1797, and then brought out in rapid succession between 1798 and 1801 his six novels. In the meantime he managed to support himself by editing magazines,— the *Monthly Magazine and American Review*, the *Literary Magazine*, and the *American Register*,— and by doing literary hack work of every variety. He was of frail physique and of melancholy temperament, and his latter years were a depressing struggle with infirmities.

The novels of Brown belong to the school of Gothic romance that flourished in England at the close of the eighteenth century and they were influenced chiefly by Godwin's *Caleb Williams*. Judged by the art of Poe and Hawthorne, they are crude and sensational, but compared with the fiction of their time they have considerable power. He was a pioneer in a bare and desolate literary region, and he deserves great praise. His work even to-day holds the reader. He has movement and intensity and, within the limits of short episode, real narrative skill. Moreover he chose American scenes for his backgrounds, and depicted, often with realism, American life. More one may not say. The fatal defects of his art, when it is judged by modern standards, we need not dwell upon.

A DEATH BY MYSTERIOUS COMBUSTION

Early in the morning of a sultry day in August my father left Metingen to go to the city. He had seldom passed a day from home since his return from the shores of the Ohio. Some ardent engagements at this time existed, which would not admit of further delay. He returned in the evening, but appeared to be greatly oppressed with fatigue. His silence and dejection were likewise in more than ordinary degree conspicuous. My mother's brother, whose profession was that of a surgeon, chanced to spend this night at our house. It was from him that I have frequently received an exact account of the mournful catastrophe that followed.

As the evening advanced, my father's inquietudes increased. He sat with his family as usual, but took no part in their conversation. He appeared fully engrossed by his own reflections. Occasionally his countenance exhibited tokens of alarm; he gazed steadfastly and wildly at the ceiling; and the exertions of his companions were scarcely sufficient to interrupt his reverie. On recovering from these fits he expressed no surprise, but, pressing his hand to his head, complained, in a tremulous and terrified tone, that his brain was scorched to cinders. He would then betray marks of insupportable anxiety.

My uncle perceived by his pulse that he was indisposed, but in no alarming degree, and ascribed appearances chiefly to the workings of his mind. He exhorted him to recollection and composure, but in vain. At the hour of repose he readily retired to his chamber. At the persuasion of my mother he was undressed and went to bed. Nothing could abate his restlessness. He checked her tender expostulations with some sternness. 'Be silent,' said he, 'for that which I feel there is but one cure, and that will shortly come. You can help me nothing. Look to your own conditions, and pray to God to strengthen you under the calamities that await you.' 'What am I to fear?' she answered. 'What terrible disaster is it that you think of?' 'Peace! — as yet I know it not myself, but come it will, and shortly.' She repeated her inquiries and doubts; but he suddenly put an end to the discourse by stern command to be silent.

She had never before known him in this mood. Hitherto all was benign in his deportment. Her heart was pierced with sorrow at the contemplation of his change. She was utterly unable to account for it, or to figure to herself the species of disaster that was menaced.

Contrary to custom, the lamp, instead of being placed on the hearth, was left upon the table. Over it, against the wall, there hung a small clock, so contrived as to strike a very hard stroke at the end of every sixth hour. That which was now approaching was the signal for retiring to the fane at which he addressed his devotions. Long habit had occasioned him to be always awake at this hour and the toll was instantly obeyed.

Now frequent and anxious glances were cast at the clock. Not a single movement of the index appeared to escape his notice. As the hour verged toward twelve, his anxiety visibly augmented. The trepidations of my mother kept pace with those of her husband; but she was intimidated into silence. All that was left to her was to watch every change of his features and give vent to her sympathy in tears.

At length the hour was spent, and the clock tolled. The sound appeared to communicate a shock to every part of my father's frame. He rose immediately, and threw over himself a loose gown. Even this office was performed with difficulty, for his joints trembled and his teeth chattered with dismay. At this hour his duty called him to the rock, and my mother naturally concluded that it was thither he intended to repair. Yet these incidents were so uncommon as to fill her with astonishment and foreboding. She saw him leave the room, and heard his steps as they hastily descended the stairs. She half resolved to rise and pursue him, but the wildness of the scheme suggested itself. He was going to a place whither no power on earth could induce him to suffer an attendant.

The window of her chamber looked toward the rock. The atmosphere was clear and calm, but the edifice could not be discovered at that distance through the dusk. My mother's anxiety would not allow her to remain where she was. She rose, and seated herself at the window. She strained her sight to get a view of the dome, and of the path that led to it. The first painted itself with sufficient distinctness on her fancy, but was undistinguishable by the eye from the rocky mass on which it was erected. The second could be imperfectly seen; but her husband had already passed, or had taken a different direction.

What was it she feared? Some disaster impended over her husband or herself. He had predicted evils, but professed himself ignorant of what nature they were. When were they to come? Was this night, or this hour, to witness the accomplishment? She was tortured with impatience and uncertainty. All her fears were at present linked to his person and she gazed at the clock, with nearly as much eagerness as my father had done, in expectation of the next hour.

A half hour passed away in this state of suspense. Her eyes were fixed upon the rock; suddenly it was illuminated. A light proceeding from the edifice made every part of the scene visible. A gleam diffused itself over the intermediate space, and instantly a loud report, like the explosion of a mine, followed. She uttered an involuntary shriek, but the new sounds that greeted her ear quickly conquered her surprise. They were piercing shrieks, and uttered with intermission. The gleams which had diffused themselves far and wide, were in a moment withdrawn; but the interior of the edifice was filled with rays.

The first suggestion was that a pistol was discharged, and that the structure was on fire. She did not allow herself time to meditate a second thought, but rushed into the entry and knocked loudly at the door of her brother's chamber. My uncle had been previously roused by the noise, and instantly flew to the window. He also imagined what he saw to be fire. The loud and vehement shrieks which succeeded the first explosion seemed to be an invocation of succor. The incident was inexplicable; but he could not fail to perceive the propriety of hastening to the spot. He was unbolting the door when his sister's voice was heard on the outside conjuring him to come forth.

He obeyed the summons with all the speed in his power. He stopped not to question her, but hurried down-stairs and across the meadow which lay between the house and the rock. The shrieks were no longer to be heard; but a blazing light was clearly discernible between the col-

umns of the temple. Irregular steps, hewn in the stone, led to the summit. On three sides this edifice touched the very verge of the cliff. On the fourth side, which might be regarded as the front, there was an area of small extent, to which the rude staircase conducted you. My uncle speedily gained this spot. His strength was for a moment exhausted by his haste. He paused to rest himself. Meanwhile he bent the most vigilant attention toward the object before him.

Within the columns he beheld what he could no better describe than by saying that it resembled a cloud impregnated with light. It had the brightness of flame, but was without its upward motion. It did not occupy the whole area, and rose but a few feet above the floor. No part of the building was on fire. This appearance was astonishing. He approached the temple. As he went forward the light retired, and, when he put his feet within the apartment, utterly vanished. The suddenness of this transition increased the darkness that succeeded in a tenfold degree. Fear and wonder rendered him powerless. An occurrence like this, in a place assigned to devotion, was adapted to intimidate the stoutest heart.

His wandering thoughts were recalled by the groans of one near him. His sight gradually recovered its power and he was able to discern my father stretched on the floor. At that moment my mother and servants arrived with a lantern and enabled my uncle to examine more closely this scene. My father, when he left the house, besides a loose upper vest and slippers, wore a shirt and drawers. Now he was naked; his skin throughout the greater part of his body was scorched and bruised. His right arm exhibited marks of having been struck by some heavy body. His clothes had been removed, and it was not immediately perceived that they were reduced to ashes. His slippers and his hair were untouched.

He was removed to his chamber, and the requisite attention paid to his wounds, which gradually became more painful. A mortification speedily showed itself in the arm which had been most hurt. Soon after the other wounded parts exhibited the like appearance.

Immediately subsequent to this disaster, my father seemed nearly in a state of insensibility. He was passive under every operation. He scarcely opened his eyes, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to answer the questions that were put to him. By his imperfect account it appeared, that while engaged in silent orisons, with thoughts full of confusion and anxiety, a faint gleam suddenly shot athwart the apartment. His fancy immediately pictured to itself a person bearing a lamp. It seemed to come from behind. He was in the act of turning to examine the visitant, when his right arm received a blow from a heavy club. At the same instant, a very bright spark was seen to light upon his clothes. In a moment, the whole was reduced to ashes. This was the sum of the information which he chose to give. There was somewhat in his manner that indicated an imperfect tale. My uncle was inclined to believe that half the truth had been suppressed.

Meanwhile, the disease thus wonderfully generated betrayed more terrible symptoms. Fever and delirium terminated in lethargic slumber, which, in the course of two hours, gave place to death; yet not till insupportable exhalations and crawling putrefaction had driven from his chamber and the house every one whom their duty did not detain.

Such was the end of my father. None, surely, was ever more mysterious. When we recollect his gloomy anticipations and unconquerable anxiety, the security from human malice which his character, the place, and the condition of the times might be supposed to confer, the purity and cloudlessness of the atmosphere, which rendered it impossible that lightning was the cause, what are the conclusions that we must form?

The prelusive gleam, the blow upon his arm, the fatal spark, the explosion heard so far, the fiery cloud that environed him, without detriment to the structure, though composed of combustible materials, the sudden vanishing of this cloud at my uncle's approach: — what is the inference to be drawn from these facts? Their truth cannot be doubted. My uncle's testimony is peculiarly worthy of credit, because no man's temper is more skeptical, and his belief is unalterably attached to natural causes.

I was at this time a child of six years of age. The impressions that were then made upon me can never be effaced. I was ill qualified to judge respecting what

was then passing, but as I advanced in age and became more fully acquainted with these facts, they oftener became the subject of my thoughts. Their resemblance to recent events revived them with new force in my memory, and made me more anxious to explain them. Was this the penalty of disobedience? — The stroke of a vindictive and invisible hand? Is it a fresh proof that the Divine Ruler interferes in human affairs, meditates an end, selects and commissions His agents, and enforces, by unequivocal sanctions, submission to His will? Or was it merely the irregular expansion of the fluid that imparts warmth to our heart and our blood, caused by the fatigue of the preceding day, or flowing, by established laws, from the condition of his thoughts.

From *Wieland*, 1798.

THE PESTILENCE OF 1798

In proportion as I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farmhouse was filled with supernumerary tenants, fugitives from home, and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous; for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances the tokens of their recent terror, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themselves an asylum; some were without the means of paying for victuals or lodging for the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, yet knew not whither to apply for entertainment, every house being already overstocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at their approach.

Families of weeping mothers and dismayed children, attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture, were carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished; and the price of some movable, or the pittance handed forth by public charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from this theatre of disasters, though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighboring districts.

Between these and the fugitives whom curiosity had led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or of that of their neighbors, were exhibited in all the hues which imagination can annex to pestilence and poverty.

My preconceptions of the evil now appeared to have fallen short of the truth. The dangers into which I was rushing seemed more numerous and imminent than I had previously imagined. I wavered not in my purpose. A panic crept to my heart, which more vehement exertions were necessary to subdue or control; but I harbored not a momentary doubt that the course which I had taken was prescribed by duty. There was no difficulty or reluctance in proceeding. All for which my efforts were demanded was to walk in this path without tumult or alarm.

Various circumstances had hindered me from setting out upon this journey as early as was proper. My frequent pauses to listen to the narratives of travellers contributed likewise to procrastination. The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I pursued the track which I had formerly taken, and entered High Street after nightfall. Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity and glee, which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would at other times have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue, were illuminated, as before, by lamps; but between the verge of Schuylkill and the heart of the city, I met not more than a dozen figures, and these were ghost-like, wrapped in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion, and, as I approached, changed their course, to avoid touching me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar, and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have formerly been at this hour brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed, above and below, dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. From the upper windows of some, a gleam sometimes fell upon the pavement I was traversing, and showed

that their tenants were not fled, but were secluded or disabled.

The evening had now advanced, and it behooved me to procure accommodation at some of the inns. These were easily distinguished by their *signs;* but many were without inhabitants. At length I lighted upon one, the hall of which was open and the windows lifted. After knocking for some time, a young girl appeared, with many marks of distress. In answer to my question, she answered that both her parents were sick, and that they could receive no one. I inquired in vain for any other tavern at which strangers might be accommodated. She knew of none such; and left me, on some one's calling to her from above, in the midst of my embarrassment. After a moment's pause, I returned, discomfited and perplexed, to the street.

I proceeded, in a considerable degree, at random. At length I reached a spacious building in Fourth Street, which the sign-post showed me to be an inn. I knocked loudly and often at the door. At length a female opened the window of the second story, and, in a tone of peevishness, demanded what I wanted. I told her that I wanted lodging.

'Go, hunt for it somewhere else,' said she, 'you 'll find none here.' I began to expostulate; but she shut the window with quickness, and left me to my own reflections.

I began now to feel some regret at the journey I had taken. Never, in the depth of caverns or forests, was I equally conscious of loneliness. I was surrounded by the habitations of men; but I was destitute of associate or friend. I had money; but a horse-shelter or a morsel of food could not be purchased. I came for the purpose of relieving others, but stood in the utmost need myself. Even in health my condition was helpless and forlorn; but what would become of me should this fatal malady be contracted? To hope that an asylum would be afforded to a sick man which was denied to one in health was unreasonable.

The first impulse which flowed from these reflections was to hasten back to *Malverton;* which, with sufficient diligence, I might hope to regain before the morning light. I could not, methought, return upon my steps with too much speed. I was prompted to run as if the pest was rushing upon me, and could be eluded only by the most precipitate flight.

From *Arthur Mervyn,* 1799.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A PANTHER.

As soon as I had effected my dangerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff, and gave myself up to reflection. While occupied with these reflections, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro in the wildest commotion, and their trunks occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lofty regions, blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle. At length my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already swerved somewhat from its original position; that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibres by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank; and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils from which I was endeavoring to rescue another would be experienced by myself.

I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibres, which were already stretched almost to breaking.

To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end, it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak and of the volume which I carried in the pocket of my coat.

Just as I had disposed of these encumbrances, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly occur. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped was nothing more than a raccoon

or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untamable of that detested race. The industry of our hunters had nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod without caution the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defence.

The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provision, made me neglect, on this occasion, to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon the man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed and prepared for defence.

My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and, should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum.

Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now with no less solicitude desired. Every new gust, I hoped, would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibres of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease or by the hand of a fellow-creature was propitious and lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarcely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrible visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground, and closed my eyes.

From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had like to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hairbreadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment, I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens the

sight of which made my blood run cold. He saw me, and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind legs, and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh by these appearances. It seemed at first as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

Still there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprung, and his fore-legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.

From *Edgar Huntly,* 1801.

WILLIAM WIRT (1772–1834)

American literature before Irving was sporadic. There was no literary center and no centralizing force. Freneau was a New Yorker, Tyler a Bostonian, Brown a Philadelphian, Dwight a New Englander not connected with Boston, William Wirt was a southerner, a native to Maryland and long a resident in Virginia, of which state he rose to be chancellor in 1801. After his prosecution of Aaron Burr in 1807 he became a national figure and during the last years of his life was rated among the foremost orators of America. In 1826 he delivered before Congress his famous eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

His first literary production, *Letters of the British Spy*, ten papers originally contributed in 1803 to the *Argus* newspaper of Richmond, Virginia, as documents purporting to have been left accidentally in a Virginia inn by a traveling member of the British Parliament, passed through many editions and became perhaps the most popular book of the period before Irving. Wirt followed it in 1810 with the *Old Bachelor*, a periodical of the *Spectator* type, and in 1817 with the *Life of Patrick Henry*, a famous book in its day. In it appears for the first time what purports to be Henry's oration before the Virginia Assembly —'Give me liberty or give me death,'— a masterpiece that was almost entirely the invention of Wirt.

THE BLIND PREACHER

RICHMOND, Oct. 10.

I have been, my dear S——, on an excursion through the countries which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure, which I met with, in the course of the tour.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the county of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these states, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity, to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance: he was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But ah! sacred God! how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate: his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion, and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new: and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that

force of description that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'— the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive, how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But — no; the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence, with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau, 'Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ, like a God!'

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery*. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness, constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few moments of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house; the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, 'Socrates died like a philosopher'— then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his 'sightless balls' to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice —'but Jesus Christ — like a God!' If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood, which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe — a kind of shuddering delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy, for our Saviour as a fellow creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as —'a God!'

If this description give you the impression, that this incomparable minister had anything of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen, in any other orator, such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has not a gesture, an attitude or an accent, to which he does not seem forced, by the sentiment which he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and, at the same time, too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short, yet beautiful character which he drew of

our learned and amiable countryman, Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him, as if 'his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh;' and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, 'a pure intelligence: the link between men and angels.'

This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau: a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or a totally different nature from the rest of men. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide, with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his bard:

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air:)
And with a poet's hand and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

Guess my surprise, when, on my arrival at Richmond, and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of *James Waddell!!* Is it not strange, that such a genius as this, so accomplished a scholar, so divine an orator, should be permitted to languish and die in obscurity, within eighty miles of the metropolis of Virginia? To me it is a conclusive argument, either that the Virginians have no taste for the highest strains of the most sublime oratory, or that they are destitute of a much more important quality, the love of genuine and exalted religion.

(1803)

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON (1780–1851)

Audubon's father, born of humble parentage near Passy, France, had taken to the sea at twelve and by persistence and ability had become at thirty commander of a merchant fleet and before middle life owner of plantations in San Domingo, Louisiana, and Pennsylvania. In Louisiana he had married a Spanish creole lady, Anne Moynette, and it was at the plantation home which they soon established near New Orleans that there were born to them four children, one of whom was to inherit all the father's restlessness and persistence.

The childhood of Audubon was broken and tumultuous: a few years in Louisiana, then a short period in San Domingo where his mother lost her life in a negro uprising, then a boyhood in France where among other studies he pursued art under the famous master, David, then finally a young manhood as manager of the Pennsylvania estate near Perkiomen Creek. Here at last amid the solitudes of the half subdued wilderness the youth found himself. Nature-study, especially ornithology, laid hold of him until it became a ruling passion. The rest of his life is but the record of his wanderings in the American wilderness from the Mississippi on the west to Labrador on the north and Florida and Texas on the south, varied by trips to Europe in connection with the publication of his books.

Barred early from his father's fortune, he passed his whole life in poverty. To continue his bird studies he supported himself as he could by keeping store, teaching drawing and dancing, painting portraits, and shooting game. All save his wife and children for a long time believed him insane, but he kept on. Unable to find a publisher in America, he went to England, and, though utterly unknown, a mere 'man of the woods,' he was at last able to issue his great book on a scale that satisfied him. Penniless, he nevertheless was able to put through a work that cost almost one fifth of a million of dollars and to market the entire edition at $1,000 a copy. *The Birds of America*, magnificently illustrated, came out in parts 1827–1838, and in volumes, 1830–1838. His *Ornithological Biography* was issued 1831–1839, and his *The Quadrupeds of America* appeared in plates 1845–1848, and in letter-press 1846–1853.

Audubon is declared by Coues to be the 'father of American Ornithology.' He was, moreover, with Wilson, the pioneer popularizer of nature study. His journals, mostly unpublished as yet, and his graphic studies of bird and animal life in the early American forests, written always with the subject present before his eyes, have real literary power. They are uninfluenced by any other writings. Even at the early period at which they were written they were uniquely American. Moreover, Audubon must share with Irving the distinction of having introduced to England at least one new province of American letters. The best biographies of Audubon are the one edited with copious extracts from the journals by his widow for the *American Men of Energy* series and the one by John Burroughs in *Beacon Biographies*.

THE COMMON MOCKING-BIRD

It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers, that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and groves; where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered stuartia, and mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines, that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step; — in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking-bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favored land? — It is in this great continent.— It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love-song of the mocking-bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upwards, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivalled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, All!

No sooner has he again alighted, and the conjugal contract has been sealed, than, as if his breast was about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love-scenes, visible only to the ardent lover of Nature, are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

For awhile, each long day and pleasant night are thus spent; but at a peculiar note of the female he ceases his song, and attends to her wishes. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear-tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick briar patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well does the bird know that man is not his most dangerous enemy, that instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male having little more to do than to sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of mocking-birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dew-berries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigor, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON

The multitudes of wild pigeons in our woods are astonishing. Indeed, after having viewed them so often, and under so many circumstances, I even now feel inclined to pause, and assure myself that what I am going to relate is fact. Yet I have seen it all, and that, too, in the company of persons who, like myself, were struck with amazement.

In the autumn of 1813 I left my house at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardensburg, I observed the pigeons flying from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an

eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in in countless multitudes, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons; the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse; and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose.

Whilst waiting for dinner at Young's Inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beech wood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted, for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighborhood. They consequently flew so high, that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual; nor did the reports disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial evolutions, when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the center. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and, when high, were seen whirling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.

Before sunset I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburg fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys, incessantly shooting at the pilgrims, which there flew lower, as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week or more, the population fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons, and talked of nothing but pigeons. The atmosphere, during this time, was strongly impregnated with the peculiar odor which emanates from the species.

As soon as the pigeons discover a sufficiency of food to entice them to alight, they fly round in circles, reviewing the country below. During their evolutions, on such occasions, the dense mass which they form exhibits a beautiful appearance, as it changes its direction, now displaying a glistening sheet of azure, when the backs of the birds come simultaneously into view, and anon suddenly presenting a mass of rich, deep purple. Then they pass lower, over the woods, and for a moment are lost among the foliage, but again emerge, and are seen gliding aloft. They now alight; but the next moment, as if suddenly alarmed, they take to wing, producing by the flappings of their wings a noise like the roar of distant thunder, and sweep through the forests to see if danger is near. Hunger, however, soon brings them to the ground. When alighted, they are seen industriously throwing up the withered leaves in quest of the fallen mast. The rear ranks are continually rising, passing over the main body, and alighting in front, in such rapid succession, that the whole flock seems still on the wing. The quantity of ground thus swept is astonishing; and so completely has it been cleared, that the gleaner who might follow in their rear would find his labor completely lost. Whilst feeding, their avidity is at times so great, that in attempting to swallow a large acorn or nut, they are seen gasping for a long while, as if in the agonies of suffocation.

On such occasions, when the woods are filled with these pigeons, they are killed in immense numbers, although no apparent diminution ensues. About the middle of the day, after their repast is finished, they settle on the trees, to enjoy rest and digest their food. On the ground they walk with ease, as well as on the branches, frequently jerking their beautiful tails, and moving their necks backward and forward in the most graceful manner. As the sun begins to sink beneath the horizon, they depart *en masse* for the roosting-place, which not unfrequently is hundreds of miles distant, as has been ascertained by persons who have kept an account of their arrivals and departures.

Let us now inspect their place of nightly rendezvous. One of these curious roosting-places, on the banks of the Green River, in Kentucky, I repeatedly visited. It was, as is always the case, in a portion

of the forest where the trees were of great magnitude, and where there was little underwood. I rode through it upwards of forty miles, and, crossing it in different parts, found its average breadth to be rather more than three miles. My first view of it was about a fortnight subsequent to the period when they had made choice of it, and I arrived there nearly two hours before sunset.

Many trees two feet in diameter, I observed, were broken off at no great distance from the ground; and the branches of many of the largest and tallest had given way, as if the forest had been swept by a tornado. Everything proved to me that the number of birds resorting to this part of the forest must be immense beyond conception. As the period of their arrival approached, their foes anxiously prepared to receive them. Some were furnished with iron pots containing sulphur, others with torches of pine knots, many with poles, and the rest with guns. The sun was lost to our view, yet not a pigeon had arrived. Everything was ready, and all eyes were gazing on the clear sky, which appeared in glimpses amidst the tall trees. Suddenly there burst forth a general cry of, 'Here they come!' The noise which they made, though yet distant, reminded me of a hard gale at sea passing through the rigging of a close-reefed vessel. As the birds arrived and passed over me, I felt a current of air that surprised me. Thousands were soon knocked down by the pole-men. The birds continued to pour in. The fires were lighted, and a magnificent, as well as wonderful and almost terrifying, sight presented itself. The pigeons, arriving by thousands, alighted everywhere, one above another, until solid masses, as large as hogsheads, were formed on the branches all around. Here and there the perches gave way under the weight with a crash, and falling to the ground, destroyed hundreds of the birds beneath, forcing down the dense groups with which every stick was loaded. It was a scene of uproar and confusion. I found it quite useless to speak, or even to shout, to those persons who were nearest to me. Even the reports of the guns were seldom heard, and I was made aware of the firing only by seeing the shooters reloading.

The uproar continued the whole night; and as I was anxious to know to what distance the sound reached, I sent off a man, accustomed to perambulate the forest, who, returning two hours afterward, informed me he had heard it distinctly when three miles distant from the spot. Towards the approach of day, the noise in some measure subsided, long before objects were distinguishable, the pigeons began to move off in a direction quite different from that in which they had arrived the evening before, and at sunrise all that were able to fly had disappeared. The howlings of the wolves now reached our ears, and the foxes, lynxes, cougars, bears, raccoons, opossums, and polecats were seen sneaking off, whilst eagles, and hawks of different species, accompanied by a crowd of vultures, came to supplant them, and enjoy their share of the spoil.

SQUATTER LIFE ON THE AMERICAN RIVERS

I think I see them harnessing their horses, and attaching them to their wagons, which are already fitted with bedding, provisions, and the younger children; while on their outside are fastened spinning-wheels and looms, a bucket filled with tar and tallow swings betwixt the hind wheels. Several axes are secured to the bolster, and the feeding-trough of the horses contains pots, kettles, and pans. The servant now becomes a driver, riding the near saddled horse, the wife is mounted on another, the worthy husband shoulders his gun, and his sons, clad in plain, substantial homespun, drive the cattle ahead, and lead the procession, followed by the hounds and other dogs. Their day's journey is short and not agreeable. The cattle, stubborn or wild, frequently leave the road for the woods, giving the travellers much trouble; the harness of the horses here and there gives way, and immediate repair is needed. A basket which has accidentally dropped must be gone after, for nothing that they have can be spared. The roads are bad, and now and then all hands are called to push on the wagon, or prevent it from upsetting. Yet by sunset they have proceeded perhaps twenty miles. Fatigued, all assemble round the fire, which has been lighted; supper is prepared, and a camp being run up, there they pass the night. Days and weeks pass before they gain the

end of their journey. They have crossed both the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. They have been travelling from the beginning of May to that of September, and with heavy hearts they traverse the neighborhood of the Mississippi. But now arrived on the banks of the broad stream, they gaze in amazement on the dark deep woods around them. Boats of various kinds they see gliding downwards with the current, while others slowly ascend against it. A few inquiries are made at the nearest dwelling, and assisted by the inhabitants with their boats and canoes, they at once cross the river, and select their place of habitation. The exhalations arising from the swamps and morasses around them have a powerful effect on these new settlers, but all are intent on preparing for the winter. A small patch of ground is cleared by the axe and fire, a temporary cabin is erected; to each of the cattle is attached a bell before it is let loose into the neighboring canebrake, and the horses remain about the house, where they find sufficient food at that season. The first trading boat that stops at their landing enables them to provide themselves with some flour, fish-hooks, and ammunition, as well as other commodities. The looms are mounted, the spinning-wheels soon furnish some yarn, and in a few weeks the family throw off their ragged clothes, and array themselves in suits adapted to the climate.

The father and sons meanwhile have sown turnips and other vegetables; and from some Kentucky flat-boat a supply of live poultry has been purchased. October tinges the leaves of the forest; the morning dews are heavy; the days hot and the nights chill, and the unacclimatised family in a few days are attacked with ague. The lingering disease almost prostrates their whole faculties. Fortunately the unhealthy season soon passes over, and the hoar-frosts make their appearance. Gradually each individual recovers strength. The largest ash trees are felled, their trunks are cut, split, and corded in front of the building; a large fire is lighted at night on the edge of the water, and soon a steamer calls to purchase the wood, and thus add to their comforts during the winter. This first fruit of their industry imparts new courage to them; their exertions multiply, and when spring returns the place has a cheerful look. Venison, bear's flesh, and turkeys, ducks and geese, with now and then some fish, have served to keep up their strength, and now their enlarged field is planted with corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. Their stock of cattle, too, has augmented: the steamer now stops there, as if by preference, buys a calf or pig, together with their wood. Their store of provisions is renewed, and brighter rays of hope enliven their spirits.

The sons discover a swamp covered with excellent timber, and as they have seen many great rafts of saw-logs, bound for the saw-mills of New Orleans, floating past their dwelling, they resolve to try the success of a little enterprise. A few cross-saws are purchased, and some broad-wheeled 'carry-logs' are made by themselves. Log after log is hauled to the bank of the river, and in a short time their first raft is made on the shore, and loaded with cordwood. When the next freshet sets it afloat it is secured by long grape vines or cables, until, the proper time being arrived, the husband and sons embark on it and float down the mighty stream. After encountering many difficulties, they arrive in safety at New Orleans, where they dispose of their stock, the money obtained for which may be said to be all profit; supply themselves with such articles as may add to their convenience or comfort, and with light hearts procure a passage on the upper deck of a steamer at a very cheap rate, on account of the benefit of their labors in taking in wood or otherwise. Every successive year has increased their savings. They now possess a large stock of horses, cows, and hogs, with abundance of provisions, and domestic comforts of every kind. The daughters have been married to the sons of neighboring squatters, and have gained sisters to themselves by the marriage of their brothers.

DANIEL WEBSTER (1782–1852)

It is only now and then that the work of an orator can be classed as literature in the strict sense of the word. Webster alone of all the orators of his age, an age peculiarly rich in oratory, has been given an undisputed place among the men of letters. The orations of such magnetic speakers as Henry Clay perished all too often with the occasion that brought them forth. An oration is so vitally connected with the physical presence of the orator and of his hearers and with the occasion which all understand and which makes the air electric, that only seldom can it exist apart from these accompaniments. Its essence is usually too volatile for storage and transportation. The work of Webster, however, is an exception; it has in it a vitality that makes it alive apart from the occasion that brought it forth, and that places it beside the best efforts of such masters as Demosthenes and Cicero and Burke.

Webster's life centered almost entirely in his professions of law and statesmanship. Only incidentally was he a man of letters. A native of New Hampshire and a graduate of Dartmouth College, he turned early to the law and before he had reached middle life had reached the top of his profession. He was elected to Congress in 1812 and to the Senate in 1827. He served twice as Secretary of State, first under Harrison and then under Fillmore, and twice he came near to being nominated as President of the United States.

Webster's first notable oration was delivered in 1820 at the second centennial celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims. This effort and the oration on the occasion of the laying the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument in 1825 made him the most widely-known orator of his generation and in many ways the greatest. His reply to Hayne in 1830 marks the culminating point of his career.

The oratory of Webster was of the eighteenth century type. He belonged to the classical age with its reverence for form, for ornate diction, and artificial sentence structure. He began always his orations with an elaborate exordium and closed with a tremendous peroration. His style with its sonorous cadences, its elevated imagery, its stately epithets, its solemn apostrophes to the dead and to future generations, its elaborate antitheses and balances, is Johnsonian. He does not look out to sea: he 'casts his eyes abroad over the ocean,' and sees, not a ship, but 'a little bark.' He alludes to the ships drawn up in the harbor below as, 'Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount and seeming fondly to cling around it.' Sometimes the style approaches the bounds of bombast, but it never topples over. There is something Miltonic about the sonorous periods. The passion and fire that swayed the first hearers are still in the lines. The roll of the sentences, the majestic music of the resonant diction, the elevation everywhere of the thought,— never once descending to the commonplace,— combine to make it a masterpiece of its kind. The orations are best read aloud. They were created for the ear rather than for the eye. Only with the voice can one bring out to the full the Miltonic organ roll that is their chief distinction.

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT AT CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS, ON THE 17TH OF JUNE, 1825.

This uncounted multitude before me and around me proves the feeling which the occasion has excited. These thousands of human faces, glowing with sympathy and joy, and from the impulses of a common gratitude turned reverently to heaven in this spacious temple of the firmament, proclaim that the day, the place, and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

If, indeed, there be anything in local association fit to affect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotions which agitate us here. We are among the sepulchers of our fathers. We are on ground distinguished by their valor, their constancy, and the shedding of their blood. We are here, not to fix an uncertain date in our annals, nor to draw into notice an obscure and unknown spot. If our humble purpose had never been conceived, if we ourselves had never been

born, the 17th of June, 1775, would have been a day on which all subsequent history would have poured its light, and the eminence where we stand a point of attraction to the eyes of successive generations. But we are Americans. We live in what may be called the early age of this great continent; and we know that our posterity, through all time, are here to enjoy and suffer the allotments of humanity. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast; and it is natural, therefore, that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which have guided our destiny before many of us were born, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allows to men on earth.

We do not read even of the discovery of this continent, without feeling something of a personal interest in the event; without being reminded how much it has affected our own fortunes and our own existence. It would be still more unnatural for us, therefore, than for others, to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer of America stood on the deck of his shattered bark, the shades of night falling on the sea, yet no man sleeping; tossed on the billows of an unknown ocean, yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair tossing his own troubled thoughts; extending forward his harassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eyes, till Heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy, in blessing his vision with the sight of the unknown world.

Nearer to our times, mose closely connected with our fates, and therefore, still more interesting to our feelings and affections, is the settlement of our own country by colonists from England. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety; and we are justly proud of being descended from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without interest. We shall not stand unmoved on the shore of Plymouth, while the sea continues to wash it; nor will our brethren in another early and ancient Colony forget the place of its first establishment, till their river shall cease to flow by it. No vigor of youth, no maturity of manhood, will lead the nation to forget the spots where its infancy was cradled and defended.

But the great event in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American Revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honor, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

The Society whose organ I am was formed for the purpose of rearing some honorable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American Independence. They have thought that for this object no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking, than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to Almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted, and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have reared it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know that

no inscription on entablatures less broad than the earth itself can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the Revolution. Human beings are composed, not of reason only, but of imagination also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied which is appropriated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished where the first great battle of the Revolution was fought. We wish that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event to every class and every age. We wish that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish that labor may look up here, and be proud, in the midst of its toil. We wish that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come upon all nations, must be expected to come upon us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power are still strong. We wish that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object to the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden him who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise! let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

We live in a most extraordinary age. Events so various and so important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries are, in our times, compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record, in the same term of years, as since the 17th of June, 1775? Our own revolution, which, under other circumstances, might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved; twenty-four sovereign and independent States erected; and a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so practical, that we might well wonder its establishment should have been accomplished so soon, were it not far the greater wonder that it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to twelve, the great forests of the West prostrated beneath the arm of successful industry, and the dwellers on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi become the fellow-citizens and neighbors of those who cultivate the hills of New England. We have a commerce that leaves no sea unexplored; navies which take no law from superior force; revenues adequate to all the exigencies of government, almost without taxation; and peace with all nations, founded on equal rights and mutual respect.

Europe, within the same period, has been agitated by a mighty revolution, which, while it has been felt in the individual condition and happiness of almost every man, has shaken to the center her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones which had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed, and colonies have sprung up to be nations. Unaccustomed sounds of liberty and free government have reached us from beyond the track of the sun; and at this moment the dominion of European power in this con-

tinent, from the place where we stand to the south pole, is annihilated forever.

In the mean time, both in Europe and America, such has been the general progress of knowledge, such the improvement in legislation, in commerce, in the arts, in letters, and, above all, in liberal ideas and the general spirit of the age, that the whole world seems changed.

Yet, notwithstanding that this is but a faint abstract of the things which have happened since the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it; and we now stand here to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we still have among us some of those who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit once more, and under circumstances so affecting, I had almost said so overwhelming, this renowned theater of their courage and patriotism.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbors, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet; but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strewed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death; — all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives and children and countrymen in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defense. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you!

But, alas! you are not all here! Time and the sword have thinned your ranks. Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Brooks, Read, Pomeroy, Bridge! our eyes seek for you in vain amid this broken band. You are gathered to your fathers, and live only to your country in her grateful remembrance and your own bright example. But let us not too much grieve, that you have met the common fate of men. You lived at least long enough to know that your work had been nobly and successfully accomplished. You lived to see your country's independence established, and to sheathe your swords from war. On the light of Liberty you saw arise the light of Peace, like

> 'another morn,
> Risen on mid-noon;'

and the sky on which you closed your eyes was cloudless.

But, ah! Him! the first great martyr in this great cause! Him! the premature victim of his own self-devoting heart! Him! the head of our civil councils, and the destined leader of our military bands, whom nothing brought hither but the unquenchable fire of his own spirit! Him! cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom; falling ere he saw the star of his country rise; pouring out his generous blood like water, before he knew whether it would fertilize a land of freedom or of bondage! — how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name! Our poor work may perish; but thine shall endure! This monument may molder away; the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to a level with the sea; but thy memory shall not fail! Wheresoever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and

iberty, its aspirations shall be to claim kindred with thy spirit.

But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole Revolutionary army.

VETERANS! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honor from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. VETERANS OF HALF A CENTURY! when in your youthful days you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you cannot reasonably have expected to arrive, at a moment of national prosperity such as you could never have foreseen, you are now met here to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, present themselves before you. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And when you shall here have exchanged your embraces, when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succor in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory, then look abroad upon this lovely land which your young valor defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad upon the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind!

The occasion does not require of me any particular account of the battle of the 17th of June, 1775, nor any detailed narrative of the events which immediately preceded it. These are familiarly known to all. In the progress of the great and interesting controversy, Massachusetts and the town of Boston had become early and marked objects of the displeasure of the British Parliament. This had been manifested in the act for altering the government of the Province, and in that for shutting up the port of Boston. Nothing sheds more honor on our early history, and nothing better shows how little the feelings and sentiments of the Colonies were known or regarded in England, than the impression which these measures everywhere produced in America. It had been anticipated, that while the Colonies in general would be terrified by the severity of the punishment inflicted on Massachusetts, the other seaports would be governed by a mere spirit of gain; and that, as Boston was now cut off from all commerce, the unexpected advantage which this blow on her was calculated to confer on other towns would be greedily enjoyed. How miserably such reasoners deceived themselves! How little they knew of the depth, and the strength, and the intenseness of that feeling of resistance to illegal acts of power, which possessed the whole American people! Everywhere the unworthy boon was rejected with scorn. The fortunate occasion was seized, everywhere, to show to the whole world that the Colonies were swayed by no local interest, no partial interest, no selfish interest. The temptation to profit by the punishment of Boston was strongest to our neighbors of Salem. Yet Salem was precisely the place where this miserable proffer was spurned, in a tone of the most lofty self-respect and the most indignant patriotism. 'We are deeply affected,' said its inhabitants, 'with the sense of our public calamities; but the miseries that are now rapidly hastening on our brethren in the capital of the Province greatly excite our commiseration. By shutting up the port of Boston some imagine that the course of trade might be turned hither and to our benefit; but we must be dead to every idea of justice, lost to all feelings of humanity, could we indulge a thought to seize on wealth and raise our fortunes on the ruin of our suffering neighbors.' These noble sentiments were not confined to our immediate vicinity. In that day of general affection and brotherhood, the blow given to Boston smote on every patriotic heart from one end of the country to the other. Virginia and the Caro-

linas, as well as Connecticut and New Hampshire, felt and proclaimed the cause to be their own. The Continental Congress, then holding its first session in Philadelphia, expressed its sympathy for the suffering inhabitants of Boston, and addresses were received from all quarters, assuring them that the cause was a common one, and should be met by common efforts and common sacrifices. The Congress of Massachusetts responded to these assurances; and in an address to the Congress at Philadelphia, bearing the official signature, perhaps among the last, of the immortal Warren, notwithstanding the severity of its suffering and the magnitude of the dangers which threatened it, it was declared that this Colony 'is ready, at all times, to spend and to be spent in the cause of America.'

But the hour drew nigh which was to put professions to the proof, and to determine whether the authors of these mutual pledges were ready to seal them in blood. The tidings of Lexington and Concord had no sooner spread, than it was universally felt that the time was at last come for action. A spirit pervaded all ranks, not transient, not boisterous, but deep, solemn, determined,—

'Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.'

War on their own soil and at their own doors, was, indeed, a strange work to the yeomanry of New England; but their consciences were convinced of its necessity, their country called them to it, and they did not withhold themselves from the perilous trial. The ordinary occupations of life were abandoned; the plow was stayed in the unfinished furrow; wives gave up their husbands, and mothers gave up their sons, to the battles of a civil war. Death might come in honor, on the field; it might come, in disgrace, on the scaffold. For either and for both they were prepared. The sentiment of Quincy was full in their hearts. 'Blandishments,' said that distinguished son of genius and patriotism, 'will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a halter intimidate; for, under God, we are determined, that, whereso-ever, whensoever, or howsoever, we shall be called to make our exit, we will die free men.'

The 17th of June saw the four New England Colonies standing here, side by side, to triumph or to fall together; and there was with them from that moment to the end of the war, what I hope will remain with them forever,— one cause, one country, one heart.

The battle of Bunker Hill was attended with the most important effects beyond its immediate results as a military engagement. It created at once a state of open, public war. There could now be no longer a question of proceeding against individuals, as guilty of treason or rebellion. That fearful crisis was past. The appeal lay to the sword, and the only question was, whether the spirit and the resources of the people would hold out till the object should be accomplished. Nor were its general consequences confined to our own country. The previous proceedings of the Colonies, their appeals, resolutions, and addresses, had made their cause known to Europe. Without boasting, we may say, that in no age or country has the public cause been maintained with more force of argument, more power of illustration, or more of that persuasion which excited feeling and elevated principle can alone bestow, than the Revolutionary state papers exhibit. These papers will forever deserve to be studied, not only for the spirit which they breathe, but for the ability with which they were written.

To this able vindication of their cause, the Colonies had now added a practical and severe proof of their own true devotion to it, and given evidence also of the power which they could bring to its support. All now saw, that if America fell, she would not fall without a struggle. Men felt sympathy and regard, as well as surprise, when they beheld these infant states, remote, unknown, unaided, encounter the power of England, and, in the first considerable battle, leave more of their enemies dead on the field, in proportion to the number of combatants, than had been recently known to fall in the wars of Europe.

Information of these events, circulating throughout the world, at length reached the ears of one who now hears me. He has not forgotten the emotion which the fame of Bunker Hill, and the name of Warren, excited in his youthful breast.

Sir, we are assembled to commemorate the establishment of great public princi-

ples of liberty, and to do honor to the distinguished dead. The occasion is too severe for eulogy of the living. But, Sir, your interesting relation to this country, the peculiar circumstances which surround you and surround us, call on me to express the happiness which we derive from your presence and aid in this solemn commemoration.

Fortunate, fortunate man! with what measure of devotion will you not thank God for the circumstances of your extraordinary life! You are connected with both hemispheres and with two generations. Heaven saw fit to ordain that the electric spark of liberty should be conducted, through you, from the New World to the Old; and we, who are now here to perform this duty of patriotism, have all of us long ago received it in charge from our fathers to cherish your name and your virtues. You will account it an instance of your good fortune, Sir, that you crossed the seas to visit us at a time which enables you to be present at this solemnity. You now behold the field, the renown of which reached you in the heart of France, and caused a thrill in your ardent bosom. You see the lines of the little redoubt thrown up by the incredible diligence of Prescott; defended, to the last extremity, by his lion-hearted valor; and within which the corner-stone of our monument has now taken its position. You see where Warren fell, and where Parker, Gardner, McCleary, Moore, and other early patriots fell with him. Those who survived that day, and whose lives have been prolonged to the present hour, are now around you. Some of them you have known in the trying scenes of the war. Behold! they now stretch forth their feeble arms to embrace you. Behold! they raise their trembling voices to invoke the blessing of God on you and yours forever.

Sir, you have assisted us in laying the foundation of this structure. You have heard us rehearse, with our feeble commendation, the names of departed patriots. Monuments and eulogy belong to the dead. We give then this day to Warren and his associates. On other occasions they have been given to your more immediate companions in arms, to Washington, to Greene, to Gates, to Sullivan, and to Lincoln. We have become reluctant to grant these, our highest and last honors, further. We would gladly hold them yet back from the little remnant of that immortal band. '*Serus in cœlum redeas.*' Illustrious as are your merits, yet far, O, very far distant be the day, when any inscription shall bear your name, or any tongue pronounce its eulogy!

The leading reflection to which this occasion seems to invite us, respects the great changes which have happened in the fifty years since the battle of Bunker Hill was fought. And it peculiarly marks the character of the present age, that, in looking at these changes, and in estimating their effect on our condition, we are obliged to consider, not what has been done in our country only, but in others also. In these interesting times, while nations are making separate and individual advances in improvement, they make, too, a common progress; like vessels on a common tide, propelled by the gales at different rates, according to their several structure and management, but all moved forward by one mighty current, strong enough to bear onward whatever does not sink beneath it.

A chief distinction of the present day is a community of opinions and knowledge amongst men in different nations, existing in a degree heretofore unknown. Knowledge has, in our time, triumphed, and is triumphing, over distance, over difference of languages, over diversity of habits, over prejudice, and over bigotry. The civilized and Christian world is fast learning the great lesson, that difference of nation does not imply necessary hostility, and that all contact need not be war. The whole world is becoming a common field for intellect to act in. Energy of mind, genius, power, wheresoever it exists, may speak out in any tongue, and the *world* will hear it. A great chord of sentiment and feeling runs through two continents, and vibrates over both. Every breeze wafts intelligence from country to country, every wave rolls it; all give it forth, and all in turn receive it. There is a vast commerce of ideas; there are marts and exchanges for intellectual discoveries, and a wonderful fellowship of those individual intelligences which make up the mind and opinion of the age. Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered; and the diffusion of knowledge, so astonishing in the last half-century, has rendered innumerable minds,

variously gifted by nature, competent to be competitors or fellow-workers on the theater of intellectual operation.

From these causes important improvements have taken place in the personal condition of individuals. Generally speaking, mankind are not only better fed and better clothed, but they are able also to enjoy more leisure; they possess more refinement and more self-respect. A superior tone of education, manners, and habits prevails. This remark, most true in its application to our own country, is also partly true when applied elsewhere. It is proved by the vastly augmented consumption of those articles of manufacture and of commerce which contribute to the comforts and the decencies of life; an augmentation which has far outrun the progress of population. And while the unexampled and almost incredible use of machinery would seem to supply the place of labor, labor still finds its occupation and its reward; so wisely has Providence adjusted men's wants and desires to their condition and their capacity.

Any adequate survey, however, of the progress made during the last half-century in the polite and the mechanic arts, in machinery and manufactures, in commerce and agriculture, in letters and in science, would require volumes. I must abstain wholly from these subjects, and turn for a moment to the contemplation of what has been done on the great question of politics and government. This is the master topic of the age; and during the whole fifty years it has intensely occupied the thoughts of men. The nature of civil government, its ends and uses, have been canvassed and investigated; ancient opinions attacked and defended; new ideas recommended and resisted, by whatever power the mind of man could bring to the controversy. From the closet and the public halls the debate has been transferred to the field; and the world has been shaken by wars of unexampled magnitude, and the greatest variety of fortune. A day of peace has at length succeeded; and now that the strife has subsided, and the smoke cleared away, we may begin to see what has actually been done, permanently changing the state and condition of human society. And, without dwelling on particular circumstances, it is most apparent, that, from the before-mentioned causes of augmented knowledge and improved individual condition, a real, substantial, and important change has taken place, and is taking place, highly favorable, on the whole, to human liberty and human happiness.

The great wheel of political revolution began to move in America. Here its rotation was guarded, regular, and safe. Transferred to the other continent, from unfortunate but natural causes, it received an irregular and violent impulse; it whirled along with a fearful celerity; till at length, like the chariot-wheels in the races of antiquity, it took fire from the rapidity of its own motion, and blazed onward, spreading conflagration and terror around.

We learn from the result of this experiment, how fortunate was our own condition, and how admirably the character of our people was calculated for setting the great example of popular governments. The possession of power did not turn the heads of the American people, for they had long been in the habit of exercising a great degree of self-control. Although the paramount authority of the parent state existed over them, yet a large field of legislation had always been open to our Colonial assemblies. They were accustomed to representative bodies and the forms of free government; they understood the doctrine of the division of power among different branches, and the necessity of checks on each. The character of our countrymen, moreover, was sober, moral, and religious; and there was little in the change to shock their feelings of justice and humanity, or even to disturb an honest prejudice. We had no domestic throne to overturn, no privileged orders to cast down, no violent changes of property to encounter. In the American Revolution, no man sought or wished for more than to defend and enjoy his own. None hoped for plunder or for spoil. Rapacity was unknown to it; the ax was not among the instruments of its accomplishment; and we all know that it could not have lived a single day under any well-founded imputation of possessing a tendency adverse to the Christian religion.

It need not surprise us, that, under circumstances less auspicious, political revolutions elsewhere, even when well intended, have terminated differently. It is, indeed, a great achievement, it is the masterwork of the world, to establish govern-

ments entirely popular on lasting foundations; nor is it easy, indeed, to introduce the popular principle at all into governments to which it has been altogether a stranger. It cannot be doubted, however, that Europe has come out of the contest, in which she has been so long engaged, with greatly superior knowledge, and, in many respects, in a highly improved condition. Whatever benefit has been acquired is likely to be retained, for it consists mainly in the acquisition of more enlightened ideas. And although kingdoms and provinces may be wrested from the hands that hold them, in the same manner they were obtained; although ordinary and vulgar power may, in human affairs, be lost as it has been won; yet it is the glorious prerogative of the empire of knowledge, that what it gains it never loses. On the contrary, it increases by the multiple of its own power; all its ends become means; all its attainments, helps to new conquests. Its whole abundant harvest is but so much seed wheat, and nothing has limited, and nothing can limit, the amount of ultimate product.

Under the influence of this rapidly increasing knowledge, the people have begun, in all forms of government, to think, and to reason, on affairs of state. Regarding government as an institution for the public good, they demand a knowledge of its operations, and a participation in its exercise. A call for the representative system, wherever it is not enjoyed, and where there is already intelligence enough to estimate its value, is perseveringly made. Where men may speak out, they demand it; where the bayonet is at their throats, they pray for it.

When Louis the Fourteenth said, 'I am the State,' he expressed the essence of the doctrine of unlimited power. By the rules of that system, the people are disconnected from the state; they are its subjects, it is their lord. These ideas, founded in the love of power, and long supported by the excess and the abuse of it, are yielding, in our age, to other opinions; and the civilized world seems at last to be proceeding to the conviction of that fundamental and manifest truth, that the powers of government are but a trust, and that they cannot be lawfully exercised but for the good of the community. As knowledge is more and more extended, this conviction becomes more and more general. Knowledge, in truth, is the great sun in the firmament. Life and power are scattered with all its beams. The prayer of the Grecian champion, when enveloped in unnatural clouds and darkness, is the appropriate political supplication for the people of every country not yet blessed with free institutions: —

'Dispel this cloud, the light of heaven restore,
Give me to see,— and Ajax asks no more.'

We may hope that the growing influence of enlightened sentiment will promote the permanent peace of the world. Wars to maintain family alliances, to uphold or to cast down dynasties, and to regulate successions to thrones, which have occupied so much room in the history of modern times, if not less likely to happen at all, will be less likely to become general and involve many nations, as the great principle shall be more and more established, that the interest of the world is peace, and its first great statute, that every nation possesses the power of establishing a government for itself. But public opinion has attained also an influence over governments which do not admit the popular principle into their organization. A necessary respect for the judgment of the world operates, in some measure, as a control over the most unlimited forms of authority. It is owing, perhaps, to this truth, that the interesting struggle of the Greeks has been suffered to go on so long, without a direct interference, either to wrest that country from its present masters, or to execute the system of pacification by force; and, with united strength, lay the neck of Christian and civilized Greek at the foot of the barbarian Turk. Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet, and when the sternest authority does not venture to encounter the scorching power of public reproach. Any attempt of the kind I have mentioned should be met by one universal burst of indignation; the air of the civilized world ought to be made too warm to be comfortably breathed by any one who would hazard it.

It is, indeed, a touching reflection, that, while, in the fulness of our country's happiness, we rear this monument to her honor, we look for instruction in our undertaking to a country which is now in

fearful contest, not for works of art or memorials of glory, but for her own existence. Let her be assured, that she is not forgotten in the world; that her efforts are applauded, and that constant prayers ascend for her success. And let us cherish a confident hope for her final triumph. If the true spark of religious and civil liberty be kindled, it will burn. Human agency cannot extinguish it. Like the earth's central fire, it may be smothered for a time; the ocean may overwhelm it; mountains may press it down; but its inherent and unconquerable force will heave both the ocean and the land, and at some time or other, in some place or other, the volcano will break out and flame up to heaven.

Among the great events of the half-century, we must reckon, certainly, the revolution of South America; and we are not likely to overrate the importance of that revolution, either to the people of the country itself or to the rest of the world. The late Spanish colonies, now independent states, under circumstances less favorable, doubtless, than attended our own revolution, have yet successfully commenced their national existence. They have accomplished the great object of establishing their independence; they are known and acknowledged in the world; and although in regard to their systems of government, their sentiments on religious toleration, and their provision for public instruction, they may have yet much to learn, it must be admitted that they have risen to the condition of settled and established states more rapidly than could have been reasonably anticipated. They already furnish an exhilarating example of the difference between free governments and despotic misrule. Their commerce, at this moment, creates a new activity in all the great marts of the world. They show themselves able, by an exchange of commodities, to bear a useful part in the intercourse of nations.

A new spirit of enterprise and industry begins to prevail; all the great interests of society receive a salutary impulse; and the progress of information not only testifies to an improved condition, but itself constitutes the highest and most essential improvement.

When the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, the existence of South America was scarcely felt in the civilized world. The thirteen little colonies of North America habitually called themselves the 'continent.' Borne down by colonial subjugation, monopoly, and bigotry, these vast regions of the South were hardly visible above the horizon. But in our day there has been, as it were, a new creation. The southern hemisphere emerges from the sea. Its lofty mountains begin to lift themselves into the light of heaven; its broad and fertile plains stretch out, in beauty, to the eye of civilized man, and at the mighty bidding of the voice of political liberty the waters of darkness retire.

And now, let us indulge an honest exultation in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce, on human freedom and human happiness. Let us endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude, and to feel in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs. We are placed at the head of the system of representative and popular governments. Thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights, with good laws, and a just administration.

We are not propagandists. Wherever other systems are preferred, either as being thought better in themselves, or as better suited to existing conditions, we leave the preference to be enjoyed. Our history hitherto proves, however, that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves; and the duty incumbent on us is to preserve the consistency of this cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fail, popular governments must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur. The last hopes of mankind, therefore, rest with us; and if it should be proclaimed, that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth.

These are excitements to duty; but they are not suggestions of doubt. Our history and our condition, all that is gone before us, and all that surrounds us, authorize the belief, that popular governments,

though subject to occasional variations, in form perhaps not always for the better, may yet, in their general character, be as durable and permanent as other systems. We know, indeed, that in our country any other is impossible. The *principle* of free governments adheres to the American soil. It is bedded in it, immovable as its mountains.

And let the sacred obligations which have devolved on this generation, and on us, sink deep into our hearts. Those who established our liberty and our government are daily dropping from among us. The great trust now descends to new hands. Let us apply ourselves to that which is presented to us, as our appropriate object. We can win no laurels in a war for independence. Earlier and worthier hands have gathered them all. Nor are there places for us by the side of Solon, and Alfred, and other founders of states. Our fathers have filled them. But there remains to us a great duty of defense and preservation; and there is opened to us, also, a noble pursuit, to which the spirit of the times strongly invites us. Our proper business is improvement. Let our age be the age of improvement. In a day of peace, let us advance the arts of peace and the works of peace. Let us develop the resources of our land, call forth its powers, build up its institutions, promote all its great interests, and see whether we also, in our day and generation, may not perform something worthy to be remembered. Let us cultivate a true spirit of union and harmony. In pursuing the great objects which our condition points out to us, let us act under a settled conviction, and an habitual feeling, that these twenty-four States are one country. Let our conceptions be enlarged to the circle of our duties. Let us extend our ideas over the whole of the vast field in which we are called to act. Let our object be, OUR COUNTRY, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, AND NOTHING BUT OUR COUNTRY. And, by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever!

(1825) (1825)

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783–1859)

Irving was of immigrant stock, the son of British parents who at the time of his birth had been in America only twenty years. That they were thorough Americans, however, and loyal to the ideals of the Revolution is shown by the name they gave their son who was born in the closing year of the great struggle. Until he was twenty-one the life of the boy was connected with his birth-place, New York City, a small place then of some twenty-three thousand, yet a city. Cooper was a man whose formative years had been passed on the border and on the ocean, but Irving was urban, metropolitan, a man of manners and of social training. He was a lover of books from his childhood; his father was a reader, an importer of English literature, and it is not strange that the boy early began to write and that before he was nineteen he was publishing *Spectator*-like essays signed 'Jonathan Oldstyle.' From the city schools he stepped into a law office, but just as he was ready at twenty-one for the bar, his health, always delicate, failed him. Consumption seemed to have fastened itself upon him, and as a last resort he was sent to Europe by sailing vessel, and kept in the open air for nearly two years in various parts of the Continent. The treatment was effective. In 1806 he was admitted to the bar and entered as a member of the law firm of John Irving in New York City. The fruits of his practice soon began to appear, though by no means in the form of briefs. The first was *Salmagundi*, the hilarious, New York *Spectator* of the period, and the next was the *History of New York*, that rollicking epic, written as a colossal joke and then all at once, to its author's amazement, awaking to life as a classic. But in 1809 literature in America could be only a diversion: it could not be entered upon safely as a profession; and as a result the young barrister drifted uncertainly for several years.

The turning-point came in 1815. The father had died, and the sons in 1810 had organized two mercantile firms, J. & E. Irving, New York, and P. Irving & Company, London, the 'Company' in the firm name standing for Washington Irving. It seemed best that he should identify himself with his firm and take charge of the Liverpool office. Accordingly for the next three years, 1815–1818, he was in England, a business man with much leisure which he spent in traveling extensively over the Kingdom. Then had come the crash: the firm had been hit hard by the war of 1812 and bankruptcy was the outcome. At thirty-three the restless junior member found himself again unsettled, and, what was worse, without income. Nothing remained but his pen, and now he must use it not with the hilarious spirits of the former days, but seriously for very bread. He had no great hopes. His awe of the British critics would not permit him to publish in England: he would depend upon his countrymen and dare the less critical public of the new world. Accordingly, May 15, 1819, he issued in New York number one of a periodical which he called *The Sketch-Book*, containing five essays: 'The Author's Account of Himself,' 'The Voyage,' 'Roscoe,' 'The Wife,' and 'Rip Van Winkle.' Other numbers were issued in July, September, November, December, and in March and September, 1820. The second number fell into the hands of the English novelist Godwin, who saw that it was published in the *London Literary Gazette*. The issue of the collected numbers by Murray in 1820 brought a chorus of praise from the British public. Irving at once took a place with the best authors of the period: *Blackwood's Magazine* hailed him as 'by far the greatest genius that has arisen on the literary horizon of the new world.' *Bracebridge Hall*, 1822, and *Tales of a Traveller*, 1824, confirmed the judgment of the critics.

Irving's next period was connected with Spain. The American Ambassador had become interested in some newly-found Columbus papers and invited the author of the *Sketch Book* to explore them. The result was three years in Spain from which came not only the *Life of Columbus*, but *The Conquest of Granada*, *The Alhambra*, and several others. He was finally called back to England as secretary of legation, and in 1831 he returned to America, having been away seventeen years.

He was now fifty, and desiring to spend a peaceful old age, he secured an estate on the Hudson, christened it 'Sunnyside,' and indulged his literary fancies unhampered by the spur of necessity. *A Tour of the Prairies*, *Astoria*, and *Captain Bonneville*, belong to this period. But his wanderings were not over. Appointed ambassador to Spain, he accepted with reluctance, and again for four years he was in Europe. The last period of his life he devoted to his *Life of Washington*, a work into which he put all his best powers. On its completion in 1859 he died, perhaps the best beloved American of his generation. The most serviceable biography of Irving is Warner's in the American Men of Letters series.

A HISTORY OF NEW YORK

Book III. Chapter I

OF THE RENOWNED WOUTER VAN TWILLER, HIS UNPARALLELED VIRTUES — AS LIKEWISE HIS UNUTTERABLE WISDOM IN THE LAW-CASE OF WANDLE SCHOONHOVEN AND BARENT BLEECKER — AND THE GREAT ADMIRATION OF THE PUBLIC THEREAT

Grievous and very much to be commiserated is the task of the feeling historian, who writes the history of his native land. If it fall to his lot to be the recorder of calamity or crime, the mournful page is watered with his tears: nor can he recall the most prosperous and blissful era, without a melancholy sigh at the reflection that it has passed away forever! I know not whether it be owing to an immoderate love for the simplicity of former times, or to that certain tenderness of heart incident to all sentimental historians; but I candidly confess that I cannot look back on the happier days of our city, which I now describe, without great dejection of spirit. With faltering hand do I withdraw the curtain of oblivion, that veils the modest merit of our venerable ancestors, and as their figures rise to my mental vision, humble myself before their mighty shades.

Such are my feelings when I revisit the family mansion of the Knickerbockers, and spend a lonely hour in the chamber where hang the portraits of my forefathers, shrouded in dust, like the forms they represent. With pious reverence do I gaze on the countenances of those renowned burghers, who have preceded me in the steady march of existence,— whose sober and temperate blood now meanders through my veins, flowing slower and slower in its feeble conduits, until its current shall soon be stopped forever!

These, I say to myself, are but frail memorials of the mighty men who flourished in the days of the patriarchs; but who, alas, have long since mouldered in that tomb towards which my steps are insensibly and irresistibly hastening! As I pace the darkened chamber and lose myself in melancholy musings, the shadowy images around me almost seem to steal once more into existence,— their countenances to assume the animation of life,— their eyes to pursue me in every movement! Carried away by the delusions of fancy, I almost imagine myself surrounded by the shades of the departed, and holding sweet converse with the worthies of antiquity! Ah, hapless Diedrich! born in a degenerate age, abandoned to the buffetings of fortunes,— a stranger and a weary pilgrim in thy native land,— blest with no weeping wife, nor family of helpless children, but doomed to wander neglected through those crowded streets, and elbowed by foreign upstarts from those fair abodes where once thine ancestors held sovereign empire!

Let me not, however, lose the historian in the man, nor suffer the doting recollections of age to overcome me, while dwelling with fond garrulity on the virtuous days of the patriarchs,— on those sweet days of simplicity and ease, which nevermore will dawn on the lovely island of Mannahata.

These melancholy reflections have been forced from me by the growing wealth and importance of New Amsterdam, which, I plainly perceive, are to involve it in all kinds of perils and disasters. Already, as I observed at the close of my last book, they had awakened the attentions of the mother-country. The usual mark of protection shown by mother-countries to wealthy colonies was forthwith manifested; a governor being sent out to rule over the province, and squeeze out of it as much revenue as possible. The arrival of a governor of course put an end to the protectorate of Oloffe the Dreamer. He appears, however, to have dreamt to some purpose during his sway, as we find him afterwards living as a patroon on a great landed estate on the banks of the Hudson; having virtually forfeited all right to his ancient appellation of Kortlandt or Lackland.

It was in the year of our Lord 1629 that Mynheer Wouter Van Twiller was appointed governor of the province of Nieuw Nederlandts, under the commission and control of their High Mightinesses the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and the privileged West India Company.

This renowned old gentleman arrived at New Amsterdam in the merry month of June, the sweetest month in all the year; when dan Apollo seems to dance up the transparent firmament,— when the robin, the thrush, and a thousand other wanton songsters, make the woods to resound with

amorous ditties, and the luxurious little boblincon revels among the clover blossoms of the meadows,— all which happy coincidence persuaded the old dames of New Amsterdam, who were skilled in the art of foretelling events, that this was to be a happy and prosperous administration.

The renowned Wouter (or Walter) Van Twiller was descended from a long line of Dutch burgomasters, who had successively dozed away their lives, and grown fat upon the bench of magistracy in Rotterdam; and who had comported themselves with such singular wisdom and propriety, that they were never either heard or talked of — which, next to being universally applauded, should be the object of ambition of all magistrates and rulers. There are two opposite ways by which some men make a figure in the world: one, by talking faster than they think, and the other, by holding their tongues and not thinking at all. By the first, many a smatterer acquires the reputation of a man of quick parts; by the other, many a dunderpate, like the owl, the stupidest of birds, comes to be considered the very type of wisdom. This, by the way, is a casual remark, which I would not, for the universe, have it thought I apply to Governor Van Twiller. It is true he was a man shut up within himself, like an oyster, and rarely spoke, except in monosyllables; but then it was allowed he seldom said a foolish thing. So invincible was his gravity that he was never known to laugh or even to smile through the whole course of a long and prosperous life. Nay, if a joke were uttered in his presence, that set light-minded hearers into a roar, it was observed to throw him into a state of perplexity. Sometimes he would deign to inquire into the matter, and when, after much explanation, the joke was made as plain as a pikestaff, he would continue to smoke his pipe in silence, and at length, knocking out the ashes, would exclaim, 'Well! I see nothing in all that to laugh about.'

With all his reflective habits, he never made up his mind on a subject. His adherents accounted for this by the astonishing magnitude of his ideas. He conceived every subject on so grand a scale that he had not room in his head to turn it over and examine both sides of it. Certain it is, that if any matter were propounded to him on which ordinary mortals would rashly determine at first glance, he would put on a vague, mysterious look, shake his capacious head, smoke some time in profound silence, and at length observe, that 'he had his doubts about the matter'; which gained him the reputation of a man slow of belief and not easily imposed upon. What is more, it gained him a lasting name; for to this habit of mind has been attributed his surname Twiller; which is said to be a corruption of the original Twijfler, or, in plain English, *Doubter*.

The person of this illustrious old gentleman was formed and proportioned, as though it had been moulded by the hands of some cunning Dutch statuary, as a model of majesty and lordly grandeur. He was exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference. His head was a perfect sphere, and of such stupendous dimensions, that dame Nature, with all her sex's ingenuity, would have been puzzled to construct a neck capable of supporting it; wherefore she wisely declined the attempt, and settled it firmly on the top of his backbone, just between the shoulders. His body was oblong and particularly capacious at bottom; which was wisely ordered by Providence, seeing that he was a man of sedentary habits, and very averse to the idle labor of walking. His legs were short, but sturdy in proportion to the weight they had to sustain; so that when erect he had not a little the appearance of a beer-barrel on skids. His face, that infallible index of the mind, presented a vast expanse, unfurrowed by any of those lines and angles which disfigure the human countenance with what is termed expression. Two small gray eyes twinkled feebly in the midst, like two stars of lesser magnitude in a hazy firmament; and his full-fed cheeks, which seemed to have taken toll of everything that went into his mouth, were curiously mottled and streaked with dusky red, like a spitzenberg apple.

His habits were as regular as his person. He daily took his four stated meals, appropriating exactly an hour to each; he smoked and doubted eight hours, and he slept the remaining twelve of the four-and-twenty. Such was the renowned Wouter Van Twiller,— a true philosopher, for his mind was either elevated above, or tranquilly settled below, the cares and perplexities of this world. He had lived in

it for years, without feeling the least curiosity to know whether the sun revolved round it, or it round the sun; and he had watched, for at least half a century, the smoke curling from his pipe to the ceiling, without once troubling his head with any of those numerous theories by which a philosopher would have perplexed his brain, in accounting for its rising above the surrounding atmosphere.

In his council he presided with great state and solemnity. He sat in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn in the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet, into exact imitations of gigantic eagle's claws. Instead of a sceptre, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, wrought with jasmin and amber, which had been presented to a stadtholder of Holland at the conclusion of a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. In this stately chair would he sit, and this magnificent pipe would he smoke, shaking his right knee with a constant motion, and fixing his eye for hours together upon a little print of Amsterdam, which hung in a black frame against the opposite wall of the council-chamber. Nay, it has even been said, that when any deliberation of extraordinary length and intricacy was on the carpet, the renowned Wouter would shut his eyes for full two hours at a time, that he might not be disturbed by external objects; and at such times the internal commotion of his mind was evinced by certain regular guttural sounds, which his admirers declared were merely the noise of conflict, made by his contending doubts and opinions.

It is with infinite difficulty I have been enabled to collect these biographical anecdotes of the great man under consideration. The facts respecting him were so scattered and vague, and divers of them so questionable in point of authenticity, that I have had to give up the search after many, and decline the admission of still more, which would have tended to heighten the coloring of his portrait.

I have been the more anxious to delineate fully the person and habits of Wouter Van Twiller, from the consideration that he was not only the first, but also the best governor that ever presided over this ancient and respectable province; and so tranquil and benevolent was his reign, that I do not find throughout the whole of it a single instance of any offender being brought to punishment,— a most indubitable sign of a merciful governor, and a case unparalleled, excepting the reign of the illustrious King Log, from whom, it is hinted, the renowned Van Twiller was a lineal descendant.

The very outset of the career of this excellent magistrate was distinguished by an example of legal acumen, that gave flattering presage of a wise and equitable administration. The morning after he had been installed in office, and the moment that he was making his breakfast from a prodigious earthen dish, filled with milk and Indian pudding, he was interrupted by the appearance of Wandle Schoonhoven, a very important old burgher of New Amsterdam, who complained bitterly of one Barent Bleecker, inasmuch as he refused to come to a settlement of accounts, seeing that there was a heavy balance in favor of the said Wandle. Governor Van Twiller, as I have already observed, was a man of few words; he was likewise a mortal enemy to multiplying writings — or being disturbed at his breakfast. Having listened attentively to the statement of Wandle Schoonhoven, giving an occasional grunt, as he shovelled a spoonful of Indian pudding into his mouth,— either as a sign that he relished the dish, or comprehended the story,— he called unto him his constable, and pulling out of his breeches-pocket a huge jack-knife, dispatched it after the defendant as a summons, accompanied by his tobacco-box as a warrant.

This summary process was as effectual in those simple days as was the seal-ring of the great Haroun Alraschid among the true believers. The two parties being confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High-Dutch commentator, or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after the other, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted over the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger beside his nose, and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of

tobacco-smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced, that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found, that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other: therefore, it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced: therefore, Wandle should give Barent a receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt, and the constable should pay the costs.

This decision, being straightway made known, diffused general joy throughout New Amsterdam, for the people immediately perceived that they had a very wise and equitable magistrate to rule over them. But its happiest effect was, that not another lawsuit took place throughout the whole of his administration; and the office of constable fell into such decay, that there was not one of those losel scouts known in the province for many years. I am the more particular in dwelling on this transaction, not only because I deem it one of the most sage and righteous judgments on record, and well worthy the attention of modern magistrates, but because it was a miraculous event in the history of the renowned Wouter,— being the only time he was ever known to come to a decision in the whole course of his life.

(1809) (1809)

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

'I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snaile that crept out of her shel was turned eftsoons into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stoole to sit on; so the traveller that stragleth from his owne country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a shape, that he is faine to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would.' (Lyly's *Euphues.*)

I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town crier. As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighboring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge, by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of terra incognita, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships, bound to distant climes — with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!

Further reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country; and had I been merely a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification; for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine; — no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

But Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly-cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities af ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise: Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very ruins told the history of times gone

by, and every moldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement — to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity — to loiter about the ruined castle — to meditate on the falling tower — to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.

I had, besides all this, an earnest desire to see the great men of the earth. We have, it is true, our great men in America: not a city but has an ample share of them. I have mingled among them in my time, and been almost withered by the shade into which they cast me; for there is nothing so baleful to a small man as the shade of a great one, particularly the great man of a city. But I was anxious to see the great men of Europe; for I had read in the works of various philosophers, that all animals degenerated in America, and man among the number. A great man of Europe, thought I, must therefore be as superior to a great man of America, as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson; and in this idea I was confirmed, by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude of many English travelers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated.

It has been either my good or evil lot to have my roving passion gratified. I have wandered through different countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I cannot say that I have studied them with the eye of a philosopher; but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another; caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape. As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humor has led me aside from the great objects studied by every regular traveler who would make a book. I fear I shall give equal disappointment with an unlucky landscape painter, who had traveled on the continent, but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, had sketched in nooks, and corners, and by-places. His sketch-book was accordingly crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins; but he had neglected to paint St. Peter's, or the Coliseum; the cascade of Terni, or the bay of Naples; and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection.

From *The Sketch Book,* 1819.

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN

A STAGE-COACH ROMANCE

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but was still feverish, and obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! — whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travelers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy

cur, chained to a doghouse hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hardened ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I was lonely and listless, and wanted amusement. My room soon became insupportable. I abandoned it, and sought what is technically called the travelers'-room. This is a public room set apart at most inns for the accommodation of a class of wayfarers, called travelers, or riders; a kind of commercial knights-errant, who are incessantly scouring the kingdom in gigs, on horseback, or by coach. They are the only successors that I know of at the present day, to the knights-errant of yore. They lead the same kind of roving adventurous life, only changing the lance for a driving-whip, the buckler for a pattern-card, and the coat of mail for an upper Benjamin. Instead of vindicating the charms of peerless beauty, they rove about, spreading the fame and standing of some substantial tradesman, or manufacturer, and are ready at any time to bargain in his name; it being the fashion now-a-days to trade, instead of fight, with one another. As the room of the hostel, in the good old fighting times, would be hung round at night with the armor of way-worn warriors, such as coats of mail, falchions, and yawning helmets; so the travelers'-room is garnished with the harnessing of their successors, with box-coats, whips of all kinds, spurs, gaiters, and oil-cloth covered hats.

I was in hopes of finding some of these worthies to talk with, but was disappointed. There were, indeed, two or three in the room; but I could make nothing of them. One was just finishing his breakfast, quarreling with his bread and butter, and huffing the waiter; another buttoned on a pair of gaiters, with many execrations at Boots for not having cleaned his shoes well; a third sat drumming on the table with his fingers and looking at the rain as it streamed down the window-glass; they all appeared infected by the weather, and disappeared, one after the other, without exchanging a word.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people, picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted midleg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bell ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite; who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further from without to amuse me.

What was I to do to pass away the long-lived day? I was sadly nervous and lonely; and everything about an inn seems calculated to make a dull day ten times duller. Old newspapers, smelling of beer and tobacco smoke, and which I had already read half a dozen times. Good for nothing books, that were worse than rainy weather. I bored myself to death with an old volume of the *Lady's Magazine*. I read all the commonplaced names of ambitious travelers scrawled on the panes of glass; the eternal families of the Smiths, and the Browns, and the Jacksons, and the Johnsons, and all the other sons; and I deciphered several scraps of fatiguing inn-window poetry which I have met with in all parts of the world.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slovenly, ragged, spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain: it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter — patter — patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella.

It was quite *refreshing* (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when, in the course of the morning, a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street, with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins.

The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys, and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal ycleped Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient; the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and

dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on. In fact, there was no hope of its clearing up; the barometer pointed to rainy weather; mine hostess' tortoise-shell cat sat by the fire washing her face, and rubbing her paws over her ears; and, on referring to the Almanac, I found a direful prediction stretching from the top of the page to the bottom through the whole month, 'expect — much — rain — about — this — time!'

I was dreadfully hipped. The hours seemed as if they would never creep by. The very ticking of the clock became irksome. At length the stillness of the house was interrupted by the ringing of a bell. Shortly after I heard the voice of a waiter at the bar: 'The stout gentleman in No. 13, wants his breakfast. Tea and bread and butter, with ham and eggs; the eggs not to be too much done.'

In such a situation as mine every incident is of importance. Here was a subject of speculation presented to my mind, and ample exercise for my imagination. I am prone to paint pictures to myself, and on this occasion I had some materials to work upon. Had the guest up stairs been mentioned as Mr. Smith, or Mr. Brown, or Mr. Jackson, or Mr. Johnson, or merely as 'the gentleman in No. 13,' it would have been a perfect blank to me. I should have thought nothing of it; but 'The stout gentleman!'— the very name had something in it of the picturesque. It at once gave the size; it embodied the personage to my mind's eye, and my fancy did the rest.

He was stout, or, as some term it, lusty; in all probability, therefore, he was advanced in life, some people expanding as they grow old. By his breakfasting rather late, and in his own room, he must be a man accustomed to live at his ease, and above the necessity of early rising; no doubt a round, rosy, lusty old gentleman.

There was another violent ringing. The stout gentleman was impatient for his breakfast. He was evidently a man of importance: 'well to do in the world'; accustomed to be promptly waited upon; of a keen appetite, and a little cross when hungry; 'perhaps,' thought I, 'he may be some London Alderman; or who knows but he may be a Member of Parliament?'

The breakfast was sent up, and there was a short interval of silence; he was, doubtless, making the tea. Presently there was a violent ringing; and before it could be answered, another ringing still more violent. 'Bless me! what a choleric old gentleman!' The waiter came down in a huff. The butter was rancid, the eggs were over-done, the ham was too salt: — the stout gentleman was evidently nice in his eating; one of those who eat and growl, and keep the waiter on the trot, and live in a state militant with the household.

The hostess got into a fume. I should observe that she was a brisk, coquettish woman; a little of a shrew, and something of a slammerkin, but very pretty withal; with a nincompoop of a husband, as shrews are apt to have. She rated the servants roundly for their negligence in sending up so bad a breakfast, but said not a word against the stout gentleman; by which I clearly perceived that he must be a man of consequence, entitled to make a noise and to give trouble at a country inn. Other eggs, and ham, and bread and butter were sent up. They appeared to be more graciously received; at least there was no further complaint.

I had not made many turns about the travelers'-room, when there was another ringing. Shortly afterwards there was a stir and an inquest about the house. The stout gentleman wanted the *Times* or the *Chronicle* newspaper. I set him down, therefore, for a whig; or rather, from his being so absolute and lordly where he had a chance, I suspected him of being a radical. Hunt, I had heard, was a large man; 'who knows,' thought I, 'but it is Hunt himself!'

My curiosity began to be awakened. I inquired of the waiter who was this stout gentleman that was making all this stir; but I could get no information: nobody seemed to know his name. The landlords of bustling inns seldom trouble their heads about the names or occupations of their transient guests. The color of a coat, the shape or size of the person, is enough to suggest a traveling name. It is either the tall gentleman, or the short gentleman, or the gentleman in black, or the gentleman in snuff-color; or, as in the present instance, the stout gentleman. A designation of the kind once hit on answers every purpose, and saves all further inquiry.

Rain — rain — rain! pitiless, ceaseless rain! No such thing as putting a foot out of doors, and no occupation nor amusement within. By and by I heard some one walking over head. It was in the stout gentleman's room. He evidently was a large man by the heaviness of his tread; and an old man from his wearing such creaking soles. 'He is doubtless,' thought I, 'some rich old square-toes of regular habits, and is now taking exercise after breakfast.'

I now read all the advertisements of coaches and hotels that were stuck about the mantel-piece. The *Lady's Magazine* had become an abomination to me; it was as tedious as the day itself. I wandered out, not knowing what to do, and ascended again to my room. I had not been there long, when there was a squall from a neighboring bedroom. A door opened and slammed violently; a chambermaid, that I had remarked for having a ruddy, good-humored face, went down stairs in a violent flurry. The stout gentleman had been rude to her!

This sent a whole host of my deductions to the deuce in a moment. This unknown personage could not be an old gentleman; for old gentlemen are not apt to be so obstreperous to chambermaids. He could not be a young gentleman; for young gentlemen are not apt to inspire such indignation. He must be a middle-aged man, and confounded ugly into the bargain, or the girl would not have taken the matter in such terrible dudgeon. I confess I was sorely puzzled.

In a few minutes I heard the voice of my landlady. I caught a glance of her as she came tramping up stairs; her face glowing, her cap flaring, her tongue wagging the whole way. 'She'd have no such doings in her house, she'd warrant. If gentlemen did spend money freely, it was no rule. She'd have no servant maids of hers treated in that way, when they were about their work, that's what she would n't.'

As I hate squabbles, particularly with women, and above all with pretty women, I slunk back into my room, and partly closed the door; but my curiosity was too much excited not to listen. The landlady marched intrepidly to the enemy's citadel, and entered it with a storm: the door closed after her. I heard her voice in high windy clamor for a moment or two. Then it gradually subsided, like a gust of wind in a garret; then there was a laugh; then I heard nothing more.

After a little while my landlady came out with an odd smile on her face, adjusting her cap, which was a little on one side. As she went down stairs I heard the landlord ask her what was the matter; she said, 'Nothing at all, only the girl's a fool.'— I was more than ever perplexed what to make of this unaccountable personage, who could put a good-natured chambermaid in a passion, and send away a termagant landlady in smiles. He could not to be so old, nor cross, nor ugly either.

I had to go to work at his picture again, and to paint him entirely different. I now set him down for one of those stout gentlemen that are frequently met with swaggering about the doors of country inns. Moist, merry fellows, in Belcher handkerchiefs, whose bulk is a little assisted by malt-liquors. Men who have seen the world, and been sworn at Highgate; who are used to tavern life; up to all the tricks of tapsters, and knowing in the ways of sinful publicans. Free-livers on a small scale; who are prodigal within the compass of a guinea; who call all the waiters by name, touzle the maids, gossip with the landlady at the bar, and prose over a pint of port, or a glass of negus, after dinner.

The morning wore away in forming these and similar surmises. As fast as I wove one system of belief, some movement of the unknown would completely overturn it, and throw all my thoughts again into confusion. Such are the solitary operations of a feverish mind. I was, as I have said, extremely nervous; and the continual meditation on the concerns of this invisible personage began to have its effect: — I was getting a fit of the fidgets.

Dinner-time came. I hoped the stout gentleman might dine in the travelers'-room, and that I might at length get a view of his person; but no — he had dinner served in his own room. What could be the meaning of this solitude and mystery? He could not be a radical; there was something too aristocratical in thus keeping himself apart from the rest of the world, and condemning himself to his own dull company throughout a rainy day. And then, too, he lived too well for a discontented politician. He seemed to ex-

patiate on a variety of dishes, and to sit over his wine like a jolly friend of good living. Indeed, my doubts on this head were soon at an end; for he could not have finished his first bottle before I could faintly hear him humming a tune; and on listening, I found it to be 'God save the King.' 'T was plain, then, he was no radical, but a faithful subject; one who grew loyal over his bottle, and was ready to stand by king and constitution, when he could stand by nothing else. But who could he be! My conjectures began to run wild. Was he not some personage of distinction traveling incog.? 'God knows!' said I, at my wit's end; 'it may be one of the royal family for aught I know, for they are all stout gentlemen!'

The weather continued rainy. The mysterious unknown kept his room, and, as far as I could judge, his chair, for I did not hear him move. In the meantime, as the day advanced, the travelers'-room began to be frequented. Some, who had just arrived, came in buttoned up in box-coats; others came home who had been dispersed about the town. Some took their dinners, and some their tea. Had I been in a different mood, I should have found entertainment in studying this peculiar class of men. There were two especially, who were regular wags of the road, and up to all the standing jokes of travelers. They had a thousand sly things to say to the waiting-maid, whom they called Louisa, and Ethelinda, and a dozen other fine names, changing the name every time, and chuckling amazingly at their own waggery. My mind, however, had become completely engrossed by the stout gentleman. He had kept my fancy in chase during a long day, and it was not now to be diverted from the scent.

The evening gradually wore away. The travelers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns, and breakings down. They discussed the credit of different merchants and different inns; and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids, and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their night-caps, that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water and sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for 'Boots' and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvelously uncomfortable slippers.

There was now only one man left; a short-legged, long-bodied, plethoric fellow, with a very large, sandy head. He sat by himself, with a glass of port wine negus, and a spoon; sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long, and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless, and almost spectral, box-coats of departed travelers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping topers, and the drippings of the rain, drop — drop — drop, from the eaves of the house. The church bells chimed midnight. All at once the stout gentleman began to walk over head, pacing slowly backwards and forwards. There was something extremely awful in all this, especially to one in my state of nerves. These ghastly great-coats, these guttural breathings, and the creaking footsteps of this mysterious being. His steps grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away. I could bear it no longer. I was wound up to the desperation of a hero of romance. 'Be he who or what he may,' said I to myself, 'I'll have a sight of him!' I seized a chamber candle, and hurried up to No. 13. The door stood ajar. I hesitated — I entered: the room was deserted. There stood a large, broad-bottomed elbow-chair at a table, on which was an empty tumbler, and a *Times* newspaper, and the room smelt powerfully of Stilton cheese.

The mysterious stranger had evidently but just retired. I turned off, sorely disappointed, to my room, which had been changed to the front of the house. As I went along the corridor, I saw a large pair of boots, with dirty, waxed tops, standing at the door of a bed-chamber. They doubtless belonged to the unknown; but it would not do to disturb so redoubtable a personage in his den; he might discharge a pistol, or something worse, at my head. I went to bed, therefore, and lay awake half the night in a terribly

nervous state; and even when I fell asleep, I was still haunted in my dreams by the idea of the stout gentleman and his wax-topped boots.

I slept rather late the next morning, and was awakened by some stir and bustle in the house, which I could not at first comprehend; until getting more awake, I found there was a mail coach starting from the door. Suddenly there was a cry from below, 'The gentleman has forgot his umbrella! look for the gentleman's umbrella in No. 13!' I heard an immediate scampering of a chambermaid along the passage, and a shrill reply as she ran, 'Here it is! here 's the gentleman's umbrella!'

The mysterious stranger then was on the point of setting off. This was the only chance I should ever have of knowing him. I sprang out of bed, scrambled to the window, snatched aside the curtains, and just caught a glimpse of the rear of a person getting in at the coach-door. The skirts of a brown coat parted behind, and gave me a full view of the broad disk of a pair of drab breeches. The door closed —'all right!' was the word — the coach whirled off; — and that was all I ever saw of the stout gentleman!

From *Bracebridge Hall*, 1822.

THE BOLD DRAGOON;

OR THE ADVENTURE OF MY GRANDFATHER

My grandfather was a bold dragoon, for it 's a profession, d 'ye see, that has run in the family. All my forefathers have been dragoons and died upon the field of honor except myself, and I hope my posterity may be able to say the same; however, I don't mean to be vainglorious. Well, my grandfather, as I said, was a bold dragoon, and had served in the Low Countries. In fact, he was one of that very army, which, according to my uncle Toby, 'swore so terribly in Flanders.' He could swear a good stick himself; and, moreover, was the very man that introduced the doctrine Corporal Trim mentions, of radical heat and radical moisture; or, in other words, the mode of keeping out the damps of ditch water by burnt brandy. Be that as it may, it 's nothing to the purport of my story. I only tell it to show you that my grandfather was a man not easily to be humbugged. He had seen service; or, according to his own phrase, 'he had seen the devil' — and that 's saying everything.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was on his way to England, for which he intended to embark at Ostend; — bad luck to the place for one where I was kept by storms and head winds for three long days, and the divil of a jolly companion or pretty face to comfort me. Well, as I was saying, my grandfather was on his way to England, or rather to Ostend — no matter which, it 's all the same. So one evening, towards nightfall, he rode jollily into Bruges. Very like you all know Bruges, gentlemen, a queer, old-fashioned Flemish town, once they say a great place for trade and money-making, in old times, when the Mynheers were in their glory; but almost as large and as empty as an Irishman's pocket at the present day. Well, gentlemen, it was the time of the annual fair. All Bruges was crowded; and the canals swarmed with Dutch boats, and the streets swarmed with Dutch merchants; and there was hardly any getting along for goods, wares, and merchandises, and peasants in big breeches, and women in half a score of petticoats.

My grandfather rode jollily along in his easy, slashing way, for he was a saucy, sunshiny fellow — staring about him at the motley crowd, and the old houses with gable ends to the street and storks' nests on the chimneys; winking at the ya vrouws who showed their faces at the windows, and joking the women right and left in the street; all of whom laughed and took it in amazing good part; for though he did not know a word of their language, yet he always had a knack of making himself understood among the women.

Well, gentlemen, it being the time of the annual fair, all the town was crowded; every inn and tavern full, and my grandfather applied in vain from one to the other for admittance. At length he rode up to an old rackety inn that looked ready to fall to pieces, and which all the rats would have run away from, if they could have found room in any other house to put their heads. It was just such a queer building as you see in Dutch pictures, with a tall roof that reached up into the clouds; and as many garrets, one over the other,

as the seven heavens of Mahomet. Nothing had saved it from tumbling down but a stork's nest on the chimney, which always brings good luck to a house in the Low Countries; and at the very time of my grandfather's arrival, there were two of these long-legged birds of grace, standing like ghosts on the chimney top. Faith, but they 've kept the house on its legs to this very day; for you may see it any time you pass through Bruges, as it stands there yet; only it is turned into a brewery — a brewery of strong Flemish beer; at least it was so when I came that way after the battle of Waterloo.

My grandfather eyed the house curiously as he approached. It might not altogether have struck his fancy, had he not seen in large letters over the door,

HEER VERKOOPT MAN GOEDEN DRANK

My grandfather had learnt enough of the language to know that the sign promised good liquor. 'This is the house for me,' said he, stopping short before the door.

The sudden appearance of a dashing dragoon was an event in an old inn, frequented only by the peaceful sons of traffic. A rich burgher of Antwerp, a stately ample man, in a broad Flemish hat, and who was the great man and great patron of the establishment, sat smoking a clean long pipe on one side of the door; a fat little distiller of Geneva from Schiedam, sat smoking on the other, and the bottle-nosed host stood in the door, and the comely hostess, in crimped cap, beside him; and the hostess' daughter, a plump Flanders lass, with long gold pendants in her ears, was at a side window.

'Humph!' said the rich burgher of Antwerp, with a sulky glance at the stranger.

'Der duyvel!' said the fat little distiller of Schiedam.

The landlord saw with the quick glance of a publican that the new guest was not at all, at all, to the taste of the old ones; and to tell the truth, he did not himself like my grandfather's saucy eye. He shook his head — 'Not a garret in the house but was full.'

'Not a garret!' echoed the landlady.

'Not a garret!' echoed the daughter.

The burgher of Antwerp and the little distiller of Schiedam continued to smoke their pipes sullenly, eyed the enemy askance from under their broad hats, but said nothing.

My grandfather was not a man to be browbeaten. He threw the reins on his horse's neck, cocked his hat on one side, stuck one arm akimbo, slapped his broad thigh with the other hand —

'Faith and troth!' said he, 'but I 'll sleep in this house this very night!'

My grandfather had on a tight pair of buckskins — the slap went to the landlady's heart.

He followed up the vow by jumping off his horse, and making his way past the staring Mynheers into the public room. May be you 've been in the barroom of an old Flemish inn — faith, but a handsome chamber it was as you 'd wish to see; with a brick floor, a great fire-place, with the whole Bible history in glazed tiles; and then the mantel-piece, pitching itself head foremost out of the wall, with a whole regiment of cracked tea-pots and earthen jugs paraded on it; not to mention half a dozen great Delft platters hung about the room by way of pictures; and the little bar in one corner, and the bouncing bar-maid inside of it with a red calico cap and yellow ear-drops.

My grandfather snapped his fingers over his head, as he cast an eye round the room: 'Faith, this is the very house I 've been looking after,' said he.

There was some farther show of resistance on the part of the garrison, but my grandfather was an old soldier, and an Irishman to boot, and not easily repulsed, especially after he had got into the fortress. So he blarney'd the landlord, kissed the landlord's wife, tickled the landlord's daughter, chucked the bar-maid under the chin; and it was agreed on all hands that it would be a thousand pities, and a burning shame into the bargain, to turn such a bold dragoon into the streets. So they laid their heads together, that is to say, my grandfather and the landlady, and it was at length agreed to accommodate him with an old chamber that had for some time been shut up.

'Some say it 's haunted!' whispered the landlord's daughter, 'but you 're a bold dragoon, and I dare say you don't fear ghosts.'

'The divil a bit!' said my grandfather, pinching her plump cheek; 'but if I should be troubled by ghosts, I 've been to the

Red Sea in my time, and have a pleasant way of laying them, my darling!'

And then he whispered something to the girl which made her laugh, and give him a good-humored box on the ear. In short, there was nobody knew better how to make his way among the petticoats than my grandfather.

In a little while, as was his usual way, he took complete possession of the house: swaggering all over it; — into the stable to look after his horse; into the kitchen to look after his supper. He had something to say or do with every one; smoked with the Dutchmen; drank with the Germans; slapped the men on the shoulders, tickled the women under the ribs: — never since the days of Ally Croaker had such a rattling blade been seen. The landlord stared at him with astonishment: the landlord's daughter hung her head and giggled whenever he came near; and as he turned his back and swaggered along, his tight jacket setting off his broad shoulders and plump buckskins, and his long sword trailing by his side, the maids whispered to one another—'What a proper man!'

At supper my grandfather took command of the table d'hôte as though he had been at home; helped everybody, not forgetting himself; talked with every one, whether he understood their language or not; and made his way into the intimacy of the rich burgher of Antwerp, who had never been known to be sociable with any one during his life. In fact, he revolutionized the whole establishment, and gave it such a rouse, that the very house reeled with it. He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who had sat soaking for a long time before he broke forth; but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather; so they sat drinking, and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swampt with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed whooping and hiccuping, and trolling the burthen of a Low Dutch love song.

Well, gentlemen, my grandfather was shown to his quarters, up a huge staircase composed of loads of hewn timber; and through long rigmarole passages, hung with blackened paintings of fruit, and fish, and game, and country frollics, and huge kitchens, and portly burgomasters, such as you see about old-fashioned Flemish inns, till at length he arrived at his room.

An old-times chamber it was, sure enough, and crowded with all kinds of trumpery. It looked like an infirmary for decayed and superannuated furniture; where everything diseased and disabled was sent to nurse, or to be forgotten. Or rather, it might have been taken for a general congress of old legitimate moveables, where every kind and country had a representative. No two chairs were alike: such high backs and low backs, and leather bottoms and worsted bottoms, and straw bottoms, and no bottoms; and cracked marble tables with curiously carved legs, holding balls in their claws, as though they were going to play at ninepins.

My grandfather made a bow to the motley assemblage as he entered, and having undressed himself, placed his light in the fire-place, asking pardon of the tongs, which seemed to be making love to the shovel in the chimney-corner, and whispering soft nonsense in its ear.

The rest of the guests were by this time sound asleep; for your Mynheers are huge sleepers. The house maids, one by one, crept up yawning to their attics, and not a female head in the inn was laid on a pillow that night without dreaming of the Bold Dragoon.

My grandfather, for his part, got into bed, and drew over him one of those great bags of down, under which they smother a man in the Low Countries; and there he lay, melting between two feather beds, like an anchovy sandwich between two slices of toast and butter. He was a warm-complexioned man, and this smothering played the very deuce with him. So, sure enough, in a little while it seemed as if a legion of imps were twitching at him, and all the blood in his veins was in fever heat.

He lay still, however, until all the house was quiet, excepting the snoring of the Mynheers from the different chambers; who answered one another in all kinds of tones and cadences, like so many bullfrogs in a swamp. The quieter the house became, the more unquiet became my grandfather. He waxed warmer and warmer, until at length the bed became too hot to hold him.

'Faith there 's no standing this any longer,' says he; so he jumped out of bed and went strolling about the house.

Well, my grandfather had been for some time absent from his room, and was returning, perfectly cool, when just as he reached the door he heard a strange noise within. He paused and listened. It seemed as if some one was trying to hum a tune in defiance of the asthma. He recollected the report of the room's being haunted; but he was no believer in ghosts. So he pushed the door gently ajar, and peeped in.

Egad, gentlemen, there was a gambol carrying on within enough to have astonished St. Anthony.

By the light of the fire he saw a pale weazen-faced fellow in a long flannel gown and a tall white night-cap with a tassel to it, who sat by the fire, with a bellows under his arm by way of bagpipe, from which he forced the asthmatical music that had bothered my grandfather. As he played, too, he kept twitching about with a thousand queer contortions; nodding his head and bobbing about his tasselled night-cap.

My grandfather thought this very odd, and mighty presumptuous, and was about to demand what business he had to play his wind instruments in another gentleman's quarters, when a new cause of astonishment met his eye. From the opposite side of the room a long-backed, bandy-legged chair, covered with leather, and studded all over in a coxcomical fashion with little brass nails, got suddenly into motion; thrust out first a claw foot, then a crooked arm, and at length, making a leg, slided gracefully up to an easy chair, of tarnished brocade, with a hole in its bottom, and led it gallantly out in a ghostly minuet about the floor.

The musician now played fiercer and fiercer, and bobbed his head and his night-cap about like mad. By degrees the dancing mania seemed to seize upon all the other pieces of furniture. The antique, long-bodied chairs paired off in couples and led down a country dance; a three-legged stool danced a hornpipe, though horribly puzzled by its supernumerary leg: while the amorous tongs seized the shovel round the waist, and whirled it about the room in a German waltz. In short, all the moveables got in motion, capering about; pirouetting, hands across, right and left, like so many devils, all except a great clothes-press, which kept curtseying and curtseying, like a dowager, in one corner, in exquisite time to the music; — being either too corpulent to dance, or perhaps at a loss for a partner.

My grandfather concluded the latter to be the reason; so, being like a true Irishman, devoted to the sex, and at all times ready for a frolic, he bounced into the room, calling to the musician to strike up 'Paddy O'Rafferty,' capered up to the clothes-press and seized upon two handles to lead her out: — When, whizz! — the whole revel was at an end. The chairs, tables, tongs, and shovel slunk in an instant as quietly into their places as if nothing had happened; and the musician vanished up the chimney, leaving the bellows behind him in his hurry. My grandfather found himself seated in the middle of the floor, with the clothes-press sprawling before him, and the two handles jerked off and in his hands.

'Then after all, this was a mere dream!' said the inquisitive gentleman.

'The divil a bit of a dream!' replied the Irishman: 'there never was a truer fact in this world. Faith, I should have liked to see any man tell my grandfather it was a dream.'

Well, gentlemen, as the clothes-press was a mighty heavy body, and my grandfather likewise, particularly in rear, you may easily suppose two such heavy bodies coming to the ground would make a bit of a noise. Faith, the old mansion shook as though it had mistaken it for an earthquake. The whole garrison was alarmed. The landlord, who slept just below, hurried up with a candle to inquire the cause, but with all his haste his daughter had hurried to the scene of uproar before him. The landlord was followed by the landlady, who was followed by the bouncing bar-maid, who was followed by the simpering chambermaids all holding together, as well as they could, such garments as they had first lain hands on; but all in a terrible hurry to see what the devil was to pay in the chamber of the bold dragoon.

My grandfather related the marvelous scene he had witnessed, and the prostrate clothes-press, and the broken handles, bore testimony to the fact. There was no contesting such evidence; particularly with a lad of my grandfather's complexion, who seemed able to make good every word

either with sword or shillelah. So the landlord scratched his head and looked silly, as he was apt to do when puzzled. The landlady scratched — no, she did not scratch her head,— but she knit her brow, and did not seem half pleased with the explanation. But the landlady's daughter corroborated it by recollecting that the last person who had dwelt in that chamber was a famous juggler who had died of St. Vitus's dance, and no doubt had infected all the furniture.

This set all things to rights, particularly when the chambermaids declared that they had all witnessed strange carryings on in that room; — and as they declared this 'upon their honors,' there could not remain a doubt upon the subject.

From *Tales of a Traveller,* 1824.

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER

A few miles from Boston, in Massachusetts, there is a deep inlet winding several miles into the interior of the country from Charles Bay, and terminating in a thickly-wooded swamp, or morass. On one side of this inlet is a beautiful dark grove; on the opposite side the land rises abruptly from the water's edge, into a high ridge on which grow a few scattered oaks of great age and immense size. It was under one of these gigantic trees, according to old stories, that Kidd the pirate buried his treasure. The inlet allowed a facility to bring the money in a boat secretly and at night to the very foot of the hill. The elevation of the place permitted a good look-out to be kept that no one was at hand, while the remarkable trees formed good landmarks by which the place might easily be found again. The old stories add, moreover, that the devil presided at the hiding of the money, and took it under his guardianship; but this, it is well-known, he always does with buried treasure, particularly when it has been ill gotten. Be that as it may, Kidd never returned to recover his wealth; being shortly after seized at Boston, sent out to England, and there hanged for a pirate.

About the year 1727, just at the time when earthquakes were prevalent in New-England, and shook many tall sinners down upon their knees, there lived near this place a meager miserly fellow of the name of Tom Walker. He had a wife as miserly as himself; they were so miserly that they even conspired to cheat each other. Whatever the woman could lay hands on she hid away; a hen could not cackle but she was on the alert to secure the new-laid egg. Her husband was continually prying about to detect her secret hoards, and many and fierce were the conflicts that took place about what ought to have been common property. They lived in a forlorn-looking house, that stood alone and had an air of starvation. A few straggling savin trees, emblems of sterility, grew near it; no smoke ever curled from its chimney; no traveler stopped at its door. A miserable horse, whose ribs were as articulate as the bars of a gridiron, stalked about a field where a thin carpet of moss, scarcely covering the ragged beds of pudding-stone, tantalized and balked his hunger; and sometimes he would lean his head over the fence, look piteously at the passer-by, and seem to petition deliverance from this land of famine. The house and its inmates had altogether a bad name. Tom's wife was a tall termagant, fierce of temper, loud of tongue, and strong of arm. Her voice was often heard in wordy warfare with her husband; and his face sometimes showed signs that their conflicts were not confined to words. No one ventured, however, to interfere between them; the lonely wayfarer shrunk within himself at the horrid clamor and clapper-clawing; eyed the den of discord askance, and hurried on his way, rejoicing, if a bachelor, in his celibacy.

One day that Tom Walker had been to a distant part of the neighborhood, he took what he considered a short cut homewards through the swamp. Like most short cuts, it was an ill-chosen route. The swamp was thickly grown with great gloomy pines and hemlocks, some of them ninety feet high; which made it dark at noon-day, and a retreat for all the owls of the neighborhood. It was full of pits and quagmires, partly covered with weeds and mosses; where the green surface often betrayed the traveler into a gulf of black smothering mud; there were also dark and stagnant pools, the abodes of the tadpole, the bull-frog, and the water-snake, and where trunks of pines and hemlocks lay half drowned, half rotting, looking like alligators, sleeping in the mire.

Tom had long been picking his way cautiously through this treacherous forest; stepping from tuft to tuft of rushes and roots which afforded precarious footholds among deep sloughs; or pacing carefully, like a cat, among the prostrate trunks of trees; startled now and then by the sudden screaming of the bittern, or the quacking of a wild duck, rising on the wing from some solitary pool. At length he arrived at a piece of firm ground, which ran out like a peninsula into the deep bosom of the swamp. It had been one of the strongholds of the Indians during their wars with the first colonists. Here they had thrown up a kind of fort which they had looked upon as almost impregnable, and had used as a place of refuge for their squaws and children. Nothing remained of the Indian fort but a few embankments gradually sinking to the level of the surrounding earth, and already overgrown in part by oaks and other forest trees, the foliage of which formed a contrast to the dark pines and hemlocks of the swamp.

It was late in the dusk of evening that Tom Walker reached the old fort, and he paused there for a while to rest himself. Any one but he would have felt unwilling to linger in this lonely, melancholy place, for the common people had a bad opinion of it from the stories handed down from the time of the Indian wars; when it was asserted that the savages held incantations here and made sacrifices to the evil spirit. Tom Walker, however, was not a man to be troubled with any fears of the kind.

He reposed himself for some time on the trunk of a fallen hemlock, listening to the boding cry of the tree-toad, and delving with his walking-stick into a mound of black mold at his feet. As he turned up the soil unconsciously, his staff struck against something hard. He raked it out of the vegetable mold, and lo! a cloven skull with an Indian tomahawk buried deep in it, lay before him. The rust on the weapon showed the time that had elapsed since this death blow had been given. It was a dreary memento of the fierce struggle that had taken place in this last foothold of the Indian warriors.

'Humph!' said Tom Walker, as he gave the skull a kick to shake the dirt from it.

'Let that skull alone!' said a gruff voice.

Tom lifted up his eyes and beheld a great black man, seated directly opposite him on the stump of a tree. He was exceedingly surprised, having neither seen nor heard any one approach, and he was still more perplexed on observing, as well as the gathering gloom would permit, that the stranger was neither negro nor Indian. It is true, he was dressed in a rude, half Indian garb, and had a red belt or sash swathed round his body, but his face was neither black nor copper color, but swarthy and dingy and begrimed with soot, as if he had been accustomed to toil among fires and forges. He had a shock of coarse black hair, that stood out from his head in all directions; and bore an ax on his shoulder.

He scowled for a moment at Tom with a pair of great red eyes.

'What are you doing in my grounds?' said the black man, with a hoarse growling voice.

'Your grounds?' said Tom, with a sneer; 'no more your grounds than mine: they belong to Deacon Peabody.'

'Deacon Peabody be d——d,' said the stranger, 'as I flatter myself he will be, if he does not look more to his own sins and less to his neighbor's. Look yonder, and see how Deacon Peabody is faring.'

Tom looked in the direction that the stranger pointed, and beheld one of the great trees, fair and flourishing without, but rotten at the core, and saw that it had been nearly hewn through, so that the first high wind was likely to blow it down. On the bark of the tree was scored the name of Deacon Peabody. He now looked round and found most of the tall trees marked with the names of some great men of the colony, and all more or less scored by the ax. The one on which he had been seated, and which had evidently just been hewn down, bore the name of Crowninshield; and he recollected a mighty rich man of that name, who made a vulgar display of wealth, which it was whispered he had acquired by buccaneering.

'He's just ready for burning!' said the black man, with a growl of triumph. 'You see I am likely to have a good stock of firewood for winter.'

'But what right have you,' said Tom, 'to cut down Deacon Peabody's timber?'

'The right of prior claim,' said the other. 'This woodland belonged to me long before one of your white-faced race put foot upon the soil.'

'And pray, who are you, if I may be so bold?' said Tom.

'Oh, I go by various names. I am the Wild Huntsman in some countries; the Black Miner in others. In this neighborhood I am known by the name of the Black Woodsman. I am he to whom the red men devoted this spot, and now and then roasted a white man by way of sweet-smelling sacrifice. Since the red men have been exterminated by you white savages, I amuse myself by presiding at the persecutions of quakers and anabaptists; I am the great patron and prompter of slave dealers, and the grand master of the Salem witches.'

'The upshot of all which is, that, if I mistake not,' said Tom, sturdily, 'you are he commonly called Old Scratch.'

'The same at your service!' replied the black man, with a half civil nod.

Such was the opening of this interview, according to the old story, though it has almost too familiar an air to be credited. One would think that to meet with such a singular personage in this wild, lonely place, would have shaken any man's nerves: but Tom was a hard-minded fellow, not easily daunted, and he had lived so long with a termagant wife, that he did not even fear the devil.

It is said that after this commencement they had a long and earnest conversation together, as Tom returned homewards. The black man told him of great sums of money which had been buried by Kidd the pirate, under the oak trees on the high ridge not far from the morass. All these were under his command and protected by his power, so that none could find them but such as propitiated his favor. These he offered to place within Tom Walker's reach, having conceived an especial kindness for him: but they were to be had only on certain conditions. What these conditions were, may easily be surmised, though Tom never disclosed them publicly. They must have been very hard, for he required time to think of them, and he was not a man to stick at trifles where money was in view. When they had reached the edge of the swamp the stranger paused.

'What proof have I that all you have been telling me is true?' said Tom.

'There is my signature,' said the black man, pressing his finger on Tom's forehead. So saying, he turned off among the thickets of the swamp, and seemed, as Tom said, to go down, down, down, into the earth, until nothing but his head and shoulders could be seen, and so on until he totally disappeared.

When Tom reached home he found the black print of a finger burnt, as it were, into his forehead, which nothing could obliterate.

The first news his wife had to tell him was the sudden death of Absalom Crowninshield, the rich buccaneer. It was announced in the papers with the usual flourish, that 'a great man had fallen in Israel.'

Tom recollected the tree which his black friend had just hewn down, and which was ready for burning. 'Let the freebooter roast,' said Tom, 'who cares!' He now felt convinced that all he had heard and seen was no illusion.

He was not prone to let his wife into his confidence; but as this was an uneasy secret, he willingly shared it with her. All her avarice was awakened at the mention of hidden gold, and she urged her husband to comply with the black man's terms and secure what would make them wealthy for life. However Tom might have felt disposed to sell himself to the devil, he was determined not to do so to oblige his wife; so he flatly refused out of the mere spirit of contradiction. Many and bitter were the quarrels they had on the subject, but the more she talked the more resolute was Tom not to be damned to please her. At length she determined to drive the bargain on her own account, and if she succeeded, to keep all the gain to herself.

Being of the same fearless temper as her husband, she set off for the old Indian fort towards the close of a summer's day. She was many hours absent. When she came back she was reserved and sullen in her replies. She spoke something of a black man whom she had met about twilight, hewing at the root of a tall tree. He was sulky, however, and would not come to terms; she was to go again with a propitiatory offering, but what it was she forbore to say.

The next evening she set off again for the swamp, with her apron heavily laden. Tom waited and waited for her, but in vain: midnight came, but she did not make her appearance; morning, noon, night returned, but still she did not come. Tom now grew uneasy for her safety; especially as he found she had carried off in her

apron the silver tea pot and spoons and every portable article of value. Another night elapsed, another morning came; but no wife. In a word, she was never heard of more.

What was her real fate nobody knows, in consequence of so many pretending to know. It is one of those facts that have become confounded by a variety of historians. Some asserted that she lost her way among the tangled mazes of the swamp and sunk into some pit or slough; others, more uncharitable, hinted that she had eloped with the household booty, and made off to some other province; while others assert that the tempter had decoyed her into a dismal quagmire, on top of which her hat was found lying. In confirmation of this, it was said a great black man with an ax on his shoulder was seen late that very evening coming out of the swamp, carrying a bundle tied in a check apron, with an air of surly triumph.

The most current and probable story, however, observes that Tom Walker grew so anxious about the fate of his wife and his property that he set out at length to seek them both at the Indian fort. During a long summer's afternoon he searched about the gloomy place, but no wife was to be seen. He called her name repeatedly, but she was no where to be heard. The bittern alone responded to his voice, as he flew screaming by; or the bull-frog croaked dolefully from a neighboring pool. At length, it is said, just in the brown hour of twilight, when the owls began to hoot and the bats to flit about, his attention was attracted by the clamor of carrion crows that were hovering about a cypress tree. He looked and beheld a bundle tied in a check apron and hanging in the branches of a tree; with a great vulture perched hard by, as if keeping watch upon it. He leaped with joy, for he recognized his wife's apron, and supposed it to contain the household valuables.

'Let us get hold of the property,' said he consolingly to himself, 'and we will endeavor to do without the woman.'

As he scrambled up the tree the vulture spread its wide wings, and sailed off screaming into the deep shadows of the forest. Tom seized the check apron, but, woeful sight! found nothing but a heart and liver tied up in it.

Such, according to the most authentic old story, was all that was to be found of Tom's wife. She had probably attempted to deal with the black man as she had been accustomed to deal with her husband; but though a female scold is generally considered a match for the devil, yet in this instance she appears to have had the worst of it. She must have died game, however: from the part that remained unconquered. Indeed, it is said Tom noticed many prints of cloven feet deeply stamped about the tree, and several handfuls of hair that looked as if they had been plucked from the coarse black shock of the woodsman. Tom knew his wife's prowess by experience. He shrugged his shoulders as he looked at the signs of a fierce clapper-clawing. 'Egad,' said he to himself, 'Old Scratch must have had a tough time of it!'

Tom consoled himself for the loss of his property by the loss of his wife; for he was a little of a philosopher. He even felt something like gratitude towards the black woodsman, who he considered had done him a kindness. He sought, therefore, to cultivate a farther acquaintance with him, but for some time without success; the old black legs played shy, for whatever people may think, he is not always to be had for calling for; he knows how to play his cards when pretty sure of his game.

At length, it is said, when delay had whetted Tom's eagerness to the quick, and prepared him to agree to anything rather than not gain the promised treasure, he met the black man one evening in his usual woodman dress, with his ax on his shoulder, sauntering along the edge of the swamp, and humming a tune. He affected to receive Tom's advance with great indifference, made brief replies, and went on humming his tune.

By degrees, however, Tom brought him to business, and they began to haggle about the terms on which the former was to have the pirate's treasure. There was one condition which need not be mentioned, being generally understood in all cases where the devil grants favors; but there were others about which, though of less importance, he was inflexibly obstinate. He insisted that the money found through his means should be employed in his service. He proposed, therefore, that Tom should employ it in the black traffic; that is to say, that he should fit out a slave

ship. This, however, Tom resolutely refused; he was bad enough, in all conscience; but the devil himself could not tempt him to turn slave dealer.

Finding Tom so squeamish on this point, he did not insist upon it, but proposed instead that he should turn usurer; the devil being extremely anxious for the increase of usurers, looking upon them as his peculiar people.

To this no objections were made, for it was just to Tom's taste.

'You shall open a broker's shop in Boston next month,' said the black man.

'I'll do it to-morrow, if you wish,' said Tom Walker.

'You shall lend money at two per cent a month.'

'Egad, I'll charge four!' replied Tom Walker.

'You shall extort bonds, foreclose mortgages, drive the merchant to bankruptcy —'

'I'll drive him to the d——l,' cried Tom Walker, eagerly.

'You are the usurer for my money!' said the black legs, with delight. 'When will you want the rhino?'

'This very night.'

'Done!' said the devil.

'Done!' said Tom Walker.— So they shook hands and struck a bargain.

A few days' time saw Tom Walker seated behind his desk in a counting house in Boston. His reputation for a ready-moneyed man, who would lend money out for a good consideration, soon spread abroad. Everybody remembers the days of Governor Belcher, when money was particularly scarce. It was a time of paper credit. The country had been deluged with government bills; the famous Land Bank had been established; there had been a rage for speculating; the people had run mad with schemes for new settlements; for building cities in the wilderness; land jobbers went about with maps of grants, and townships, and Eldorados, lying nobody knew where, but which everybody was ready to purchase. In a word, the great speculating fever which breaks out every now and then in the country, had raged to an alarming degree, and everybody was dreaming of making sudden fortunes from nothing. As usual, the fever had subsided; the dream had gone off, and the imaginary fortunes with it; the patients were left in doleful plight, and the whole country resounded with the consequent cry of 'hard times.'

At this propitious time of public distress did Tom Walker set up as a usurer in Boston. His door was soon thronged by customers. The needy and the adventurous; the gambling speculator; the dreaming land jobber; the thriftless tradesman; the merchant with cracked credit; in short, every one driven to raise money by desperate means and desperate sacrifices, hurried to Tom Walker.

Thus Tom was the universal friend of the needy, and he acted like a 'friend in need'; that is to say, he always exacted good pay and good security. In proportion to the distress of the applicant was the hardness of his terms. He accumulated bonds and mortgages; gradually squeezed his customers closer and closer; and sent them, at length, dry as a sponge from his door.

In this way he made money hand over hand; became a rich and mighty man, and exalted his cocked hat upon 'change. He built himself, as usual, a vast house, out of ostentation; but left the greater part of it unfinished and unfurnished out of parsimony. He even set up a carriage in the fullness of his vain-glory, though he nearly starved the horses which drew it; and as the ungreased wheels groaned and screeched on the axle-trees, you would have thought you heard the souls of the poor debtors he was squeezing.

As Tom waxed old, however, he grew thoughtful. Having secured the good things of this world, he began to feel anxious about those of the next. He thought with regret on the bargain he had made with his black friend, and set his wits to work to cheat him out of the conditions. He became, therefore, all of a sudden, a violent church-goer. He prayed loudly and strenuously, as if heaven were to be taken by force of lungs. Indeed, one might always tell when he had sinned most during the week, by the clamor of his Sunday devotion. The quiet Christians who had been modestly and steadfastly traveling Zionward, were struck with self-reproach at seeing themselves so suddenly outstripped in their career by this new-made convert. Tom was as rigid in religious, as in money matters; he was a stern supervisor and censurer of his neighbors, and seemed to think every sin entered up to their account became a credit

on his own side of the page. He even talked of the expediency of reviving the persecution of quakers and anabaptists. In a word, Tom's zeal became as notorious as his riches.

Still, in spite of all this strenuous attention to forms, Tom had a lurking dread that the devil, after all, would have his due. That he might not be taken unawares, therefore, it is said he always carried a small Bible in his coat pocket. He had also a great folio Bible on his counting-house desk, and would frequently be found reading it when people called on business; on such occasions he would lay his green spectacles on the book, to mark the place, while he turned round to drive some usurious bargain.

Some say that Tom grew a little crack-brained in his old days, and that fancying his end approaching, he had his horse new shod, saddled and bridled, and buried with his feet uppermost; because he supposed that at the last day the world would be turned upside down; in which case he should find his horse standing ready for mounting, and he was determined at the worst to give his old friend a run for it. This, however, is probably a mere old wives' fable. If he really did take such a precaution it was totally superfluous; at least so says the authentic old legend, which closes his story in the following manner:

On one hot afternoon in the dog days, just as a terrible black thunder-gust was coming up, Tom sat in his counting-house in his white linen cap and India silk morning-gown. He was on the point of foreclosing a mortgage, by which he would complete the ruin of an unlucky land speculator for whom he had professed the greatest friendship. The poor land jobber begged him to grant a few months' indulgence. Tom had grown testy and irritated and refused another day.

'My family will be ruined and brought upon the parish,' said the land jobber. 'Charity begins at home,' replied Tom, 'I must take care of myself in these hard times.'

'You have made so much money out of me,' said the speculator.

Tom lost his patience and his piety — 'The devil take me,' said he, 'if I have made a farthing!'

Just then there were three loud knocks at the street door. He stepped out to see who was there. A black man was holding a black horse which neighed and stamped with impatience.

'Tom, you 're come for!' said the black fellow, gruffly. Tom shrunk back, but too late. He had left his little Bible at the bottom of his coat pocket, and his big Bible on the desk buried under the mortgage he was about to foreclose: never was sinner taken more unawares. The black man whisked him like a child astride the horse and away he galloped in the midst of a thunder-storm. The clerks stuck their pens behind their ears and stared after him from the windows. Away went Tom Walker, dashing down the street; his white cap bobbing up and down; his morning-gown fluttering in the wind, and his steed striking fire out of the pavement at every bound. When the clerks turned to look for the black man he had disappeared.

Tom Walker never returned to foreclose the mortgage. A countryman who lived on the borders of the swamp, reported that in the height of the thunder-gust he had heard a great clattering of hoofs and a howling along the road, and that when he ran to the window he just caught sight of a figure, such as I have described, on a horse that galloped like mad across the fields, over the hills and down into the black hemlock swamp towards the old Indian fort; and that shortly after a thunder-bolt fell in that direction which seemed to set the whole forest in a blaze.

The good people of Boston shook their heads and shrugged their shoulders, but had been so much accustomed to witches and goblins and tricks of the devil in all kinds of shapes from the first settlement of the colony, that they were not so much horror-struck as might have been expected. Trustees were appointed to take charge of Tom's effects. There was nothing, however, to administer upon. On searching his coffers all his bonds and mortgages were found reduced to cinders. In place of gold and silver, his iron chest was filled with chips and shavings; two skeletons lay in his stable instead of his half-starved horses, and the very next day his great house took fire and was burnt to the ground.

Such was the end of Tom Walker and his ill-gotten wealth. Let all griping money-brokers lay this story to heart. The truth of it is not to be doubted. The

very hole under the oak trees, from whence he dug Kidd's money, is to be seen to this day; and the neighboring swamp and old Indian fort is often haunted in stormy nights by a figure on horseback, in a morning-gown and white cap, which is doubtless the troubled spirit of the usurer. In fact, the story has resolved itself into a proverb, and is the origin of that popular saying prevalent throughout New-England, of 'The Devil and Tom Walker.'

From *Tales of a Traveller,* 1824.

THE DISCOVERY OF LAND

On the morning of the 7th of October, at sunrise, several of the admiral's crew thought they beheld land in the west, but so indistinctly that no one ventured to proclaim it, lest he should be mistaken, and forfeit all chance of the reward; the *Niña,* however, being a good sailor, pressed forward to ascertain the fact. In a little while a flag was hoisted at her mast-head, and a gun discharged, being the preconcerted signals for land. New joy was awakened throughout the little squadron, and every eye was turned to the west. As they advanced, however, their cloud-built hopes faded away, and before evening the fancied land had again melted into air.

The crews now sank into a degree of dejection proportioned to their recent excitement; but new circumstances occurred to arouse them. Columbus, having observed great flights of small field-birds going towards the southwest, concluded they must be secure of some neighboring land, where they would find food and a resting-place. He knew the importance which the Portuguese voyagers attached to the flight of birds, by following which they had discovered most of their islands. He had now come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which he had computed to find the island of Cipango; as there was no appearance of it, he might have missed it through some mistake in the latitude. He determined, therefore, on the evening of the 7th of October, to alter his course to the west-southwest, the direction in which the birds generally flew, and continue that direction for at least two days. After all, it was no great deviation from his main course, and would meet the wishes of the Pinzons, as well as be inspiriting to his followers generally.

For three days they stood in this direction, and the farther they went the more frequent and encouraging were the signs of land. Flights of small birds of various colors, some of them such as sing in the fields, came flying about the ships, and then continued towards the southwest; and others were heard also flying by in the night. Tunny fish played about the smooth sea, and a heron, a pelican, and a duck were seen, all bound in the same direction. The herbage which floated by was fresh and green, as if recently from land.

All these, however, were regarded by the crews as so many delusions beguiling them on to destruction; and when, on the evening of the third day, they beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They exclaimed against this obstinacy in tempting fate by continuing on into a boundless sea. They insisted upon turning homeward, and abandoning the voyage as hopeless. Columbus endeavored to pacify them by gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur: the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indias, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately, however, the manifestations of neighboring land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve Regina,* or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring

breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant look-out to be kept from the forecastle, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery, a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were plowing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and demanded whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had descended the round-house, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff even of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness! That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld had proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea? or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away, wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes and gilded cities, and all the splendor of oriental civilization.

Life and Voyages of Columbus, 1828.

THE HALL OF AMBASSADORS

In one of my visits to the old Moorish chamber where the good Tia Antonia cooks her dinner and receives her company, I observed a mysterious door in one corner, leading apparently into the ancient part of the edifice. My curiosity being

aroused, I opened it, and found myself in a narrow, blind corridor, groping along which I came to the head of a dark winding staircase, leading down an angle of the tower of Comares. Down this staircase I descended darkling, guiding myself by the wall until I came to a small door at the bottom, throwing which open, I was suddenly dazzled by emerging into the brilliant antechamber of the Hall of Ambassadors, with the fountain of the court of the Alberca sparkling before me. The antechamber is separated from the court by an elegant gallery, supported by slender columns with spandrels of open-work in the Morisco style. At each end of the antechamber are alcoves, and its ceiling is richly stuccoed and painted. Passing through a magnificent portal, I found myself in the far-famed Hall of Ambassadors, the audience chamber of the Moslem monarchs. It is said to be thirty-seven feet square, and sixty feet high; occupies the whole interior of the Tower of Comares; and still bears the traces of past magnificence. The walls are beautifully stuccoed and decorated with Morisco fancifulness; the lofty ceiling was originally of the same favorite material, with the usual frostwork and pensile ornaments or stalactites, which, with the embellishments of vivid coloring and gilding, must have been gorgeous in the extreme. Unfortunately it gave way during an earthquake, and brought down with it an immense arch which traversed the hall. It was replaced by the present vault or dome of larch or cedar, with intersecting ribs, the whole curiously wrought and richly colored; still Oriental in its character, reminding one of 'those ceilings of cedar and vermilion that we read of in the Prophets and the *Arabian Nights*.'

From the great height of the vault above the windows, the upper part of the hall is almost lost in obscurity; yet there is a magnificence as well as solemnity in the gloom, as through it we have gleams of rich gilding and the brilliant tints of the Moorish pencil.

The royal throne was placed opposite the entrance in a recess, which still bears an inscription intimating that Yesef I. (the monarch who completed the Alhambra), made this the throne of his empire. Everything in this noble hall seems to have been calculated to surround the throne with impressive dignity and splendor; there was none of the elegant voluptuousness which reigns in other parts of the palace. The tower is of massive strength, domineering over the whole edifice and overhanging the steep hill-side. On three sides of the Hall of Ambassadors are windows cut through the immense thickness of the walls, and commanding extensive prospects. The balcony of the central window especially looks down upon the verdant valley of the Darro, with its walks, its groves, and gardens. To the left it enjoys a distant prospect of the Vega; while directly in front rises the rival height of the Albaycin, with its medley of streets, and terraces, and gardens, and once crowned by a fortress that vied in power with the Alhambra. 'Ill fated the man who lost all this!' exclaimed Charles V., as he looked forth from this window upon the enchanting scenery it commands.

The balcony of the window where this royal exclamation was made, has of late become one of my favorite resorts. I have just been seated there, enjoying the close of a long brilliant day. The sun, as he sank behind the purple mountains of Alhama, sent a stream of effulgence up the valley of the Darro, that spread a melancholy pomp over the ruddy towers of the Alhambra; while the Vega, covered with a slight sultry vapor that caught the setting ray, seemed spread out in the distance like a golden sea. Not a breath of air disturbed the stillness of the hour, and though the faint sound of music and merriment now and then rose from the gardens of the Darro, it but rendered more impressive the monumental silence of the pile which overshadowed me. It was one of those hours and scenes in which memory asserts an almost magical power; and, like the evening sun beaming on these moldering towers, sends back her retrospective rays to light up the glories of the past.

As I sat watching the effect of the declining daylight upon this Moorish pile, I was led into a consideration of the light, elegant and voluptuous character prevalent throughout its internal architecture, and to contrast it with the grand but gloomy solemnity of the Gothic edifices reared by the Spanish conquerors. The very architecture thus bespeaks the opposite and irreconcilable natures of the two warlike people who so long battled

here for the mastery of the peninsula. By degrees I fell into a course of musing upon the singular fortunes of the Arabian or Morisco-Spaniards, whose whole existence is as a tale that is told, and certainly forms one of the most anomalous yet splendid episodes in history. Potent and durable as was their dominion, we scarcely know how to call them. They were a nation without a legitimate country or name. A remote wave of the great Arabian inundation, cast upon the shores of Europe, they seem to have all the impetus of the first rush of the torrent. Their career of conquest, from the rock of Gibraltar to the cliffs of the Pyrenees, was as rapid and brilliant as the Moslem victories of Syria and Egypt. Nay, had they not been checked on the plains of Tours, all France, all Europe, might have been overrun with the same facility as the empires of the East, and the Crescent at this day have glittered on the fanes of Paris and London.

Repelled within the limits of the Pyrenees, the mixed hordes of Asia and Africa, that formed this great irruption, gave up the Moslem principle of conquest, and sought to establish in Spain a peaceful and permanent dominion. As conquerors, their heroism was only equaled by their moderation; and in both, for a time, they excelled the nations with whom they contended. Severed from their native homes, they loved the land given them as they supposed by Allah, and strove to embellish it with everything that could administer to the happiness of man. Laying the foundations of their power in a system of wise and equitable laws, diligently cultivating the arts and sciences, and promoting agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, they gradually formed an empire unrivaled for its prosperity by any of the empires of Christendom; and diligently drawing round them the graces and refinements which marked the Arabian empire in the East, at the time of its greatest civilization, they diffused the light of Oriental knowledge through the western regions of benighted Europe.

The cities of Arabian Spain became the resort of Christian artisans, to instruct themselves in the useful arts. The universities of Toledo, Cordova, Seville, and Granada were sought by the pale student from other lands to acquaint himself with the sciences of the Arabs and the treasured lore of antiquity; the lovers of the gay science resorted to Cordova and Granada to imbibe the poetry and music of the East; and the steel-clad warriors of the North hastened thither to accomplish themselves in the graceful exercises and courteous usages of chivalry.

If the Moslem monuments in Spain, if the Mosque of Cordova, the Alcazar of Seville, and the Alhambra of Granada, still bear inscriptions fondly boasting of the power and permanency of their dominion, can the boast be derided as arrogant and vain? Generation after generation, century after century, passed away, and still they maintained possession of the land. A period elapsed longer than that which has passed since England was subjugated by the Norman Conqueror, and the descendants of Musa and Taric might as little anticipate being driven into exile across the same straits, traversed by their triumphant ancestors, as the descendants of Rollo and William, and their veteran peers, may dream of being driven back to the shores of Normandy.

With all this, however, the Moslem empire in Spain was but a brilliant exotic, that took no permanent root in the soil it embellished. Severed from all their neighbors in the West by impassable barriers of faith and manners, and separated by seas and deserts from their kindred of the East, the Morisco-Spaniards were an isolated people. Their whole existence was a prolonged though gallant and chivalric struggle for a foothold in a usurped land.

They were the outposts and frontiers of Islamism. Then Peninsula was the great battle-ground where the Gothic conquerors of the North and the Moslem conquerors of the East met and strove for mastery; and the fiery courage of the Arab was at length subdued by the obstinate and persevering valor of the Goth.

Never was the annihilation of a people more complete than that of the Morisco-Spaniards. Where are they? Ask the shores of Barbary and its desert places. The exiled remnant of their once powerful empire disappeared among the barbarians of Africa, and ceased to be a nation. They have not even left a distinct name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people. The home of their adoption, and of their occupation for ages, refuses to

acknowledge them, except as invaders and usurpers. A few broken monuments are all that remain to bear witness to their power and dominion, as solitary rocks, left far in the interior, bear testimony to the extent of some vast inundation. Such is the Alhambra: — a Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an Oriental palace amidst the Gothic edifices of the West; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent, and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, flourished, and passed away.

From *The Alhambra,* 1832.

SPANISH ROMANCE

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER

Sir: I have already given you a legend or two drawn from ancient Spanish sources, and may occasionally give you a few more. I love these old Spanish themes, especially when they have a dash of the Morisco in them, and treat of the times when the Moslems maintained a foot-hold in the peninsula. They have a high, spicy, oriental flavor, not to be found in any other themes that are merely European. In fact, Spain is a country that stands alone in the midst of Europe; severed in habits, manners, and modes of thinking, from all its continental neighbors. It is a romantic country; but its romance has none of the sentimentality of modern European romance; it is chiefly derived from the brilliant regions of the East, and from the high-minded school of Saracenic chivalry.

The Arab invasion and conquest brought a higher civilization and a nobler style of thinking into Gothic Spain. The Arabs were a quick-witted, sagacious, proud-spirited, and poetical people, and were imbued with oriental science and literature. Wherever they established a seat of power, it became a rallying place for the learned and ingenious; and they softened and refined the people whom they conquered. By degrees, occupancy seemed to give them a hereditary right to their foothold in the land; they ceased to be looked upon as invaders, and were regarded as rival neighbors. The peninsula, broken up into a variety of states, both Christian and Moslem, became for centuries a great campaigning ground, where the art of war seemed to be the principal business of man, and was carried to the highest pitch of romantic chivalry. The original ground of hostility, a difference of faith, gradually lost its rancor. Neighboring states, of opposite creeds, were occasionally linked together in alliances, offensive and defensive; so that the cross and crescent were to be seen side by side fighting against some common enemy. In times of peace, too, the noble youth of either faith resorted to the same cities, Christian or Moslem, to school themselves in military science. Even in the temporary truces of sanguinary wars, the warriors who had recently striven together in the deadly conflicts of the field, laid aside their animosity, met at tournaments, jousts, and other military festivities, and exchanged the courtesies of gentle and generous spirits. Thus the opposite races became frequently mingled together in peaceful intercourse, or if any rivalry took place, it was in those high courtesies and nobler acts which bespeak the accomplished cavalier. Warriors of opposite creeds became ambitious of transcending each other in magnanimity as well as valor. Indeed, the chivalric virtues were refined upon to a degree sometimes fastidious and constrained; but at other times, inexpressibly noble and affecting. The annals of the times teem with illustrious instances of high-wrought courtesy, romantic generosity, lofty disinterestedness, and punctilious honor, that warm the very soul to read them. These have furnished themes for national plays and poems, or have been celebrated in those all-pervading ballads which are as the life-breath of the people, and thus have continued to exercise an influence on the national character which centuries of vicissitude and decline have not been able to destroy; so that, with all their faults, and they are many, the Spaniards, even at the present day, are on many points the most high-minded and proud-spirited people of Europe. It is true, the romance of feeling derived from the sources I have mentioned, has, like all other romance, its affectations and extremes. It renders the Spaniard at times pompous and grandiloquent; prone to carry the 'pundonor,' or point of honor, beyond the bounds of sober sense and sound morality; disposed, in the midst of poverty, to affect the 'grande caballero,' and to look down with sovereign disdain

upon 'arts mechanical,' and all the gainful pursuits of plebeian life; but this very inflation of spirit, while it fills his brain with vapors, lifts him above a thousand meannesses; and though it often keeps him in indigence, ever protects him from vulgarity.

In the present day, when popular literature is running into the low levels of life and luxuriating on the vices and follies of mankind, and when the universal pursuit of gain is trampling down the early growth of poetic feeling and wearing out the verdure of the soul, I question whether it would not be of service for the reader occasionally to turn to these records of prouder times and loftier modes of thinking, and to steep himself to the very lips in old Spanish romance.

For my own part, I have a shelf or two of venerable, parchment-bound tomes, picked up here and there about the peninsula, and filled with chronicles, plays, and ballads, about Moors and Christians, which I keep by me as mental tonics, in the same way that a provident housewife has her cupboard of cordials. Whenever I find my mind brought below par by the commonplace of every-day life, or jarred by the sordid collisions of the world, or put out of tune by the shrewd selfishness of modern utilitarianism, I resort to these venerable tomes, as did the worthy hero of La Mancha to his books of chivalry, and refresh and tone up my spirit by a deep draught of their contents. They have some such effect upon me as Falstaff ascribes to a good Sherris sack, 'warming the blood and filling the brain with fiery and delectable shapes.'

I here subjoin, Mr. Editor, a small specimen of the cordials I have mentioned, just drawn from my Spanish cupboard, which I recommend to your palate. If you find it to your taste, you may pass it on to your readers.

Your correspondent and well-wisher,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

From *Wolfert's Roost*, 1855.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER (1789–1851)

At the close of the Revolutionary war the father of J. Fenimore Cooper joined the westward movement of the time and took up a vast tract of land on what was then the wild frontier at the headwaters of the Susquehanna in the state of New York. Here on the shores of Lake Otsego he built in 1786 a manor house in southern plantation fashion, the center of a little self-dependent community, and here he ruled with a kind of feudal authority for the rest of his life. It was no common home: distinguished visitors frequented it. The French statesman Tallyrand made it his headquarters for a time, and many prominent British travelers at one time or another were entertained under its hospitable roof. It was the center of a picturesque area of society. Indians and frontiersmen used it as a trading post, and every element of the wild life of the border surged constantly about it. A marvelous place it was for an impressionable boy, a unique training school for a young novelist. The boy Cooper came at the moment when the old régime was passing away and he saw the full glory of the primitive forests and the wild life that surged about the lakes. He accompanied trappers and Indians on trips into the woods and he listened night after night to their savage tales.

His father, however, had ambitious plans for the boy. He had him tutored carefully in Latin and Greek and had him ready at thirteen to enter Yale. The lad was too young to send to college. He wanted to play, and his free-aired childhood had made him impatient of restraint. Before he was sixteen the college had dismissed him for his pranks. The sea had laid hold of his imagination: he wanted to join the navy. Gaining his father's consent, he qualified by a year in a sailing vessel before the mast and in 1808 became a regular midshipman in the United States service. He served until 1811 when he was given an honorable discharge. He married at twenty-one and the rest of his life he spent unadventurously in the quiet of his peaceful home either in New York or in quarters abroad.

His literary career began in 1820 with *Precaution*, a dull domestic novel which he had written almost by accident as a protest against the insufferable English fiction that he had been compelled to read. The next year he produced *The Spy* with material and scenes with which he was familiar and all at once he awoke to find himself famous. *The Pioneers*, 1823, and *The Pilot*, 1823, especially the latter, established him as a novelist, and when in 1826, after issuing *The Last of the Mohicans*, he sailed with his family for Europe, his popularity had reached the highest point. During the seven years he spent in Europe he wrote continuously: tales of the sea, Indian stories, historical romances, European historical novels after the pattern of Scott, and defenses of his native land. Then, returning to America, he became engaged in bitter controversy with his countrymen. He wrote novels criticising American manners as contrasted with European manners, he prepared a history of the United States navy which made him enemies, and he began to prosecute vigorously all critics and papers which in his estimation libeled him. Little that he wrote during his last years ranks with his best work. In his thirty-two novels there is much that need not be read. One may ignore almost two-thirds of his entire set of books. Among his best stories are the five Leather-Stocking Tales: *The Deerslayer*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Pioneers*, and *The Prairie;* five sea tales: *The Pilot*, *The Red Rover*, *The Water Witch*, *The Two Admirals*, and *Wing and Wing:* and two or three others, notably *The Spy*, *Lionel Lincoln*, and *Satanstoe*. The best life of Cooper is Lounsbury's in The American Men of Letters Series.

THE PILOT

CHAPTER XVIII

'Thus guided on their course they bore,
Until they neared the mainland shore;
When frequent on the hollow blast,
Wild shouts of merriment were cast.'

Lord of the Isles.

The joyful shouts and hearty cheers of the *Ariel's* crew continued for some time after her commander had reached her deck. Barnstable answered the congratulations of his officers by cordial shakes of the hand; and after waiting for the ebullition of delight among the seamen to subside a little, he beckoned with an air of authority for silence.

'I thank you, my lads, for your goodwill,' he said, when all were gathered around him in deep attention: 'they have given us a tough chase, and if you had left us another mile to go, we had been lost. That fellow is a king's cutter; and though his disposition to run to leeward is a good deal mollified, yet he shows signs of fight. At any rate, he is stripping off some of his clothes, which looks as if he were game. Luckily for us, Captain Manual has taken all the marines ashore with him (though what he has done with them or himself, is a mystery), or we should have had our decks lumbered with live cattle; but, as it is, we have a good working breeze, tolerably smooth water, and a dead match! There is a sort of national obligation on us to whip that fellow; and therefore, without more words about the matter, let us turn to and do it, that we may get our breakfasts.'

To this specimen of marine eloquence the crew cheered as usual, the young men burning for the combat, and the few old sailors who belonged to the schooner shaking their heads with infinite satisfaction, and swearing by sundry strange oaths that their captain 'could talk, when there was need of such a thing, like the best dictionary that ever was launched.'

During this short harangue, and the subsequent comments, the *Ariel* had been kept under a cloud of canvas, as near to the wind as she could lie; and as this was her best sailing, she had stretched swiftly out from the land to a distance whence the cliffs, and the soldiers who were spread along their summits, became plainly visible. Barnstable turned his glass repeatedly, from the cutter to the shore, as different feelings predominated in his breast, before he again spoke.

'If Mr. Griffith is stowed away among those rocks,' he at length said, 'he shall see as pretty an argument discussed, in as few words, as he ever listened to, provided the gentlemen in yonder cutter have not changed their minds as to the road they intend to journey — what think you, Mr. Merry?'

'I wish with all my heart and soul, sir,' returned the fearless boy, 'that Mr. Griffith was safe aboard us; it seems the country is alarmed, and God knows what will happen if he is taken! As to the fellow to windward, he 'll find it easier to deal with the *Ariel's* boat than with her mother; but he carries a broad sail; I question if he means to show play.'

'Never doubt him, boy,' said Barnstable, 'he is working off the shore, like a man of sense, and besides, he has his spectacles on, trying to make out what tribe of Yankee Indians we belong to. You 'll see him come to the wind presently, and send a few pieces of iron down this way, by way of letting us know where to find him. Much as I like your first lieutenant, Mr. Merry, I would rather leave him on the land this day, than see him on my decks. I want no fighting captain to work this boat for me! But tell the drummer, sir, to beat to quarters.'

The boy, who was staggering under the weight of his melodious instrument, had been expecting this command, and without waiting for the midshipman to communicate the order, he commenced that short rub-a-dub air, that will at any time rouse a thousand men from the deepest sleep, and cause them to fly to their means of offense with a common soul. The crew of the *Ariel* had been collected in groups, studying the appearance of the enemy, cracking their jokes, and waiting only for this usual order to repair to the guns; and at the first tap of the drum, they spread with steadiness to the different parts of the little vessel, where their various duties called them. The cannon were surrounded by small parties of vigorous and athletic young men; the few marines were drawn up in array with muskets; the officers appeared in their boarding-caps, with pistols stuck in their belts, and naked sabers in their hands. Barnstable paced his little quarter-deck with a firm tread, dangling a speaking-trumpet by its lanyard on his forefinger, or occasionally applying the glass to his eye, which, when not in use, was placed under one arm, while his sword was resting against the foot of the mainmast; a pair of heavy ship's pistols were thrust into his belt also; and piles of muskets, boarding-pikes, and naked sabers were placed on different parts of the deck. The laugh of the seamen was heard no longer; and those who spoke uttered their thoughts only in low and indistinct whispers.

The English cutter held her way from the land until she got an offing of more than two miles, when she reduced her sails to a yet smaller number; and heaving into the wind, she fired a gun in a direction

opposite to that which pointed to the *Ariel*.

'Now I would wager a quintal of codfish, Master Coffin,' said Barnstable, 'against the best cask of porter that was ever brewed in England, that fellow believes a Yankee schooner can fly in the wind's eye! If he wishes to speak to us, why don't he give his cutter a little sheet and come down?'

The cockswain had made his arrangements for the combat with much more method and philosophy than any other man in the vessel. When the drum beat to quarters, he threw aside his jacket, vest, and shirt, with as little hesitation as if he stood under an American sun, and with all the discretion of a man who had engaged in an undertaking that required the free use of his utmost powers. As he was known to be a privileged individual in the *Ariel*, and one whose opinions, in all matters of seamanship, were regarded as oracles by the crew, and were listened to by his commander with no little demonstration of respect, the question excited no surprise. He was standing at the breech of his long gun, with his brawny arms folded on a breast that had been turned to the color of blood by long exposure, his grizzled locks fluttering in the breeze, and his tall form towering far above the heads of all near him.

'He hugs the wind, sir, as if it was his sweetheart,' was his answer; 'but he 'll let go his hold soon; and if he don't, we can find a way to make him fall to leeward.'

'Keep a good full!' cried the commander, in a stern voice; 'and let the vessel go through the water. That fellow walks well, long Tom; but we are too much for him on a bowline; though, if he continue to draw ahead in this manner, it will be night before we can get alongside him.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' returned the cockswain; 'them cutters carries a press of canvas when they seem to have but little; their gaffs are all the same as young booms, and spread a broad head to their mainsails. But it 's no hard matter to knock a few cloths out of their bolt-ropes, when she will both drop astarn and to leeward.'

'I believe there is good sense in your scheme this time,' said Barnstable; 'for I am anxious about the frigate's people — though I hate a noisy chase; speak to him, Tom, and let us see if he will answer.'

'Aye, aye, sir,' cried the cockswain, sinking his body in such a manner as to let his head fall to a level with the cannon that he controlled, when, after divers orders, and sundry movements to govern the direction of the piece, he applied a match, with a rapid motion, to the priming. An immense body of white smoke rushed from the muzzle of the cannon, followed by a sheet of vivid fire, until, losing its power, it yielded to the wind, and as it rose from the water, spread like a cloud, and, passing through the masts of the schooner, was driven far to leeward, and soon blended in the mists which were swiftly scudding before the fresh breezes of the ocean.

Although many curious eyes were watching this beautiful sight from the cliffs, there was too little of novelty in the exhibition to attract a single look of the crew of the schooner, from the more important examination of the effect of the shot on their enemy. Barnstable sprung lightly on a gun, and watched the instant when the ball would strike, with keen interest, while long Tom threw himself aside from the line of the smoke with a similar intention; holding one of his long arms extended towards his namesake, with a finger on the vent, and supporting his frame by placing the hand of the other on the deck, as his eyes glanced through an opposite port-hole, in an attitude that most men might have despaired of imitating with success.

'There go the chips!' cried Barnstable. 'Bravo! Master Coffin, you never planted iron in the ribs of an Englishman with more judgment. Let him have another piece of it; and if he like the sport, we 'll play a game of long bowls with him!'

'Aye, aye, sir,' returned the cockswain, who, the instant he witnessed the effects of his shot, had returned to superintend the reloading of his gun; 'if he holds on half an hour longer, I 'll dub him down to our own size, when we can close, and make an even fight of it.'

The drum of the Englishman was now for the first time heard rattling across the waters, and echoing the call to quarters that had already proceeded from the *Ariel*.

'Ah! you have sent him to his guns!'

said Barnstable; 'we shall now hear more of it; wake him up, Tom — wake him up.'

'We shall start him on end, or put him to sleep altogether, shortly,' said the deliberate cockswain, who never allowed himself to be at all hurried, even by his commander. 'My shot are pretty much like a shoal of porpoises, and commonly sail in each other's wake. Stand by — heave her breech forward — so; get out of that, you damned young reprobate, and let my harpoon alone!'

'What are you at, there, Master Coffin?' cried Barnstable; 'are you tongue-tied?'

'Here's one of the boys skylarking with my harpoon in the lee-scuppers, and by-and-by, when I shall want it most, there'll be a no-man's-land to hunt for it in.'

'Never mind the boy, Tom; send him aft here to me and I'll polish his behavior; give the Englishman some more iron.'

'I want the little villain to pass up my cartridges,' returned the angry old seaman; 'but if you'll be so good, sir, as to hit him a crack or two, now and then, as he goes by you to the magazine, the monkey will learn his manners and the schooner's work will be all the better done for it. A young herring-faced monkey! to meddle with a tool ye don't know the use of. If your parents had spent more of their money on your edication, and less on your outfit, you'd ha' been a gentleman to what ye are now.'

'Hurrah! Tom, hurrah!' cried Barnstable, a little impatiently; 'is your namesake never to open his throat again!'

'Aye, aye, sir; all ready,' grumbled the cockswain; 'depress a little; so — so; a damned young baboon-behaved curmudgeon; overhaul that forward fall more; stand by with your match — but I'll pay him! — fire!' This was the actual commencement of the fight; for as the shot of Tom Coffin traveled, as he had intimated, very much in the same direction, their enemy found the sport becoming too hot to be endured in silence, and the report of the second gun from the *Ariel* was instantly followed by that of the whole broadside of the *Alacrity*. The shot of the cutter flew in a very good direction, but her guns were too light to give them efficiency at that distance; and as one or two were heard to strike against the bends of the schooner, and fall back, innocuously, into the water, the cockswain, whose good-humor became gradually restored as the combat thickened, remarked with his customary apathy:

'Them count for no more than love-taps — does the Englishman think that we are firing salutes!'

'Stir him up, Tom! every blow you give him will help to open his eyes,' cried Barnstable, rubbing his hands with glee, as he witnessed the success of his efforts to close.

Thus far the cockswain and his crew had the fight, on the part of the *Ariel*, altogether to themselves, the men who were stationed at the smaller and shorter guns standing in perfect idleness by their sides; but in ten or fifteen minutes the commander of the *Alacrity*, who had been staggered by the weight of the shot that had struck him, found that it was no longer in his power to retreat, if he wished it; when he decided on the only course that was left for a brave man to pursue, and steered boldly in such a direction as would soonest bring him in contact with his enemy, without exposing his vessel to be raked by his fire. Barnstable watched each movement of his foe with eagle eyes, and when the vessel had got within a lessened distance, he gave the order for a general fire to be opened. The action now grew warm and spirited on both sides. The power of the wind was counteracted by the constant explosion of the cannon; and, instead of driving rapidly to leeward, a white canopy of curling smoke hung above the *Ariel*, or rested on the water, lingering in her wake, so as to mark the path by which she was approaching to a closer and still deadlier struggle. The shouts of the young sailors, as they handled their instruments of death, became more animated and fierce, while the cockswain pursued his occupation with the silence and skill of one who labored in a regular vocation. Barnstable was unusually composed and quiet, maintaining the grave deportment of a commander on whom rested the fortunes of the contest, at the same time that his dark eyes were dancing with the fire of suppressed animation.

'Give it them!' he occasionally cried, in a voice that might be heard amid the bellowing of the cannon: 'never mind

their cordage, my lads; drive home their bolts, and make your marks below their ridge-ropes.'

In the mean time the Englishman played a manful game.

He had suffered a heavy loss by the distant cannonade, which no metal he possessed could retort upon his enemy; but he struggled nobly to repair the error in judgment with which he had begun the contest. The two vessels gradually drew nigher to each other, until they both entered into the common cloud created by their fire, which thickened and spread around them in such a manner as to conceal their dark hulls from the gaze of the curious and interested spectators on the cliffs. The heavy reports of the cannon were now mingled with the rattling of muskets and pistols, and streaks of fire might be seen glancing like flashes of lightning through the white cloud which enshrouded the combatants; and many minutes of painful uncertainty followed, before the deeply-interested soldiers, who were gazing at the scene, discovered on whose banners victory had alighted.

We shall follow the combatants into their misty wreath, and display to the reader the events as they occurred.

The fire of the *Ariel* was much the most quick and deadly, both because she had suffered less, and her men were less exhausted; and the cutter stood desperately on to decide the combat, after grappling, hand to hand. Barnstable anticipated her intention, and well understood her commander's reason for adopting this course; but he was not a man to calculate coolly his advantages, when pride and daring invited him to a more severe trial. Accordingly, he met the enemy half-way, and as the vessels rushed together, the stern of the schooner was secured to the bows of the cutter, by the joint efforts of both parties. The voice of the English commander was now plainly to be heard, in the uproar, calling to his men to follow him.

'Away there, boarders! repel boarders on the starboard quarter!' shouted Barnstable through his trumpet.

This was the last order that the gallant young sailor gave with this instrument; for, as he spoke, he cast it from him, and, seizing his saber, flew to the spot where the enemy was about to make his most desperate effort. The shouts, execrations, and tauntings of the combatants, now succeeded to the roar of the cannon, which could be used no longer with effect, though the fight was still maintained with spirited discharges of the small-arms.

'Sweep him from his decks!' cried the English commander, as he appeared on his own bulwarks, surrounded by a dozen of his bravest men; 'drive the rebellious dogs into the sea!'

'Away there, marines!' retorted Barnstable, firing his pistol at the advancing enemy; 'leave not a man of them to sup his grog again.'

The tremendous and close volley that succeeded this order, nearly accomplished the command of Barnstable to the letter, and the commander of the *Alacrity*, perceiving that he stood alone, reluctantly fell back on the deck of his own vessel, in order to bring on his men once more.

'Board her! gray-beards and boys, idlers and all!' shouted Barnstable, springing in advance of his crew; a powerful arm arrested the movement of the dauntless seaman, and before he had time to recover himself, he was drawn violently back to his own vessel by the irresistible grasp of his cockswain.

'The fellow 's in his flurry,' said Tom, 'and it would n't be wise to go within reach of his flukes; but I 'll just step ahead and give him a set with my harpoon.'

Without waiting for a reply, the cockswain reared his tall frame on the bulwarks, and was in the attitude of stepping on board of his enemy, when a sea separated the vessels, and he fell with a heavy dash of the waters into the ocean. As twenty muskets and pistols were discharged at the instant he appeared, the crew of the *Ariel* supposed his fall to be occasioned by his wounds, and were rendered doubly fierce by the sight, and the cry of their commander to —

'Revenge long Tom! board her! long Tom or death!'

They threw themselves forward in irresistible numbers, and forced a passage, with much bloodshed, to the forecastle of the *Alacrity*. The Englishman was overpowered, but still remained undaunted — he rallied his crew, and bore up most gallantly to the fray. Thrusts of pikes and blows of sabers were becoming close and deadly, while muskets and pistols were constantly discharged by those who

vere kept at a distance by the pressure of the throng of closer combatants.

Barnstable led his men in advance, and became a mark of peculiar vengeance to his enemies, as they slowly yielded before his vigorous assaults. Chance had placed the two commanders on opposite sides of the cutter's deck, and the victory seemed to incline toward either party, wherever these daring officers directed the struggle in person. But the Englishman, perceiving that the ground he maintained in person was lost elsewhere, made an effort to restore the battle, by changing his position, followed by one or two of his best men. A marine, who preceded him, leveled his musket within a few feet of the head of the American commander, and was about to fire, when Merry glided among the combatants, and passed his dirk into the body of the man, who fell at the blow; shaking his piece, with horrid imprecations, the wounded soldier prepared to deal his vengeance on his youthful assailant, when the fearless boy leaped within its muzzle, and buried his own keen weapon in his heart.

'Hurrah!' shouted the unconscious Barnstable, from the edge of the quarter-deck, where, attended by a few men, he was driving all before him. 'Revenge! — long Tom and victory!'

'We have them!' exclaimed the Englishman; 'handle your pikes! we have them between two fires.'

The battle would probably have terminated very differently from what previous circumstances had indicated, had not a wild-looking figure appeared in the cutter's channels at that moment, issuing from the sea, and gaining the deck at the same instant. It was long Tom, with his iron visage rendered fierce by his previous discomfiture, and his grizzled locks drenched with the briny element from which he had risen, looking like Neptune with his trident. Without speaking, he poised his harpoon, and, with a powerful effort, pinned the unfortunate Englishman to the mast of his own vessel.

'Starn all!' cried Tom by a sort of instinct, when the blow was struck; and catching up the musket of the fallen marine, he dealt out terrible and fatal blows with its butt on all who approached him, utterly disregarding the use of the bayonet on its muzzle. The unfortunate commander of the *Alacrity* brandished his sword with frantic gestures, while his eyes rolled in horrid wildness, when he writhed for an instant in his passing agonies, and then, as his head dropped lifeless upon his gored breast, he hung against the spar, a spectacle of dismay to his crew. A few of the Englishmen stood chained to the spot in silent horror at the sight, but most of them fled to their lower deck, or hastened to conceal themselves in the secret parts of the vessel, leaving to the Americans the undisputed possession of the *Alacrity*.

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(1823) (1824)

THE PIONEERS

CHAPTER XXXIII

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It was now the duty of the Judge to deliver his charge. It consisted of a short, comprehensive summary of the testimony, laying bare the artifice of the prisoner's counsel, and placing the facts in so obvious a light, that they could not well be misunderstood. 'Living as we do, gentlemen,' he concluded, 'on the skirts of society, it becomes doubly necessary to protect the ministers of the law. If you believe the witnesses, in their construction of the acts of the prisoner, it is your duty to convict him; but if you believe that the old man, who this day appears before you, meant not to harm the constable, but was acting more under the influence of habit than by instigations of malice, it will be your duty to judge him, but to do it with lenity.'

As before, the jury did not leave their box; but, after a consultation of some little time, their foreman arose and pronounced the prisoner —

'Guilty.'

There was but little surprise manifested in the court room at this verdict, as the testimony, the greater part of which we have omitted, was too clear and direct to be passed over. The judges seemed to have anticipated this sentiment, for a consultation was passing among them also, during the deliberation of the jury, and the preparatory movements of the 'bench' announced the coming sentence.

'Nathaniel Bumppo,' commenced the Judge, making the customary pause.

The old hunter, who had been musing again, with his head on the bar, raised himself, and cried, with a prompt, military tone —

'Here.'

The Judge waved his hand for silence and proceeded —

'In forming their sentence, the court have been governed as much by the consideration of your ignorance of the laws, as by a strict sense of the importance of punishing such outrages as that of which you have been found guilty. They have therefore passed over the obvious punishment of whipping on the bare back, in mercy to your years; but as the dignity of the law requires an open exhibition of the consequences of your crime, it is ordered, that you be conveyed from this room to the public stocks, where you are to be confined for one hour: that you pay a fine to the state of one hundred dollars; and that you be imprisoned in the jail of this county for one calendar month, and furthermore, that your imprisonment do not cease until the said fine shall be paid. I feel it my duty, Nathaniel Bumppo —'

'And where should I get the money?' interrupted the Leather-stocking, eagerly; 'where should I get the money? You 'll take away the bounty on the painters, because I cut the throat of a deer; and how is an old man to find so much gold or silver in the woods? No, no, Judge: think better of it, and don't talk of shutting me up in a jail for the little time I have to stay.'

'If you have anything to urge against the passing of the sentence, the court will yet hear you,' said the Judge, mildly.

'I have enough to say ag'in it,' cried Natty, grasping the bar on which his fingers were working with a convulsed motion. 'Where am I to get the money? Let me out into the woods and hills, where I 've been used to breathe the clear air, and though I 'm three-score and ten, if you 've left game enough in the country, I 'll travel night and day but I 'll make you up the sum afore the season is over. Yes, yes — you see the reason of the thing, and the wickedness of shutting up an old man, that has spent his days, as one may say, where he could always look into the windows of heaven.'

'I must be governed by the law —'

'Talk not to me of law, Marmaduke Temple,' interrupted the hunter. 'Did the beast of the forest mind your laws, when it was thirsty and hungering for the blood of your own child! She was kneeling to her God for a greater favor than I ask, and he heard her; and if you now say no to my prayers, do you think he will be deaf?'

'My private feelings must not enter into —'

'Hear me, Marmaduke Temple,' interrupted the old man, with melancholy earnestness, 'and hear reason. I 've traveled these mountains when you was no judge, but an infant in your mother's arms; and I feel as if I had a right and a privilege to travel them ag'in afore I die. Have you forgot the time that you come on to the lake-shore, when there was n't even a jail to lodge in; and did n't I give you my own bearskin to sleep on, and the fat of a noble buck to satisfy the cravings of your hunger? Yes, yes — you thought it no sin then to kill a deer! And this I did, though I had no reason to love you, for you had never done anything but harm to them that loved and sheltered me. And now, will you shut me up in your dungeons to pay me for my kindness? A hundred dollars! where should I get the money? No, no — there 's them that says hard things of you, Marmaduke Temple, but you an't so bad as to wish to see an old man die in a prison, because he stood up for the right. Come, friend, let me pass; it 's long sin' I 've been used to such crowds, and I crave to be in the woods ag'in. Don't fear me, Judge — I bid you not to fear me; for if there 's beaver enough left on the streams, or the buckskins will sell for a shilling a-piece, you shall have the last penny of the fine. Where are ye pups! come away, dogs! come away! we have a grievous toil to do for our years but it shall be done — yes, yes, I 've promised it, and it shall be done!'

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CHAPTER XLI

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The place at which they arrived was the little spot of level ground, where the cabin of Leather-stocking had so long stood. Elizabeth found it entirely cleared of rubbish, and beautifully laid down in turf, by

the removal of sods, which, in common with the surrounding country, had grown gay, under the influence of profuse showers, as if a second spring had passed over the land. This little place was surrounded by a circle of mason-work, and they entered by a small gate, near which to the surprise of both, the rifle of Natty was leaning against the wall. Hector and the slut reposed on the grass by its side, as if conscious that, however altered, they were lying on the ground, and were surrounded by objects, with which they were familiar. The hunter himself was stretched on the earth, before a headstone of white marble, pushing aside with his fingers the long grass that had already sprung up from the luxuriant soil around its base, apparently to lay bare the inscription. By the side of this stone, which was a simple slab at the head of a grave, stood a rich monument, decorated with an urn, and ornamented with a chisel.

Oliver and Elizabeth approached the graves with a light tread, unheard by the old hunter, whose sun-burnt face was working, and whose eyes twinkled as if something impeded their vision. After some little time, Natty raised himself slowly from the ground, and said aloud — 'Well, well — I 'm bold to say it 's all right! There 's something that I suppose is reading; but I can't make anything of it; though the pipe and the tomahawk, and the moccasins, be pretty well — pretty well, for a man that, I dares to say, never heed 'ither of the things. Ah 's me! there they lie, side by side, happy enough! Who will be there to put me in the 'arth when my time comes?'

'When that unfortunate hour arrives, Natty, friends shall not be wanting to perform the last offices for you,' said Oliver, a little touched at the hunter's soliloquy.

The old man turned, without manifesting surprise, for he had got the Indian habits in this particular, and running his hand under the bottom of his nose, seemed to wipe away his sorrow with the action.

'You 've come out to see the graves, children, have ye?' he said, 'well, well, they 're wholesome sights to young as well as old.'

'I hope they are fitted to your liking,' said Effingham; 'no one has a better right than yourself to be consulted in the matter.'

'Why, seeing that I an't used to fine graves,' returned the old man, 'it is but little matter consarning my taste. Ye laid the Major's head to the west, and Mohegan's to the east, did ye, lad?'

'At your request it was done.'

'It 's so best,' said the hunter; 'they thought they had to journey different ways, children; though there is One greater than all, who 'll bring the just together, at his own time, and who 'll whiten the skin of a blackmoor, and place him on a footing with princes.'

'There is but little reason to doubt that,' said Elizabeth, whose decided tones were changed to a soft, melancholy voice; 'I trust we shall all meet again, and be happy together.'

'Shall we, child, shall we?' exclaimed the hunter, with unusual fervor; 'there 's comfort in that thought too. But before I go I should like to know what 'tis you tell these people that be flocking into the country like pigeons in the spring, of the old Delaware, and of the bravest white man that ever trod the hills.'

Effingham and Elizabeth were surprised at the manner of the Leather-stocking, which was unusually impressive and solemn; but, attributing it to the scene the young man turned to the monument, and read aloud —

'Sacred to the memory of Oliver Effingham, Esquire, formerly a Major in his B. Majesty's 60th Foot; a soldier of tried valor; a subject of chivalrous loyalty; and a man of honesty. To these virtues he added the graces of a Christian. The morning of his life was spent in honor, wealth and power; but its evening was obscured by poverty, neglect and disease, which were alleviated only by the tender care of his old, faithful, and upright friend and attendant, Nathaniel Bumppo. His descendants rear this stone to the virtues of the master, and to the enduring gratitude of the servant.'

The Leather-stocking stared at the sound of his own name and a smile of joy illumined his wrinkled features, as he said —

'And did ye say it, lad? have you then got the old man's name cut in the stone, by the side of his master's? God bless ye children! 'twas a kind thought, and kindness goes to the heart as life shortens.'

Elizabeth turned her back to the speakers. Effingham made a fruitless effort before he succeeded in saying —

'It is there cut in plain marble; but it should have been written in letters of gold!'

'Show me the name, boy,' said Natty, with simple eagerness; 'let me see my own name placed in such honor. 'Tis a gin'rous gift to a man who leaves none of his name and family behind him, in a country where he has tarried so long.'

Effingham guided his finger to the spot, and Natty followed the windings of the letters to the end with deep interest, when he raised himself from the tomb, and said —

'I suppose it 's all right; and it 's kindly thought, and kindly done! But what have ye put over the Red-skin?'

'You shall hear —'

'"This stone is raised to the memory of an Indian Chief, of the Delaware tribe, who was known by the several names of John Mohegan, Mohican —"'

'Mo-hee-can, lad, they call theirselves! 'he-can.'

'Mohican; and Chingagook —'

''Gach, boy; —'gach-gook; Chingachgook, which, intarpreted, means Big-Sarpent. The name should be set down right, for an Indian's name has always some meaning in it.'

'I will see it altered. "He was the last of his people who continued to inhabit this country; and it may be said of him, that his faults were those of an Indian, and his virtues those of a man."'

'You never said truer word, Mr. Oliver; ah 's me! if you had know'd him as I did, in his prime, in that very battle where the old gentleman, who sleeps by his side, saved his life, when them thieves, the Iroquois, had him at the stake, you 'd have said all that and more too. I cut the thongs with this very hand, and gave him my own tomahawk and knife, seeing that the rifle was always my fav'rite weapon. He did lay about him like a man! I met him as I was coming home from the trail, with eleven Mingo scalps on his pole. You need n't shudder, Madam Effingham, for they was all from shaved heads and warriors. When I look about me, at these hills, where I used to could count sometimes twenty smokes, curling over the tree-tops, from the Delaware camps, it raises mournful thoughts to think that not a Red-skin is left of them all; unless it be a drunken vagabond from the Oneidas, or them Yankee Indians, who, they say, be moving up from the sea-shore; and who belong to none of God's creaters, to my seeming, being, as it were, neither fish nor flesh — neither white man nor savage. Well, well! the time has come at last, and I must go —'

'Go!' echoed Edwards, 'whither do you go?'

The Leather-stocking, who had imbibed, unconsciously, many of the Indian qualities, though he always thought of himself as of a civilized being, compared with even the Delawares, averted his face to conceal the workings of his muscles, as he stooped to lift a large pack from behind the tomb, which he placed deliberately on his shoulders.

'Go!' exclaimed Elizabeth, approaching him with a hurried step; 'you should not venture so far in the woods alone, at your time of life, Natty; indeed, it is imprudent. He is bent, Effingham, on some distant hunting.'

'What Mrs. Effingham tells you is true, Leather-stocking,' said Edwards; 'there can be no necessity for your submitting to such hardships now! So throw aside your pack, and confine your hunt to the mountains near us, if you will go.'

'Hardship! 'tis a pleasure, children, and the greatest that is left me on this side the grave.'

'No, no; you shall not go to such a distance,' cried Elizabeth, laying her white hand on his deer-skin pack — 'I am right! I feel his camp-kettle, and a canister of powder! he must not be suffered to wander so far from us, Oliver; remember how suddenly Mohegan dropped away.'

'I know'd the parting would come hard, children; I know'd it would!' said Natty, 'and so I got aside to look at the graves by myself, and thought if I left ye the keepsake which the Major gave me, when we first parted in the woods, ye would n't take it unkind, but would know, that, let the old man's body go where it might, his feelings stayed behind him.'

'This means something more than common!' exclaimed the youth; 'where is it, Natty, that you purpose going?'

The hunter drew nigh him with a confident, reasoning air, as if what he had to say would silence all objections, and replied —

'Why, lad, they tell me, that on the Big-lakes there 's the best of hunting, and a great range, without a white man on it,

unless it may be one like myself. I 'm weary of living in clearings, and where the hammer is sounding in my ears from sunrise to sundown. And though I 'm much bound to ye both, children — I would n't say it if it was not true — I crave to go into the woods ag'in, I do.'

'Woods!' echoed Elizabeth, trembling with her feelings; 'do you not call these endless forests woods?'

'Ah! child, these be nothing to a man that 's used to the wilderness. I have took but little comfort sin' your father come on with his settlers; but I would n't go far, while the life was in the body that lies under the sod there. But now he 's gone, and Chingachgook is gone; and you be both young and happy. Yes! the big house has rung with merriment this month past! And now, I thought, was the time to try to get a little comfort in the close of my days. Woods! indeed! I does n't call these woods, Madam Effingham, where I lose myself every day of my life in the clearings.'

'If there be anything wanting to your comfort, name it, Leather-stocking; if it be attainable it is yours.'

'You mean all for the best, lad; I know it; and so does Madam, too: but your ways is n't my ways. 'Tis like the dead there, who thought, when the breath was in them, that one went east, and one went west, to find their heavens; but they 'll meet at last; and so shall we, children. Yes, ind as you 've begun, and we shall meet in the land of the just at last.'

'This is so new! so unexpected!' said Elizabeth, in almost breathless excitement; 'I had thought you meant to live with us and die with us, Natty.'

'Words are of no avail,' exclaimed her husband; 'the habits of forty years are not to be dispossessed by the ties of a day. I know you too well to urge you further, Natty; unless you will let me build you a hut on one of the distant hills, where we can sometimes see you, and know that you are comfortable.'

'Don't fear for the Leather-stocking, children; God will see that his days be provided for, and his ind happy. I know you mean all for the best, but our ways does n't agree. I love the woods, and ye relish the face of man; I eat when hungry, and drink when a-dry; and ye keep stated hours and rules: nay, nay, you even overfeed the dogs, lad, from pure kindness; and hounds should be gaunty to run well. The meanest of God's creaters be made for some use, and I 'm formed for the wilderness; if ye love me, let me go where my soul craves to be ag'in!'

The appeal was decisive; and not another word of entreaty for him to remain was then uttered; but Elizabeth bent her head to her bosom and wept, while her husband dashed away the tears from his eyes; and, with hands that almost refused to perform their office, he produced his pocket-book, and extended a parcel of bank-notes to the hunter.

'Take these,' he said, 'at least take these; secure them about your person, and in the hour of need, they will do you good service.'

The old man took the notes, and examined them with a curious eye.

'This, then, is some of the new-fashioned money that they 've been making at Albany, out of paper! It can't be worth much to they that has n't larning! No, no, lad — take back the stuff; it will do me no sarvice. I took kear to get all the Frenchman's powder afore he broke up, and they say lead grows where I 'm going. It is n't even fit for wads, seeing that I use none but leather! — Madam Effingham, let an old man kiss your hand, and wish God's choicest blessings on you and your'n.'

'Once more let me beseech you, stay!' cried Elizabeth. 'Do not, Leather-stocking, leave me to grieve for the man who has twice rescued me from death, and who has served those I love so faithfully. For my sake, if not for your own, stay. I shall see you in those frightful dreams that still haunt my nights, dying in poverty and age, by the side of those terrific beasts you slew. There will be no evil, that sickness, want, and solitude can inflict, that my fancy will not conjure as your fate. Stay with us, old man, if not for your own sake, at least for ours.'

'Such thoughts and bitter dreams, Madam Effingham,' returned the hunter, solemnly, 'will never haunt an innocent parson long. They 'll pass away with God's pleasure. And if the cat-a-mounts be yet brought to your eyes in sleep, 'tis not for my sake, but to show you the power of Him that led me there to save you. Trust in God, Madam, and your honorable husband, and the thoughts for an old man like me can never be long nor

bitter. I pray that the Lord will keep you in mind — the Lord that lives in clearings as well as in the wilderness — and bless you, and all that belong to you, from this time till the great day when the whites shall meet the red-skins in judgment, and justice shall be the law, and not power.'

Elizabeth raised her head, and offered her colorless cheek to his salute, when he lifted his cap and touched it respectfully. His hand was grasped with convulsive fervor by the youth, who continued silent. The hunter prepared himself for his journey, drawing his belt tighter, and wasting his moments in the little reluctant movements of a sorrowful departure. Once or twice he essayed to speak, but a rising in his throat prevented it. At length he shouldered his rifle, and cried with a clear huntsman's call that echoed through the woods —

'He-e-re, he-e-e-re, pups — away, dogs, away; — ye 'll be foot-sore afore ye see the ind of the journey!'

The hounds leaped from the earth at this cry, and scenting around the graves and the silent pair, as if conscious of their own destination, they followed humbly at the heels of their master. A short pause succeeded, during which even the youth concealed his face on his grandfather's tomb. When the pride of manhood, however, had suppressed the feelings of nature, he turned to renew his entreaties, but saw that the cemetery was occupied only by himself and his wife.

'He is gone!' cried Effingham.

Elizabeth raised her face, and saw the old hunter standing looking back for a moment, on the verge of the wood. As he caught their glances, he drew his hard hand hastily across his eyes again, waved it on high for an adieu, and uttering a forced cry to his dogs, who were crouching at his feet, he entered the forest.

This was the last that they ever saw of the Leather-stocking, whose rapid movements preceded the pursuit which Judge Temple both ordered and conducted. He had gone far towards the setting sun,— the foremost in that band of pioneers who are opening the way for the march of the nation across the continent.

(1823)

THE PRAIRIE

CHAPTER XXVIII

'The witch, in Smithfield, shall be burned to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.'

Shakespeare.

The Siouxes had awaited the issue of the foregoing dialogue with commendable patience. Most of the band were restrained by the secret awe with which they regarded the mysterious character of Obed; while a few of the more intelligent chiefs gladly profited by the opportunity to arrange their thoughts for the struggle that was plainly foreseen. Mahtoree, influenced by neither of these feelings, was content to show the trapper how much he conceded to his pleasure; and when the old man discontinued the discourse, he received from the chief a glance that was intended to remind him of the patience with which he had awaited his movements. A profound and motionless silence succeeded the short interruption. Then Mahtoree arose, evidently prepared to speak. First placing himself in an attitude of dignity, he turned a steady and severe look on the whole assembly. The expression of his eye, however, changed as it glanced across the different countenances of his supporters and of his opponents. To the former the look, though stern, was not threatening, while it seemed to tell the latter all the hazards they incurred, in daring to brave the resentment of one so powerful.

Still, in the midst of so much hauteur and confidence, the sagacity and cunning of the Teton did not desert him. When he had thrown the gauntlet, as it were, to the whole tribe, and sufficiently asserted his claim to superiority, his mien became more affable and his eye less angry. Then it was that he raised his voice, in the midst of a death-like stillness, varying its tones to suit the changing character of his images, and of his eloquence.

'What is a Sioux?' the chief sagaciously began; 'he is ruler of the prairies, and master of its beasts. The fishes in the "river of troubled waters" know him, and come at his call. He is a fox in counsel; an eagle in sight; a grizzly bear in combat. A Dahcotah is a man!'

After waiting for a low murmur of approbation which followed this flattering portrait of his people to subside, the Teton continued, 'What is a Pawnee? A thief, who only steals from women; a red-skin who is not brave; a hunter that begs for his venison. In counsel he is a squirrel, hopping from place to place; he is an owl, that goes on the prairies at night; in battle he is an elk, whose legs are long. A Pawnee is a woman.' Another pause succeeded, during which a yell of delight broke from several mouths, and a demand was made that the taunting words should be translated to the unconscious subject of their biting contempt. The old man took his cue from the eyes of Mahtoree, and complied. Hard-Heart listened gravely, and then, as if apprised that his time to speak had not arrived, he once more bent his look on the vacant air. The orator watched his countenance, with an expression that manifested how inextinguishable was the hatred he felt for the only chief, far and near, whose fame might advantageously be compared with his own. Though disappointed in not having touched the pride of one whom he regarded as a boy, he proceeded, what he considered as far more important, to quicken the tempers of the men of his own tribe, in order that they might be prepared to work his savage purposes. 'If the earth was covered with rats, which are good for nothing,' he said, 'there would be no room for buffaloes, which give food and clothes to an Indian. If the prairies were covered with Pawnees, there would be no room for the foot of a Dahcotah. A Loup is a rat, a Sioux a heavy buffalo; let the buffaloes tread upon the rats, and make room for themselves.

'My brothers, a little child has spoken to you. He tells you his hair is not gray, but frozen; that the grass will not grow where a pale-face has died? Does he know the color of the blood of a Big-knife? No! I know he does not; he has never seen it. What Dahcotah besides Mahtoree has ever struck a pale-face? Not one. But Mahtoree must be silent. Every Teton will shut his ears when he speaks. The scalps over his lodge were taken by the women. They were taken by Mahtoree, and he is a woman. His mouth is shut; he waits for the feasts, to sing among the girls!'

Notwithstanding the exclamations of regret and resentment which followed so abasing a declaration, the chief took his seat, as if determined to speak no more. But the murmurs grew louder and more general, and there were threatening symptoms that the council would dissolve itself in confusion; and he arose and resumed his speech, by changing his manner to the fierce and hurried enunciation of a warrior bent on revenge.

'Let my young men go look for Tetao!' he cried; 'they will find his scalp drying in Pawnee smoke. Where is the son of Bohrecheena? His bones are whiter than the faces of his murderers. Is Mahhah asleep in his lodge? You know it is many moons since he started for the blessed prairies; would he were here, that he might say of what color was the hand that took his scalp!'

In this strain the artful chief continued for many minutes, calling those warriors by name who were known to have met their deaths in battle with the Pawnees, or in some of those lawless frays which so often occurred between the Sioux bands and a class of white men who were but little removed from them in the qualities of civilization. Time was not given to reflect on the merits, or rather the demerits, of most of the different individuals to whom he alluded, in consequence of the rapid manner in which he ran over their names; but so cunningly did he time his events, and so thrillingly did he make his appeals, aided as they were by the power of his deep-toned and stirring voice, that each of them struck an answering chord in the breast of some one of his auditors.

It was in the midst of one of his highest flights of eloquence, that a man, so aged as to walk with the greatest difficulty, entered the very center of the circle, and took his stand directly in front of the speaker. An ear of great acuteness might possibly have detected that the tones of the orator faltered a little, as his flashing look first fell on this unexpected object; though the change was so trifling, that none but such as thoroughly knew the parties would have suspected it. The stranger had once been as distinguished for his beauty and proportions, as had been his eagle eye for its irresistible and terrible glance. But his skin was now wrinkled, and his features furrowed with so many scars as to have obtained for

him, half a century before, from the French of the Canadas, a title which has been borne by so many of the heroes of France, and which had now been adopted into the language of the wild horde of whom we are writing, as the one most expressive of the deeds of their own brave. The murmur of 'Le Balafré,' that ran through the assembly when he appeared, announced not only his name, and the high estimation of his character, but how extraordinary his visit was considered. As he neither spoke nor moved, however, the sensation created by his appearance soon subsided, and then every eye was again turned upon the speaker, and every ear once more drank in the intoxication of his maddening appeals.

It would have been easy to have traced the triumph of Mahtoree in the reflecting countenances of his auditors. It was not long before a look of ferocity and of revenge was to be seen seated on the grim visages of most of the warriors, and each new and crafty allusion to the policy of extinguishing their enemies was followed by fresh and less restrained bursts of approbation. In the height of this success the Teton closed his speech by a rapid appeal to the pride and hardihood of his native band, and suddenly took his seat.

In the midst of the murmurs of applause which succeeded so remarkable an effort of eloquence, a low, feeble, and hollow voice was heard rising on the ear, as if it rolled from the inmost cavities of the human chest, and gathered strength and energy as it issued into the air. A solemn stillness followed the sounds, and then the lips of the aged man were first seen to move.

'The day of Le Balafré is near its end,' were the first words that were distinctly audible. 'He is like a buffalo on whom the hair will grow no longer. He will soon be ready to leave his lodge, to go in search of another, that is far from the villages of the Siouxes; therefore, what he has to say concerns not him, but those he leaves behind him. His words are like the fruit on the tree, ripe, and fit to be given to chiefs.

'Many snows have fallen since Le Balafré has been found on the war-path. His blood has been very hot, but it has had time to cool. The Wahcondah gives him dreams of war no longer; he sees that it is better to live in peace.

'My brothers, one foot is turned to the happy hunting-grounds, the other will soon follow, and then an old chief will be seen looking for the prints of his father's moccasins, that he may make no mistake, but be sure to come before the Master of Life by the same path as so many good Indians have already traveled. But who will follow? Le Balafré has no son. His oldest has ridden too many Pawnee horses; the bones of the youngest have been gnawed by Konza dogs. Le Balafré has come to look for a young arm on which he may lean, and to find a son, that when he is gone his lodge may not be empty. Tachechana, the skipping fawn of the Tetons, is too weak to prop a warrior who is old. She looks before her, and not backwards. Her mind is in the lodge of her husband.'

The enunciation of the veteran warrior had been calm, but distinct and decided. His declaration was received in silence; and though several of the chiefs, who were in the counsels of Mahtoree, turned their eyes on their leader, none presumed to oppose so aged and so venerated a brave in a resolution that was strictly in conformity to the usages of the nation. The Teton himself was content to await the result with seeming composure, though the gleams of ferocity that played about his eye occasionally betrayed the nature of those feelings with which he witnessed a procedure that was likely to rob him of that one of all his intended victims whom he most hated.

In the mean time Le Balafré moved with a slow and painful step towards the captives. He stopped before the person of Hard-Heart, whose faultless form, unchanging eye, and lofty mien he contemplated long, with high and evident satisfaction. Then, making a gesture of authority, he waited until his order had been obeyed, and the youth was released from the post and his bonds by the same blow of the knife. When the young warrior was led nearer to his dimmed and failing sight, the examination was renewed with strictness of scrutiny, and that admiration which physical excellence is so apt to excite in the breast of a savage.

'It is good,' the wary veteran murmured, when he found that all his skill in the requisites of a brave could detect no blemish; 'this is a leaping panther!

Does my son speak with the tongue of a Teton?'

The intelligence which lighted the eyes of the captive betrayed how well he understood the question, but still he was far too haughty to communicate his ideas through the medium of a language that belonged to a hostile people. Some of the surrounding warriors explained to the old chief that the captive was a Pawnee-Loup.

'My son opened his eyes on the "waters of the wolves,"' said Le Balafré, in the language of that nation, 'but he will shut them in the bend of the "river with a troubled stream." He was born a Pawnee, but he will die a Dahcotah. Look at me. I am a sycamore that once covered many with my shadow. The leaves are fallen, and the branches begin to drop. But a single sucker is springing from my roots; it is a little vine, and it winds itself about a tree that is green. I have long looked for one fit to grow by my side. Now have I found him. Le Balafré is no longer without a son; his name will not be forgotten when he is gone. Men of the Tetons, I take this youth into my lodge.'

No one was bold enough to dispute a right that had so often been exercised by warriors far inferior to the present speaker, and the adoption was listened to in grave and respectful silence. Le Balafré took his intended son by the arm, and leading him into the very center of the circle, he stepped aside with an air of triumph, in order that the spectators might approve of his choice. Mahtoree betrayed no evidence of his intentions, but rather seemed to await a moment better suited to the crafty policy of his character. The more experienced and sagacious chiefs distinctly foresaw the utter impossibility of two partisans so renowned, so hostile, and who had so long been rivals in fame, as their prisoner and their native leader, existing amicably in the same tribe. Still the character of Le Balafré was so imposing, and the custom to which he had resorted so sacred, that none dared to lift a voice in opposition to the measure. They watched the result with increasing interest, but with a coldness of demeanor that concealed the nature of their inquietude. From this state of embarrassment and as it might readily have proved of disorganization, the tribe was unexpectedly relieved by the decision of the one most interested in the success of the aged chief's designs.

During the whole of the foregoing scene it would have been difficult to have traced a single distinct emotion in the lineaments of the captive. He had heard his release proclaimed, with the same indifference as the order to bind him to the stake. But now that the moment had arrived when it became necessary to make his election, he spoke in a way to prove that the fortitude which had brought him so distinguished a name, had in no degree deserted him.

'My father is very old, but he has not yet looked upon everything,' said Hard-Heart, in a voice so clear as to be heard by all in presence. 'He has never seen a buffalo change to a bat; he will never see a Pawnee become a Sioux!'

There was a suddenness, and yet a calmness in the manner of delivering this decision which assured most of the auditors that it was unalterable. The heart of Le Balafré, however, was yearning towards the youth, and the fondness of age was not so readily repulsed. Reproving the burst of admiration and triumph to which the boldness of the declaration and the freshened hopes of revenge had given rise, by turning his gleaming eye around the band, the veteran again addressed his adopted child as if his purpose was not to be denied.

'It is well,' he said; 'such are the words a brave should use, that the warriors may see his heart. The day has been when the voice of Le Balafré was loudest among the lodges of the Konzas. But the root of a white hair is wisdom. My child will show the Tetons that he is brave, by striking their enemies. Men of the Dahcotahs, this is my son!'

The Pawnee hesitated a moment, and then stepping in front of the chief, he took his hard and wrinkled hand, and laid it with reverence on his head, as if to acknowledge the extent of his obligation. Then recoiling a step, he raised his person to its greatest elevation, and looked upon the hostile band by whom he was environed, with an air of loftiness and disdain, as he spoke aloud in the language of the Siouxes:—

'Hard-Heart has looked at himself within and without. He has thought of all he has done in the hunts and in the

wars. Everywhere he is the same. There is no change. He is in all things a Pawnee. He has struck so many Tetons that he could never eat in their lodges. His arrows would fly backwards; the point of his lance would be on the wrong end; their friends would weep at every whoop he gave; their enemies would laugh. Do the Tetons know a Loup? Let them look at him again. His head is painted; his arm is flesh; his heart is rock. When the Tetons see the sun come from the Rocky Mountains, and move toward the land of the pale-faces, the mind of Hard-Heart will soften, and his spirit will become Sioux. Until that day he will live and die a Pawnee.'

A yell of delight, in which admiration and ferocity were strangely mingled, interrupted the speaker, and but too clearly announced the character of his fate. The captive awaited a moment for the commotion to subside, and then turning again to Le Balafré, he continued, in tones conciliating and kind, as if he felt the propriety of softening his refusal, in a manner not to wound the pride of one, who would so gladly be his benefactor.

'Let my father lean heavier on the fawn of the Dahcotahs,' he said: 'she is weak now, but as her lodge fills with young, she will be stronger. See,' he added, directing the eyes of the other to the earnest countenance of the attentive trapper; 'Hard-Heart is not without a gray-head to show him the path to the blessed prairies. If he ever has another father, it shall be that just warrior.'

Le Balafré turned away in disappointment from the youth, and approached the stranger who had thus anticipated his design. The examination between these two aged men was long, mutual, and curious. It was not easy to detect the real character of the trapper, through the mask which the hardships of so many years had laid upon his features, especially when aided by his wild and peculiar attire. Some moments elapsed before the Teton spoke, and then it was in doubt whether he addressed one like himself, or some wanderer of that race who, he had heard, were spreading themselves like hungry locusts throughout the land.

'The head of my brother is very white,' he said; 'but the eye of Le Balafré is no longer like the eagle's. Of what color is his skin?'

'The Wahcondah made me like these you see waiting for a Dahcotah judgment; but fair and foul has colored me darker than the skin of a fox. What of that! though the bark is ragged and riven, the heart of the tree is sound.'

'My brother is a Big-knife! Let him turn his face towards the setting sun, and open his eyes. Does he see the Salt-lake beyond the mountains?'

'The time has been, Teton, when few could see the white on an eagle's head further than I; but the glare of fourscore and seven winters has dimmed my eyes, and but little can I boast of sight in my latter days. Does the Sioux think a pale-face is a god, that he can look through the hills!'

'Then let my brother look at me. I am nigh him, and he can see that I am a foolish red-man. Why cannot his people see everything, since they crave all?'

'I understand you, chief, nor will I gainsay the justice of your words, seeing that they are too much founded in truth. But though born of the race you love so little, my worst enemy, not even a lying Mingo, would dare to say that I ever laid hands on the goods of another, except such as were taken in manful warfare; or that I ever coveted more ground than the Lord has intended each man to fill.'

'And yet my brother has come among the red-skins to find a son?'

The trapper laid a finger on the naked shoulder of Le Balafré, and looked into his scarred countenance with a wistful and confidential expression, as he answered,—

'Aye; but it was only that I might do good to the boy. If you think, Dahcotah, that I adopted the youth in order to prop my age, you do as much injustice to my good-will as you seem to know little of the merciless intentions of your own people. I have made him my son, that he may know that one is left behind him. Peace, Hector, peace! Is this decent, pup, when gray heads are counseling together, to break in upon their discourse with the whinings of a hound! The dog is old, Teton; and though well taught in respect to behavior, he is getting, like ourselves, I fancy, something forgetful of the fashions of his youth.'

Further discourse, between these veterans, was interrupted by a discordant yell, which burst at that moment from the lips

of the dozen withered crones, who have already been mentioned as having forced themselves into a conspicuous part of the circle. The outcry was excited by a sudden change in the air of Hard-Heart. When the old men turned towards the youth, they saw him standing in the very center of the ring, with his head erect, his eye fixed on vacancy, one leg advanced and an arm a little raised, as if all his faculties were absorbed in the act of listening. A smile lighted his countenance for a single moment, and then the whole man sank again into his former look of dignity and coldness, suddenly recalled to self-possession. The movement had been construed into contempt, and even the tempers of the chiefs began to be excited. Unable to restrain their fury, the women broke into the circle in a body, and commenced their attack by loading the captive with the most bitter revilings. They boasted of the various exploits which their sons had achieved at the expense of the different tribes of the Pawnees. They undervalued his own reputation, and told him to look at Mahtoree, if he had never yet seen a warrior. They accused him of having been suckled by a doe, and of having drunk in cowardice with his mother's milk. In short, they lavished upon their unmoved captive a torrent of that vindictive abuse, in which the women of the savages are so well known to excel, but which has been too often described to need a repetition here.

The effect of this outbreaking was inevitable. Le Balafré turned away disappointed, and hid himself in the crowd; while the trapper, whose honest features were working with inward emotion, pressed nigher to his young friend, as those who are linked to the criminal by ties so strong as to brave the opinions of men, are often seen to stand about the place of execution to support his dying moments. The excitement soon spread among the inferior warriors, though the chiefs still forbore to make the signal which committed the victim to their mercy. Mahtoree, who had awaited such a movement among his fellows, with the wary design of concealing his own jealous hatred, soon grew weary of delay, and, by a glance of his eye, encouraged the tormentors to proceed.

Weucha, who, eager for this sanction, had long stood watching the countenance of the chief, bounded forward at the signal like a bloodhound loosened from the leash. Forcing his way into the center of the hags, who were already proceeding from abuse to violence, he reproved their impatience, and bade them wait until a warrior had begun to torment, and then they should see their victim shed tears like a woman.

The heartless savage commenced his efforts by flourishing his tomahawk about the head of the captive, in such a manner as to give reason to suppose that each blow would bury the weapon in the flesh, while it was so governed as to not touch the skin. To this customary expedient, Hard-Heart was perfectly insensible. His eye kept the same steady, riveted look on the air, though the glittering ax described in its evolutions a bright circle of light before his countenance. Frustrated in this attempt, the callous Sioux laid the cold edge on the naked head of his victim, and began to describe the different manners in which a prisoner might be flayed. The women kept time to his cruelties with their taunts, and endeavored to force some expression of the lingerings of nature from the insensible features of the Pawnee. But he evidently reserved himself for the chiefs, and for those moments of extreme anguish, when the loftiness of his spirit might evince itself in a manner better becoming his high and untarnished reputation.

The eyes of the trapper followed every movement of the tomahawk with the interest of a real father, until at length, unable to command his indignation, he exclaimed,—

'My son has forgotten his cunning. This is a low-minded Indian, and one easily hurried into folly. I cannot do the thing myself, for my traditions forbid a dying warrior to revile his persecutors, but the gifts of a red-skin are different. Let the Pawnee say the bitter words and purchase an easy death. I will answer for his success, providing he speaks before the grave men set their wisdom to back the folly of this fool.'

The savage Sioux, who heard his words without comprehending their meaning, turned to the speaker and menaced him with death for his temerity.

'Aye, work your will,' said the unflinching old man; 'I am as ready now as I shall be to-morrow. Though it would be a

death that an honest man might not wish to die. Look at that noble Pawnee, Teton, and see what a red-skin may become, who fears the Master of Life, and follows his laws. How many of your people has he sent to the distant prairies!' he continued in a sort of pious fraud, thinking, that while the danger menaced himself, there could surely be no sin in extolling the merits of another; 'how many howling Siouxes has he struck, like a warrior in open combat, while arrows were sailing in the air plentier than flakes of falling snow! Go! will Weucha speak the name of one enemy he has ever struck?'

'Hard-Heart!' shouted the Sioux, turning in his fury, and aiming a deadly blow at the head of his victim. His arm fell into the hollow of the captive's hand. For a single moment the two stood, as if entranced in that attitude, the one paralyzed by so unexpected a resistance, and the other bending his head, not to meet his death, but in the most intense attention. The women screamed with triumph, for they thought the nerves of the captive had at length failed him. The trapper trembled for the honor of his friend; and Hector, as if conscious of what was passing, raised his nose into the air, and uttered a piteous howl.

But the Pawnee hesitated only for that moment. Raising the other hand, like lightning, the tomahawk flashed in the air, and Weucha sank to his feet, brained to the eye. Then cutting a way with the bloody weapon, he darted through the opening left by the frightened women, and seemed to descend the declivity at a single bound.

Had a bolt from heaven fallen in the midst of the Teton band it would not have occasioned greater consternation than this act of desperate hardihood. A shrill plaintive cry burst from the lips of all the women, and there was a moment that even the oldest warriors appeared to have lost their faculties. This stupor endured only for the instant. It was succeeded by a yell of revenge, that burst from a hundred throats, while as many warriors started forward at the cry, bent on the most bloody retribution. But a powerful and authoritative call from Mahtoree arrested every foot. The chief, in whose countenance disappointment and rage were struggling with the affected composure of his station, extended an arm towards the river, and the whole mystery was explained.

Hard-Heart had already crossed half the bottom which lay between the acclivity and the water. At this precise moment a band of armed and mounted Pawnees turned a swell, and galloped to the margin of the stream, into which the plunge of the fugitive was distinctly heard. A few minutes sufficed for his vigorous arm to conquer the passage, and then the shout from the opposite shore told the humbled Tetons the whole extent of the triumph of their adversaries.

(1827)

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK (1790–1867)

The early years of the Republic produced few poets, and amid the general crudeness of the time and the real hunger for culture and for beauty the few poets that did appear were, as we see to-day, extravagantly over-rated. Undoubtedly the most over-rated of them all, not even excepting Willis and Percival, was Fitz-Greene Halleck, for a generation placed among the leaders of the American choir of singers. Slowly yet steadily has his fame decreased until to-day he holds but a hazardous place in the anthologies by reason of his once widely declaimed 'Marco Bozzaris' and the first stanza of his tribute to Drake. It is conventional to classify him with the 'Knickerbockers,' but he was of old Puritan stock, like Bryant, a native of Connecticut, and he spent almost the first quarter of a century of his life and nearly the last quarter of a century of it in the New England environment to which he belonged. During his active middle years he was in New York City, a clerk in the establishment of John Jacob Astor, arriving there in 1813 some five years after Irving and Paulding had amused the city with their *Salmagundi* papers. The newness and the excitement of his first years in the metropolis and the enthusiasm of his new-found city friend, young Dr. Drake, stimulated him into a short period of poetic creation. With Drake he contributed a series of poetic effusions, signed 'Croaker' and 'Croaker & Co.,' to the New York *Evening Post*, a sort of poetic *Salmagundi*, the remarkable vogue of which bears testimony to the poetic leanness of the time. Spurred by the high spirits and the eager enthusiasm of his young friend Drake, he wrote his martial song 'Marco Bozzaris,' contributed the last stanza to Drake's 'American Flag,' and after the untimely death of the young poet mourned him in a quatrain that has passed into the universal currency of quotation. His once greatly admired 'Alnwick Castle,' his 'Burns' with a few distinctive lines, and his 'Fanny' that was published in more than one edition before its early readers were satisfied, all seem lifeless and tawdry to-day. Halleck's last years were barren of literary product.

CUTTING

The world is not a perfect one,
  All women are not wise and pretty,
All that are willing are not won —
  More's the pity — more's the pity!
'Playing wall-flower's rather flat,'
  L'Allegro or Penseroso —
Not that women care for that —
  But oh! they hate the slighting beau so!

Delia says my dancing's bad —
  She's found it out since I have cut her;
She says wit I never had —
  I said she 'smelt of bread and butter.'
Mrs. Milton coldly bows —
  I did not think her baby 'cunning;'
Gertrude says I've little 'Nous' —
  I tired of her atrocious punning.

Tom's wife says my taste is vile —
  I condemned her macarony;
Miss McLush, my flirt awhile,
  Hates me — I preferred her crony;
Isabella, Sarah Anne,
  Fat Estella, and one other,
Call me an immoral man —
  I have cut their drinking brother.

Thus it is — be only civil —
  Dance with stupid, short and tall —
Know no line 'twixt saint and devil —
  Spend your wit on fools and all —
Simper with the milk-and-waters —
  Suffer bores, and talk of caps —
Trot out people's awkward daughters —
  You may scandal 'scape — perhaps!

But prefer the wise and witty —
  Pass Reserve to dance with Wit —
Let the slight be e'er so petty,
  Pride will never pardon it.
Woman never yet refused
  Virtues to a seeming wooer —
Woman never yet abused
  Him who had been civil to her.

The Croaker Papers,
(1819) (1819)

ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE

OF NEW YORK, Sept., 1820

'The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust,
Burn to the socket.'

Wordsworth.

Green be the turf above thee,
Friend of my better days!
None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise.

Tears fell when thou wert dying,
From eyes unused to weep,
And long, where thou art lying,
Will tears the cold turf steep.

When hearts, whose truth was proven,
Like thine, are laid in earth,
There should a wreath be woven
To tell the world their worth;

And I who woke each morrow
To clasp thy hand in mine,
Who shared thy joy and sorrow,
Whose weal and woe were thine;

It should be mine to braid it
Around thy faded brow,
But I 've in vain essayed it,
And feel I cannot now.

While memory bids me weep thee,
Nor thoughts nor words are free,—
The grief is fixed too deeply
That mourns a man like thee.

The Quarterly Repository, 1820.

MARCO BOZZARIS

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne — a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke — to hear his sentries shriek,
'To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!'
He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
'Strike — till the last armed foe expires;
Strike — for your altars and your fires;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires;
God — and your native land!'

They fought — like brave men, long and well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal-chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm
With banquet song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,

Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
Come, with her laurel leaf, blood-bought —
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone;
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's:
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

New York Review, 1823.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795–1820)

The life of Joseph Rodman Drake has often been compared with that of the English poe Keats. Both were city born in the year 1795, both were poor and were self-educated; bot studied medicine; and both, after a trip abroad in pursuit of health, died of consumption withi a few months of the same date. Further than this, however, the comparison may not be presse The work of Drake is small and indistinctive when compared with the rich product of th English poet; though the ratio is not more disproportionate perhaps than is that between th literary London and the literary New York of the period.

Drake was a young man of buoyant spirit, impetuous, sentimental, fanciful. He had rea as richly even as Keats, but without Keats's brooding, sensuous soul. Like Irving and th *Salmagundi* group, he would plunge headlong into literature as if it were an exhilarating sport He turned off verses with ease, never pausing to finish them, and he suffered from overpraise, a did Halleck. Instead of the sensuous beauty of the Greek that Keats put into his work, he pu too often, as in his 'American Flag,' the spread-eagleism, and declamatory fervor of the new American nation. 'The Culprit Fay,' however, is in a different key. It is delicately fanciful — an unlooked-for exotic in the somber field of American poetry,— and it has a certain dainti ness and beauty that within its limited field have been, even to the present day, rarely excelled but it lacks the human interest and the imaginative power that a poem must have if it is to b rated with the great classics.

THE CULPRIT FAY

I

'Tis the middle watch of a summer night —
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;
Naught is seen in the vault on high
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,
And the flood which rolls its milky hue,
A river of light on the welkin blue.
The moon looks down on old Cronest,
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,
And seems his huge gray form to throw
In a silver cone on the wave below;
His sides are broken by spots of shade,
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,
And through their clustering branches dark
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark —
Like starry twinkles that momently break
Through the rifts of the gathering tempest's rack.

II

The stars are on the moving stream,
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,
A burnished length of wavy beam
In an eel-like, spiral line below;
The winds are whist, and the owl is still,
The bat in the shelvy rock is hid;
And naught is heard on the lonely hill
But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill
Of the gauze-winged katydid,
And the plaint of the wailing whip-poor-will,
Who moans unseen, and ceaseless sings,
Ever a note of wail and woe,
Till morning spreads her rosy wings,
And earth and sky in her glances glow.

III

'Tis the hour of fairy ban and spell;
The wood-tick has kept the minutes well;
He has counted them all with click and stroke
Deep in the heart of the mountain-oak,
And he has awakened the sentry elve
Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,
To bid him ring the hour of twelve,
And call the fays to their revelry;
Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell —
('Twas made of the white snail's pearly shell);
'Midnight comes, and all is well!
Hither, hither, wing your way!
'Tis the dawn of the fairy day.'

IV

They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;

Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rocked about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum bird's downy nest —
They had driven him out by elfin power —
And, pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmèd hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'-clock
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above — below — on every side,
Their little minim forms arrayed
In the tricksy pomp of fairy pride!

V

They come not now to print the lea,
In freak and dance around the tree,
Or at the mushroom board to sup,
And drink the dew from the buttercup; —
A scene of sorrow awaits them now,
For an Ouphe has broken his vestal vow;
He has loved an earthly maid,
And left for her his woodland shade;
He has lain upon her lip of dew,
And sunned him in her eye of blue.
Fanned her cheek with his wing of air,
Played in the ringlets of her hair,
And, nestling on her snowy breast,
Forgot the lily-king's behest.
For this the shadowy tribes of air
To the elfin court must haste away: —
And now they stand expectant there,
To hear the doom of the culprit Fay.

VI

The throne was reared upon the grass,
Of spice-wood and the sassafras;
On pillars of mottled tortoise-shell
Hung the burnished canopy —
And over it gorgeous curtains fell
Of the tulip's crimson drapery.
The monarch sat on his judgment-seat,
On his brow the crown imperial shone.
The prisoner Fay was at his feet,
And his peers were ranged around the throne.
He waved his scepter in the air,
He looked around and calmly spoke;
His brow was grave and his eye severe,
But his voice in a softened accent broke:

VII

'Fairy! Fairy list and mark:
Thou hast broke thine elfin chain;
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
And thy wings are dyed with a deadly stain —
Thou hast sullied thine elfin purity
In the glance of a mortal maiden's eye,
Thou hast scorned our dread decree,
And thou shouldst pay the forfeit high.
But well I know her sinless mind
Is pure as the angel forms above,
Gentle and meek, and chaste and kind,
Such as a spirit well might love;
Fairy! had she spot or taint,
Bitter had been thy punishment —
Tied to hornet's shardy wings;
Tossed on the pricks of nettle's stings;
Or seven long ages doomed to dwell
With the lazy worm in the walnut shell;
Or every night to writhe and bleed
Beneath the tread of the centipede,
Or bound in a cobweb dungeon dim,
Your jailer a spider huge and grim,
Amid the carrion bodies to lie,
Of the worm, and the bug, and the murdered fly:
These had been your lot to bear,
Had a stain been found on the earthly fair.
Now list, and mark our mild decree —
Fairy, this your doom must be:

VIII

'Thou shalt seek the beach of sand
Where the water bounds the elfin land;
Thou shalt watch the oozy brine
Till the sturgeon leaps in the bright moonshine.
Then dart the glistening arch below,
And catch a drop from his silver bow.
The water sprites will wield their arms
And dash around, with roar and rave,
And vain are the woodland spirits' charms,
They are the imps that rule the wave.
Yet trust thee in thy single might:
If thy heart be pure and thy spirit right,
Thou shalt win the warlock fight.

IX

'If the spray-bead gem be won,
The stain of thy wing is washed away:
But another errand must be done
Ere thy crime be lost for aye:
Thy flame-wood lamp is quenched and dark,
Thou must reillume its spark.
Mount thy steed and spur him high

To the heaven's blue canopy;
And when thou see'st a shooting-star,
Follow it fast, and follow it far,—
The last faint spark of its burning train
Shall light the elfin lamp again.
Thou hast heard our sentence, Fay;
Hence! to the water-side, away!'

X

The goblin marked his monarch well;
He spake not, but he bowed him low,
Then plucked a crimson colen-bell,
And turned him round in act to go.
The way is long, he cannot fly,
His soiled wing has lost its power,
And he winds adown the mountain high,
For many a sore and weary hour.
Through dreary beds of tangled fern,
Through groves of nightshade dark and dern,
Over the grass and through the brake,
Where toils the ant and sleeps the snake;
Now over the violet's azure flush
He skips along in lightsome mood;
And now he thrids the bramble-bush,
Till its points are dyed in fairy blood.
He has leaped the bog, he has pierced the brier,
He has swum the brook, and waded the mire,
Till his spirits sank, and his limbs grew weak,
And the red waxed fainter in his cheek.
He had fallen to the ground outright,
For rugged and dim was his onward track,
But there came a spotted toad in sight,
And he laughed as he jumped upon her back:
He bridled her mouth with a silkweed twist,
He lashed her sides with an osier thong;
And now, through evening's dewy mist,
With leap and spring they bound along,
Till the mountain's magic verge is past,
And the beach of sand is reached at last.

XI

Soft and pale is the moony beam,
Moveless still the glassy stream;
The wave is clear, the beach is bright
With snowy shells and sparkling stones;
The shore-surge comes in ripples light,
In murmurings faint, and distant moans;
And ever afar in the silence deep
Is heard the splash of the sturgeon's leap,
And the bend of his graceful bow is seen—
A glittering arch of silver sheen,
Spanning the wave of burnished blue,
And dripping with gems of the river dew.

XII

The elfin cast a glance around,
As he lighted down from his courser toad,
Then round his breast his wings he wound,
And close to the river's brink he strode;
He sprang on a rock, he breathed a prayer,
Above his head his arms he threw,
Then tossed a tiny curve in air,
And headlong plunged in the waters blue.

XIII

Up sprung the spirits of the waves,
From the sea-silk beds in their coral caves,
With snail-plate armor snatched in haste,
They speed their way through the liquid waste;
Some are rapidly borne along
On the mailed shrimp or the prickly prong,
Some on blood-red leeches glide,
Some on the stony starfish ride,
Some on the back of the lancing squab,
Some on the sideling soldier crab;
And some on the jellied quarl, that flings
At once a thousand streamy stings;
They cut the wave with the living oar,
And hurry on to the moonlight shore,
To guard their realms and chase away
The footsteps of the invading Fay.

XIV

Fearlessly he skims along,
His hope is high, and his limbs are strong,
He spreads his arms like the swallow's wing,
And throws his feet with a frog-like fling;
His locks of gold on the waters shine,
At his breast the tiny foam-beads rise,
His back gleams bright above the brine,
And the wake-line foam behind him lies,
But the water-sprites are gathering near
To check his course along the tide;
Their warriors come in swift career
And hem him round on every side;
On his thigh the leach has fixed his hold,
The quarl's long arms are round him rolled,
The prickly prong has pierced his skin,
And the squab has thrown his javelin,
The gritty star has rubbed him raw,
And the crab has struck with his giant claw,
He howls with rage, and he shrieks with pain,
He strikes around, but his blows are vain;
Hopeless is the unequal fight,
Fairy! naught is left but flight.

XV

He turned him round, and fled amain
With hurry and dash to the beach again.
He twisted over from side to side,
And laid his cheek to the cleaving tide;
The strokes of his plunging arms are fleet,
And with all his might he flings his feet,
But the water-sprites are round him still,
To cross his path and work him ill.
They bade the wave before him rise;
They fling the sea-fire in his eyes,
And they stunned his ears with the scallop-stroke,
With the porpoise heave and the drum-fish croak.
Oh! but a weary wight was he
When he reached the foot of the dog-wood tree.
Gashed and wounded, and stiff and sore,
He laid him down on the sandy shore;
He blessed the force of the charmed line,
And he banned the water-goblin's spite,
For he saw around in the sweet moon-shine
Their little wee faces above the brine,
Giggling and laughing with all their might
At the piteous hap of the Fairy wight.

XVI

Soon he gathered the balsam dew
From the sorrel leaf and the henbane bud;
Over each wound the balm he drew,
And with cobweb lint he stanched the blood.
The mild west wind was soft and low,
It cooled the heat of his burning brow,
And he felt new life in his sinews shoot,
As he drank the juice of the calamus root;
And now he treads the fatal shore,
As fresh and vigorous as before.

XVII

Wrapped in musing stands the sprite;
'Tis the middle wane of night;
His task is hard, his way is far,
But he must do his errand right
Ere dawning mounts her beamy car,
And rolls her chariot wheels of light;
And vain are spells of fairy land:
He must work with a human hand.

XVIII

He cast a saddened look around,
But he felt new joy his bosom swell,
When, glittering on the shadowed ground,
He saw a purple mussel-shell;
Thither he ran, and he bent him low,
He heaved at the stern and he heaved at the bow,
And he pushed her over the yielding sand,
Till he came to the verge of the haunted land.
She was as lovely a pleasure-boat
As ever fairy had paddled in,
For she glowed with purple paint without,
And shone with silvery pearl within;
A sculler's notch in the stern he made,
An oar he shaped of the bootle-blade;
Then sprung to his seat with a lightsome leap,
And launched afar, on the calm, blue deep.

XIX

The imps of the river yell and rave;
They had no power above the wave,
But they heaved the billow before the prow,
And they dashed the surge against her side,
And they struck her keel with jerk and blow,
Till the gunwale bent to the rocking tide.
She wimpled about to the pale moonbeam,
Like a feather that floats on a wind-tossed stream;
And momently athwart her track
The quarl upreared his island back,
And the fluttering scallop behind would float,
And patter the water about the boat;
But he bailed her out with his colen-bell,
And he kept her trimmed with a wary tread,
While on every side like lightning fell
The heavy strokes of his bootle-blade.

XX

Onward still he held his way,
Till he came where the column of moon-shine lay,
And saw beneath the surface dim
The brown-backed sturgeon slowly swim;
Around him were the goblin train—
But he sculled with all his might and main,
And followed wherever the sturgeon led,
Till he saw him upward point his head;
Then he dropped his paddle-blade,
And held his colen-goblet up
To catch the drop in its crimson cup.

XXI

With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
Through the wave the sturgeon flew,
And, like the heaven-shot javelin,
He sprung above the waters blue.

Instant as the star-fall light
He plunged him in the deep again,
But left an arch of silver bright,
The rainbow of the moony main.
It was a strange and lovely sight
To see the puny goblin there;
He seemed an angel form of light,
With azure wing and sunny hair,
Throned on a cloud of purple fair,
Circled with blue and edged with white,
And sitting at the fall of even
Beneath the bow of summer heaven.

XXII

A moment, and its luster fell;
But ere it met the billow blue,
He caught within his crimson bell
A droplet of its sparkling dew—
Joy to thee, Fay! thy task is done,
Thy wings are pure, for the gem is won—
Cheerily ply thy dripping oar,
And haste away to the elfin shore.

XXIII

He turns, and lo! on either side
The ripples on his path divide;
And the track o'er which his boat must pass
Is smooth as a sheet of polished glass,
Around, their limbs the sea-nymphs lave,
With snowy arms half swelling out,
While on the glossed and gleamy wave
Their sea-green ringlets loosely float;
They swim around with smile and song;
They press the bark with pearly hand,
And gently urge her course along,
Toward the beach of speckled sand;
And, as he lightly leaped to land,
They bade adieu with nod and bow,
Then gaily kissed each little hand,
And dropped in the crystal deep below.

XXIV

A moment stayed the fairy there;
He kissed the beach and breathed a prayer;
Then spread his wings of gilded blue,
And on to the elfin court he flew;
As ever ye saw a bubble rise,
And shine with a thousand changing dyes,
Till, lessening far, through ether driven,
It mingles with the hues of heaven;
As, at the glimpse of morning pale,
The lance-fly spreads his silken sail,
And gleams with blendings soft and bright,
Till lost in the shades of fading night;
So rose from earth the lovely Fay—
So vanished, far in heaven away!
. . . . . .

Up, Fairy! quit thy chickweed bower,
The cricket has called the second hour,
Twice again, and the lark will rise
To kiss the streaking of the skies—
Up! thy charmèd armor don,
Thou 'lt need it ere the night be gone.

XXV

He put his acorn helmet on;
It was plumed of the silk of the thistle-down
The corselet plate that guarded his breast
Was once the wild bee's golden vest;
His cloak, of a thousand mingled dyes,
Was formed of the wings of butterflies;
His shield was the shell of a lady-bug queen,
Studs of gold on a ground of green;
And the quivering lance which he brandished bright
Was the sting of a wasp he had slain in fight.
Swift he bestrode his fire-fly steed;
He bared his blade of the bent-grass blue;
He drove his spurs of the cockle-seed,
And away like a glance of thought he flew,
To skim the heavens, and follow far
The fiery trail of the rocket-star.

XXVI

The moth-fly, as he shot in air,
Crept under the leaf, and hid her there;
The katy-did forgot its lay,
The prowling gnat fled fast away;
The fell mosquito checked his drone
And folded his wings till the Fay was gone;
And the wily beetle dropped his head,
And fell on the ground as if he were dead;
They crouched them close in the darksome shade,
They quaked all o'er with awe and fear,
For they had felt the blue-bent blade,
And writhed at the prick of the elfin spear.
Many a time on a summer's night,
When the sky was clear and the moon was bright,
They had been roused from the haunted ground
By the yelp and bay of the fairyhound;
They had heard the tiny bugle-horn,
They had heard the twang of the maize-silk string
When the vine-twig bows were tightly drawn,
And the needle-shaft through air was borne,
Feathered with down of the hum-bird's wing.
And now they deemed the courier Ouphe,
Some hunter-sprite of the elfin ground;

And they watched till they saw him mount the roof
That canopies the world around,
Then glad they left their covert lair,
And freaked about in the midnight air.

XXVII

Up to the vaulted firmament
His path the fire-fly courser bent,
And at every gallop on the wind,
He flung a glittering spark behind;
He flies like a feather in the blast
Till the first light cloud in heaven is past.
But the shapes of air have begun their work,
And a drizzly mist is round him cast,
He cannot see through the mantle murk,
He shivers with cold but he urges fast;
Through storm and darkness, sleet and shade,
He lashes his steed and spurs amain,
For shadowy hands have twitched the rein,
And flame-shot tongues around him played,
And near him many a fiendish eye
Glared with a fell malignity,
And yells of rage, and shrieks of fear,
Came screaming on his startled ear.

XXVIII

His wings are wet around his breast,
The plume hangs dripping from his crest,
His eyes are blurred with the lightning's glare,
And his ears are stunned with the thunder's blare,
But he gave a shout, and his blade he drew,
He thrust before and he struck behind,
Till he pierced their cloudy bodies through,
And gashed their shadowy limbs of wind;
Howling the misty specters flew,
They rend the air with frightful cries,
For he has gained the welkin blue,
And the land of clouds beneath him lies.

XXIX

Up to the cope careering swift,
In breathless motion fast,
Fleet as the swallow cuts the drift,
Or the sea-roc rides the blast,
The sapphire sheet of eve is shot,
The spherèd moon is past,
The earth but seems a tiny blot
On a sheet of azure cast.
Oh! it was sweet, in the clear moonlight,
To tread the starry plain of even,
To meet the thousand eyes of night,
And feel the cooling breath of heaven!

But the elfin made no stop or stay
Till he came to the bank of the milky-way
Then he checked his courser's foot,
And watched for the glimpse of the planet-shoot.

XXX

Sudden along the snowy tide
That swelled to meet their footsteps' fall;
The sylphs of heaven were seen to glide,
Attired in sunset's crimson pall;
Around the Fay they weave the dance,
They skip before him on the plain,
And one has taken his wasp-sting lance,
And one upholds his bridle-rein;
With warblings wild thy lead him on
To where, through clouds of amber seen,
Studded with stars, resplendent shone
The palace of the Sylphid queen.
Its spiral columns, gleaming bright,
Were streamers of the northern light;
Its curtain's light and lovely flush
Was of the morning's rosy blush;
And the ceiling fair that rose aboon,
The white and feathery fleece of noon.

XXXI

But, Oh! how fair the shape that lay
Beneath a rainbow bending bright;
She seemed to the entrancèd Fay
The loveliest of the forms of light;
Her mantle was the purple rolled
At twilight in the west afar;
'Twas tied with threads of dawning gold,
And buttoned with a sparkling star.
Her face was like the lily roon
That veils the vestal planet's hue;
Her eyes, two beamlets from the moon,
Set floating in the welkin blue.
Her hair is like the sunny beam,
And the diamond gems which round it gleam
Are the pure drops of dewy even
That ne'er have left their native heaven.

XXXII

She raised her eyes to the wondering sprite,
And they leaped with smiles, for well I ween
Never before in the bowers of light
Had the form of an earthly Fay been seen.
Long she looked in his tiny face;
Long with his butterfly cloak she played;
She smoothed his limbs of azure lace,
And handled the tassel of his blade;
And as he told in accents low

The story of his love and woe,
She felt new pains in her bosom rise;
And the tear-drop started in her eyes.
And 'O sweet sprite of earth,' she cried,
'Return no more to your woodland height,
But ever here with me abide
In the land of everlasting light!
Within the fleecy drift we 'll lie,
We 'll hang upon the rainbow's rim;
And all the jewels of the sky
Around thy brow shall brightly beam!
And they shall bathe thee in the stream
That rolls its whitening foam aboon,
And ride upon the lightning's gleam,
And dance upon the orbèd moon!
We 'll sit within the Pleiad ring,
We 'll rest on Orion's starry belt,
And I will bid my sylphs to sing
The song that makes the dew-mist melt;
Their harps are of the umber shade,
That hides the blush of waking day,
And every gleamy string is made
Of silvery moonshine's lengthened ray;
And thou shalt pillow on my breast,
While heavenly breathings float around,
And, with the sylphs of ether blest,
Forget the joys of fairy ground.'

XXXIII

She was lovely and fair to see,
And the elfin's heart beat fitfully;
But lovelier far and still more fair,
The earthly form imprinted there;
Naught he saw in the heavens above
Was half so dear as his mortal love,
For he thought upon her looks so meek,
And he thought of the light flush on her cheek;
Never again might he bask and lie
On that sweet face and moonlight eye,
But in his dreams her form to see,
To clasp her in his revery;
To think upon his virgin bride,
Was worth all heaven, and earth beside.

XXXIV

'Lady,' he cried, 'I have sworn to-night,
On the word of a fairy knight,
To do my sentence-task aright;
My honor scarce is free from stain,
I may not soil its snows again;
Betide me weal, betide me woe,
Its mandate must be answered now.'
Her bosom heaved with many a sigh,
The tear was in her drooping eye;
But she led him to the palace gate,
And called the sylphs who hovered there,
And bade them fly and bring him straight
Of clouds condensed a sable car.
With charm and spell she bless'd it there,
From all the fiends of upper air;
Then round him cast the shadowy shroud,
And tied his steed behind the cloud;
And pressed his hand as she bade him fly
Far to the verge of the northern sky,
For by its wan and wavering light
There was a star would fall to-night.

XXXV

Borne afar on the wings of the blast,
Northward away he speeds him fast,
And his courser follows the cloudy wain
Till the hoof-strokes fall like pattering rain.
The clouds roll backward as she flies,
Each flickering star behind him lies,
And he has reached the northern plain,
And backed his fire-fly steed again,
Ready to follow in its flight
The streaming of the rocket-light.

XXXVI

The star is yet in the vault of heaven,
But it rocks in the summer gale;
And now 'tis fitful and uneven,
And now 'tis deadly pale;
And now 'tis wrapped in sulphur smoke,
And quenched is its rayless beam,
And now with a rattling thunder-stroke
It bursts in flash and flame.
As swift as the glance of the arrowy lance,
That the storm-spirit flings from high,
The star-shot flew o'er the welkin blue,
As it fell from the sheeted sky.
As swift as the wind in its trail behind
The elfin gallops along.
The fiends of the clouds are bellowing loud,
But the sylphid charm is strong;
He gallops unhurt in the shower of fire,
While the cloud-fiends fly from the blaze,
He watches each flake till its sparks expire,
And rides in the light of its rays.
But he drove his steed to the lightning's speed,
And caught a glimmering spark;
Then wheeled around to the fairy ground,
And sped through the midnight dark.

Ouphe and Goblin! Imp and Sprite!
Elf of eve! and starry Fay!
Ye that love the moon's soft light,
Hither, hither wend your way;
Twine ye in a jocund ring,
Sing and trip it merrily,

Hand to hand, and wing to wing,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

Hail the wanderer again
With dance and song, and lute and lyre,
Pure his wing and strong his chain,
And doubly bright his fairy fire.
Twine ye in an airy round,
Brush the dew and print the lea;
Skip and gambol, hop and bound,
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

The beetle guards our holy ground,
He flies about the haunted place,
And if mortal there be found,
He hums in his ears and flaps his face;
The leaf-harp sounds our roundelay,
The owlet's eyes our lanterns be;
Thus we sing, and dance, and play
Round the wild witch-hazel tree.

But hark! from tower on tree-top high,
The sentry-elf his call has made:
A streak is in the eastern sky,
Shapes of moonlight! flit and fade!
The hill-tops gleam in morning's spring,
The skylark shapes his dappled wing,
The day-glimpse glimmers on the lawn,
The cock has crowed, and the Fays are gone.

(1816) (1835)

TO A FRIEND

'You damn me with faint praise'

I

Yes, faint was my applause and cold my praise,
Though soul was glowing in each polished line;
But nobler subjects claim the poet's lays,
A brighter glory waits a muse like thine.
Let amorous fools in love-sick measure pine;
Let Strangford whimper on, in fancied pain,
And leave to Moore his rose leaves and his vine;
Be thine the task a higher crown to gain,
The envied wreath that decks the patriot's holy strain.

II

Yet not in proud triumphal song alone,
Or martial ode, or sad sepulchral dirge,
There needs no voice to make our glories known;
There needs no voice the warrior's soul to urge
To tread the bounds of nature's stormy verge;
Columbia still shall win the battle's prize,
But be it thine to bid her mind emerge
To strike her harp, until its soul arise
From the neglected shade, where low in dust it lies.

III

Are there no scenes to touch the poet's soul?
No deeds of arms to wake the lordly strain?
Shall Hudson's billows unregarded roll?
Has Warren fought, Montgomery died in vain?
Shame! that while every mountain stream and plain
Hath theme for truth's proud voice or fancy's wand,
No native bard the patriot harp hath ta'en,
But left to minstrels of a foreign strand
To sing the beauteous scenes of nature's loveliest land.

IV

Oh! for a seat on Appalachia's brow,
That I might scan the glorious prospect round,
Wild waving woods, and rolling floods below,
Smooth level glades and fields with grain embrown'd,
High heaving hills, with tufted forests crown'd,
Rearing their tall tops to the heaven's blue dome,
And emerald isles, like banners green unwound,
Floating along the lake, while round them roam
Bright helms of billowy blue and plumes of dancing foam.

V

'Tis true no fairies haunt our verdant meads,
No grinning imps deform our blazing hearth;
Beneath the kelpie's fang no traveler bleeds,
Nor gory vampyre taints our holy earth,
Nor specters stalk to frighten harmless mirth,
Nor tortured demon howls adown the gale;
Fair reason checks these monsters in their birth.
Yet have we fay of love and horrid tale
Would dim the manliest eye and make the bravest pale.

VI

Where is the stony eye that hath not shed
Compassion's heart-drops o'er the sweet McRea?
Through midnight's wilds by savage bandits led,
'Her heart is sad — her love is far away!'
Elate that lover waits the promised day
When he shall clasp his blooming bride again —
Shine on, sweet visions! dreams of rapture, play!
Soon the cold corse of her he loved in vain
Shall blight his withered heart and fire his frenzied brain.

VII

Romantic Wyoming! could none be found
Of all that rove thy Eden groves among,
To wake a native harp's untutored sound,
And give thy tale of woe the voice of song?
Oh! if description's cold and nerveless tongue
From stranger harps such hallowed strains could call,
How doubly sweet the descant wild had rung,
From one who, lingering round thy ruined wall,
Had plucked thy mourning flowers and wept thy timeless fall.

VIII

The Huron chief escaped from foeman nigh,
His frail bark launches on Niagara's tides,
'Pride in his port, defiance in his eye,'
Singing his song of death the warrior glides;
In vain they yell along the river sides,
In vain the arrow from its shief is torn,
Calm to his doom the willing victim rides,
And, till adown the roaring torrent borne,
Mocks them with gesture proud, and laughs their rage to scorn.

IX

But if the charms of daisied hill and vale,
And rolling flood, and towering rock sublime,
If warrior deed or peasant's lowly tale
Of love or woe should fail to wake the rime,
If to the wildest heights of song you climb,
(Tho' some who know you less, might cry, beware!)
Onward! I say — your strains shall conquer time;
Give your bright genius wing, and hope to share
Imagination's worlds — the ocean, earth, and air.

X

Arouse, my friend — let vivid fancy soar,
Look with creative eye on Nature's face,
Bid airy sprites in wild Niagara roar,
And view in every field a fairy race.
Spur thy good Pacolet to speed apace,
And spread a train of nymphs on every shore;
Of if thy muse would woo a ruder grace,
The Indian's evil Manitou's explore,
And rear the wondrous tale of legendary lore.

XI

Away! to Susquehannah's utmost springs,
Where, throned in mountain mist, Areouski reigns,
Shrouding in lurid clouds his plumeless wings,
And sternly sorrowing o'er his tribes remains;
His was the arm, like comet ere it wanes
That tore the streamy lightnings from the skies,
And smote the mammoth of the southern plains;
Wild with dismay the Creek affrighted flies,
While in triumphant pride Kanawa's eagles rise.

XII

Or westward far, where dark Miami wends,
Seek that fair spot as yet to fame unknown;
Where, when the vesper dew of heaven descends,
Soft music breathes in many a melting tone,
At times so sadly sweet it seems the moan
Of some poor Ariel penaced in the rock;
Anon a louder burst — a scream! a groan!
And now amid the tempest's reeling shock,
Gibber, and shriek, and wail — and fiend-like laugh and mock.

XIII

Or climb the Pallisado's lofty brows,
Where dark Omana waged the war of hell,
Till, waked to wrath, the mighty spirit rose
And pent the demons in their prison cell;
Full on their head the uprooted mountain fell,
Enclosing all within its horrid womb;
Straight from the teeming earth the waters swell,

And pillared rocks arise in cheerless gloom
Around the drear abode — their last eternal tomb!

XIV

Be these your future themes — no more resign
The soul of song to laud your lady's eyes;
Go! kneel a worshiper at Nature's shrine!
For you her fields are green, and fair her skies!
For you her rivers flow, her hills arise!
And will you scorn them all, to pour forth tame
And heartless lays of feigned or fancied sighs?
Still will you cloud the muse? nor blush for shame
To cast away renown, and hide your head from fame?

The Culprit Fay and Other Poems, 1835. Written before 1820.

THE AMERICAN FLAG

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven,
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

New York *Evening Post,* May 29, 1819.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (1794–1878)

William Cullen Bryant is usually classed with the Knickerbocker group of writers, but in al of his poetic work that is distinctive he was no more a Knickerbocker than was Whittier. H was a New Englander of the New Englanders, a descendant from several lines of Puritans; h was reared amid the strictest of Puritan ideals, and his poetic art and his outlook upon life wer all Puritanic.

He was born among the Berkshire Hills at Cummington, Massachusetts, November 3, 1794 His father, a country doctor, had in his youth seen much of the world as a surgeon on a mer chant vessel, and it was from him that art and culture had come into the boy's life. He ha gathered a notable collection of books which the young Bryant, a precocious lad, made full us of. At thirteen the boy, fragile and over-intellectual, threatened with consumption, was writin poetry that his father thought worthy of publication in pamphlet form, *The Embargo* (1809), a satire on Madison's administration, so successful that a second edition was prepared. At fifteen he entered the sophomore class at Williams College, but after two terms he discontinued hi course, thinking Yale more fitted to give him the training he required. But his means were limited and after an autumn spent at home, a period of poetical reading and composition, durin which he produced the first draught of 'Thanatopsis' and 'Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood,' he turned from the muses and began the study of law. He was admitted to the bar in 1815 and for several years practised his profession with diligence. The publication of 'Thanatopsis' in *The North American Review* in September, 1817, placed him at a bound among the recognized poets of America, and led him again to turn to poetry. In 1821 he read *The Age* before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, and the same year he issued in book form the poem with the early *North American Review* lyrics and a few others added. Its success turned his thoughts to a literary career. In 1825 he removed to New York City, and after a year spent in editing small magazines, he became assistant editor and shortly after editor-in-chief of the *Daily Evening Post*, a position which he held with distinction for half a century.

His distinctively poetic career ended with the volume of poems he published in 1832. H wrote much after this, he was in his later years much in demand as an occasional poet and orator, but the poems that give him his place among the few American poets that may be called classics, were all written before journalism had laid its compelling hand upon him. His translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in his last years is worthy of mention as a remarkable achievement of a man of his age, but the work is in no other way distinctive.

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart; —
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice —

Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,

To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mold.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,— the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.— Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

North American Review,
(1811) September, 1817.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE TO A WOOD

Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which needs
No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
Shall bring a kindred calm; and the sweet breeze,
That makes the green leaves dance, shall waft a balm
To thy sick heart. Thou wilt find nothing here
Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men
And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt
Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these shades

Are still the abodes of gladness; the thick roof
Of green and stirring branches is alive
And musical with birds, that sing and sport
In wantonness of spirit; while, below,
The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
Try their thin wings and dance in the warm beam
That waked them into life. Even the green trees
Partake the deep contentment; as they bend
To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
Existence, than the wingèd plunderer
That sucks its sweets. The mossy rocks themselves,
And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
That lead from knoll to knoll a causey rude
Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
Sends forth glad sounds, and, tripping o'er its bed
Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
Seems with continuous laughter to rejoice
In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
Like one that loves thee nor will let thee pass
Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace.

(1815) *North American Review,* September, 1817.

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou 'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply has sunk the lesson thou hast given
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

(1815) *North American Review,* March, 1818.

THE YELLOW VIOLET

When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble know,
The yellow violet's modest bell
Peeps from the last year's leaves below.

Ere russet fields their green resume,
Sweet flower, I love, in forest bare,
To meet thee, when thy faint perfume
Alone is in the virgin air.

Of all her train, the hands of Spring
First plant thee in the watery mold,
And I have seen thee blossoming
Beside the snow-bank's edges cold.

Thy parent sun, who bade thee view
Pale skies, and chilling moisture sip,
Has bathed thee in his own bright hue,
And streaked with jet thy glowing lip.

Yet slight thy form, and low thy seat,
And earthward bent thy gentle eye,
Unapt the passing view to meet,
When loftier flowers are flaunting nigh.

Oft, in the sunless April day,
Thy early smile has stayed my walk;
But midst the gorgeous blooms of May,
I passed thee on thy humble stalk.

So they, who climb to wealth, forget
The friends in darker fortunes tried.
I copied them — but I regret
That I should ape the ways of pride.

And when again the genial hour
Awakes the painted tribes of light,
I 'll not o'erlook the modest flower
That made the woods of April bright.
(1814) *Poems*, 1821.

GREEN RIVER

When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green,
As if the bright fringe of herbs on its brink
Had given their stain to the waves they drink;
And they, whose meadows it murmurs through,
Have named the stream from its own fair hue.

Yet pure its waters — its shallows are bright
With colored pebbles and sparkles of light,
And clear the depths where its eddies play,
And dimples deepen and whirl away,
And the plane-tree's speckled arms o'ershoot
The swifter current that mines its root,
Through whose shifting leaves, as you walk the hill,
The quivering glimmer of sun and rill
With a sudden flash on the eye is thrown,
Like the ray that streams from the diamond stone.

Oh, loveliest there the spring days come,
With blossoms, and birds, and wild-bees' hum;
The flowers of summer are fairest there,
And freshest the breath of the summer air:
And sweetest the golden autumn day
In silence and sunshine glides away.

Yet fair as thou art, thou shunn'st to glide,
Beautiful stream! by the village side;
But windest away from the haunts of men,
To quiet valley and shaded glen;
And forest, and meadow, and slope of hill,
Around thee, are lonely, lovely, and still.
Lonely — save when, by thy rippling tides,
From thicket to thicket the angler glides;
Or the simpler comes, with basket and book,
For herbs of power on thy banks to look;
Or haply, some idle dreamer, like me,
To wander, and muse, and gaze on thee,
Still — save the chirp of birds that feed
On the river cherry and seedy reed,
And thy own wild music gushing out
With mellow murmur of fairy shout,
From dawn, to the blush of another day,
Like traveler singing along his way.

That fairy music I never hear,
Nor gaze on those waters so green and clear,
And mark them winding away from sight,
Darkened with shade or flashing with light,
While o'er them the vine to its thicket clings,
And the zephyr stoops to freshen his wings,
But I wish that fate had left me free
To wander these quiet haunts with thee,
Till the eating cares of earth should depart,
And the peace of the scene pass into my heart;
And I envy thy stream, as it glides along,
Through its beautiful banks in a trance of song.

Though forced to drudge for the dregs of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud —
I often come to this quiet place,
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream;
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears,
That won my heart in my greener years.
(1817) Dana's *Idle Man*, 1821.

A WINTER PIECE

The time has been that these wild solitudes,
Yet beautiful as wild, were trod by me
Oftener than now; and when the ills of life
Had chafed my spirit, when the unsteady pulse
Beat with strange flutterings, I would wander forth
And seek the woods. The sunshine on my path
Was to me as a friend. The swelling hills,
The quiet dells retiring far between
With gentle invitation to explore
Their windings, were a calm society
That talked with me and soothed me. Then the chant
Of birds, and chime of brooks, and soft caress
Of the fresh sylvan air, made me forget
The thoughts that broke my peace; and I began
To gather simples by the fountain's brink,
And lose myself in day-dreams. While I stood
In Nature's loneliness, I was with one
With whom I early grew familiar, one
Who never had a frown for me, whose voice
Never rebuked me for the hours I stole
From cares I loved not, but of which the world
Deems highest, to converse with her. When shrieked
The bleak November winds, and smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades
That met above the merry rivulet
Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them still,—they seemed
Like old companions in adversity.
Still there was beauty in my walks; the brook,
Bordered with sparkling frost-work, was as gay
As with its fringe of summer flowers. Afar,
The village with its spires, the path of streams,
And dim receding valleys, hid before
By interposing trees, lay visible
Through the bare grove, and my familiar haunts
Seemed new to me. Nor was I slow to come
Among them, when the clouds, from their still skirts
Had shaken down on earth the feathery snow,
And all was white. The pure keen air abroad,
Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
Love-call of bird nor merry hum of bee,
Was not the air of death. Bright mosses crept
Over the spotted trunks, and the close buds
That lay along the boughs, instinct with life
Patient, and waiting with the soft breath of Spring,
Feared not the piercing spirit of the North.
The snow-bird twittered on the beechen bough;
And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent
Beneath its bright cold burden, and kept dry
A circle, on the earth, of withered leaves,
The partridge found a shelter. Through the snow
The rabbit sprang away. The lighter track
Of fox, and the racoon's broad path were there,
Crossing each other. From his hollow tree,
The squirrel was abroad, gathering the nuts
Just fallen, that asked the winter cold and sway
Of winter blast, to shake them from their hold.

But winter has yet brighter scenes,—he boasts
Splendors beyond what gorgeous Summer knows,
Or Autumn, with his many fruits, and woods
All flushed with many hues. Come, when the rains
Have glazed the snow, and clothed the trees with ice,
While the slant sun of February pours
Into the bowers a flood of light. Approach!
The incrusted surface shall upbear thy steps,
And the broad arching portals of the grove
Welcome thy entering. Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray,
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That glimmer with an amethystine light.
But round the parent stem the long low boughs
Bend in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy floor. Oh! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,

And diamonds put forth radiant rods and bud
With amethyst and topaz — and the place
Lit up, most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them; or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night
And fades not in the glory of the sun,
Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches, and fantasic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness and are lost
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye:
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;
There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light;
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun: from numberless vast trunks
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont.

And it is pleasant, when the noisy streams
Are just set free, and milder suns melt off
The plashy snow save only the firm drift
In the deep glen or the close shade of pines,
'Tis pleasant to behold the wreaths of smoke
Roll up among the maples of the hill,
Where the shrill sound of youthful voices wakes
The shriller echo, as the clear pure lymph,
That from the wounded trees, in twinkling drops,
Falls, 'mid the golden brightness of the morn,
Is gathered in with brimming pails, and oft,
Wielded by sturdy hands, the stroke of ax
Makes the woods ring. Along the quiet air
Come and float calmly off the soft light clouds,
Such as you see in summer, and the winds
Scarce stir the branches. Lodged in sunny cleft,
Where the cold breezes come not, blooms alone
The little wind-flower, whose just opened eye
Is blue as the spring heaven it gazes at —
Startling the loiterer in the naked groves
With unexpected beauty, for the time
Of blossoms and green leaves is yet afar.
And ere it comes, the encountering winds shall oft
Muster their wrath again, and rapid clouds
Shade heaven, and, bounding on the frozen earth,
Shall fall their volleyed stores, rounded like hail
And white like snow, and the loud North again
Shall buffet the vexed forest in his rage.
(1820) (1821)

A WALK AT SUNSET

When insect wings are glistening in the beam
Of the low sun, and mountain-tops are bright,
Oh, let me, by the crystal valley-stream,
Wander amid the mild and yellow light;
And while the wood-thrush pipes his evening lay,
Give me one lonely hour to hymn the setting day.

Oh, sun! that o'er the western mountains now
Goest down in glory! ever beautiful
And blessed is thy radiance, whether thou
Colorest the eastern heaven and night-mist cool,
Till the bright day-star vanish, or on high
Climbest and streamest thy white splendors from mid-sky.

Yet, loveliest are thy setting smiles, and fair,
Fairest of all that earth beholds, the hues
That live among the clouds, and flush the air,
Lingering and deepening at the hour of dews.
Then softest gales are breathed, and softest heard
The plaining voice of streams, and pensive note of bird.

They who here roamed, of yore, the forest wide,
Felt, by such charm, their simple bosoms won;
They deemed their quivered warrior, when he died,
Went to bright isles beneath the setting sun;

Where winds are ay at peace, and skies are fair,
And purple-skirted clouds curtain the crimson air.

So, with the glories of the dying day,
Its thousand trembling lights and changing hues,
The memory of the brave who passed away
Tenderly mingled; — fitting hour to muse
On such grave theme, and sweet the dream that shed
Brightness and beauty round the destiny of the dead.

For ages, on the silent forests here,
Thy beams did fall before the red man came
To dwell beneath them; in their shade the deer
Fed, and feared not the arrow's deadly aim.
Nor tree was felled, in all that world of woods,
Save by the beaver's tooth, or winds, or rush of floods.

Then came the hunter tribes, and thou didst look,
For ages, on their deeds in the hard chase,
And well-fought wars; green sod and silver brook
Took the first stain of blood; before thy face
The warrior generations came and passed,
And glory was laid up for many an age to last.

Now they are gone, gone as thy setting blaze
Goes down the west, while night is pressing on,
And with them the old tale of better days,
And trophies of remembered power, are gone.
Yon field that gives the harvest, where the plow
Strikes the white bone, is all that tells their story now.

I stand upon their ashes, in thy beam,
The offspring of another race, I stand,
Beside a stream they loved, this valley-stream;
And where the night-fire of the quivered band
Showed the gray oak by fits, and war-song rung,
I teach the quiet shades the strains of this new tongue.

Farewell! but thou shalt come again — thy light
Must shine on other changes, and behold
The place of the thronged city still as night —
States fallen — new empires built upon the old —
But never shalt thou see these realms again
Darkened by boundless groves, and roamed by savage men.

Dana's *Idle Man*, 1821.

NOVEMBER

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.
One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian-flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.
Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet lea,
And man delight to linger in thy ray.
Yet one rich smile, and we will try to bear
The piercing winter frost, and winds, and darkened air.

A FOREST HYMN

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them — ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influence
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,

And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn — thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in His ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns, thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot toward heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. These dim vaults,
These winding aisles, of human pomp or pride
Report not. No fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here — thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summit of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath
That from the inmost darkness of the place
Comes, scarcely felt; the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship; — Nature, here,
In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth and wandering steeps the roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in the shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak —
By whose immovable stem I stand and seem
Almost annihilated — not a prince,
In all that proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mold,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.

My heart is awed within me when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me — the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die — but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses — ever gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Molder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch-enemy Death — yea, seats himself
Upon the tyrant's throne — the sepulcher,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe
Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave

Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; — and there have been holy men
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift dark whirlwind that uproots the woods
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities — who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine, nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And to the beautiful order of thy works
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

United States Literary Gazette,
1824 April 1, 1825.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread;
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie, but the cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hills the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief:
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

1825. *The New York Review,* 1825.

I CANNOT FORGET WITH WHAT FERVID DEVOTION

I cannot forget with what fervid devotion
I worshiped the visions of verse and of fame;
Each gaze at the glories of earth, sky, and ocean,

To my kindled emotions, was wind over flame.

And deep were my musings in life's early blossom,
'Mid the twilight of mountain groves wandering along;
How thrilled my young veins, and how throbbed my full bosom,
When o'er me descended the spirit of song!

'Mong the deep-cloven fells that for ages had listened
To the rush of the pebble-paved river between,
Where the kingfisher screamed and gray precipice glistened,
All breathless with awe have I gazed on the scene;

Till I felt the dark power o'er my reveries stealing,
From the gloom of the thicket that over me hung,
And the thoughts that awoke, in that rapture of feeling,
Were formed into verse as they rose to my tongue.

Bright visions! I mixed with the world, and ye faded,
No longer your pure rural worshiper now;
In the haunts your continual presence pervaded,
Ye shrink from the signet of care on my brow.

In the old mossy groves on the breast of the mountains,
In deep lonely glens where the waters complain,
By the shade of the rock, by the gush of the fountain,
I seek your loved footsteps, but seek them in vain.

Oh, leave not forlorn and forever forsaken,
Your pupil and victim to life and its tears!
But sometimes return, and in mercy awaken
The glories ye showed to his earlier years.

New York Review, February, 1826.

THE PRAIRIES

These are the gardens of the Desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo, they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the Ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed
And motionless forever. Motionless?
No, they are all unchained again: the clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South,
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not, ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific: Have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky,
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens
Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above our Eastern hills.
As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples: are they here,
The dead of other days? and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,
Answer. A race that long has passed away
Built them; a disciplined and populous race
Heaped with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek

Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests; here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave the soft winds a voice. The red man came,
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone:
All save the piles of earth that hold their bones;
The platforms where they worshiped unknown gods;
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay, till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguerers broke, and. one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced and heaped
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchers,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed then: kind words
Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among the maidens, and at length
Seemed to forget — yet ne'er forgot — the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones
Butchered amid their shrieks, with all his race.
Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wilder hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away,
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face, among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In these plains
The bison feeds no more: twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,
Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps — yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.
Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the wood at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts: from the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshipers; the low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

1832. 1833.

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Thou blossom bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,

That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest,

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

(1829) (1833)

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT (1796–1859)

William Hickling Prescott, grandson of the hero of Bunker Hill, was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1796, and was graduated at Harvard College in the class of 1814. An accident in his senior year nearly deprived him of his eyesight and compelled him for the rest of his life to make use of all the expedients open to the blind student. Inheriting ample means, he was enabled to travel extensively abroad, to employ secretaries and research experts and readers, and to follow to the full his scholarly inclinations which all led, as Irving before him had been led, into the fascinating field of Spanish history. His *Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella*, which was the result of eleven years of patient work, appeared in 1837, his *History of the Conquest of Mexico* in 1843, and his *History of the Conquest of Peru* in 1847. His uncompleted *History of Philip II* was published after his death.

The writings of Prescott, unlike those of most modern historians, belong distinctively to literature. Like Macaulay's work, they have a distinctive style. Prescott was a transition figure: he rejected the stately pompousness of Gibbon and wrote in simple flowing sentences, yet he must be reckoned to-day with the old rather than with the new. He was not romantic in his interpretation of history; rather was he severely classical, and yet he had all the power of a Scott to make stirring scenes alive and thrilling, and to reproduce the atmosphere of a great event. His works as histories have been superseded: they are, in the light of modern research and modern methods, superficial and wrongly emphasized and unphilosophical; they survive now on account of their literary qualities.

RETURN OF COLUMBUS

Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus. when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly-discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned. He exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics, possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere preceded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a 'New World.' As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been

crowded with spectators. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach, they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension, to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

From *Ferdinand and Isabella,* 1837.

QUEEN ISABELLA

Her person was of the middle height, and well proportioned. She had a clear, fresh complexion, with light blue eyes and auburn hair,— a style of beauty exceedingly rare in Spain. Her features were regular, and universally allowed to be uncommonly handsome. The illusion which attaches to rank, more especially when united with engaging manners, might lead us to suspect some exaggeration in the encomiums so liberally lavished on her. But they would seem to be in a great measure justified by the portraits that remain of her, which combine a faultless symmetry of features with singular sweetness and intelligence of expression.

Her manners were most gracious and pleasing. They were marked by natural dignity and modest reserve, tempered by an affability which flowed from the kindliness of her disposition. She was the last person to be approached with undue familiarity; yet the respect which she imposed was mingled with the strongest feelings of devotion and love. She showed great tact in accommodating herself to the peculiar situation and character of those around her. She appeared in arms at the head of her troops, and shrunk from none of the hardships of war. During the reforms introduced into the religious houses, she visited the nunneries in person, taking her needlework with her, and passing the day in the society of the inmates. When traveling in Galicia, she attired herself in the costume of the country, borrowing for that purpose the jewels and other ornaments of the ladies there, and returning them with liberal additions. By this condescending and captivating deportment, as well as by her higher qualities, she gained an ascendency over her turbulent subjects which no king of Spain could ever boast.

She spoke the Castilian with much elegance and correctness. She had an easy fluency of discourse, which, though generally of a serious complexion, was occasionally seasoned with agreeable sallies, some of which have passed into proverbs. She was temperate even to abstemiousness in her diet, seldom or never tasting wine, and so frugal in her table, that the daily expenses for herself and family did not exceed the moderate sum of forty ducats. She was equally simple and economical in her apparel. On all public occasions, indeed, she displayed a royal magnificence; but she had no relish for it in private; and she freely gave away her clothes and jewels as presents to her friends. Naturally of a sedate, though cheerful temper, she had little taste for the frivolous amusements which make up so much of a court life; and, if she encouraged the presence of minstrels and musicians in her palace, it was to wean her young nobility from the coarser and less intellectual pleasures to which they were addicted.

Among her moral qualities, the most conspicuous, perhaps, was her magnanimity. She betrayed nothing little or selfish in thought or action. Her schemes were vast, and executed in the same noble spirit in which they were conceived. She never employed doubtful agents or sinister measures, but the most direct and open policy. She scorned to avail herself of advantages offered by the perfidy of others. Where she had once given her confidence, she gave her hearty and steady support; and

she was scrupulous to redeem any pledge she had made to those who ventured in her cause, however unpopular. She sustained Ximenes in all his obnoxious but salutary reforms. She seconded Columbus in the prosecution of his arduous enterprise, and shielded him from the calumny of his enemies. She did the same good service to her favorite, Gonsalvo de Cordova; and the day of her death was felt, and, as it proved, truly felt, by both, as the last of their good fortune. Artifice and duplicity were so abhorrent to her character, and so averse from her domestic policy, that, when they appear in the foreign relations of Spain, it is certainly not imputable to her. She was incapable of harboring any petty distrust or latent malice; and, although stern in the execution and exaction of public justice, she made the most generous allowance, and even sometimes advances, to those who had personally injured her.

But the principle which gave a peculiar coloring to every feature of Isabella's mind was piety. It shone forth from the very depths of her soul with a heavenly radiance, which illuminated her whole character. Fortunately, her earliest years had been passed in the rugged school of adversity, under the eye of a mother who implanted in her serious mind such strong principles of religion as nothing in after-life had power to shake. At an early age, in the flower of youth and beauty, she was introduced to her brother's court; but its blandishments, so dazzling to a young imagination, had no power over hers, for she was surrounded by a moral atmosphere of purity,—

'Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.'

Such was the decorum of her manners that, though encompassed by false friends and open enemies, not the slightest reproach was breathed on her fair name in this corrupt and calumnious court.

From *Ferdinand and Isabella,* 1837.

THE CHARACTER AND FATE OF MONTEZUMA

When Montezuma ascended the throne, he was scarcely twenty-three years of age. Young, and ambitious of extending his empire, he was continually engaged in war, and is said to have been present himself in nine pitched battles. He was greatly renowned for his martial prowess, for he belonged to the *Quachictin,* the highest military order of his nation, and one into which but few even of its sovereigns had been admitted. In later life, he preferred intrigue to violence, as more consonant to his character and priestly education. In this he was as great an adept as any prince of his time, and, by arts not very honorable to himself, succeeded in filching away much of the territory of his royal kinsman of Tezcuco. Severe in the administration of justice, he made important reforms in the arrangement of the tribunals. He introduced other innovations in the royal household, creating new offices, introducing a lavish magnificence and forms of courtly etiquette unknown to his ruder predecessors. He was, in short, most attentive to all that concerned the exterior and pomp of royalty. Stately and decorous, he was careful of his own dignity, and might be said to be as great an 'actor of majesty' among the barbarian potentates of the New World, as Louis the Fourteenth was among the polished princes of Europe.

He was deeply tinctured, moreover, with that spirit of bigotry which threw such a shade over the latter days of the French monarch. He received the Spaniards as the beings predicted by his oracles. The anxious dread, with which he had evaded their proffered visit, was founded on the same feelings which led him so blindly to resign himself to them on their approach. He felt himself rebuked by their superior genius. He at once conceded all that they demanded,—his treasures, his power, even his person. For their sake, he forsook his wonted occupations, his pleasures, his most familiar habits. He might be said to forego his nature, and, as his subjects asserted, to change his sex and become a woman. If we cannot refuse our contempt for the pusillanimity of the Aztec monarch, it should be mitigated by the consideration that his pusillanimity sprung from his superstition, and that superstition in the savage is the substitute for religious principle in the civilized man.

It is not easy to contemplate the fate of Montezuma without feelings of the strongest compassion,—to see him thus borne along the tide of events beyond his power

to avert or control; to see him, like some stately tree, the pride of his own Indian forests, towering aloft in the pomp and majesty of its branches, by its very eminence a mark for the thunderbolt, the first victim of the tempest which was to sweep over its native hills! When the wise king of Tezcuco addressed his royal relative at his coronation, he exclaimed, 'Happy the empire, which is now in the meridian of its prosperity, for the scepter is given to one whom the Almighty has in his keeping; and the nations shall hold him in reverence!' Alas! the subject of this auspicious invocation lived to see his empire melt away like the winter's wreath; to see a strange race drop, as it were, from the clouds on his land; to find himself a prisoner in the palace of his fathers, the companion of those who were the enemies of his gods and his people; to be insulted, reviled, trodden in the dust, by the meanest of his subjects, by those who, a few months previous, had trembled at his glance; drawing his last breath in the halls of a stranger,— a lonely outcast in the heart of his own capital! He was the sad victim of destiny,— a destiny as dark and irresistible in its march as that which broods over the mythic legends of antiquity!

From *The History of the Conquest of Mexico*, 1843.

THE BATTLE OF OTUMBA

As the army was climbing the mountain steeps which shut in the valley of Otompan, the vedettes came in with the intelligence, that a powerful body was encamped on the other side, apparently awaiting their approach. The intelligence was soon confirmed by their own eyes, as they turned the crest of the sierra, and saw spread out, below, a mighty host, filling up the whole depth of the valley, and giving to it the appearance, from the white cotton mail of the warriors, of being covered with snow. It consisted of levies from the surrounding country, and especially the populous territory of Tezcuco, drawn together at the instance of Cuitlahua, Montezuma's successor, and now concentrated on this point to dispute the passage of the Spaniards. Every chief of note had taken the field with his whole array gathered under his standard, proudly displaying all the pomp and rude splendor of his military equipment. As far as the eye could reach, were to be seen shields and waving banners, fantastic helmets, forests of shining spears, the bright feather-mail of the chief, and the coarse cotton panoply of his followers, all mingled together in wild confusion, and tossing to and fro like the billows of a troubled ocean. It was a sight to fill the stoutest heart among the Christians with dismay, heightened by the previous expectation of soon reaching the friendly land which was to terminate their wearisome pilgrimage. Even Cortés as he contrasted the tremendous array before him with his own diminished squadrons, wasted by disease and enfeebled by hunger and fatigue, could not escape the conviction that his last hour had arrived.

But his was not the heart to despond; and he gathered strength from the very extremity of his situation. He had no room for hesitation; for there was no alternative left to him. To escape was impossible. He could not retreat on the capital, from which he had been expelled. He must advance,— cut through the enemy, or perish. He hastily made his dispositions for the fight. He gave his force as broad a front as possible, protecting it on each flank by his little body of horse, now reduced to twenty. Fortunately, he had not allowed the invalids, for the last two days, to mount behind the riders, from a desire to spare the horses, so that these were now in tolerable condition; and, indeed, the whole army had been refreshed by halting, as we have seen, two nights and a day in the same place, a delay, however, which had allowed the enemy time to assemble in such force to dispute its progress.

Cortés instructed his cavaliers not to part with their lances, and to direct them at the face. The infantry were to thrust, not strike, with their swords; passing them, at once, through the bodies of their enemies. They were, above all, to aim at the leaders, as the general well knew how much depends on the life of the commander in the wars of barbarians, whose want of subordination makes them impatient of any control but that to which they are accustomed.

He then addressed to his troops a few words of encouragement, as customary with him on the eve of an engagement. He reminded them of the victories they

had won with odds nearly as discouraging as the present; thus establishing the superiority of science and discipline over numbers. Numbers, indeed, were of no account, where the arm of the Almighty was on their side. And he bade them have full confidence, that He, who had carried them safely through so many perils, would not now abandon them and his own good cause, to perish by the hand of the infidel. His address was brief, for he read in their looks that settled resolve which rendered words unnecessary. The circumstances of their position spoke more forcibly to the heart of every soldier than any eloquence could have done, filling it with that feeling of desperation which makes the weak arm strong, and turns the coward into a hero. After they had earnestly commended themselves, therefore, to the protection of God, the Virgin, and St. James, Cortés led his battalions straight against the enemy.

It was a solemn moment,— that, in which the devoted little band, with steadfast countenances, and their usual intrepid step, descended on the plain, to be swallowed up, as it were, in the vast ocean of their enemies. The latter rushed on with impetuosity to meet them, making the mountains ring to their discordant yells and battle-cries, and sending forth volleys of stones and arrows which for a moment shut out the light of day. But, when the leading files of the two armies closed, the superiority of the Christians was felt, as their antagonists, falling back before the charges of cavalry, were thrown into confusion by their own numbers who pressed on them from behind. The Spanish infantry followed up the blow, and a wide lane was opened in the ranks of the enemy, who, receding on all sides, seemed willing to allow a free passage for their opponents. But it was to return on them with accumulated force, as rallying they poured upon the Christians, enveloping the little army on all sides, which, with its bristling array of long swords and javelins, stood firm,— in the words of a contemporary,— like an islet against which the breakers, roaring and surging, spend their fury in vain. The struggle was desperate of man against man. The Tlascalan seemed to renew his strength, as he fought almost in view of his own native hills; as did the Spaniard, with the horrible doom of the captive before his eyes. Well did the cavaliers do their duty on that day; charging, in little bodies of four and five abreast, deep into the enemy's ranks, riding over the broken files, and by this temporary advantage giving strength and courage to the infantry. Not a lance was there which did not reek with the blood of the infidel. Among the rest, the young captain Sandoval is particularly commemorated for his daring prowess. Managing his fiery steed with easy horsemanship, he darted, when least expected, into the thickest of the *mêlée*, overturning the stanchest warriors, and rejoicing in danger, as if it were his natural element.

But these gallant displays of heroism served only to ingulf the Spaniards deeper and deeper in the mass of the enemy, with scarcely any more chance of cutting their way through his dense and interminable battalions, than of hewing a passage with their swords through the mountains. Many of the Tlascalans and some of the Spaniards had fallen, and not one but had been wounded. Cortés himself had received a second cut on the head, and his horse was so much injured that he was compelled to dismount, and take one from the baggage train, a strong-boned animal, who carried him well through the turmoil of the day. The contest had now lasted several hours. The sun rode high in the heavens, and shed an intolerable fervor over the plain. The Christians, weakened by previous sufferings, and faint with loss of blood, began to relax in their desperate exertions. Their enemies, constantly supported by fresh relays from the rear, were still in good heart, and, quick to perceive their advantage, pressed with redoubled force on the Spaniards. The horse fell back, crowded on the foot; and the latter, in vain seeking a passage amidst the dusky throngs of the enemy, who now closed up the rear, were thrown into some disorder. The tide of battle was setting rapidly against the Christians. The fate of the day would soon be decided; and all that now remained for them seemed to be to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

At this critical moment, Cortés, whose restless eye had been roving round the field in quest of any object that might offer him the means of arresting the coming ruin, rising in his stirrups, descried at a distance, in the midst of the throng, the chief who from his dress and military *cortége* he knew must be the commander of the barbarian forces. He was covered

with a rich surcoat of featherwork; and a panache of beautiful plumes, gorgeously set in gold and precious stones, floated above his head. Rising above this, and attached to his back, between the shoulders, was a short staff bearing a golden net for a banner,— the singular, but customary, symbol of authority for an Aztec commander. The cacique, whose name was Cihuaca, was borne on a litter, and a body of young warriors, whose gay and ornamented dresses showed them to be the flower of the Indian nobles, stood round as a guard of his person and the sacred emblem.

The eagle eye of Cortés no sooner fell on this personage, than it lighted up with triumph. Turning quickly round to the cavaliers at his side, among whom were Sandoval, Olid, Alvarado, and Avila, he pointed out the chief, exclaiming, 'There is our mark! Follow and support me!' Then crying his war-cry, and striking his iron heel into his weary steed, he plunged headlong into the thickest of the press. His enemies fell back, taken by surprise and daunted by the ferocity of the attack. Those who did not were pierced through with his lance, or borne down by the weight of his charger. The cavaliers followed close in the rear. On they swept, with the fury of a thunderbolt, cleaving the solid ranks asunder, strewing their path with the dying and the dead, and bounding over every obstacle in their way. In a few minutes they were in the presence of the Indian commander, and Cortés, overturning his supporters, sprang forward with the strength of a lion, and, striking him through with his lance, hurled him to the ground. A young cavalier, Juan de Salamanca, who had kept close by his general's side, quickly dismounted and despatched the fallen chief. Then tearing away his banner, he presented it to Cortés, as a trophy to which he had the best claim. It was all the work of a moment. The guard, overpowered by the suddenness of the onset, made little resistance, but, flying, communicated their own panic to their comrades. The tidings of the loss soon spread over the field. The Indians, filled with consternation, now thought only of escape. In their blind terror, their numbers augmented their confusion. They trampled on one another, fancying it was the enemy in their rear.

The Spaniards and Tlascalans were not slow to avail themselves of the marvelous change in their affairs. Their fatigue, their wounds, hunger, thirst, all were forgotten in the eagerness for vengeance; and they followed up the flying foe, dealing death at every stroke, and taking ample retribution for all they had suffered in the bloody marshes of Mexico. Long did they pursue, till, the enemy having abandoned the field, they returned sated with slaughter to glean the booty which he had left. It was great, for the ground was covered with the bodies of chiefs, at whom the Spaniards, in obedience to the general's instructions, had particularly aimed; and their dresses displayed all the barbaric pomp of ornament, in which the Indian warrior delighted. When his men had thus indemnified themselves, in some degree, for their late reverses, Cortés called them again under their banners; and, after offering up a grateful acknowledgment to the Lord of Hosts for their miraculous preservation, they renewed their march across the now deserted valley. The sun was declining in the heavens, but, before the shades of evening had gathered around, they reached an Indian temple on an eminence, which afforded a strong and commodious position for the night.

Such was the famous battle of Otompan,— or Otumba, as commonly called, from the Spanish corruption of the name. It was fought on the eighth of July, 1520. The whole amount of the Indian force is reckoned by Castilian writers at two hundred thousand! that of the slain at twenty thousand! Those who admit the first part of the estimate will find no difficulty in receiving the last. It is about as difficult to form an accurate calculation of the numbers of a disorderly savage multitude, as of the pebbles on the beach, or the scattered leaves in autumn. Yet it was, undoubtedly, one of the most remarkable victories ever achieved in the New World. And this, not merely on account of the disparity of the forces, but of their unequal condition. For the Indians were in all their strength, while the Christians were wasted by disease, famine, and long protracted sufferings; without cannon or fire-arms, and deficient in the military apparatus which had so often struck terror into their barbarian foe,— deficient even in the terrors of a victorious name. But they had discipline on their side, desperate resolve, and implicit confidence in their

commander. That they should have triumphed against such odds furnishes an inference of the same kind as that established by the victories of the European over the semi-civilized hordes of Asia.

Yet even here all must not be referred to superior discipline and tactics. For the battle would certainly have been lost, had it not been for the fortunate death of the Indian general. And, although the selection of the victim may be called the result of calculation, yet it was by the most precarious chance that he was thrown in the way of the Spaniards. It is, indeed, one among many examples of the influence of fortune in determining the fate of military operations. The star of Cortés was in the ascendant. Had it been otherwise, not a Spaniard would have survived that day to tell the bloody tale of the battle of Otumba.

From *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, 1843.

JOSEPH HOPKINSON (1770–1842)

The author of 'Hail Columbia' was the son of Francis Hopkinson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and he was born at Philadelphia and educated at the University of Pennsylvania. His life-work was almost wholly in the field of war and statesmanship. He is known to-day only because of his one stirring patriotic song. An account of the circumstances under which the song was composed may be found in the notes at the end of the volume.

HAIL COLUMBIA

Tune — 'President's March'

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes! heaven-born band!
  Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
  Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
  Let independence be our boast,
  Ever mindful what it cost;
  Ever grateful for the prize,
  Let its altar reach the skies.

    Firm, united, let us be,
    Rallying round our Liberty;
    As a band of brothers joined,
    Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more:
Defend your rights, defend your shore:
  Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
  Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize.
  While offering peace sincere and just,
  In Heaven we place a manly trust,
  That truth and justice will prevail,
  And every scheme of bondage fail.

    Firm, united, etc.

Sound, sound, the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
  Ring through the world with loud applause,
  Ring through the world with loud applause;
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear.
  With equal skill, and godlike power,
  He governed in the fearful hour
  Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
  The happier times of honest peace.

    Firm, united, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands —
  The rock on which the storm will beat;
  The rock on which the storm will beat.
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.
  When hope was sinking in dismay,
  And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
  His steady mind, from changes free,
  Resolved on death or liberty.

    Firm, united, etc.

(1798)

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY (1779–1843)

The writer of the American national song was born in Frederick, Maryland, the son of a veteran of the Revolution. He was educated at St. Johns College, Annapolis, and, like Hopkinson, chose the law as his profession. In later years he removed to Washington, where he became district attorney. He was in no way connected with the army or navy and his being on board the ship of the enemy came about through an attempt to negotiate the release of a prisoner. The full story is told in the notes. Key's lyric, set to the music 'Anacreon in Heaven,' became instantly popular and it has now won recognition as the American national anthem.

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
  What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming —
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the clouds of the fight,

O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming!
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
O! say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines on the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto,—'*In God is our trust:*'
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

(1814)

JOHN PIERPONT (1785–1866)

John Pierpont, grandfather of the financier, John Pierpont Morgan, a native of Connecticut, a graduate of Yale, and for twenty-six years pastor of the Hollis Street Church, Boston, was for a generation numbered among the leading poets of America. His *Airs of Palestine*, 1816, sold three editions within two years, and it was long supposed that it held a secure place among the American classics, but with the rising of the new school of poetry which ruled the middle century he faded from view until to-day along with such other poets contemporaneously famous as Charles Sprague and James Hillhouse and James G. Percival, he is read only by a few students of the history of American literature. His 'Warren's Address' was long a favorite with schoolboy orators.

WARREN'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—And will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must;
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell!

(1812)

SAMUEL WOODWORTH
(1785–1842)

Though a literary man by profession, a journalist, the author of operettas and dramas and essays and much verse, associate editor with George P. Morris on the celebrated *New York Mirror*, only a single literary fact needs be recorded in the life of Samuel Woodworth. One of his lyrics struck a universal note, and is remembered, at least by title, by more people than is any other non-patriotic lyric of the period, save only "Home, Sweet Home."

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell,
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
The brightest that beauty or revelry sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well—
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket that hangs in the well!

(1818)

RICHARD HENRY DANA
(1787–1879)

Richard Henry Dana, father of Richard Henry Dana, Junior, author of *Two Years Before the Mast*, was a native of Cambridge and a graduate of Harvard College. He was one of the earliest of the Boston group of writers to devote himself to literature as a profession. He was one of the editors of *The North American Review* when Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' was accepted by that quarterly and published, and he was one of the earliest of American critics to recognize the new English school of poetry headed by Wordsworth and Coleridge. His critical articles, his *Idle Man* which was published in numbers, and his stories must be considered by the historian of American literature. His best known poem is *The Buccaneer*, 1827, very popular in its day but now almost wholly forgotten.

THE LITTLE BEACH-BIRD

Thou little bird, thou dweller by the sea,
Why takest thou its melancholy voice,
And with the boding cry
Why o'er the waves dost fly?
O! rather, bird with me
Through the fair land rejoice!

Thy flitting form comes ghostly dim and pale,
As driven by a beating storm at sea;
Thy cry is weak and scared,
As if thy mates had shared
The doom of us: Thy wail—
What doth it bring to me?

Thou call'st along the sand, and haunt'st the surge,
Restless and sad; as if, in strange accord
With the motion and the roar
Of waves that drive to shore,

One spirit did ye urge—
The Mystery—the Word.

Of thousands, thou, both sepulcher and pall,
Old Ocean, art! A requiem o'er the dead,
From out thy gloomy cells
A tale of mourning tells—
Tells of man's woe and fall.
His sinless glory fled.

Then turn thee, little bird, and take thy flight
Where the complaining sea shall sadness bring
Thy spirit nevermore.
Come, quit with me the shore,
And on the meadows light
Where birds for gladness sing.

PROEM TO THE BUCCANEER

The island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home,
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea,
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently,—
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful far and wide,
Mingling its sound with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet:
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear;
Each motion gentle; all is kindly done.—
Come, listen, how from crime the isle was won.

(1827)

RICHARD HENRY WILDE
(1789–1847)

Born in Ireland, 1789, brought a child to America by his emigrating parents, reared in poverty, but at every step making the most of his opportunities until at last he arose to eminence as a lawyer in New Orleans. Wilde lives among the American poets by virtue of a single pathetic lyric that has secured a permanent place in the American anthology. He was a true poet with a fervid Celtic soul, a lover of art and beauty, and under kindlier conditions might have won a larger place among the poets.

STANZAS

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky,
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground—to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept the waste to see—
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray:
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me.

My life is like the prints, which feet
Have left on Tampa's desert strand;
Soon as the rising tide shall beat,
All trace will vanish from the sand;
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea—
But none, alas! shall mourn for me!

(About 1815)

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE
(1792–1852)

The author of 'Home Sweet Home' was perhaps the most homeless man of his generation. Born in New York City, reared in Bos

ton, and then, after a brief stay at Union College, which he left in 1809 to go upon the stage, condemned by his chosen vocation to a life of wandering, he became at length a familiar figure in all the cities of America, as well as in London and Paris. In all he wrote upwards of sixty dramatic pieces, only one of which, however, *Brutus*, may claim literary merit. The song 'Home, Sweet Home' which occurs in his opera *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*, was first sung at the Covent Garden Theater, London, in 1823. He died in Tunis in 1852. In 1883 his remains were removed to Washington, D. C.

HOME, SWEET HOME!

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! Home! sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! there's no place like Home!

(1823)

MARIA GOWEN BROOKS
(1795–1845)

Few have ever written of Maria Brooks without quoting the poet Southey, who hailed her as 'Maria del Occidente' and in Chapter LIV of his *The Doctor* styled her 'the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses.' She was born at Boston in a family of wealth and culture. After the death of her father and the failure of his business, her education was continued by Mr. Brooks, a Boston merchant, who later became her husband. After his death in 1823 she lived for a time in Cuba and then in London where, under the supervision of Southey, was issued in 1833 her chief poetical work, *Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven*, an oriental romance of the Byron-Moore type, its theme undoubtedly suggested by the book of *Tobit* in the *Apocrypha*. In 1842 she published an autobiographical romance entitled *Idomen: or, the Vale of Yumuri*. If all her poetical work were at the impassioned height reached by a few of her lyrical passages, critics still might echo, perhaps, the somewhat sweeping judgment of Southey.

FROM ZOPHIEL

High towered the palace and its massive pile,
Made dubious if of nature or of art,
So wild and so uncouth; yet all the while,
Shaped to strange grace in every varying part.

And groves adorned it, green in hue, and bright
As icicles about a laurel-tree;
And danced about their twigs a wondrous light;
Whence came that light so far beneath the sea?

Zophiel looked up to know, and to his view
The vault scarce seemed less vast than that of day;
No rocky roof was seen, a tender blue
Appeared, as of the sky, and clouds about it play.

And, in the midst, an orb looked as 't were meant
To shame the sun; it mimicked him so well.

But ah! no quickening, grateful warmth it sent;
Cold as the rock beneath, the paly radiance fell.

Within, from thousand lamps the luster strays,
Reflected back from gems about the wall;
And from twelve dolphin shapes a fountain plays,
Just in the center of the spacious hall:

But whether in the sunbeam formed to sport,
These shapes once lived in suppleness and pride,
And then, to decorate this wondrous court,
Were stolen from the waves and petrified,

Or molded by some imitative Gnome,
And scaled all o'er with gems, they were but stone,
Casting their showers and rainbows 'neath the dome,
To man or angel's eye might not be known.

No snowy fleece in these sad realms was found,
Nor silken ball, by maiden loved so well;
But ranged in lightest garniture around,
In seemly folds a shining tapestry fell.

And fibers of asbestos, bleached in fire
And all with pearls and sparkling gems o'er-flecked,
Of that strange court composed the rich attire,
And such the cold, fair form of sad Tahathyam decked.

Of marble white the table they surround,
And reddest coral decked each curious couch,
Which softly yielding to their forms was found,
And of a surface smooth and wooing to the touch.

Of sunny gold and silver, like the moon,
Here was no lack; but if the veins of earth,
Torn open by man's weaker race, so soon
Supplied the alluring hoard, or here had birth.

That baffling, maddening, fascinating art,
Half told by Sprite most mischievous, that he
Might laugh to see men toil, then not impart,
The guests left unenquired:—'tis still a mystery.

Here were no flowers, but a sweet odor breathed,
Of amber pure, a glistening coronal,
Of various-colored gems, each brow enwreathed,
In form of garland for the festival.

(1833)

SONG FROM ZOPHIEL

Day, in melting purple dying,
Blossoms, all around me sighing,
Fragrance, from the lilies straying,
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,
Ye but waken my distress;
I am sick of loneliness.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,
Come, ere night around me darken;
Though thy softness but deceive me,
Say thou'rt true, and I 'll believe thee;
Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,
Let me think it innocent!

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure:
All I ask is friendship's pleasure;
Let the shining ore lie darkling,
Bring no gem in luster sparkling:
Gifts and gold are nought to me,
I would only look on thee!

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,
Ecstasy but in revealing;
Paint to thee the deep sensation,
Rapture in participation,
Yet but torture, if comprest
In one lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still! Ah! come and bless me!
Let these eyes again caress thee;
Once, in caution, I could fly thee:
Now, I nothing could deny thee;
In a look if death there be,
Come, and I will gaze on thee!

(1833)

THE BARD HAS SUNG

The bard has sung, God never form'd a soul
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet
Its wandering half, when ripe to crown the whole
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete!

But thousand evil things there are that hate
To look on happiness; these hurt, impede,

And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and fate,
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine and pant and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmira flying,
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,
Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaff'd,
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught.

THE MOON OF FLOWERS

O, Moon of flowers! sweet moon of flowers!
Why dost thou mind me of the hours
Which flew so softly on that night,
When last I saw and felt thy light?

O, moon of flowers! thou moon of flowers!
Would thou couldst give me back those hours,
Since such a dull, cold year has fled,
Or show me those with whom they sped!

O, moon of flowers! O, moon of flowers!
In scenes afar were passed those hours,
Which still with fond regret I see,
And wish my heart could change like thee!

A FRAGMENT

As the vexed Caspian, though its rage be past,
And the blue smiling heavens swell o'er in peace,
Shook to the center by the recent blast,
Heaves on tumultuous still, and hath not power to cease.

So still each little pulse was seen to throb,
Though passion and its pain were lulled to rest;
And ever and anon a piteous sob
Shook the pure arch expansive o'er her breast.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD
(1796–1828)

There was no more promising poet during the early period than the young Yale graduate Brainard who received the high tribute of having his literary remains collected and edited by the poet Whittier. Had he not been indolent and careless doubtless he might have achieved a high place for himself among the American poets.

THE FALL OF NIAGARA

The thoughts are strange that crowd into my brain
While I look upward to thee. It would seem
As if God pour'd thee from His 'hollow hand'
And hung His bow upon thine awful front,
And spoke in that loud voice which seem'd to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters, and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his cen'tries in the eternal rocks.
Deep calleth unto deep. And what are we,
That hear the question of that voice sublime?
O! what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side!
Yea, what is all the riot man can make
In his short life, to thy unceasing roar!
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? — a light wave,
That breaks, and whispers of its Maker's might.

THE SEA-BIRD'S SONG

On the deep is the mariner's danger,
On the deep is the mariner's death,
Who, to fear of the tempest a stranger,
Sees the last bubble burst of his breath?
'Tis the sea-bird, the sea-bird, the sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair,
The sea-bird, the sea-bird, the sea-bird,
The only witness there.

Who watches their course, who so mildly
Careen to the kiss of the breeze?
Who lists to their shrieks, who so wildly
Are clasp'd in the arms of the seas?
'Tis the sea-bird, etc.

Who hovers on high o'er the lover,
And her who has clung to his neck?
Whose wing is the wing that can cover,
With its shadow, the foundering wreck?
'Tis the sea-bird, etc.

My eye in the light of the billow,
My wing on the wake of the wave,
I shall take to my breast, for a pillow,
The shroud of the fair and the brave.
I 'm a sea-bird, etc.

My foot on the iceberg has lighted,
When hoarse the wild winds veer about,
My eye, when the bark is benighted,
Sees the lamp of the light-house go out.
I 'm the sea-bird, the sea-bird, the sea-bird,
Lone looker on despair;
The sea-bird, the sea-bird, the sea-bird,
The only witness there.

EDWARD COATE PINKNEY
(1802–1828)

Edward Pinkney, son of the distinguished southern statesman, William Pinkney, was born in London, his father being at that time the American Minister to Great Britain. His early death at twenty-six is to be deplored, for unquestionably he was a genius. A thin volume of his lyrics was published in 1825, a volume not only of rare promise, but, within its all too brief limits, of distinctive fulfilment.

A HEALTH

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'Tis less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds,
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,—
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will tra
A picture on the brain,
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain;
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stoo
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name.

(1825)

A SERENADE

Look out upon the stars, my love,
And shame them with thine eyes,
On which, than on the lights above,
There hang more destinies.
Night's beauty is the harmony
Of blending shades and light;
Then, lady, up,—look out, and be
A sister to the night!

Sleep not! thine image wakes for aye
Within my watching breast:
Sleep not! from her soft sleep should fly
Who robs all hearts of rest.
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,
And make this darkness gay
With looks, whose brightness well migh
make
Of darker nights a day.

(1825)

GEORGE POPE MORRIS
(1802–1864)

Morris's early life was connected with Philadelphia where he was born in 1802, and his later life with New York City where, beginning in 1822, he was for years editor of literary journals, first of *The Mirror* and

later with N. P. Willis of the *Home Journal*. He was long known as 'the song-writer of America.' His sentimental pieces set to appropriate music were for a generation found on every piano-forte in America, and, according to a contemporary English critic, 'his many songs and ballads [were] household words in every home in England.' His work, however, did not survive the age of sentiment and is little read to-day.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea —
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand —
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling,
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

NEAR THE LAKE

Near the lake where drooped the willow,
Long time ago!
Where the rock threw back the billow,
Brighter than snow;
Dwelt a maid, beloved and cherished
By high and low;
But with autumn leaf she perished,
Long time ago!

Rock and tree and flowing water,
Long time ago!
Bee and bird and blossom taught her
Love's spell to know!
While to my fond words she listened,
Murmuring low,
Tenderly her dove-eyes glistened
Long time ago.

Mingled were our hearts forever!
Long time ago!
Can I now forget her? — Never!
No, lost one, no!
To her grave these tears are given,
Ever to flow;
She's the star I missed from heaven,
Long time ago!

WHERE HUDSON'S WAVE

Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cronest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star!
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

The snow-flake that the cliff receives,
The diamonds of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
But Ida's purer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow:
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crowned highlands where
My Ida's footsteps roam —
Oh! for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home.

WHEN OTHER FRIENDS ARE ROUND THEE

When other friends are round thee,
And other hearts are thine,
When other bays have crowned thee,
More fresh and green than mine,
Then think how sad and lonely
This doting heart will be,

Which, while it throbs, throbs only,
Beloved one, for thee!

Yet do not think I doubt thee,
I know thy truth remains;
I would not live without thee,
For all the world contains.
Thou art the star that guides me
Along life's changing sea;
And what e'er fate betides me,
This heart still turns to thee.

THE WEST

Ho! brothers — come hither and list to my story —
Merry and brief will the narrative be:
Here, like a monarch, I reign in my glory —
Master am I, boys, of all that I see.
Where once frown'd a forest a garden is smiling —
The meadow and moorland are marshes no more;
And there curls the smoke of my cottage, beguiling
The children who cluster like grapes at the door.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
The land of the heart is the land of the West.
Oho, boys! — oho, boys! — oho!

Talk not of the town, boys,— give me the broad prairie,
Where man like the wind roams impulsive and free;
Behold how its beautiful colors all vary,
Like those of the clouds, or the deep-rolling sea.
A life in the woods, boys, is ever a changing;
With proud independence we season our cheer,
And those who the world are for happiness ranging,
Won't find it at all, if they don't find it here.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
I 'll show you the life, boys, we live in the West.
Oho, boys! — oho, boys! — oho!

Here, brothers, secure from all turmoil and danger,
We reap what we sow, for the soil is our own;
We spread hospitality's board for the stranger,
And care not a fig for the king on his throne;
We never know want, for we live by our labor,
And in it contentment and happiness find;
We do what we can for a friend or a neighbor,
And die, boys, in peace and good-will to mankind.
Then enter, boys; cheerly, boys, enter and rest;
You know how we live, boys, and die in the West!
Oho, boys! — oho, boys! — oho!

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH
(1808–1895)

Samuel F. Smith was a native of Boston, a member of Holmes's famous Harvard class of '29 [see the poem 'The Boys'], and a Baptist clergyman of great usefulness in his native city. His universally-known national hymn was written in February, 1832.

AMERICA

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song!
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God our King.

(1832) (1832)

III

THE NEW ENGLAND PERIOD

1830–1860

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803–1882)

To Emerson more fully than to any other American writer may be applied Dr. Holmes's epithet member of 'the Brahmin class of New England.' On both his mother's and his father's side he came of an unbroken line of ministers reaching back to the early years of the settlement of New England. Many of them were Harvard men. His father was long a prominent pastor of Boston, and his grandfather was the pastor at Concord at the time of the historic battle, a sturdy patriot who urged the men to stand their ground. Emerson's birthplace was Boston, and it was at Boston that he passed his youth and young manhood. He was seven when his father died and his early years knew the pinch of poverty. There were six children in the family, the oldest not ten, and the mother was forced to take in boarders to support them. So well did she manage, however, that all of them were enabled not only to receive the education that the children of a New England minister were supposed to have as their birthright, but also many of them to enter professional schools.

The boy Ralph Waldo, a frail, intellectual lad whose health all through his early years brought to his friends much anxiety, worked his way through Harvard, finishing his course in 1821, and then by teaching school earned at length enough to enable him to complete the course in divinity at the college. To drift into his father's profession seemed inevitable. He preached for a time, then became assistant pastor in the Second Church in Boston, but he never was wholly in sympathy with his work. The pastoral round of duties was little to his taste, and at length, infected with the intellectual and religious unrest that was beginning to reach America from the revolution-laden atmosphere of Europe, he began to question many of the practices and beliefs of his church. The crisis came in 1832. The great shock caused by the death of his young wife, the physical breakdown that seemed about to terminate in consumption, the revolution in his religious beliefs, all combined to send him for recuperation to Europe. Unlike Irving and Willis and Longfellow, he brought back with him not Europeanism, but the inspiring recollection of three or four great personalities that he had touched,— Wordsworth, Landor, Carlyle,— Carlyle especially.

Returning to America, he was married again in 1835, bought a small estate in Concord, not far from the Old Manse that had been the home of his grandfather, and settled down there to spend the rest of his life. His hymn at the dedication of the battle monument in 1836, his little volume *Nature* issued the same year, and his Phi Beta Kappa address at Harvard in 1837, brought him into prominence. He was asked more and more to speak at college commencements and special occasions and gradually came to make lecturing his profession. The lyceum system, which reached its highest point during the forties and fifties, kept him in constant employment. He delivered a course of lectures on *Representative Men* in England in 1847 and he visited England yet again in 1872. Nearly all of his literary product was first given either as a lecture or as an oration, though very little of the material written during his earlier period is published now in the form that he first gave it. He used his lectures for material for his essays.

The most important of his books are *Nature*, 1836; *Essays*, First series, 1841; Second series, 1844; *Poems*, 1846; *Representative Men*, 1849; *English Traits*, 1856; *Conduct of Life*, 1860; *May-Day and Other Pieces*, 1867; *Society and Solitude*, 1870; *Letters and Social Aims*, 1875; *Fortune of the Republic*, 1878; Complete Works, Centenary Edition, 1904. The student will do well to read Oliver Wendell Holmes's Life of Emerson in the American Men of Letters Series.

EACH AND ALL

Little thinks, in the field, yon red-cloaked clown
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height;
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one;
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.
The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore
With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.
The lover watched his graceful maid,
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed,
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;—
The gay enchantment was undone,
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, 'I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth:'—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;—
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

The Western Messenger, February, 1839.

THE RHODORA

ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals, fallen in the pool,
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.

Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew:
But, in my simple ignorance, suppose
The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

(1834) *The Western Messenger*, July, 1839.

THE HUMBLE-BEE

Burly, dozing humble-bee,
Where thou art is clime for me,
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek;
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid-zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer,
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere;
Swimmer through the waves of air;
Voyager of light and noon;
Epicurean of June;
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind, in May days,
With a net of shining haze
Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,
Thou, in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow, breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone
Tells of countless sunny hours,

Long days, and solid banks of flowers;
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found;
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen;
But violets and bilberry bells,
Maple-sap and daffodels,
Grass with green flag half-mast high,
Succory to match the sky,
Columbine with horn of honey,
Scented fern and agrimony,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue
And brier-roses, dwelt among;
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff, and take the wheat.
When the fierce northwestern blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst outsleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

The Western Messenger,
(1837) February, 1839.

CONCORD HYMN:

SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE BATTLE MONUMENT, JULY 4, 1837

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone;
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.
(1837) (1837)

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN,

I greet you on the recommencement of our literary year. Our anniversary is one of hope, and, perhaps, not enough of labor. We do not meet for games of strength or skill, for the recitation of histories, tragedies, and odes, like the ancient Greeks; for parliaments of love and poesy, like the Troubadours; nor for the advancement of science, like our contemporaries in the British and European capitals. Thus far, our holiday has been simply a friendly sign of the survival of the love of letters amongst a people too busy to give to letters any more. As such it is precious as the sign of an indestructible instinct. Perhaps the time is already come when it ought to be, and will be, something else; when the sluggard intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill. Our day of dependence, our long apprenticeship to the learning of other lands, draws to a close. The millions that around us are rushing into life, cannot always be fed on the sere remains of foreign harvests. Events, actions arise, that must be sung, that will sing themselves. Who can doubt that poetry will revive and lead in a new age, as the star in the constellation Harp, which now flames in our zenith, astronomers announce, shall one day be the pole-star for a thousand years?

In this hope I accept the topic which not only usage but the nature of our association seem to prescribe to this day,— the AMERICAN SCHOLAR. Year by year we come up hither to read one more chapter of his biography. Let us inquire what light new days and events have thrown on his character and his hopes.

It is one of those fables which out of an unknown antiquity convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man, — present to all particular men only partially, or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. Man is not a farmer, or a professor, or an engineer, but he is all. Man is priest, and scholar, and statesman, and producer, and soldier. In the *divided* or social state these functions are parcelled out to individuals, each of whom aims to do his stint of the joint work, whilst each other performs his. The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometimes return from his own labor to embrace all the other laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters,— a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

Man is thus metamorphosed into a thing, into many things. The planter, who is Man sent out into the field to gather food, is seldom cheered by any idea of the true dignity of his ministry. He sees his bushel and his cart, and nothing beyond, and sinks into the farmer, instead of Man on the farm. The tradesman scarcely ever gives an ideal worth to his work, but is ridden by the routine of his craft, and the soul is subject to dollars. The priest becomes a form; the attorney a statute-book; the mechanic a machine; the sailor a rope of the ship.

In this distribution of functions the scholar is the delegated intellect. In the right state he is *Man Thinking*. In the degenerate state, when the victim of society, he tends to become a mere thinker, or still worse, the parrot of other men's thinking.

In this view of him, as Man Thinking, the theory of his office is contained. Him Nature solicits with all her placid, all her monitory pictures; him the past instructs; him the future invites. Is not indeed every man a student, and do not all things exist for the student's behoof? And, finally, is not the true scholar the only true master? But the old oracle said, 'All things have two handles: beware of the wrong one.' In life, too often, the scholar errs with mankind and forfeits his privilege. Let us see him in his school and consider him in reference to the main influences he receives.

I. The first in time and the first in importance of the influences upon the mind is that of Nature. Every day, the sun; and, after sunset, Night and her stars. Ever the winds blow; ever the grass grows. Every day, men and women, conversing, beholding and beholden. The scholar is he of all men whom this spectacle most engages. He must settle its value in his mind. What is nature to him? There is never a beginning, there is never an end, to the inexplicable continuity of this web of God, but always circular power returning into itself. Therein it resembles his own spirit, whose beginning, whose ending, he never can find,— so entire, so boundless. Far too as her splendors shine, system on system shooting like rays, upward, downward, without center, without circumference,— in the mass and in the particle, Nature hastens to render account of herself to the mind. Classification begins. To the young mind every thing is individual, stands by itself. By and by, it finds how to join two things and see in them one nature; then three, then three thousand; and so, tyrannized over by its own unifying instinct, it goes on tying things together, diminishing anomalies, discovering roots running under ground whereby contrary and remote things cohere and flower out from one stem. It presently learns that since the dawn of history there has been a constant accumulation and classifying of facts. But what is classification but the perceiving that these objects are not chaotic, and are not foreign, but have a law which is also a law of the human mind? The astronomer discovers that geometry, a pure abstraction of the human mind, is the measure of planetary motion. The chemist finds proportions and intelligible method throughout matter; and science is nothing but the finding of analogy, identity, in the most remote parts. The ambitious soul sits down before each refractory fact; one after another reduces all strange constitutions, all new powers, to their class and their law, and goes on forever to animate the last fiber of organization, the outskirts of nature, by insight.

Thus to him, to this school-boy under the bending dome of day, is suggested that he and it proceed from one root; one is leaf and one is flower; relation, sympathy, stirring in every vein. And what is that root? Is not that the soul of his soul? A thought too bold; a dream too wild. Yet when this spiritual light shall have revealed the law of more earthly natures, — when he has learned to worship the soul, and to see that the natural philosophy that now is, is only the first gropings of its gigantic hand, he shall look forward to an ever expanding knowledge as to a becoming creator. He shall see that Nature is the opposite of the soul, answering to it part for part. One is seal and one is print. Its beauty is the beauty of his own mind. Its laws are the laws of his own mind. Nature then becomes to him the measure of his attainments. So much of Nature as he is ignorant of, so much of his own mind does he not yet possess. And, in fine, the ancient precept, 'Know thyself,' and the modern precept, 'Study nature,' become at last one maxim.

II. The next great influence into the spirit of the scholar is the mind of the Past,— in whatever form, whether of literature, of art, of institutions, that mind is inscribed. Books are the best type of the influence of the past, and perhaps we shall get at the truth,— learn the amount of this influence more conveniently,— by considering their value alone.

The theory of books is noble. The scholar of the first age received into him the world around; brooded thereon; gave it the new arrangement of his own mind, and uttered it again. It came into him life; it went out from him truth. It came to him short-lived actions; it went out from him immortal thoughts. It came to him business; it went from him poetry. It was dead fact; now, it is quick thought. It can stand, and it can go. It now endures, it now flies, it now inspires. Precisely in proportion to the depth of mind from which it issued, so high does it soar, so long does it sing.

Or, I might say, it depends on how far the process had gone, of transmuting life into truth. In proportion to the completeness of the distillation, so will the purity and imperishableness of the product be. But none is quite perfect. As no air-pump can by any means make a perfect vacuum, so neither can any artist entirely exclude the conventional, the local, the perishable from his book, or write a book of pure thought, that shall be as efficient, in all respects, to a remote posterity, as to contemporaries, or rather to the second age. Each age, it is found, must write its own books; or rather, each generation for the next succeeding. The books of an older period will not fit this.

Yet hence arises a grave mischief. The sacredness which attaches to the act of creation, the act of thought, is transferred to the record. The poet chanting was felt to be a divine man: henceforth the chant is divine also. The writer was a just and wise spirit: henceforward it is settled the book is perfect; as love of the hero corrupts into worship of his statue. Instantly the book becomes noxious: the guide is a tyrant. The sluggish and perverted mind of the multitude, slow to open to the incursions of Reason, having once so opened, having once received this book, stands upon it, and makes an outcry if it is disparaged. Colleges are built on it. Books are written on it by thinkers, not by Man Thinking; by men of talent, that is, who start wrong, who set out from accepted dogmas, not from their own sight of principles. Meek young men grow up in libraries, believing it their duty to accept the views which Cicero, which Locke, which Bacon, have given; forgetful that Cicero, Locke, and Bacon were only young men in libraries when they wrote these books.

Hence, instead of Man Thinking, we have the bookworm. Hence the book-learned class, who value books, as such; not as related to nature and the human constitution, but as making a sort of Third Estate with the world and the soul. Hence the restorers of readings, the emendators, the bibliomaniacs of all degrees.

Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst. What is the right use? What is the one end which all means go to effect? They are for nothing but to inspire. I had better never see a book than to be warped by its attraction clean out of my own orbit, and made a satellite instead of a system. The one thing in the world, of value, is the active soul. This every man is entitled to; this every man contains within him, although in almost all men obstructed, and as yet

unborn. The soul active sees absolute truth and utters truth, or creates. In this action it is genius; not the privilege of here and there a favorite, but the sound estate of every man. In its essence it is progressive. The book, the college, the school of art, the institution of any kind, stop with some past utterance of genius. This is good, say they,— let us hold by this. They pin me down. They look backward and not forward. But genius looks forward: the eyes of man are set in his forehead, not in his hindhead; man hopes: genius creates. Whatever talents may be, if the man create not, the pure efflux of the Deity is not his; — cinders and smoke there may be, but not yet flame. There are creative manners, there are creative actions, and creative words; manners, actions, words, that is, indicative of no custom or authority, but springing spontaneous from the mind's own sense of good and fair.

On the other part, instead of being its own seer, let it receive from another mind its truth, though it were in torrents of light, without periods of solitude, inquest, and self-recovery, and a fatal disservice is done. Genius is always sufficiently the enemy of genius by over-influence.' The literature of every nation bears me witness. The English dramatic poets have Shakspearized now for two hundred years.

Undoubtedly there is a right way of reading, so it be sternly subordinated. Man Thinking must not be subdued by his instruments. Books are for the scholar's idle times. When he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings. But when the intervals of darkness come, as come they must,— when the sun is hid and the stars withdraw their shining,— we repair to the lamps which were kindled by their ray, to guide our steps to the East again, where the dawn is. We hear, that we may speak. The Arabian proverb says, 'A fig tree, looking on a fig tree, becometh fruitful.'

It is remarkable, the character of the pleasure we derive from the best books. They impress us with the conviction that one nature wrote and the same reads. We read the verses of one of the great English poets, of Chaucer, of Marvell, of Dryden, with the most modern joy,— with a pleasure, I mean, which is in great part caused by the abstraction of all *time* from their verses. There is some awe mixed with the joy of our surprise, when this poet, who lived in some past world, two or three hundred years ago, says that which lies close to my own soul, that which I also had well-nigh thought and said. But for the evidence thence afforded to the philosophical doctrine of the identity of all minds, we should suppose some preëstablished harmony, some foresight of souls that were to be, and some preparation of stores for their future wants, like the fact observed in insects, who lay up food before death for the young grub they shall never see.

I would not be hurried by any love of system, by any exaggeration of instincts, to underrate the Book. We all know, that as the human body can be nourished on any food, though it were boiled grass and the broth of shoes, so the human mind can be fed by any knowledge. And great and heroic men have existed who had almost no other information than by the printed page. I only would say that it needs a strong head to bear that diet. One must be an inventor to read well. As the proverb says, 'He that would bring home the wealth of the Indies, must carry out the wealth of the Indies.' There is then creative reading as well as creative writing. When the mind is braced by labor and invention, the page of whatever book we read becomes luminous with manifold allusion. Every sentence is doubly significant, and the sense of our author is as broad as the world. We then see, what is always true, that as the seer's hour of vision is short and rare among heavy days and months, so is its record, perchance, the least part of his volume. The discerning will read, in his Plato or Shakspeare, only that least part,— only the authentic utterances of the oracle; — all the rest he rejects, were it never so many times Plato's and Shakspeare's.

Of course there is a portion of reading quite indispensable to a wise man. History and exact science he must learn by laborious reading. Colleges, in like manner, have their indispensable office,— to teach elements. But they can only highly serve us when they aim not to drill, but to create; when they gather from far every ray of various genius to their hospitable halls, and by the concentrated fires, set the hearts of their youth on flame. Thought and knowledge are natures in

which apparatus and pretension avail nothing. Gowns and pecuniary foundations, though of towns of gold, can never countervail the least sentence or syllable of wit. Forget this, and our American colleges will recede in their public importance, whilst they grow richer every year.

III. There goes in the world a notion that the scholar should be a recluse, a valetudinarian,— as unfit for any handiwork or public labor as a pen-knife for an ax. The so-called 'practical men' sneer at speculative men, as if, because they speculate or *see*, they could do nothing. I have heard it said that the clergy,— who are always, more universally than any other class, the scholars of their day,— are addressed as women; that the rough, spontaneous conversation of men they do not hear, but only a mincing and diluted speech. They are often virtually disfranchised; and indeed there are advocates for their celibacy. As far as this is true of the studious classes, it is not just and wise. Action is with the scholar subordinate, but it is essential. Without it he is not yet man. Without it thought can never ripen into truth. Whilst the world hangs before the eye as a cloud of beauty, we cannot even see its beauty. Inaction is cowardice, but there can be no scholar without the heroic mind. The preamble of thought, the transition through which it passes from the unconscious to the conscious, is action. Only so much do I know, as I have lived. Instantly we know whose words are loaded with life, and whose not.

The world,— this shadow of the soul, or *other me*, lies wide around. Its attractions are the keys which unlock my thoughts and make me acquainted with myself. I run eagerly into this resounding tumult. I grasp the hands of those next me, and take my place in the ring to suffer and to work, taught by an instinct that so shall the dumb abyss be vocal with speech. I pierce its order; I dissipate its fear; I dispose of it within the circuit of my expanding life. So much only of life as I know by experience, so much of the wilderness have I vanquished and planted, or so far have I extended my being, my dominion. I do not see how any man can afford, for the sake of his nerves and his nap, to spare any action in which he can partake. It is pearls and rubies to his discourse. Drudgery, calamity, exasperation, want, are instructors in eloquence and wisdom. The true scholar grudges every opportunity of action past by, as a loss of power.

It is the raw material out of which the intellect molds her splendid products. A strange process, too, this by which experience is converted into thought, as a mulberry leaf is converted into satin. The manufacture goes forward at all hours.

The actions and events of our childhood and youth are now matters of calmest observation. They lie like fair pictures in the air. Not so with our recent actions,— with the business which we now have in hand. On this we are quite unable to speculate. Our affections as yet circulate through it. We no more feel or know it than we feel the feet, or the hand, or the brain of our body. The new deed is yet a part of life,— remains for a time immersed in our unconscious life. In some contemplative hour it detaches itself from the life like a ripe fruit, to become a thought of the mind. Instantly it is raised, transfigured; the corruptible has put on incorruption. Henceforth it is an object of beauty, however base its origin and neighborhood. Observe too the impossibility of antedating this act. In its grub state, it cannot fly, it cannot shine, it is a dull grub. But suddenly, without observation, the selfsame thing unfurls beautiful wings, and is an angel of wisdom. So is there no fact, no event, in our private history, which shall not, sooner or later, lose its adhesive, inert form, and astonish us by soaring from our body into the empyrean. Cradle and infancy, school and playground, the fear of boys, and dogs, and ferules, the love of little maids and berries, and many another fact that once filled the whole sky, are gone already; friend and relative, profession and party, town and country, nation and world, must also soar and sing.

Of course, he who has put forth his total strength in fit actions has the richest return of wisdom. I will not shut myself out of this globe of action, and transplant an oak into a flower-pot, there to hunger and pine; nor trust the revenue of some single faculty, and exhaust one vein of thought, much like those Savoyards, who, getting their livelihood by carving shepherds, shepherdesses, and smoking Dutchmen, for all Europe, went out one day to

the mountain to find stock, and discovered that they had whittled up the last of their pine-trees. Authors we have, in numbers, who have written out their vein, and who, moved by a commendable prudence, sail for Greece or Palestine, follow the trapper into the prairie, or ramble round Algiers, to replenish their merchantable stock.

If it were only for a vocabulary, the scholar would be covetous of action. Life is our dictionary. Years are well spent in country labors; in town; in the insight into trades and manufactures; in frank intercourse with many men and women; in science; in art; to the one end of mastering in all their facts a language by which to illustrate and embody our perceptions. I learn immediately from any speaker how much he has already lived, through the poverty or the splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of to-day. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the work-yard made.

But the final value of action, like that of books, and better than books, is that it is a resource. That great principle of Undulation in nature, that shows itself in the inspiring and expiring of the breath; in desire and satiety; in the ebb and flow of the sea; in day and night; in heat and cold; and, as yet more deeply ingrained in every atom and every fluid, is known to us under the name of Polarity,— these 'fits of easy transmission and reflection,' as Newton called them,— are the law of nature because they are the law of spirit.

The mind now thinks, now acts, and each fit reproduces the other. When the artist has exhausted his materials, when the fancy no longer paints, when thoughts are no longer apprehended and books are a weariness,— he has always the resource *to live*. Character is higher than intellect. Thinking is the function. Living is the functionary. The stream retreats to its source. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as strong to think. Does he lack organ or medium to impart his truth? He can still fall back on this elemental force of living them. This is a total act. Thinking is a partial act. Let the grandeur of justice shine in his affairs. Let the beauty of affection cheer his lowly roof. Those 'far from fame,' who dwell and act with him, will feel the force of his constitution in the doings and passages of the day better than it can be measured by any public and designed display. Time shall teach him that the scholar loses no hour which the man lives. Herein he unfolds the sacred germ of his instinct, screened from influence. What is lost in seemliness is gained in strength. Not out of those on whom systems of education have exhausted their culture, comes the helpful giant to destroy the old or to build the new, but out of unhandselled savage nature; out of terrible Druids and Berserkers come at last Alfred and Shakspeare.

I hear therefore with joy whatever is beginning to be said of the dignity and necessity of labor to every citizen. There is virtue yet in the hoe and the spade, for learned as well as for unlearned hands. And labor is everywhere welcome; always we are invited to work; only be this limitation observed, that a man shall not for the sake of wider activity sacrifice any opinion to the popular judgments and modes of action.

I have now spoken of the education of the scholar by nature, by books, and by action. It remains to say somewhat of his duties.

They are such as become Man Thinking. They may all be comprised in self-trust. The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. Flamsteed and Herschel, in their glazed observatories, may catalogue the stars with the praise of all men, and the results being splendid and useful, honor is sure. But he, in his private observatory, cataloguing obscure and nebulous stars of the human mind, which as yet no man has thought of as such,— watching days and months sometimes for a few facts; correcting still his old records; — must relinquish display and immediate fame. In the long period of his preparation he must betray often an ignorance and shiftlessness in popular arts, incurring the disdain of the able who shoulder him aside. Long he must stammer in his speech; often forego the living for the dead. Worse yet, he must accept,— how often! poverty and solitude. For the ease and pleasure of treading the old road, accepting the fashions, the

education, the religion of society, he takes the cross of making his own, and, of course, the self-accusation, the faint heart, the frequent uncertainty and loss of time, which are the nettles and tangling vines in the way of the self-relying and self-directed; and the state of virtual hostility in which he seems to stand to society, and specially to educated society. For all this loss and scorn, what offset? He is to find consolation in exercising the highest functions of human nature. He is one who raises himself from private considerations and breathes and lives on public and illustrious thoughts. He is the world's eye. He is the world's heart. He is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history. Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions, — these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of to-day,— this he shall hear and promulgate.

These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself, and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. The world of any moment is the merest appearance. Some great decorum, some fetish of a government, some ephemeral trade, or war, or man, is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half, as if all depended on this particular up or down. The odds are that the whole question is not worth the scholar has lost in listening to the controversy. Let him not quit his belief that a popgun is a popgun, though the ancient and honorable of the earth affirm it to be the crack of doom. In silence, in steadiness, in severe abstraction, let him hold by himself; add observation to observation, patient of neglect, patient of reproach, and bide his own time,— happy enough if he can satisfy himself alone that this day he has seen something truly. Success treads on every right step. For the instinct is sure, that prompts him to tell his brother what he thinks. He then learns that in going down into the secrets of his own mind he has descended into the secrets of all minds. He learns that he who has mastered any law in his private thoughts, is master to that extent of all men whose language he speaks, and of all into whose language his own can be translated. The poet, in utter solitude remembering his spontaneous thoughts and recording them, is found to have recorded that which men in crowded cities find true for them also. The orator distrusts at first the fitness of his frank confessions, his want of knowledge of the persons he addresses, until he finds that he is the complement of his hearers; — that they drink his words because he fulfils for them their own nature; the deeper he dives into his privatest, secretest presentiment, to his wonder he finds this is the most acceptable, most public, and universally true. The people delight in it; the better part of every man feels, This is my music; this is myself.

In self-trust all the virtues are comprehended. Free should the scholar be,— free and brave. Free even to the definition of freedom, 'without any hindrance that does not arise out of his own constitution.' Brave; for fear is a thing which a scholar by his very function puts behind him. Fear always springs from ignorance. It is a shame to him if his tranquillity, amid dangerous times, arise from the presumption that like children and women his is a protected class; or if he seek a temporary peace by the diversion of his thoughts from politics or vexed questions, hiding his head like an ostrich in the flowering bushes, peeping into microscopes, and turning rhymes, as a boy whistles to keep his courage up. So is the danger a danger still; so is the fear worse. Manlike let him turn and face it. Let him look into its eye and search its nature, inspect its origin,— see the whelping of this lion,— which lies no great way back; he will then find in himself a perfect comprehension of its nature and extent; he will have made his hands meet on the other side, and can henceforth defy it and pass on superior. The world is his who can see through its pretension. What deafness, what stone-blind custom, what overgrown error you behold is there only by sufferance,— by your sufferance. See it to be a lie, and you have already dealt it its mortal blow.

Yes, we are the cowed,— we the trustless. It is a mischievous notion that we are come late into nature; that the world

was finished a long time ago. As the world was plastic and fluid in the hands of God, so it is ever to so much of his attributes as we bring to it. To ignorance and sin, it is flint. They adapt themselves to it as they may; but in proportion as a man has anything in him divine, the firmament flows before him and takes his signet and form. Not he is great who can alter matter, but he who can alter my state of min. They are the kings of the world who give the color of their present thought to all nature and all art, and persuade men by the cheerful serenity of their carrying the matter, that this thing which they do is the apple which the ages have desired to pluck, now at last ripe, and inviting nations to the harvest. The great man makes the great thing. Wherever Macdonald sits, there is the head of the table. Linnæus makes botany the most alluring of studies, and wins it from the farmer and the herb-woman; Davy, chemistry; and Cuvier, fossils. The day is always his who works in it with serenity and great aims. The unstable estimates of men crowd to him whose mind is filled with a truth, as the heaped waves of the Atlantic follow the moon.

For this self-trust, the reason is deeper than can be fathomed,— darker than can be enlightened. I might not carry with me the feeling of my audience in stating my own belief. But I have already shown the ground of my hope, in adverting to the doctrine that man is one. I believe man has been wronged; he has wronged himself. He has almost lost the light that can lead him back to his prerogatives. Men are become of no account. Men in history, men in the world of to-day, are bugs, are spawn, and are called 'the mass' and 'the herd.' In a century, in a millennium, one or two men; that is to say, one or two approximations to the right state of every man. All the rest behold in the hero or the poet their own green and crude being,— ripened; yes, and are content to be less, so *that* may attain to its full stature. What a testimony, full of grandeur, full of pity, is borne to the demands of his own nature, by the poor clansman, the poor partisan, who rejoices in the glory of his chief. The poor and the low find some amends to their immense moral capacity, for their acquiescence in a political and social inferiority. Thev are content to be brushed like flies from the path of a great person, so that justice shall be done by him to that common nature which it is the dearest desire of all to see enlarged and glorified. They sun themselves in the great man's light, and feel it to be their own element. They cast the dignity of man from their downtrod selves upon the shoulders of a hero, and will perish to add one drop of blood to make that great heart beat, those giant sinews combat and conquer. He lives for us, and we live in him.

Men such as they are, very naturally seek money or power; and power because it is as good as money,— the 'spoils,' so called, 'of office.' And why not? for they aspire to the highest, and this, in their sleep-walking, they dream is highest. Wake them and they shall quit the false good and leap to the true, and leave governments to clerks and desks. This revolution is to be wrought by the gradual domestication of the idea of Culture. The main enterprise of the world for splendor, for extent, is the upbuilding of a man. Here are the materials strewn along the ground. The private life of one man shall be a more illustrious monarchy, more formidable to its enemy, more sweet and serene in its influence to its friend, than any kingdom in history. For a man, rightly viewed, comprehendeth the particular natures of all men. Each philosopher, each bard, each actor has only done for me, as by a delegate, what one day I can do for myself. The books which once we valued more than the apple of the eye, we have quite exhausted. What is that but saying that we have come up with the point of view which the universal mind took through the eyes of one scribe; we have been that man, and have passed on. First, one, then another, we drain all cisterns, and waxing greater by all these supplies, we crave a better and more abundant food. The man has never lived that can feed us ever. The human mind cannot be enshrined in a person who shall set a barrier on any one side to this unbounded, unboundable empire. It is one central fire, which, flaming now out of the lips of Etna, lightens the capes of Sicily, and now out of the throat of Vesuvius, illuminates the towers and vineyards of Naples. It is one light which beams out of a thousand stars. It is one soul which animates all men.

But I have dwelt perhaps tediously upon this abstraction of the Scholar. I ought not to delay longer to add what I have to say of nearer reference to the time and to this country.

Historically, there is thought to be a difference in the ideas which predominate over successive epochs, and there are data for marking the genius of the Classic, of the Romantic, and now of the Reflective or Philosophical age. With the views I have intimated of the oneness or the identity of the mind through all individuals, I do not much dwell on these differences. In fact, I believe each individual passes through all three. The boy is a Greek; the youth, romantic; the adult, reflective. I deny not however that a revolution in the leading idea may be distinctly enough traced.

Our age is bewailed as the age of Introversion. Must that needs be evil? We, it seems, are critical; we are embarrassed with second thoughts; we cannot enjoy anything for hankering to know whereof the pleasure consists; we are lined with eyes; we see with our feet; the time is infected with Hamlet's unhappiness,—

'Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.'

It is so bad then? Sight is the last thing to be pitied. Would we be blind? Do we fear lest we should outsee nature and God, and drink truth dry? I look upon the discontent of the literary class as a mere announcement of the fact that they find themselves not in the state of mind of their fathers, and regret the coming state as untried; as a boy dreads the water before he has learned that he can swim. If there is any period one would desire to be born in, is it not the age of Revolution; when the old and the new stand side by side and admit of being compared; when the energies of all men are searched by fear and by hope; when the historic glories of the old can be compensated by the rich possibilities of the new era? This time, like all times, is a very good one, if we but know what to do with it.

I read with some joy of the auspicious signs of the coming days, as they glimmer already through poetry and art, through philosophy and science, through church and state.

One of these signs is the fact that the same movement which effected the elevation of what was called the lowest class in the state, assumed in literature a very marked and as benign an aspect. Instead of the sublime and beautiful, the near, the low, the common, was explored and poetized. That which had been negligently trodden under foot by those who were harnessing and provisioning themselves for long journeys into far countries, is suddenly found to be richer than all foreign parts. The literature of the poor, the feelings of the child, the philosophy of the street, the meaning of household life, are the topics of the time. It is a great stride. It is a sign,—is it not? of new vigor when the extremities are made active, when currents of warm life run into the hands and the feet. I ask not for the great, the remote, the romantic; what is doing in Italy or Arabia; what is Greek art, or Provençal minstrelsy; I embrace the common, I explore and sit at the feet of the familiar, the low. Give me insight into to-day, and you may have the antique and future worlds. What would we really know the meaning of? The meal in the firkin; the milk in the pan; the ballad in the street; the news of the boat; the glance of the eye; the form and the gait of the body;—show me the ultimate reason of these matters; show me the sublime presence of the highest spiritual cause lurking, as always it does lurk, in these suburbs and extremities of Nature; let me see every trifle bristling with the polarity that ranges it instantly on an eternal law; and the shop, the plow, and the ledger referred to the like cause by which light undulates and poets sing;—and the world lies no longer a dull miscellany and lumber-room, but has form and order; there is no trifle, there is no puzzle, but one design unites and animates the farthest pinnacle and the lowest trench.

This idea has inspired the genius of Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, and, in a newer time, of Goethe, Wordsworth, and Carlyle. This idea they have differently followed and with various success. In contrast with their writing, the style of Pope, of Johnson, of Gibbon, looks cold and pedantic. This writing is blood-warm. Man is surprised to find that things near are not less beautiful and wondrous than things remote. The near explains the far. The drop is a small ocean.

A man is related to all nature. This perception of the worth of the vulgar is fruitful in discoveries. Goethe, in this very thing the most modern of the moderns, has shown us, as none ever did, the genius of the ancients.

There is one man of genius who has done much for this philosophy of life, whose literary value has never yet been rightly estimated; — I mean Emanuel Swedenborg. The most imaginative of men, yet writing with the precision of a mathematician, he endeavored to engraft a purely philosophical Ethics on the popular Christianity of his time. Such an attempt of course must have difficulty which no genius could surmount. But he saw and showed the connection between nature and the affections of the soul. He pierced the emblematic or spiritual character of the visible, audible, tangible world. Especially did his shade-loving muse hover over and interpret the lower parts of nature; he showed the mysterious bond that allies moral evil to the foul material forms, and has given in epical parables a theory of insanity, of beasts, of unclean and fearful things.

Another sign of our times, also marked by an analogous political movement, is the new importance given to the single person. Everything that tends to insulate the individual,— to surround him with barriers of natural respect, so that each man shall feel the world is his, and man shall treat with man as a sovereign state with a sovereign state,— tends to true union as well as greatness. 'I learned,' said the melancholy Pestalozzi, 'that no man in God's wide earth is either willing or able to help any other man.' Help must come from the bosom alone. The scholar is that man who must take up into himself all the ability of the time, all the contributions of the past, all the hopes of the future. He must be an university of knowledges. If there be one lesson more than another which should pierce his ear, it is, The world is nothing, the man is all; in yourself is the law of all nature, and you know not yet how a globule of sap ascends; in yourself slumbers the whole of Reason; it is for you to know all; it is for you to dare all. Mr. President and Gentlemen, this confidence in the unsearched might of man belongs, by all motives, by all prophecy, by all preparation, to the American Scholar. We have listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe. The spirit of the American freeman is already suspected to be timid, imitative, tame. Public and private avarice make the air we breathe thick and fat. The scholar is decent, indolent, complaisant. See already the tragic consequence. The mind of this country, taught to aim at low objects, eats upon itself. There is no work for any but the decorous and the complaisant. Young men of the fairest promise, who begin life upon our shores, inflated by the mountain winds, shined upon by all the stars of God, find the earth below not in unison with these, but are hindered from action by the disgust which the principles on which business is managed inspire, and turn drudges, or die of disgust; some of them suicides. What is the remedy? They did not yet see, and thousands of young men as hopeful now crowding to the barriers for the career do not yet see, that if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him. Patience,— patience; with the shades of all the good and great for company; and for solace the perspective of your own infinite life; and for work the study and the communication of principles, the making those instincts prevalent, the conversion of the world. Is it not the chief disgrace in the world, not to be an unit; — not to be reckoned one character; — not to yield that peculiar fruit which each man was created to bear, but to be reckoned in the gross, in the hundred, or the thousand, of the party, the section, to which we belong; and our opinion predicted geographically, as the north, or the south? Not so, brothers and friends,— please God, ours shall not be so. We will walk on our own feet; we will work with our own hands; we will speak our own minds. The study of letters shall be no longer a name for pity, for doubt, and for sensual indulgence. The dread of man and the love of man shall be a wall of defense and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men.

The American Scholar,
(1837) 1837.

THE PROBLEM

I like a church; I like a cowl,
I love a prophet of the soul;
And on my heart monastic aisles
Fall like sweet strains, or pensive smiles:
Yet not for all his faith can see
Would I that cowlèd churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,
Which I could not on me endure?

Not from a vain or shallow thought
His awful Jove young Phidias brought;
Never from lips of cunning fell
The thrilling Delphic oracle;
Out from the heart of nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe:
The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;—
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon woodbird's nest
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast?
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,
Painting with morn each annual cell?
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds
To her old leaves new myriads?
Such and so grew these holy piles,
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.
Earth proudly wears the Parthenon,
As the best gem upon her zone,
And Morning opes with haste her lids
To gaze upon the Pyramids;
O'er England's abbeys bends the sky,
As on its friends, with kindred eye;
For out of Thought's interior sphere
These wonders rose to upper air;
And Nature gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass;
Art might obey, but not surpass.
The passive Master lent his hand
To the vast soul that o'er him planned;
And the same power that reared the shrine
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.
Ever the fiery Pentecost
Girds with one flame the countless host,
Trances the heart through chanting choirs,
And through the priest the mind inspires.
The word unto the prophet spoken
Was writ on tables yet unbroken;
The word by seers or sibyls told,
In groves of oak, or fanes of gold,
Still floats upon the morning wind,
Still whispers to the willing mind.
One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost.

I know what say the fathers wise,—
The Book itself before me lies,
Old *Chrysostom*, best Augustine,
And he who blent both in his line,
The younger *Golden Lips* or mines,
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines,
His words are music in my ear,
I see his cowlèd portrait dear;
And yet, for all his faith could see,
I would not the good bishop be.

The Dial, July, 1840.

THE SNOW-STORM

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly,
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.

And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

The Dial, January, 1841.

POLITICS

Gold and Iron are good
To buy iron and gold;
All earth's fleece and food
For their like are sold.
Boded Merlin wise,
Proved Napoleon great,
Nor kind nor coinage buys
Aught above its rate.
Fear, Craft and Avarice
Cannot rear a State.
Out of dust to build
What is more than dust,—
Walls Amphion piled
Phoebus stablish must.
When the Muses nine
With the Virtues meet,
Find to their design
An Atlantic seat,
By green orchard boughs
Fended from the heat,
Where the statesman plows
Furrow for the wheat,—
When the Church is social worth,
When the state-house is the hearth,
Then the perfect State is come,
The republican at home.

From *Essays*, 1844.

SELF-RELIANCE

I read the other day some verses written by an eminent painter which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men,—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what *they* thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the luster of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts; they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him and another none. This sculpture in the memory is not without preëstablished harmony. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely intrusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine providence has found for you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody; all conform to it; so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and emphatic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the parlor what the pit is in the playhouse; independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests: he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him; he does not court you. But the man is as it were clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat* he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who can thus avoid all pledges and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence,— must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, 'What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?' my friend suggested,—'But these impulses may be from below, not from above.' I replied, 'They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil.' No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution; the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if everything were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate

to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, 'Go love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper; be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home.' Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it,— else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to show cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then again, do not tell me, as a good man did today, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots, and the thousand-fold Relief Societies; — though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule. There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world,— as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is for itself and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony.

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force. It loses your time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers,— under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are: and of course so much force is withdrawn from all your proper life. But do your work, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the

grounds of the institution he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four; so that every word they say chagrins us and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime Nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular, which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean the 'foolish face of praise,' the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved but moved by a low usurping wilfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face, with the most disagreeable sensation.

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The by-standers look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversion had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loth to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day.—'Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood.'—Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gage and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza; — read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found symmetrical, though I

mean it not and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

There will be an agreement in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness appeals to the future. If I can be firm enough to-day to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. They shed a united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's eye. Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemera. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it to-day because it is not of to-day. We love it and pay it homage because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us never bow and apologize more. A great man is coming to eat at my house. I do not wish to please him; I wish that he would wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom and trade and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Where he is there is Nature. He measures you and all men and all events. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design; — and posterity seem to follow his steps as a train of clients. A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, Monachism, of the Hermit Antony; the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson. Scipio, Milton called 'the height of Rome;' and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet. Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper in the world which exists for him. But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these. To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, 'Who are you, Sir?' Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will

come out and take possession. The picture waits for my verdict; it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise. That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead-drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason and finds himself a true prince.

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic. In history our imagination plays us false. Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's work; but the things of life are the same to both; the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus? Suppose they were virtuous; did they wear out virtue? As great a stake depends on your private act to-day as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with original views, the luster will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has been instructed by its kings, who have so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the law in his person, was the hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax, without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, of virtue, and of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuitions. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common origin. For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceeds obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceed. We first share the life by which things exist and afterwards see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause. Here is the fountain of action and of thought. Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom and which cannot be denied without impiety and atheism. We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity. When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams. If we ask whence this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, all philosophy is at fault. Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm. Every man discriminates between the voluntary acts of his mind and his involuntary perceptions, and knows that to his involuntary perceptions a perfect faith is due. He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed. My wilful actions and acquisitions are but roving; — the idlest reverie, the faintest native emotion, command my curiosity and respect. Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily; for they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing. But perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind,— although it may chance that no one has seen it before me. For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun.

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps. It must be that when God speaketh he should communi-

cate, not one thing, but all things; should fill the world with his voice; should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the center of the present thought; and new date and new create the whole. Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away, — means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour. All things are made sacred by relation to it,—one as much as another. All things are dissolved to their center by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear. If therefore a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old molded nation in another country, in another world, believe him not. Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fullness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and authority of the soul. Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye makes, but the soul is light: where it is, is day; where it was, is night; and history is an impertinence and an injury if it be anything more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming.

Man is timid and apologetic; he is no longer upright; he dares not say 'I think,' 'I am,' but quotes some saint or sage. He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones; they are for what they are; they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose; it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts; in the full-blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied and it satisfies Nature in all moments alike. But man postpones or remembers; he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with Nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see,— painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let the words go; for at any time they can use words as good when occasion comes. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid; probably cannot be said; for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. That thought by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this. When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or accustomed way; you shall not discern the footprints of any other; you shall not see the face of man; you shall not hear any name; — the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and new. It shall exclude example and experience. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its forgotten ministers. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. There is somewhat low even in hope. In the hour of vision there is nothing that can be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of Truth and Right, and calms itself with knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature, the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea; long intervals of time, years, centuries, are of no account. This which I think and feel underlay every former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie my present, and what is called life and what is called death.

Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases in the instant of repose: it

resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state, in the shooting of the gulf, in the darting to an aim. This one fact the world hates; that the soul *becomes;* for that forever degrades the past, turns all riches to poverty, all reputation to a shame, confounds the saint with the rogue, shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside. Why then do we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is present there will be power not confident but agent. To talk of reliance is a poor external way of speaking. Speak rather of that which relies because it works and is. Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger. Round him I must revolve by the gravitation of spirits. We fancy it rhetoric when we speak of eminent virtue. We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men, plastic and permeable to principles, by the law of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, poets, who are not.

This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this, as on every topic, the resolution of all in the ever-blessed ONE. Self-existence is the attribute of the Supreme Cause, and it constitutes the measure of good by the degree in which it enters into all lower forms. All things real are so by so much virtue as they contain. Commerce, husbandry, hunting, whaling, war, eloquence, personal weight, are somewhat, and engage my respect as examples of its presence and impure action. I see the same law working in nature for conservation and growth. Power is, in nature, the essential measure of right. Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself. The genesis and maturation of a planet, its poise and orbit, the bended tree recovering itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every animal and vegetable, are demonstrations of the self-sufficing and therefore self-relying soul.

Thus all concentrates: let us not rove; let us sit at home with the cause. Let us stun and astonish the intruding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid the invaders take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within. Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune beside our native riches.

But now we are a mob. Man does not stand in awe of man, nor is his genius admonished to stay at home, to put itself in communication with the internal ocean, but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of other men. We must go alone. I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary! So let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood and I all men's. Not for that will I adopt their petulance or folly, even to the extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, climate, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet door and say,—'Come out unto us.' But keep thy state; come not into their confusion. The power men possess to annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act. 'What we love that we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love.'

If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations; let us enter into the state of war and wake Thor and Woden, courage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, 'O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I will have no covenants but proximities. I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife,—but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If

you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I will not hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest, and mine, and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this sound harsh to-day? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine, and if we follow the truth it will bring us out safe at last.— But so may you give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me and do the same thing.

The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antinomianism; and the bold sensualist will use the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven. You may fulfil your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct* or in the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat and dog — whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others!

If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force and do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlor soldiers. We shun the rugged battle of fate, where strength is born.

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined*. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles,* keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always like a cat falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days and feels no shame in not 'Studying a profession,' for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a Stoic open the resources of man and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations; that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries and customs out of the window, we pity him no more but thank and revere him; — and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor and make his name dear to all history.

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance must work a revolution in all the

offices and relations of men; in their religion; in their education; in their pursuits; their modes of living; their association; in their property; in their speculative views.

1. In what prayers do men allow themselves! That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly. Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous. Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious. Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view. It is the soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul. It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good. But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft. It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness. As soon as the man is at one with God, he will not beg. He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends. Caratach, in Fletcher's 'Bonduca,' when admonished to inquire the mind of the god Audate, replies,—

'His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors;
Our valors are our best gods.'

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets. Discontent is the want of self-reliance: it is infirmity of will. Regret calamities if you can thereby help the sufferer; if not, attend your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired. Our sympathy is just as base. We come to them who weep foolishly and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting them once more in communication with their own reason. The secret of fortune is joy in our hands. Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man. For him all doors are flung wide; him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire. Our love goes out to him and embraces him because he did not need it. We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation. The gods love him because men hated him. 'To the persevering mortal,' said Zoroaster, 'the blessed Immortals are swift.'

As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of the intellect. They say with those foolish Israelites, 'Let not God speak to us, lest we die. Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey.' Everywhere I am hindered of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God. Every new mind is a new classification. If it prove a mind of uncommon activity and power, a Locke, a Lavoisier, a Hutton, a Bentham, a Fourier, it imposes its classification on other men, and lo! a new system! In proportion to the depth of the thought, and so to the number of the objects it touches and brings within reach of the pupil, is his complacency. But chiefly is this apparent in creeds and churches, which are also classifications of some powerful mind acting on the elemental thought of duty and man's relation to the Highest. Such is Calvinism, Quakerism, Swedenborgism. The pupil takes the same delight in subordinating everything to the new terminology as a girl who has just learned botany in seeing a new earth and new seasons thereby. It will happen for a time that the pupil will find his intellectual power has grown by the study of his master's mind. But in all unbalanced minds the classification is idolized, passes for the end and not for a speedily exhaustible means, so that the walls of the system blend to their eye in the remote horizon with the walls of the universe; the luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built. They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see,—how you can see; 'It must be somehow that you stole the light from us.' They do not yet perceive that light, unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs. Let them chirp awhile and call it their own. If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too strait and low, will crack, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning.

2. It is for want of self-culture that the superstition of Traveling, whose idols

are Italy, England, Egypt, retains its fascination for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth. In manly hours we feel that duty is our place. The soul is no traveler; the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign lands, he is at home still and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes, the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign and not like an interloper or a valet.

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins.

Traveling is a fool's paradise. Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go.

3. But the rage of traveling is a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but the traveling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our faculties lean, and follow the Past and the Distant. The soul created the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign to repeat itself; but if you can hear what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice; for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Foreworld again.

4. As our Religion, our Education, our Art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves.

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific; but this change is not amelioration. For everything that is

given something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil and a bill of exhange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health of the two men and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveler tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad-ax and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance-office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity, entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of wild virtue. For every Stoic was a Stoic; but in Christendom where is the Christian?

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk. No greater men are now than ever were. A singular equality may be observed between the great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion, and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago. Not in time is the race progressive. Phocion, Socrates, Anaxagoras, Diogenes, are great men, but they leave no class. He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but will be his own man, and in his turn the founder of a sect. The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume and do not invigorate men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good. Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in their fishing-boats as to astonish Parry and Franklin, whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art. Galileo, with an opera-glass, discovered a more splendid series of celestial phenomena than any one since. Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat. It is curious to see the periodical disuse and perishing of means and machinery which were introduced with loud laudation a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor and disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas, 'without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries and carriages, until, in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand-mill and bake his bread himself.'

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation to-day, next year die, and their experience dies with them.

And so the reliance on Property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long that they have come to esteem the religious, learned and civil institutions as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, out of new respect for his nature. Especially he hates what he has if he see that it is accidental, — came to him by inheritance, or gift, or crime; then he feels that it is not having; it does not belong to him, has no root in him and merely lies there because no revolution or no robber takes it away. But that which a man is, does always by necessity acquire; and what the man ac-

quires, is living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man breathes. 'Thy lot or portion of life,' said the Caliph Ali, 'is seeking after thee; therefore be at rest from seeking after it.' Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers. The political parties meet in numerous conventions; the greater the concourse and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms. In like manner the reformers summon conventions and vote and resolve in multitude. Not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse. It is only as a man puts off all foreign support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail. He is weaker by every recruit to his banner. Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and, in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is inborn, that he is weak because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and, so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head.

So use all that is called Fortune. Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls. But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God. In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shall sit hereafter out of fear from her rotations. A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery of your sick or the return of your absent friend, or some other favorable event raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you. Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself. Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles.

Essays, First Series, 1841.

FORBEARANCE

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behavior,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

The Dial, January, 1842.

BRAHMA

If the red slayer thinks he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

Atlantic Monthly, Nov., 1857.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

We meet under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civil society, as the fearful tidings travel over sea, over land, from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind as this has caused, or will cause, on its announcement; and this, not so much because nations are by modern arts brought so closely together, as because of the mysterious hopes and fears which, in the present day, are connected with the name and institutions of America.

In this country, on Saturday, every one

was struck dumb, and saw at first only deep below deep, as he meditated on the ghastly blow. And perhaps, at this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward on its long march through mourning States, on its way to his home in Illinois, we might well be silent, and suffer the awful voices of the time to thunder to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief: the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men; and his work had not perished: but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished burst out into a song of triumph, which even tears for his death cannot keep down.

The President stood before us as a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation; a quite native, aboriginal man, as an acorn from the oak; no aping of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flatboatman, a captain in the Black Hawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural Legislature of Illinois; — on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place. All of us remember,— it is only a history of five or six years,— the surprise and the disappointment of the country at his first nomination by the Convention at Chicago. Mr. Seward, then in the culmination of his good fame, was the favorite of the Eastern States. And when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced (notwithstanding the report of the acclamations of that Convention), we heard the result coldly and sadly. It seemed too rash, on a purely local reputation, to build so grave a trust in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. The profound good opinion which the people of Illinois and the West had conceived of him, and which they had imparted to their colleagues that they also might justify themselves to their constituents at home, was not rash, though they did not begin to know the riches of his worth.

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which it was very easy for him to obey. Then, he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then, it turned out that he was a great worker; had prodigious faculty of performance; worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some disabling quality. In a host of young men that start together and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age, each fails on trial; one by bad health, one by conceit, or by love of pleasure, or lethargy, or an ugly temper, — each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well.

Then, he had a vast good-nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner; affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him when President would have brought to any one else. And how this good-nature became a noble humanity, in many a tragic case which the events of the war brought to him, every one will remember; and with what increasing tenderness he dealt when a whole race was thrown on his compassion. The poor negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, 'Massa Linkum am eberywhere.'

Then his broad good-humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the overdriven brain against rancor and insanity.

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in

the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like Æsop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and, on great occasion, what lofty, and more than national, what humane tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion. This, and one other American speech, that of John Brown to the court that tried him, and a part of Kossuth's speech at Birmingham, can only be compared with each other, and with no fourth.

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good-sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President, at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind mastered the problem of the day; and, as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the Babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is an exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no state secrets; the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be trusted, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befell.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war. Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years,— four years of battle-days,— his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, l stood a heroic figure in the center of heroic epoch. He is the true history the American people in his time. St by step he walked before them; slo with their slowness, quickening his marc by theirs, the true representative of th continent; an entirely public man; fath of his country, the pulse of twenty mi lions throbbing in his heart, the thoug of their minds articulated by his tongu

Adam Smith remarks that the ax, whic in Houbraken's portraits of British kin and worthies is engraved under those wh have suffered at the block, adds a ce tain lofty charm to the picture. And wh does not see, even in this tragedy so r cent, how fast the terror and ruin of th massacre are already burning into glor around the victim? Far happier this fat than to have lived to be wished away to have watched the decay of his ow faculties; to have seen,— perhaps eve he,— the proverbial ingratitude of state men; to have seen mean men preferre Had he not lived long enough to keep th greatest promise that ever man made t his fellow-men,— the practical abolitio of slavery? He had seen Tennessee, Mis souri and Maryland emancipate thei slaves. He had seen Savannah, Charles ton and Richmond surrendered; had see the main army of the rebellion lay dow its arms. He had conquered the publi opinion of Canada, England and France Only Washington can compare with hir in fortune.

And what if it should turn out, in th unfolding of the web, that he had reache the term; that this heroic deliverer coul no longer serve us; that the rebellion ha touched its natural conclusion, and wha remained to be done required new an uncommitted hands,— a new spirit bor out of the ashes of the war; and tha Heaven, wishing to show the world a com pleted benefactor, shall make him serv his country even more by his death tha by his life? Nations, like kings, are no good by facility and complaisance. 'Th kindness of kings consists in justice an strength.' Easy good-nature has been th dangerous foible of the Republic, and i was necessary that its enemies should out rage it, and drive us to unwonted firmness to secure the salvation of this country in the next ages.

The ancients believed in a serene an

beautiful Genius which ruled in the affairs of nations; which, with a slow but stern justice, carried forward the fortunes of certain chosen houses, weeding out single offenders or offending families, and securing at last the firm prosperity of the favorites of Heaven. It was too narrow a view of the Eternal Nemesis. There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called defeat or by what is called victory, thrusts aside enemy and obstruction, crushes everything immoral as inhuman, and obtains the ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everything which resists the moral laws of the world. It makes its own instruments, creates the man for the time, trains him in poverty, inspires his genius, and arms him for his task. It has given every race its own talent, and ordains that only that race which combines perfectly with the virtues of all shall endure.

Boston Commonwealth,
1865 April 29, 1865.

TERMINUS

It is time to be old,
To take in sail:—
The god of bounds,
Who sets to seas a shore,
Came to me in his fatal rounds,
And said: 'No more!
No farther shoot
Thy broad ambitious branches, and thy root.
Fancy departs: no more invent;
Contract thy firmament
To compass of a tent.
There 's not enough for this and that,
Make thy option which of two;
Economize the failing river,
Not the less revere the Giver,
Leave the many and hold the few.
Timely wise accept the terms,
Soften the fall with wary foot;
A little while
Still plan and smile,
And, fault of novel germs,
Mature the unfallen fruit.
Curse, if thou wilt, thy sires,
Bad husbands of their fires,
Who, when they gave thee breath,
Failed to bequeath
The needful sinew stark as once,
The Baresark marrow to thy bones,
But left a legacy of ebbing veins,
Inconstant heat and nerveless reins,—
Amid the Muses, left thee deaf and dumb,
Amid the gladiators, halt and numb.'

As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'

Atlantic Monthly, January,
(1866) 1867.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804–1864)

With Nathaniel Hawthorne the Puritanism of New England, which on its esthetic side had for two centuries lain cold and sterile, burst suddenly into blossom, a pale night blossom as if from old decay and ruin. He had been born in old Salem, Massachusetts, center of the grimmest traditions of Puritanism. One ancestor had been a judge in the witchcraft trials; others had been sea captains in the days when Salem was a leading New England port. In the boyhood of Hawthorne the commerce of the port was dead, the docks were moldering away, and everywhere one felt the sense of a glory departed, of an old regime forever gone. The boy's early training was in accord with his surroundings and his inheritance. His father, a sea captain, had died in South America of fever, and his mother had taken her little four-years'-old son into a seclusion from the world that had its effect upon all his later life. He was fitted for college by a tutor, he spent many months almost alone on a half wild estate of the family in Maine, and, because of this estate, was attracted to the little Maine college of Bowdoin which he entered at length in the same class as Longfellow. Here again his life was shy and solitary. He was much alone pondering over a romance which took shape in his senior year and later was published under the title *Fanshawe*. After his graduation in 1825 he settled again in old Salem without aim or profession, writing, dreaming, wandering about the city at night,— strange career for a healthy young man just out of college. Much that he wrote he burned; some of it he sent to weekly papers to be published in the story columns with never a thought of payment. In 1837 he gathered up some of his old material from newspapers and magazines and annuals and issued it under the title *Twice-Told Tales*,— twice-told since they had already appeared once in magazines or annuals.

But such a life of seclusion without income could not last forever. In 1839 he secured a minor position in the Boston Custom House, remaining until 1841, when, attracted by the new Brook Farm propaganda which everywhere was arousing the thinking men of New England, he went with George Ripley and some fifteen others to the farm which Ripley had bought at West Roxbury and began that community life which forms such a picturesque part of his biography. The following year he left the farm and was married to Miss Sophia Peabody of Salem. The next four years he spent in the Old Manse at Concord leaving it in 1846 to become surveyor of customs at Salem, a post that he secured through his college mate, President Pierce. The spoils system displacing him in 1849, he lived for a time at Lenox, then at West Newton, Massachusetts, and finally in 1852 at Concord where he purchased the Wayside which was to be his permanent home. A year, and again he was on the move. He had been appointed Consul at Liverpool, and in England and on the Continent he lived for the next six years.

His pen had been busy. Before his marriage in 1842 he had published books for children, at least four volumes headed by *Grandfather's Chair*. Now he began to write with more ambitious outlook. In 1842 appeared the second series of *Twice-Told Tales*, in 1846, *Mosses from an Old Manse*, in 1850 *The Scarlet Letter*, and in 1851 *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Wonder Book*, *the Snow Image*, and *True Stories*, and in 1852 *The Blithedale Romance*.

The fruit of Hawthorne's long residence abroad, aside from his note-books published after his death, was *The Marble Faun*, a tale of Italy, 1860, and *Our Old Home*, a series of English studies, 1863. On his return to America he entered upon what he believed was to be the great period of his literary career. He planned romance after romance, some of which like *Septimius Felton*, *The Dolliver Romance*, and *Dr. Grimshawe's Secret* he brought more or less near to completion, but the old skill had left him. Something, a subtle disease perhaps, a mysterious decay which no physician might diagnose, had laid hold upon him. In 1864, hoping that a tour of the White Mountains, which always had been his delight, might restore him, he set out with his old friend, President Pierce, for the valley of the Great Stone Face. But he was destined never to arrive there. He died May 18 at Plymouth, New Hampshire, just at the gateway of the mountains.

At his funeral at Concord his unfinished manuscripts were laid upon his coffin and the poet Longfellow read most feelingly the poem that all now know so well, with its pathetic closing stanza:

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain?
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE

So! I have climbed high, and my reward is small. Here I stand, with wearied knees, earth, indeed, at a dizzy depth below, but heaven far, far beyond me still. O, that I could soar up into the very zenith, where man never breathed, nor eagle ever flew, and where the ethereal azure melts away from the eye, and appears only a deepened shade of nothingness! And yet I shiver at that cold and solitary thought. What clouds are gathering in the golden west, with direful intent against the brightness and warmth of this summer afternoon! They are ponderous air ships, black as death, and freighted with the tempest; and at intervals their thunder, the signal guns of that unearthly squadron, rolls distant along the deep of heaven. These nearer heaps of fleecy vapor — methinks I could roll and toss upon them the whole day long! — seem scattered here and there for the repose of tired pilgrims through the sky. Perhaps — for who can tell? — beautiful spirits are disporting themselves there, and will bless my mortal eye with the brief appearance of their curly locks of golden light, and laughing faces, fair and faint as the people of a rosy dream. Or, where the floating mass so imperfectly obstructs the color of the firmament, a slender foot and fairy limb, resting too heavily upon the frail support, may be thrust through, and suddenly withdrawn, while longing fancy follows them in vain. Yonder again is an airy archipelago, where the sunbeams love to linger in their journeyings through space. Every one of those little clouds has been dipped and steeped in radiance, which the slightest pressure might disengage in silvery profusion, like water wrung from a seamaid's hair. Bright they are as a young man's visions, and, like them, would be realized in chilliness, obscurity, and tears. I will look on them no more.

In three parts of the visible circle, whose center is this spire, I discern cultivated fields, villages, white country-seats, the waving lines of rivulets, little placid lakes, and here and there a rising ground, that would fain be termed a hill. On the fourth side is the sea, stretching away towards a viewless boundary, blue and calm, except where the passing anger of a shadow flits across its surface, and is gone. Hitherward, a broad inlet penetrates far into the land; on the verge of the harbor, formed by its extremity, is a town; and over it am I, a watchman, all-heeding and unheeded. O, that the multitude of chimneys could speak, like those of Madrid, and betray, in smoky whispers, the secrets of all who, since their first foundation, have assembled at the hearths within! O, that the Limping Devil of Le Sage would perch beside me here, extend his wand over this contiguity of roofs, uncover every chamber, and make me familiar with their inhabitants! The most desirable mode of existence might be that of a spiritual Paul Pry, hovering invisible round man and woman, witnessing their deeds, searching into their hearts, borrowing brightness from their felicity and shade from their sorrow, and retaining no emotion peculiar to himself. But none of these things are possible; and if I would know the interior of brick walls, or the mystery of human bosoms, I can but guess.

Yonder is a fair street, extending north and south. The stately mansions are placed each on its carpet of verdant grass, and a long flight of steps extends from every door to the pavement. Ornamental trees — the broad-leafed horse-chestnut, the elm so lofty and bending, the graceful but infrequent willow, and others whereof I know not the names — grow thrivingly among brick and stone. The oblique rays of the sun are intercepted by these green citizens, and by the houses, so that one side of the street is a shaded and pleasant walk. On its whole extent there is now but a single passenger, advancing from the upper end; and he, unless distance and the medium of a pocket spy-glass do him more than justice, is a fine young man of twenty. He saunters slowly forward, slapping his left hand with his folded gloves, bending his eyes upon the pavement, and sometimes raising them to throw a glance before him. Certainly, he has a pensive air. Is he in doubt, or in debt? Is he, if the question be allowable, in love? Does he strive to be melancholy and gentleman-like? Or, is he merely overcome by the heat? But I bid him farewell for the present. The door of one of the houses — an aristocratic edifice, with curtains of purple and gold waving from the windows, is now opened, and down the steps come two ladies, swinging their parasols, and lightly arrayed for a

summer ramble. Both are young, both are pretty, but methinks the left-hand lass is the fairer of the twain; and, though she be so serious at this moment, I could swear that there is a treasure of gentle fun within her. They stand talking a little while upon the steps, and finally proceed up the street. Meantime, as their faces are now turned from me, I may look elsewhere.

Upon that wharf, and down the corresponding street, is a busy contrast to the quiet scene which I have just noticed. Business evidently has its center there, and many a man is wasting the summer afternoon in labor and anxiety, in losing riches or in gaining them, when he would be wiser to flee away to some pleasant country village, or shaded lake in the forest, or wild and cool sea-beach. I see vessels unloading at the wharf, and precious merchandise strewn upon the ground, abundantly as at the bottom of the sea, the market whence no goods return, and where there is no captain nor supercargo to render an account of sales. Here the clerks are diligent with their paper and pencils, and sailors ply the block and tackle that hang over the hold, accompanying their toil with cries, long drawn and roughly melodious, till the bales and puncheons ascend to upper air. At a little distance a group of gentlemen are assembled round the door of a warehouse. Grave seniors be they, and I would wager — if it were safe in these times to be responsible for any one — that the least eminent among them might vie with the old Vicentio, that incomparable trafficker of Pisa. I can even select the wealthiest of the company. It is the elderly personage, in somewhat rusty black, with powdered hair, the superfluous whiteness of which is visible upon the cape of his coat. His twenty ships are wafted on some of their many courses by every breeze that blows, and his name — I will venture to say, though I know it not — is a familiar sound among the far separated merchants of Europe and the Indies.

But I bestow too much of my attention in this quarter. On looking again to the long and shady walk, I perceive that the two fair girls have encountered the young man. After a sort of shyness in the recognition, he turns back with them. Moreover, he has sanctioned my taste in regard to his companions by placing himself on the inner side of the pavement, nearest the Venus to whom I — enacting, on a steeple-top, the part of Paris on the top of Ida — adjudged the golden apple.

In two streets, converging at right angles towards my watch-tower, I distinguish three different processions. One is a proud array of voluntary soldiers, in bright uniform, resembling, from the height whence I look down, the painted veterans that garrison the windows of a toy-shop. And yet, it stirs my heart; their regular advance, their nodding plumes, the sun-flash on their bayonets and musket barrels, the roll of their drums ascending past me, and the fife ever and anon piercing through — these things have wakened a warlike fire, peaceful though I be. Close to their rear marches a battalion of schoolboys, ranged in crooked and irregular platoons, shouldering sticks, thumping a harsh and unripe clatter from an instrument of tin, and ridiculously aping the intricate manœuvers of the foremost band. Nevertheless, as slight differences are scarcely perceptible from a church spire, one might be tempted to ask, 'Which are the boys?'— or rather, 'Which the men?' But, leaving these, let us turn to the third procession, which, though sadder in outward show, may excite identical reflections in the thoughtful mind. It is a funeral. A hearse, drawn by a black and bony steed, and covered by a dusty pall; two or three coaches rumbling over the stones, their drivers half asleep; a dozen couple of careless mourners in their every-day attire; such was not the fashion of our fathers, when they carried a friend to his grave. There is now no doleful clang of the bell to proclaim sorrow to the town. Was the King of Terrors more awful in those days than in our own, that wisdom and philosophy have been able to produce this change? Not so. Here is a proof that he retains his proper majesty. The military men and the military boys are wheeling round the corner, and meet the funeral full in the face. Immediately the drum is silent, all but the tap that regulates each simultaneous footfall. The soldiers yield the path to the dusty hearse and unpretending train, and the children quit their ranks, and cluster on the sidewalks, with timorous and instinctive curiosity. The mourners enter the churchyard at the base of the steeple, and pause by an open grave among

the burial stones; the lightning glimmers on them as they lower down the coffin, and the thunder rattles heavily while they throw the earth upon its lid. Verily, the shower is near, and I tremble for the young man and the girls, who have now disappeared from the long and shady street.

How various are the situations of the people covered by the roofs beneath me, and how diversified are the events at this moment befalling them! The new-born, the aged, the dying, the strong in life, and the recent dead are in the chambers of these many mansions. The full of hope, the happy, the miserable, and the desperate dwell together within the circle of my glance. In some of the houses over which my eyes roam so coldly, guilt is entering into hearts that are still tenanted by a debased and trodden virtue,— guilt is on the very edge of commission, and the impending deed might be averted; guilt is done, and the criminal wonders if it be irrevocable. There are broad thoughts struggling in my mind, and, were I able to give them distinctness, they would make their way in eloquence. Lo! the raindrops are descending.

The clouds, within a little time, have gathered over all the sky, hanging heavily, as if about to drop in one unbroken mass upon the earth. At intervals, the lightning flashes from their brooding hearts, quivers, disappears, and then comes the thunder, traveling slowly after its twin-born flame. A strong wind has sprung up, howls through the darkened streets, and raises the dust in dense bodies, to rebel against the approaching storm. The disbanded soldiers fly, the funeral has already vanished like its dead, and all people hurry homeward — all that have a home; while a few lounge by the corners, or trudge on desperately, at their leisure. In a narrow lane, which communicates with the shady street, I discern the rich old merchant, putting himself to the top of his speed, lest the rain should convert his hair powder to a paste. Unhappy gentleman! By the slow vehemence and painful moderation wherewith he journeys, it is but too evident that Podagra has left its thrilling tenderness in his great toe. But yonder, at a far more rapid pace, come three other of my acquaintance, the two pretty girls and the young man, unseasonably interrupted in their walk. Their footsteps are supported by the risen dust,— the wind lends them its velocity,— they fly like three sea-birds driven landward by the tempestuous breeze. The ladies would not thus rival Atalanta, if they but knew that anyone were at leisure to observe them. Ah! as they hasten onward, laughing in the angry face of nature, a sudden catastrophe has chanced. At the corner where the narrow lane enters the street, they come plump against the old merchant, whose tortoise motion has just brought him to that point. He likes not the sweet encounter; the darkness of the whole air gathers speedily upon his visage, and there is a pause on both sides. Finally, he thrusts aside the youth with little courtesy, seizes an arm of each of the two girls, and plods onward, like a magician with a prize of captive fairies. All this is easy to be understood. How disconsolate the poor lover stands! regardless of the rain that threatens an exceeding damage to his well-fashioned habiliments, till he catches a backward glance of mirth from a bright eye, and turns away with whatever comfort it conveys.

The old man and his daughters are safely housed, and now the storm lets loose its fury. In every dwelling I perceive the faces of the chambermaids as they shut down the windows, excluding the impetuous shower, and shrinking away from the quick, fiery glare. The large drops descend with force upon the slated roofs, and rise again in smoke. There is a rush and roar, as of a river through the air, and muddy streams bubble majestically along the pavement, whirl their dusky foam into the kennel, and disappear beneath iron grates. Thus did Arethusa sink. I love not my station here aloft, in the midst of the tumult which I am powerless to direct or quell, with the blue lightning wrinkling on my brow, and the thunder muttering its first awful syllables in my ear. I will descend. Yet let me give another glance to the sea, where the foam breaks out in long white lines upon a broad expanse of blackness, or boils up in far distant points, like snowy mountain-tops in the eddies of a flood; and let me look once more at the green plain and little hills of the country, over which the giant of the storm is striding in robes of mist, and at the town, whose obscured and desolate streets might beseem a city of the dead; and turning a single moment

to the sky, now gloomy as an author's prospects, I prepare to resume my station on lower earth. But stay! A little speck of azure has widened in the western heavens; the sunbeams find a passage, and go rejoicing through the tempest; and on yonder darkest cloud, born, like hallowed hopes, of the glory of another world and the troubles and tears of this, brightens forth the Rainbow!

(1831) *The Token,* 1831.

DAVID SWAN

A FANTASY

We can be but partially acquainted even with the events which actually influence our course through life, and our final destiny. There are innumerable other events — if such they may be called — which come close upon us, yet pass away without actual results, or even betraying their near approach, by the reflection of any light or shadow across our minds. Could we know all the vicissitudes of our fortunes, life would be too full of hope and fear, exultation or disappointment, to afford us a single hour of true serenity. This idea may be illustrated by a page from the secret history of David Swan.

We have nothing to do with David until we find him, at the age of twenty, on the high road from his native place to the city of Boston, where his uncle, a small dealer in the grocery line, was to take him behind the counter. Be it enough to say that he was a native of New Hampshire, born of respectable parents, and had received an ordinary school education, with a classic finish by a year at Gilmanton Academy. After journeying on foot from sunrise till nearly noon of a summer's day, his weariness and the increasing heat determined him to sit down in the first convenient shade, and await the coming up of the stage-coach. As if planted on purpose for him, there soon appeared a little tuft of maples, with a delightful recess in the midst, and such a fresh, bubbling spring that it seemed never to have sparkled for any wayfarer but David Swan. Virgin or not, he kissed it with his thirsty lips, and then flung himself along the brink, pillowing his head upon some shirts and a pair of pantaloons, tied up in a striped cotton handkerchief. The sunbeams could not reach him; the dust did not yet arise from the road after the heavy rain of yesterday; and his grassy lair suited the young man better than a bed of down. The spring murmured drowsily beside him; the branches waved dreamily across the blue sky overhead; and a deep sleep, perchance hiding dreams within its depths, fell upon David Swan. But we are to relate events which he did not dream of.

While he lay sound asleep in the shade, other people were wide awake, and passed to and fro, afoot, or horseback, and in all sorts of vehicles, along the sunny road by his bedchamber. Some looked neither to the right hand nor the left, and knew not that he was there; some merely glanced that way, without admitting the slumberer among their busy thoughts; some laughed to see how soundly he slept; and several, whose hearts were brimming full of scorn, ejected their venomous superfluity on David Swan. A middle-aged widow, when nobody else was near, thrust her head a little way into the recess, and vowed that the young fellow looked charming in his sleep. A temperance lecturer saw him, and wrought poor David into the texture of his evening's discourse, as an awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside. But censure, praise, merriment, scorn, and indifference were all one, or rather all nothing, to David Swan.

He had slept only a few moments when a brown carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, bowled easily along, and was brought to a standstill nearly in front of David's resting place. A linch-pin had fallen out, and permitted one of the wheels to slide off. The damage was slight, and occasioned merely a momentary alarm to an elderly merchant and his wife, who were returning to Boston in the carriage. While the coachman and a servant were replacing the wheel, the lady and gentleman sheltered themselves beneath the maple-trees, and there espied the bubbling fountain, and David Swan asleep beside it. Impressed with the awe which the humblest sleeper usually sheds around him, the merchant trod as lightly as the gout would allow; and his spouse took heed not to rustle her silk gown, lest David should start up all of a sudden.

'How soundly he sleeps!' whispered the old gentleman. 'From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as

nat, brought on without an opiate, would e worth more to me than half my income; or it would suppose health and an unroubled mind.'

'And youth, besides,' said the lady. Healthy and quiet age does not sleep hus. Our slumber is no more like his han our wakefulness.'

The longer they looked, the more did his elderly couple feel interested in the nknown youth, to whom the wayside and he maple shade were as a secret chamber, vith the rich gloom of damask curtains rooding over him. Perceiving that a tray sunbeam glimmered down upon his face, the lady contrived to twist a branch aside, so as to intercept it. And having done this little act of kindness, she began o feel like a mother to him.

'Providence seems to have laid him here,' whispered she to her husband, 'and o have brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?'

'To what purpose?' said the merchant, hesitating. 'We know nothing of the youth's character.'

'That open countenance!' replied his wife in the same hushed voice, yet earnestly. 'This innocent sleep!'

While these whispers were passing, the sleeper's heart did not throb, nor his breath become agitated, nor his features betray the least token of interest. Yet Fortune was bending over him, just ready to let fall a burden of gold. The old merchant had lost his only son, and had no heir to his wealth except a distant relative, with whose conduct he was dissatisfied. In such cases people sometimes do stranger things than to act the magician, and awaken a young man to splendor who fell asleep in poverty.

'Shall we not awaken him?' repeated the lady persuasively.

'The coach is ready, sir,' said the servant, behind.

The old couple started, reddened, and hurried away, mutually wondering that they should ever have dreamed of doing anything so very ridiculous. The merchant threw himself back in the carriage, and occupied his mind with the plan of a magnificent asylum for unfortunate men of business. Meanwhile, David Swan enjoyed his nap.

The carriage could not have gone above a mile or two; when a pretty young girl came along with a tripping pace, which showed precisely how her little heart was dancing in her bosom. Perhaps it was this merry kind of motion that caused — is there any harm in saying it? — her garter to slip its knot. Conscious that the silken girth — if silk it were — was relaxing its hold, she turned aside into the shelter of the maple-trees, and there found a young man asleep by the spring! Blushing as red as any rose that she should have intruded into a gentleman's bedchamber, and for such a purpose, too, she was about to make her escape on tiptoe. But there was peril near the sleeper. A monster of a bee had been wandering overhead — buzz, buzz, buzz — now among the leaves, now flashing through the strips of sunshine, and now lost in the dark shade, till finally he appeared to be settling on the eyelid of David Swan. The sting of a bee is sometimes deadly. As free hearted as she was innocent, the girl attacked the intruder with her handkerchief, brushed him soundly, and drove him from beneath the maple shade. How sweet a picture! This good deed accomplished, with quickened breath, and a deeper blush, she stole a glance at the youthful stranger for whom she had been battling with a dragon in the air.

'He is handsome!' thought she, and blushed redder yet.

How could it be that no dream of bliss grew so strong within him, that, shattered by its very strength, it should part asunder, and allow him to perceive the girl among its phantoms? Why, at least, did no smile of welcome brighten upon his face? She was come, the maid whose soul, according to the old and beautiful idea, had been severed from his own, and whom, in all his vague but passionate desires, he yearned to meet. Her, only, could he love with a perfect love; him, only, could she receive into the depths of her heart; and now her image was faintly blushing in the fountain by his side; should it pass away, its happy luster would never gleam upon his life again.

'How sound he sleeps!' murmured the girl.

She departed, but did not trip along the road so lightly as when she came.

Now, this girl's father was a thriving country merchant in the neighborhood, and happened, at that identical time, to be

looking out for just such a young man as David Swan. Had David formed a wayside acquaintance with the daughter, he would have become the father's clerk, and all else in natural succession. So here, again, had good fortune — the best of fortunes — stolen so near that her garments brushed against him; and he knew nothing of the matter.

The girl was hardly out of sight when two men turned aside beneath the maple shade. Both had dark faces, set off by cloth caps, which were drawn down aslant over their brows. Their dresses were shabby, yet had a certain smartness. These were a couple of rascals who got their living by whatever the devil sent them, and now, in the interim of other business, had staked the joint profits of their next piece of villany on a game of cards, which was to have been decided here under the trees. But, finding David asleep by the spring, one of the rogues whispered to his fellow,—

'Hist! — Do you see that bundle under his head?'

The other villain nodded, winked, and leered.

'I 'll bet you a horn of brandy,' said the first, 'that the chap has either a pocket-book, or a snug little hoard of small change, stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons pocket.'

'But how if he wakes?' said the other.

His companion thrust aside his waistcoat, pointed to the handle of a dirk, and nodded.

'So be it!' muttered the second villain.

They approached the unconscious David, and, while one pointed the dagger towards his heart, the other began to search the bundle beneath his head. Their two faces, grim, wrinkled, and ghastly with guilt and fear, bent over their victim, looking horrible enough to be mistaken for fiends, should he suddenly awake. Nay, had the villains glanced aside into the spring, even they would hardly have known themselves as reflected there. But David Swan had never worn a more tranquil aspect, even when asleep on his mother's breast.

'I must take away the bundle,' whispered one.

'If he stirs, I 'll strike,' muttered the other.

But, at this moment, a dog, scenting along the ground, came in beneath the maple-trees, and gazed alternately at each of these wicked men, then at the quiet sleeper. He then lapped out of the fountain.

'Pshaw!' said one villain. 'We can do nothing now. The dog's master must be close behind.

'Let 's take a drink and be off,' said the other.

The man with the dagger thrust back the weapon into his bosom, and drew forth a pocket pistol, but not of that kind which kills by a single discharge. It was a flask of liquor, with a block-tin tumbler screwed upon the mouth. Each drank a comfortable dram, and left the spot, with so many jests, and such laughter at their unaccomplished wickedness, that they might be said to have gone on their way rejoicing. In a few hours they had forgotten the whole affair, nor once imagined that the recording angel had written down the crime of murder against their souls, in letters as durable as eternity. As for David Swan, he still slept quietly, neither conscious of the shadow of death when it hung over him, nor of the glow of renewed life when that shadow was withdrawn.

He slept, but no longer so quietly as at first. An hour's repose had snatched from his elastic frame the weariness with which many hours of toil had burdened it. Now, he stirred — now, moved his lips, without a sound — now, talked, in an inward tone, to the noonday specters of his dream. But a noise of wheels came rattling louder and louder along the road, until it dashed through the dispersing mist of David's slumber — and there was the stage-coach. He started up with all his ideas about him.

'Halloo, driver! — take a passenger?' shouted he.

'Room on top!' answered the driver.

Up mounted David, and bowled away merrily towards Boston, without so much as a parting glance at that fountain of dreamlike vicissitude. He knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon its waters — nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur — nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood — all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence that, while viewless and

nexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should till be regularity enough in mortal life to ender foresight even partially available?

The Token, 1837.

THE BIRTHMARK

In the latter part of the last century here lived a man of science, an eminent proficient in every branch of natural philosophy, who not long before our story opens had made experience of a spiritual affinity more attractive than any chemical one. He had left his laboratory to the care of an assistant, cleared his fine countenance from the furnace smoke, washed the stain of acids from his fingers, and persuaded a beautiful woman to become his wife. In those days when the comparatively recent discovery of electricity and other kindred mysteries of Nature seemed to open paths into the region of miracle, it was not unusual for the love of science to rival the love of woman in its depth and absorbing energy. The higher intellect, the imagination, the spirit, and even the heart might all find their congenial aliment in pursuits which, as some of their ardent votaries believed, would ascend from one step of powerful intelligence to another, until the philosopher should lay his hand on the secret of creative force and perhaps make new worlds for himself. We know not whether Aylmer possessed this degree of faith in man's ultimate control over Nature. He had devoted himself, however, too unreservedly to scientific studies ever to be weaned from them by any second passion. His love for his young wife might prove the stronger of the two; but it could only be by intertwining itself with his love of science, and uniting the strength of the latter to his own.

Such a union accordingly took place, and was attended with truly remarkable consequences and a deeply impressive moral. One day, very soon after their marriage, Aylmer sat gazing at his wife with a trouble in his countenance that grew stronger until he spoke.

'Georgiana,' said he, 'has it never occurred to you that the mark upon your cheek might be removed?'

'No, indeed,' said she, smiling; but perceiving the seriousness of his manner, she blushed deeply. 'To tell you the truth it has been so often called a charm that I was simple enough to imagine it might be so.'

'Ah, upon another face perhaps it might,' replied her husband; 'but never on yours. No, dearest Georgiana, you came so nearly perfect from the hand of Nature that this slightest possible defect, which we hesitate whether to term a defect or a beauty, shocks me, as being the visible mark of earthly imperfection.'

'Shocks you, my husband!' cried Georgiana, deeply hurt; at first reddening with momentary anger, but then bursting into tears. 'Then why did you take me from my mother's side? You cannot love what shocks you!'

To explain this conversation it must be mentioned that in the center of Georgiana's left cheek there was a singular mark, deeply interwoven, as it were, with the texture and substance of her face. In the usual state of her complexion — a healthy though delicate bloom — the mark wore a tint of deeper crimson, which imperfectly defined its shape amid the surrounding rosiness. When she blushed it gradually became more indistinct, and finally vanished amid the triumphant rush of blood that bathed the whole cheek with its brilliant glow. But if any shifting motion caused her to turn pale there was the mark again, a crimson stain upon the snow, in what Aylmer sometimes deemed an almost fearful distinctness. Its shape bore not a little similarity to the human hand, though of the smallest pygmy size. Georgiana's lovers were wont to say that some fairy at her birth hour had laid her tiny hand upon the infant's cheek, and left this impress there in token of the magic endowments that were to give her such sway over all hearts. Many a desperate swain would have risked life for the privilege of pressing his lips to the mysterious hand. It must not be concealed, however, that the impression wrought by this fairy sign manual varied exceedingly, according to the difference of temperament in the beholders. Some fastidious persons — but they were exclusively of her own sex — affirmed that the bloody hand, as they chose to call it, quite destroyed the effect of Georgiana's beauty, and rendered her countenance even hideous. But it would be as reasonable to say that one of those small blue

stains which sometimes occur in the purest statuary marble would convert the Eve of Powers to a monster. Masculine observers, if the birthmark did not heighten their admiration, contented themselves with wishing it away, that the world might possess one living specimen of ideal loveliness without the semblance of a flaw. After his marriage,— for he thought little or nothing of the matter before,— Aylmer discovered that this was the case with himself.

Had she been less beautiful,— if Envy's self could have found aught else to sneer at,— he might have felt his affection heightened by the prettiness of this mimic hand, now vaguely portrayed, now lost, now stealing forth again and glimmering to and fro with every pulse of emotion that throbbed within her heart; but seeing her otherwise so perfect, he found this one defect grow more and more intolerable with every moment of their united lives. It was the fatal flaw of humanity which Nature, in one shape or another, stamps ineffaceably on all her productions, either to imply that they are temporary and finite, or that their perfection must be wrought by toil and pain. The crimson hand expressed the ineludible gripe in which mortality clutches the highest and purest of earthly mold, degrading them into kindred with the lowest, and even with the very brutes, like whom their visible frames return to dust. In this manner, selecting it as the symbol of his wife's liability to sin, sorrow, decay, and death, Aylmer's somber imagination was not long in rendering the birthmark a frightful object, causing him more trouble and horror than ever Georgiana's beauty, whether of soul or sense, had given him delight.

At all the seasons which should have been their happiest, he invariably and without intending it, nay, in spite of a purpose to the contrary, reverted to this one disastrous topic. Trifling as it at first appeared, it so connected itself with innumerable trains of thought and modes of feeling that it became the central point of all. With the morning twilight Aylmer opened his eyes upon his wife's face and recognized the symbol of imperfection; and when they sat together at the evening hearth his eyes wandered stealthily to her cheek, and beheld, flickering with the blaze of the wood fire, the spectral hand that wrote mortality where he would fain have worshiped. Georgiana soon learned to shudder at his gaze. It needed but a glance with the peculiar expression that his face often wore to change the roses of her cheek into a deathlike paleness, amid which the crimson hand was brought strongly out, like a bass-relief of ruby on the whitest marble.

Late one night when the lights were growing dim, so as hardly to betray the stain on the poor wife's cheek, she herself, for the first time, voluntarily took up the subject.

'Do you remember, my dear Aylmer,' said she, with a feeble attempt at a smile, 'have you any recollection of a dream last night about this odious hand?'

'None! none whatever!' replied Aylmer, starting; but then he added, in a dry, cold tone, affected for the sake of concealing the real depth of his emotion, 'I might well dream of it; for before I fell asleep it had taken a pretty firm hold of my fancy.'

'And you did dream of it?' continued Georgiana, hastily; for she dreaded lest a gush of tears should interrupt what she had to say. 'A terrible dream! I wonder that you can forget it. Is it possible to forget this one expression?—"It is in her heart now; we must have it out!" Reflect, my husband; for by all means I would have you recall that dream.'

The mind is in a sad state when Sleep, the all-involving, cannot confine her specters within the dim region of her sway, but suffers them to break forth, affrighting this actual life with secrets that perchance belong to a deeper one. Aylmer now remembered his dream. He had fancied himself with his servant Aminadab, attempting an operation for the removal of the birthmark; but the deeper went the knife, the deeper sank the hand, until at length its tiny grasp appeared to have caught hold of Georgiana's heart; whence, however, her husband was inexorably resolved to cut or wrench it away.

When the dream had shaped itself perfectly in his memory, Aylmer sat in his wife's presence with a guilty feeling. Truth often finds its way to the mind close muffled in robes of sleep, and then speaks with uncompromising directness of matters in regard to which we practice an unconscious self-deception during our waking moments. Until now he had no

been aware of the tyrannizing influence acquired by one idea over his mind, and of the lengths which he might find in his heart to go for the sake of giving himself peace.

'Aylmer,' resumed Georgiana, solemnly, 'I know not what may be the cost to both of us to rid me of this fatal birthmark. Perhaps its removal may cause cureless deformity; or it may be the stain goes as deep as life itself. Again: do we know that there is a possibility, on any terms, of unclasping the firm gripe of this little hand which was laid upon me before I came into the world?'

'Dearest Georgiana, I have spent much thought upon the subject,' hastily interrupted Aylmer. 'I am convinced of the perfect practicability of its removal.'

'If there be the remotest possibility of it,' continued Georgiana, 'let the attempt be made at whatever risk. Danger is nothing to me; for life, while this hateful mark makes me the object of your horror and disgust,—life is a burden which I would fling down with joy. Either remove this dreadful hand, or take my wretched life! You have deep science. All the world bears witness of it. You have achieved great wonders. Cannot you remove this little, little mark, which I cover with the tips of two small fingers? Is this beyond your power, for the sake of your own peace, and to save your poor wife from madness?'

'Noblest, dearest, tenderest wife,' cried Aylmer, rapturously, 'doubt not my power. I have already given this matter the deepest thought — thought which might almost have enlightened me to create a being less perfect than yourself. Georgiana, you have led me deeper than ever into the heart of science. I feel myself fully competent to render this dear cheek as faultless as its fellow; and then, most beloved, what will be my triumph when I shall have corrected what Nature left imperfect in her fairest work! Even Pygmalion, when his sculptured woman assumed life, felt not greater ecstasy than mine will be.'

'It is resolved, then,' said Georgiana, faintly smiling. 'And, Aylmer, spare me not, though you should find the birthmark take refuge in my heart at last.'

Her husband tenderly kissed her cheek — her right cheek — not that which bore the impress of the crimson hand.

The next day Aylmer apprised his wife of a plan that he had formed whereby he might have opportunity for the intense thought and constant watchfulness which the proposed operation would require; while Georgiana, likewise, would enjoy the perfect repose essential to its success. They were to seclude themselves in the extensive apartments occupied by Aylmer as a laboratory, and where, during his toilsome youth, he had made discoveries in the elemental powers of Nature that had roused the admiration of all the learned societies in Europe. Seated calmly in this laboratory, the pale philosopher had investigated the secrets of the highest cloud region and of the profoundest mines; he had satisfied himself of the causes that kindled and kept alive the fires of the volcano; and had explained the mystery of fountains, and how it is that they gush forth, some so bright and pure, and others with such rich medicinal virtues, from the dark bosom of the earth. Here, too, at an earlier period, he had studied the wonders of the human frame, and attempted to fathom the very process by which Nature assimilates all her precious influences from earth and air, and from the spiritual world, to create and foster man, her masterpiece. The latter pursuit, however, Aylmer had long laid aside in unwilling recognition of the truth — against which all seekers sooner or later stumble — that our great creative Mother, while she amuses us with apparently working in the broadest sunshine, is yet severely careful to keep her own secrets, and, in spite of her pretended openness, shows us nothing but results. She permits us, indeed, to mar, but seldom to mend, and, like a jealous patentee, on no account to make. Now, however, Aylmer resumed these half-forgotten investigations; not, of course, with such hopes or wishes as first suggested them; but because they involved much physiological truth and lay in the path of his proposed scheme for the treatment of Georgiana.

As he led her over the threshold of the laboratory, Georgiana was cold and tremulous. Aylmer looked cheerfully into her face, with intent to reassure her, but was so startled with the intense glow of the birthmark upon the whiteness of her cheek that he could not restrain a strong convulsive shudder. His wife fainted.

'Aminadab! Aminadab!' shouted Aylmer, stamping violently on the floor.

Forthwith there issued from an inner apartment a man of low stature, but bulky frame, with shaggy hair hanging about his visage, which was grimed with the vapors of the furnace. This personage had been Aylmer's underworker during his whole scientific career, and was admirably fitted for that office by his great mechanical readiness, and the skill with which, while incapable of comprehending a single principle, he executed all the details of his master's experiments. With his vast strength, his shaggy hair, his smoky aspect, and the indescribable earthiness that incrusted him, he seemed to represent man's physical nature; while Aylmer's slender figure, and pale, intellectual face, were no less apt a type of the spiritual element.

'Throw open the door of the boudoir, Aminadab,' said Aylmer, 'and burn a pastil.'

'Yes, master,' answered Aminadab, looking intently at the lifeless form of Georgiana; and then he muttered to himself, 'If she were my wife, I'd never part with that birthmark.'

When Georgiana recovered consciousness she found herself breathing an atmosphere of penetrating fragrance, the gentle potency of which had recalled her from her deathlike faintness. The scene around her looked like enchantment. Aylmer had converted those smoky, dingy, somber rooms, where he had spent his brightest years in recondite pursuits, into a series of beautiful apartments not unfit to be the secluded abode of a lovely woman. The walls were hung with gorgeous curtains, which imparted the combination of grandeur and grace that no other species of adornment can achieve; and as they fell from the ceiling to the floor, their rich and ponderous folds, concealing all angles and straight lines, appeared to shut in the scene from infinite space. For aught Georgiana knew, it might be a pavilion among the clouds. And Aylmer, excluding the sunshine, which would have interfered with his chemical processes, had supplied its place with perfumed lamps, emitting flames of various hue, but all uniting in a soft, impurpled radiance. He now knelt by his wife's side, watching her earnestly, but without alarm; for he was confident in his science, and felt that he could draw a magic circle round her within which no evil might intrude.

'Where am I? Ah, I remember,' said Georgiana, faintly; and she placed her hand over her cheek to hide the terrible mark from her husband's eyes.

'Fear not, dearest!' exclaimed he. 'Do not shrink from me! Believe me, Georgiana, I even rejoice in this single imperfection, since it will be such a rapture to remove it.'

'Oh, spare me!' sadly replied his wife. 'Pray do not look at it again. I never can forget that convulsive shudder.'

In order to soothe Georgiana, and, as it were, to release her mind from the burden of actual things, Aylmer now put in practice some of the light and playful secrets which science had taught him among its profounder lore. Airy figures, absolutely bodiless ideas, and forms of unsubstantial beauty came and danced before her, imprinting their momentary footsteps on beams of light. Though she had some indistinct idea of the method of these optical phenomena, still the illusion was almost perfect enough to warrant the belief that her husband possessed sway over the spiritual world. Then again, when she felt a wish to look forth from her seclusion, immediately, as if her thoughts were answered, the possession of external existence flitted across a screen. The scenery and the figures of actual life were perfectly represented, but with that bewitching, yet indescribable difference which always makes a picture, an image, or a shadow so much more attractive than the original. When wearied of this, Aylmer bade her cast her eyes upon a vessel containing a quantity of earth. She did so, with little interest at first; but was soon startled to perceive the germ of a plant shooting upward from the soil. Then came the slender stalk; the leaves gradually unfolded themselves; and amid them was a perfect and lovely flower.

'It is magical!' cried Georgiana. 'I dare not touch it.'

'Nay, pluck it,' answered Aylmer,—'pluck it, and inhale its brief perfume while you may. The flower will wither in a few moments and leave nothing save its brown seed vessels; but thence may be perpetuated a race as ephemeral as itself.'

But Georgiana had no sooner touched

the flower than the whole plant suffered a blight, its leaves turning coal-black as if by the agency of fire.

'There was too powerful a stimulus,' said Aylmer, thoughtfully.

To make up for this abortive experiment, he proposed to take her portrait by a scientific process of his own invention. It was to be effected by rays of light striking upon a polished plate of metal. Georgiana assented; but, on looking at the result, was affrighted to find the features of the portrait blurred and indefinable; while the minute figure of a hand appeared where the cheek should have been. Aylmer snatched the metallic plate and threw it into a jar of corrosive acid.

Soon, however, he forgot these mortifying failures. In the intervals of study and chemical experiment he came to her flushed and exhausted, but seemed invigorated by her presence, and spoke in glowing language of the resources of his art. He gave a history of the long dynasty of the alchemists, who spent so many ages in quest of the universal solvent by which the golden principle might be elicited from all things vile and base. Aylmer appeared to believe that, by the plainest scientific logic, it was altogether within the limits of possibility to discover this long-sought medium; 'but,' he added, 'a philosopher who should go deep enough to acquire the power would attain too lofty a wisdom to stoop to the exercise of it.' Not less singular were his opinions in regard to the elixir vitæ. He more than intimated that it was at his option to concoct a liquid that should prolong life for years, perhaps interminably; but that it would produce a discord in Nature which all the world, and chiefly the quaffer of the immortal nostrum, would find cause to curse.

'Aylmer, are you in earnest?' asked Georgiana, looking at him with amazement and fear. 'It is terrible to possess such power, or even to dream of possessing it.'

'Oh, do not tremble, my love,' said her husband. 'I would not wrong either you or myself by working such inharmonious effects upon our lives; but I would have you consider how trifling, in comparison, is the skill requisite to remove this little hand.'

At the mention of the birthmark, Georgiana, as usual, shrank as if a red-hot iron had touched her cheek.

Again Aylmer applied himself to his labors. She could hear his voice in the distant furnace room giving directions to Aminadab, whose harsh, uncouth, misshapen tones were audible in response, more like the grunt or growl of a brute than human speech. After hours of absence, Aylmer reappeared and proposed that she should now examine his cabinet of chemical products and natural treasures of the earth. Among the former he showed her a small vial, in which, he remarked, was contained a gentle yet most powerful fragrance, capable of impregnating all the breezes that blow across the kingdom. They were of inestimable value, the contents of that little vial; and, as he said so, he threw some of the perfume into the air and filled the room with piercing and invigorating delight.

'And what is this?' asked Georgiana, pointing to a small crystal globe containing a gold-colored liquid. 'It is so beautiful to the eye that I could imagine it the elixir of life.'

'In one sense it is,' replied Aylmer; 'or, rather, the elixir of immortality. It is the most precious poison that ever was concocted in this world. By its aid I could apportion the lifetime of any mortal at whom you might point your finger. The strength of the dose would determine whether he were to linger out years, or drop dead in the midst of a breath. No king on his guarded throne could keep his life if I, in my private station, should deem that the welfare of millions justified me in depriving him of it.'

'Why do you keep such a terrific drug?' inquired Georgiana in horror.

'Do not mistrust me, dearest,' said her husband, smiling; 'its virtuous potency is yet greater than its harmful one. But see! here is a powerful cosmetic. With a few drops of this in a vase of water, freckles may be washed away as easily as the hands are cleansed. A stronger infusion would take the blood out of the cheek, and leave the rosiest beauty a pale ghost.'

'Is it with this lotion that you intend to bathe my cheek?' asked Georgiana, anxiously.

'Oh, no,' hastily replied her husband; 'this is merely superficial. Your case demands a remedy that shall go deeper.'

In his interviews with Georgiana, Aylmer generally made minute inquiries as to her sensations and whether the confinement of the rooms and the temperature of the atmosphere agreed with her. These questions had such a particular drift that Georgiana began to conjecture that she was already subjected to certain physical influences, either breathed in with the fragrant air or taken with her food. She fancied likewise, but it might be altogether fancy, that there was a stirring up of her system — a strange, indefinite sensation creeping through her veins, and tingling, half painfully, half pleasurably, at her heart. Still, whenever she dared to look into the mirror, there she beheld herself pale as a white rose and with the crimson birthmark stamped upon her cheek. Not even Aylmer now hated it so much as she.

To dispel the tedium of the hours which her husband found it necessary to devote to the processes of combination and analysis, Georgiana turned over the volumes of his scientific library. In many dark old tomes she met with chapters full of romance and poetry. They were the works of the philosophers of the middle ages, such as Albertus Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa, Paracelsus, and the famous friar who created the prophetic Brazen Head. All these antique naturalists stood in advance of their centuries, yet were imbued with some of their credulity, and therefore were believed, and perhaps imagined themselves to have acquired from the investigation of Nature a power above Nature, and from physics a sway over the spiritual world. Hardly less curious and imaginative were the early volumes of the Transactions of the Royal Society, in which the members, knowing little of the limits of natural possibility, were continually recording wonders or proposing methods whereby wonders might be wrought.

But to Georgiana the most engrossing volume was a large folio from her husband's own hand, in which he had recorded every experiment of his scientific career, its original aim, the methods adopted for its development, and its final success or failure, with the circumstances to which either event was attributable. The book, in truth, was both the history and emblem of his ardent, ambitious, imaginative, yet practical and laborious life. He handled physical details as if there were nothing beyond them; yet spiritualized them all, and redeemed himself from materialism by his strong and eager aspiration towards the infinite. In his grasp the veriest clod of earth assumed a soul. Georgiana, as she read, reverenced Aylmer and loved him more profoundly than ever, but with a less entire dependence on his judgment than heretofore. Much as he had accomplished, she could not but observe that his most splendid successes were almost invariably failures, if compared with the ideal at which he aimed. His brightest diamonds were the merest pebbles, and felt to be so by himself, in comparison with the inestimable gems which lay hidden beyond his reach. The volume, rich with achievements that had won renown for its author, was yet as melancholy a record as ever mortal hand had penned. It was the sad confession and continual exemplification of the shortcomings of the composite man, the spirit burdened with clay and working in matter, and of the despair that assails the higher nature at finding itself so miserably thwarted by the earthly part. Perhaps every man of genius in whatever sphere might recognize the image of his own experience in Aylmer's journal.

So deeply did these reflections affect Georgiana that she laid her face upon the open volume and burst into tears. In this situation she was found by her husband.

'It is dangerous to read in a sorcerer's books,' said he with a smile, though his countenance was uneasy and displeased. 'Georgiana, there are pages in that volume which I can scarcely glance over and keep my senses. Take heed lest it prove as detrimental to you.'

'It has made me worship you more than ever,' said she.

'Ah, wait for this one success,' rejoined he, 'then worship me if you will. I shall deem myself hardly unworthy of it. But come, I have sought you for the luxury of your voice. Sing to me, dearest.'

So she poured out the liquid music of her voice to quench the thirst of his spirit. He then took his leave with a boyish exuberance of gaiety, assuring her that her seclusion would endure but a little longer, and that the result was already certain. Scarcely had he departed when Georgiana felt irresistibly impelled to follow him. She had forgotten to inform

Aylmer of a symptom which for two or three hours past had begun to excite her attention. It was a sensation in the fatal birthmark, not painful, but which induced a restlessness throughout her system. Hastening after her husband, she intruded for the first time into the laboratory.

The first thing that struck her eye was the furnace, that hot and feverish worker, with the intense glow of its fire, which by the quantities of soot clustered above it seemed to have been burning for ages. There was a distilling apparatus in full operation. Around the room were retorts, tubes, cylinders, crucibles, and other apparatus of chemical research. An electrical machine stood ready for immediate use. The atmosphere felt oppressively close, and was tainted with gaseous odors which had been tormented forth by the processes of science. The severe and homely simplicity of the apartment, with its naked walls and brick pavement, looked strange, accustomed as Georgiana had become to the fantastic elegance of her boudoir. But what chiefly, indeed almost solely, drew her attention, was the aspect of Aylmer himself.

He was pale as death, anxious and absorbed, and hung over the furnace as if it depended upon his utmost watchfulness whether the liquid which it was distilling should be the draught of immortal happiness or misery. How different from the sanguine and joyous mien that he had assumed for Georgiana's encouragement!

'Carefully now, Aminadab; carefully, thou human machine: carefully, thou man of clay!' muttered Aylmer, more to himself than his assistant. 'Now, if there be a thought too much or too little, it is all over.'

'Ho! ho!' mumbled Aminadab. 'Look, master! look!'

Aylmer raised his eyes hastily, and at first reddened, then grew paler than ever, on beholding Georgiana. He rushed towards her and seized her arm with a gripe that left the print of his fingers upon it.

'Why do you come hither? Have you no trust in your husband?' cried he, impetuously. 'Would you throw the blight of that fatal birthmark over my labors? It is not well done. Go, prying woman, go!'

'Nay, Aylmer,' said Georgiana with the firmness of which she possessed no stinted endowment, 'it is not you that have a right to complain. You mistrust your wife; you have concealed the anxiety with which you watch the development of this experiment. Think not so unworthily of me, my husband. Tell me all the risk we run, and fear not that I shall shrink; for my share in it is far less than your own.'

'No, no, Georgiana!' said Aylmer, impatiently; 'it must not be.'

'I submit,' replied she calmly. 'And, Aylmer, I shall quaff whatever draught you bring me; but it will be on the same principle that would induce me to take a dose of poison if offered by your hand.'

'My noble wife,' said Aylmer, deeply moved; 'I knew not the height and depth of your nature until now. Nothing shall be concealed. Know, then, that this crimson hand, superficial as it seems, has clutched its grasp into your being with a strength of which I had no previous conception. I have already administered agents powerful enough to do aught except to change your entire physical system. Only one thing remains to be tried. If that fail us we are ruined.'

'Why did you hesitate to tell me this?' asked she.

'Because, Georgiana,' said Aylmer, in a low voice, 'there is danger.'

'Danger? There is but one danger — that this horrible stigma shall be left upon my cheek!' cried Georgiana. 'Remove it, remove it, whatever be the cost, or we shall both go mad!'

'Heaven knows your words are too true,' said Aylmer, sadly. 'And now, dearest, return to your boudoir. In a little while all will be tested.'

He conducted her back and took leave of her with a solemn tenderness which spoke far more than his words how much was now at stake. After his departure Georgiana became rapt in musings. She considered the character of Aylmer, and did it completer justice than at any previous moment. Her heart exulted, while it trembled, at his honorable love — so pure and lofty that it would accept nothing less than perfection nor miserably make itself contented with an earthlier nature than he had dreamed of. She felt how much more precious was such a sentiment than that meaner kind which would have borne with the imperfection for her sake, and have been guilty of treason to holy love

by degrading its perfect idea to the level of the actual; and with her whole spirit she prayed that, for a single moment, she might satisfy his highest and deepest conception. Longer than one moment she well knew it could not be; for his spirit was ever on the march, ever ascending, and each instant required something that was beyond the scope of the instant before.

The sound of her husband's footsteps aroused her. He bore a crystal goblet containing a liquor colorless as water, but bright enough to be the draught of immortality. Aylmer was pale; but it seemed rather the consequence of a highly-wrought state of mind and tension of spirit than of fear or doubt.

'The concoction of the draught has been perfect,' said he, in answer to Georgiana's look. 'Unless all my science have deceived me, it cannot fail.'

'Save on your account, my dearest Aylmer,' observed his wife, 'I might wish to put off this birthmark of mortality by relinquishing mortality itself in preference to any other mode. Life is but a sad possession to those who have attained precisely the degree of moral advancement at which I stand. Were I weaker and blinder it might be happiness. Were I stronger, it might be endured hopefully. But, being what I find myself, methinks I am of all mortals the most fit to die.'

'You are fit for heaven without tasting death!' replied her husband. 'But why do we speak of dying? The draught cannot fail. Behold its effect upon this plant.'

On the window seat there stood a geranium diseased with yellow blotches, which had overspread all its leaves. Aylmer poured a small quantity of the liquid upon the soil in which it grew. In a little time, when the roots of the plant had taken up the moisture, the unsightly blotches began to be extinguished in a living verdure.

'There needed no proof,' said Georgiana, quietly. 'Give me the goblet. I joyfully stake all upon your word.'

'Drink, then, thou lofty creature!' exclaimed Aylmer, with fervid admiration. 'There is no taint of imperfection on thy spirit. Thy sensible frame, too, shall soon be all perfect.'

She quaffed the liquid and returned the goblet to his hand.

'It is grateful,' said she with a placid smile. 'Methinks it is like water from a heavenly fountain; for it contains I know not what of unobtrusive fragrance and deliciousness. It allays a feverish thirst that had parched me for many days. Now, dearest, let me sleep. My earthly senses are closing over my spirit like the leaves around the heart of a rose at sunset.'

She spoke the last words with a gentle reluctance, as if it required almost more energy than she could command to pronounce the faint and lingering syllables. Scarcely had they loitered through her lips ere she was lost in slumber. Aylmer sat by her side, watching her aspect with the emotions proper to a man the whole value of whose existence was involved in the process now to be tested. Mingled with this mood, however, was the philosophic investigation characteristic of the man of science. Not the minutest symptom escaped him. A heightened flush of the cheek, a slight irregularity of breath, a quiver of the eyelid, a hardly perceptible tremor through the frame,—such were the details which, as the moments passed, he wrote down in his folio volume. Intense thought had set its stamp upon every previous page of that volume, but the thoughts of years were all concentrated upon the last.

While thus employed, he failed not to gaze often at the fatal hand, and not without a shudder. Yet once, by a strange and unaccountable impulse, he pressed it with his lips. His spirit recoiled, however, in the very act; and Georgiana, out of the midst of her deep sleep, moved uneasily and murmured as if in remonstrance. Again Aylmer resumed his watch. Nor was it without avail. The crimson hand, which at first had been strongly visible upon the marble paleness of Georgiana's cheek, now grew more faintly outlined. She remained not less pale than ever; but the birthmark, with every breath that came and went, lost somewhat of its former distinctness. Its presence had been awful; its departure was more awful still. Watch the stair of the rainbow fading out of the sky, and you will know how that mysterious symbol passed away.

'By Heaven! it is well-nigh gone!' said Aylmer to himself, in almost irrepressible ecstasy. 'I can scarcely trace it now

Success! success! And now it is like the faintest rose color. The lightest flush of blood across her cheek would overcome it. But she is so pale!'

He drew aside the window curtain and suffered the light of natural day to fall into the room and rest upon her cheek. At the same time he heard a gross, hoarse chuckle, which he had long known as his servant Aminadab's expression of delight.

'Ah, clod! ah, earthly mass!' cried Aylmer, laughing in a sort of frenzy, 'you have served me well! Matter and spirit — earth and heaven — have both done their part in this! Laugh, thing of the senses! You have earned the right to laugh.'

These exclamations broke Georgiana's sleep. She slowly unclosed her eyes and gazed into the mirror which her husband had arranged for that purpose. A faint smile flitted over her lips when she recognized how barely perceptible was now that crimson hand which had once blazed forth with such disastrous brilliancy as to scare away all their happiness. But then her eyes sought Aylmer's face with a trouble and anxiety that he could by no means account for.

'My poor Aylmer!' murmured she.

'Poor? Nay, richest, happiest, most favored!' exclaimed he. 'My peerless bride, it is successful! You are perfect!'

'My poor Aylmer,' she repeated, with a more than human tenderness, 'you have aimed loftily; you have done nobly. Do not repent that with so high and pure a feeling, you have rejected the best the earth could offer. Aylmer, dearest Aylmer, I am dying!'

Alas! it was too true! The fatal hand had grappled with the mystery of life, and was the bond by which an angelic spirit kept itself in union with a mortal frame. As the last crimson tint of the birthmark — that sole token of human imperfection — faded from her cheek, the parting breath of the now perfect woman passed into the atmosphere, and her soul, lingering a moment near her husband, took its heavenward flight. Then a hoarse, chuckling laugh was heard again! Thus ever does the gross fatality of earth exult in its invariable triumph over the immortal essence which, in this dim sphere of half development, demands the completeness of a higher state. Yet, had Aylmer reached a profounder wisdom, he need not thus have flung away the happiness which would have woven his mortal life of the selfsame texture with the celestial. The momentary circumstance was too strong for him; he failed to look beyond the shadowy scope of time, and living once for all in eternity, to find the perfect future in the present.

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THE GREAT STONE FACE

One afternoon, when the sun was going down a mother and her little boy sat at the door of their cottage, talking about the Great Stone Face. They had but to lift their eyes, and there it was plainly to be seen, though miles away, with the sunshine brightening all its features.

And what was the Great Stone Face?

Embosomed amongst a family of lofty mountains there was a valley so spacious that it contained many thousand inhabitants. Some of these good people dwelt in log huts, with the black forest all around them, on the steep and difficult hillsides. Others had their homes in comfortable farm-houses, and cultivated the rich soil on the gentle slopes or level surfaces of the valley. Others, again, were congregated into populous villages, where some wild, highland rivulet, tumbling down from its birthplace in the upper mountain region, had been caught and tamed by human cunning and compelled to turn the machinery of cotton-factories. The inhabitants of this valley, in short, were numerous, and of many modes of life. But all of them, grown people and children, had a kind of familiarity with the Great Stone Face, although some possessed the gift of distinguishing this grand natural phenomenon more perfectly than many of their neighbors.

The Great Stone Face, then, was a work of Nature in her mood of majestic playfulness, formed on the perpendicular side of a mountain by some immense rocks, which had been thrown together in such a position as, when viewed at a proper distance, precisely to resemble the features of the human countenance. It seemed as if an enormous giant, or a Titan, had sculptured his own likeness

on the precipice. There was the broad arch of the forehead, a hundred feet in height; the nose, with its long bridge; and the vast lips, which, if they could have spoken, would have rolled their thunder accents from one end of the valley to the other. True it is, that if the spectator approached too near he lost the outline of the gigantic visage, and could discern only a heap of ponderous and gigantic rocks, piled in chaotic ruin one upon another. Retracing his steps, however, the wondrous features would again be seen; and the farther he withdrew from them, the more like a human face, with all its original divinity intact, did they appear; until, as it grew dim in the distance, with the clouds and glorified vapor of the mountains clustering about it, the Great Stone Face seemed positively to be alive.

It was a happy lot for children to grow up to manhood or womanhood with the Great Stone Face before their eyes, for all the features were noble, and the expression was at once grand and sweet, as if it were the glow of a vast, warm heart, that embraced all mankind in its affections, and had room for more. It was an education only to look at it. According to the belief of many people, the valley owed much of its fertility to this benign aspect that was continually beaming over it, illuminating the clouds, and infusing its tenderness into the sunshine.

As we began with saying, a mother and her little boy sat at their cottage-door, gazing at the Great Stone Face, and talking about it. The child's name was Ernest.

'Mother,' said he, while the Titanic visage smiled on him, 'I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very kindly that its voice must needs be pleasant. If I were to see a man with such a face, I should love him dearly.'

'If an old prophecy should come to pass,' answered his mother, 'we may see a man, some time or other, with exactly such a face as that.'

'What prophecy do you mean, dear mother?' eagerly inquired Ernest. 'Pray tell me all about it!'

So his mother told him a story that her own mother had told to her, when she herself was younger than little Ernest; a story, not of things that were past, but of what was yet to come; a story, nevertheless, so very old, that even the Indians, who formerly inhabited this valley, had heard it from their forefathers, to whom, as they affirmed, it had been murmured by the mountain streams, and whispered by the wind among the tree-tops. The purport was, that, at some future day, a child should be born hereabouts, who was destined to become the greatest and noblest personage of his time, and whose countenance, in manhood, should bear an exact resemblance to the Great Stone Face. Not a few old-fashioned people, and young ones likewise, in the ardor of their hopes, still cherished an enduring faith in this old prophecy. But others who had seen more of the world, had watched and waited till they were weary, and had beheld no man with such a face, nor any man that proved to be much greater or nobler than his neighbors, concluded it to be nothing but an idle tale. At all events, the great man of the prophecy had not yet appeared.

'O mother, dear mother!' cried Ernest, clapping his hands above his head, 'I do hope that I shall live to see him!'

His mother was an affectionate and thoughtful woman, and felt that it was wisest not to discourage the generous hopes of her little boy. So she only said to him, 'Perhaps you may.'

And Ernest never forgot the story that his mother told him. It was always in his mind, whenever he looked upon the Great Stone Face. He spent his childhood in the log cottage where he was born, and was dutiful to his mother, and helpful to her in many things, assisting her much with his little hands, and more with his loving heart. In this manner, from a happy yet often pensive child, he grew up to be a mild, quiet, unobtrusive boy, and sun-browned with labor in the fields, but with more intelligence brightening his aspect than is seen in many lads who have been taught at famous schools. Yet Ernest had had no teacher, save only that the Great Stone Face became one to him. When the toil of the day was over, he would gaze at it for hours, until he began to imagine that those vast features recognized him, and gave him a smile of kindness and encouragement, responsive to his own look of veneration. We must not take upon us to affirm that this was a mistake, although the face may have looked no more kindly at Ernest than

at all the world besides. But the secret was, that the boy's tender and confiding simplicity discerned what other people could not see; and thus the love, which was meant for all, became his peculiar portion.

About this time there went a rumor throughout the valley, that the great man, foretold from ages long ago, who was to bear a resemblance to the Great Stone Face, had appeared at last. It seems that, many years before, a young man had migrated from the valley and settled at a distant seaport, where after getting together a little money, he had set up as a shopkeeper. His name — but I could never learn whether it was his real one, or a nickname that had grown out of his habits and success in life — was Cathergold. Being shrewd and active, and endowed by Providence with that inscrutable faculty which develops itself in what the world calls luck, he became an exceedingly rich merchant, and owner of a whole fleet of bulky-bottomed ships. All the countries of the globe appeared to join hands for the mere purpose of adding heap after heap to the mountainous accumulation of this one man's wealth. The cold regions of the north, almost within the gloom and shadow of the Arctic Circle, sent him their tribute in the shape of furs; hot Africa sifted for him the golden sands of her rivers, and gathered up the ivory tusks of her great elephants out of the forests; the East came bringing him the rich shawls, and spices, and teas, and the effulgence of diamonds, and the gleaming purity of large pearls. The ocean, not to be behindhand with the earth, yielded up her mighty whales, that Mr. Gathergold might sell their oil, and make a profit on it. Be the original commodity what it might, it was gold within his grasp. It might be said of him, as of Midas in the fable, that whatever he touched with his finger immediately glistened, and grew yellow, and was changed at once into sterling metal, or, which suited him still better, into piles of coin. And, when Mr. Gathergold had become so very rich that it would have taken him a hundred years only to count his wealth, he bethought himself of his native valley, and resolved to go back thither, and end his days where he was born. With this purpose in view, he sent a skilful architect to build him such a palace as should be fit for a man of his vast wealth to live in.

As I have said above, it had already been rumored in the valley that Mr. Gathergold had turned out to be the prophetic personage so long and vainly looked for, and that his visage was the perfect and undeniable similitude of the Great Stone Face. People were the more ready to believe that this must needs be the fact, when they beheld the splendid edifice that rose, as if by enchantment, on the site of his father's old weather-beaten farmhouse. The exterior was of marble, so dazzlingly white that it seemed as though the whole structure might melt away in the sunshine, like those humbler ones which Mr. Gathergold, in his young playdays, before his fingers were gifted with the touch of transmutation, had been accustomed to build of snow. It had a richly ornamented portico, supported by tall pillars, beneath which was a lofty door, studded with silver knobs, and made of a kind of variegated wood that had been brought from beyond the sea. The windows, from the floor to the ceiling of each stately apartment, were composed, respectively, of but one enormous pane of glass, so transparently pure that it was said to be a finer medium than even the vacant atmosphere. Hardly anybody had been permitted to see the interior of this palace; but it was reported, and with good semblance of truth, to be far more gorgeous than the outside, insomuch that whatever was iron or brass in other houses was silver or gold in this; and Mr. Gathergold's bedchamber, especially, made such a glittering appearance that no ordinary man would have been able to close his eyes there. But, on the other hand, Mr. Gathergold was now so inured to wealth, that perhaps he could not have closed his eyes unless where the gleam of it was certain to find its way beneath his eyelids.

In due time, the mansion was finished; next came the upholsterers, with magnificent furniture; then a whole troop of black and white servants, the harbingers of Mr. Gathergold, who, in his own majestic person, was expected to arrive at sunset. Our friend Ernest, meanwhile, had been deeply stirred by the idea that the great man, the noble man, the man of prophecy, after so many ages of delay, was at length to be made manifest to his

native valley. He knew, boy as he was, that there were a thousand ways in which Mr. Gathergold, with his vast wealth, might transform himself into an angel of beneficence, and assume a control over human affairs as wide and benignant as the smile of the Great Stone Face. Full of faith and hope, Ernest doubted not that what the people said was true, and that now he was to behold the living likeness of those wondrous features on the mountain-side. While the boy was still gazing up the valley, and fancying, as he always did, that the Great Stone Face returned his gaze and looked kindly at him, the rumbling of wheels was heard, approaching swiftly along the winding road.

'Here he comes!' cried a group of people who were assembled to witness the arrival. 'Here comes the great Mr. Gathergold!'

A carriage drawn by four horses dashed round the turn of the road. Within it, thrust partly out of the window, appeared the physiognomy of a little old man, with a skin as yellow as if his own Midas-hand had transmuted it. He had a low forehead, small, sharp eyes, puckered about with innumerable wrinkles, and very thin lips, which he made still thinner by pressing them forcibly together.

'The very image of the Great Stone Face!' shouted the people. 'Sure enough, the old prophecy is true; and here we have the great man come, at last!'

And, what greatly perplexed Ernest, they seemed actually to believe that here was the likeness which they spoke of. By the roadside there chanced to be an old beggar-woman and two little beggar-children, stragglers from some far-off region, who, as the carriage rolled onward, held out their hands and lifted up their doleful voices, most piteously beseeching charity. A yellow claw — the very same that had clawed together so much wealth — poked itself out of the coach-window, and dropped some copper coins upon the ground; so that, though the great man's name seems to have been Gathergold, he might just as suitably have been nicknamed Scattercopper. Still, nevertheless, with an earnest shout, and evidently with as much good faith as ever, the people bellowed,—

'He is the very image of the Great Stone Face!'

But Ernest turned sadly from the wrinkled shrewdness of that sordid visage, and gazed up the valley, where, amid a gathering mist, gilded by the last sunbeams, he could still distinguish those glorious features which had impressed themselves into his soul. Their aspect cheered him. What did the benign lips seem to say?

'He will come! Fear not, Ernest; the man will come!'

The years went on, and Ernest ceased to be a boy. He had grown to be a young man now. He attracted little notice from the other inhabitants of the valley; for they saw nothing remarkable in his way of life, save that, when the labor of the day was over, he still loved to go apart and gaze and meditate upon the Great Stone Face. According to their idea of the matter, it was a folly, indeed, but pardonable, inasmuch as Ernest was industrious, kind, and neighborly, and neglected no duty for the sake of indulging this idle habit. They knew not that the Great Stone Face had become a teacher to him, and that the sentiment which was expressed in it would enlarge the young man's heart, and fill it with wider and deeper sympathies than other hearts. They knew not that thence would come a better wisdom than could be learned from books, and a better life than could be molded on the defaced example of other human lives. Neither did Ernest know that the thoughts and affections which came to him so naturally, in the fields and at the fireside, and wherever he communed with himself, were of a higher tone than those which all men shared with him. A simple soul,— simple as when his mother first taught him the old prophecy,— he beheld the marvelous features beaming adown the valley and still wondered that their human counterpart was so long in making his appearance.

By this time poor Mr. Gathergold was dead and buried; and the oddest part of the matter was, that his wealth, which was the body and spirit of his existence, had disappeared before his death, leaving nothing of him but a living skeleton, covered over with a wrinkled, yellow skin. Since the melting away of his gold, it had been very generally conceded that there was no such striking resemblance, after all, betwixt the ignoble features of the ruined merchant and that majestic

face upon the mountain-side. So the people ceased to honor him during his lifetime, and quietly consigned him to forgetfulness after his decease. Once in a while, it is true, his memory was brought up in connection with the magnificent palace which he had built, and which had long ago been turned into a hotel for the accommodation of strangers, multitudes of whom came every summer to visit that famous natural curiosity, the Great Stone Face. Thus, Mr. Gathergold being discredited and thrown into the shade, the man of prophecy was yet to come.

It so happened that a native-born son of the valley, many years before, had enlisted as a soldier, and, after a great deal of hard fighting, had now become an illustrious commander. Whatever he may be called in history, he was known in camps and on the battlefield under the nickname of Old Blood-and-Thunder. This war-worn veteran, being now infirm with age and wounds, and weary of the turmoil of a military life, and of the roll of the drum and the clangor of the trumpet, that had so long been ringing in his ears, had lately signified a purpose of returning to his native valley, hoping to find repose where he remembered to have left it. The inhabitants, his old neighbors and their grown-up children, were resolved to welcome the renowned warrior with a salute of cannon and a public dinner; and all the more enthusiastically, it being affirmed that now, at last, the likeness of the Great Stone Face had actually appeared. An aide-de-camp of Old Blood-and-Thunder, traveling through the valley, was said to have been struck with the resemblance. Moreover the schoolmates and early acquaintances of the general were ready to testify, on oath, that to the best of their recollection, the aforesaid general had been exceedingly like the majestic image, even when a boy, only that the idea had never occurred to them at that period. Great, therefore, was the excitement throughout the valley; and many people, who had never once thought of glancing at the Great Stone Face for years before, now spent their time in gazing at it, for the sake of knowing exactly how General Blood-and-Thunder looked.

On the day of the great festival, Ernest, with all the other people of the valley, left their work, and proceeded to the spot where the sylvan banquet was prepared. As he approached, the loud voice of the Rev. Dr. Battleblast was heard, beseeching a blessing on the good things set before them, and on the distinguished friend of peace in whose honor they were assembled. The tables were arranged in a cleared space of the woods, shut in by the surrounding trees, except where a vista opened eastward, and afforded a distant view of the Great Stone Face. Over the general's chair, which was a relic from the home of Washington, there was an arch of verdant boughs, with the laurel profusely intermixed, and surmounted by his country's banner, beneath which he had won his victories. Our friend Ernest raised himself on his tip-toes, in hopes to get a glimpse of the celebrated guest; but there was a mighty crowd about the tables anxious to hear the toasts and speeches, and to catch any word that might fall from the general in reply and a volunteer company, doing duty as a guard, pricked ruthlessly with their bayonets at any particularly quiet person among the throng. So Ernest, being of an unobtrusive character, was thrust quite into the background, where he could see no more of Old Blood-and-Thunder's physiognomy than if it had been still blazing on the battle-field. To console himself, he turned towards the Great Stone Face, which, like a faithful and long-remembered friend, looked back and smiled upon him through the vista of the forest. Meantime, however, he could overhear the remarks of various individuals, who were comparing the features of the hero with the face on the distant mountain-side.

'T is the same face, to a hair!' cried one man, cutting a caper for joy.

'Wonderfully like, that 's a fact!' responded another.

'Like! why, I call it Old Blood-and-Thunder himself in a monstrous looking-glass!' cried a third. 'And why not? He 's the greatest man of this or any other age, beyond a doubt.'

And then all three of the speakers gave a great shout, which communicated electricity to the crowd, and called forth a roar from a thousand voices, that went reverberating for miles among the mountains, until you might have supposed that the Great Stone Face had poured its thunder-breath into the cry. All these comments, and this vast enthusiasm,

served the more to interest our friend; nor did he think of questioning that now, at length, the mountain-visage had found its human counterpart. It is true, Ernest had imagined that this long-looked-for personage would appear in the character of a man of peace, uttering wisdom, and doing good, and making people happy. But, taking an habitual breadth of view, with all his simplicity, he contended that Providence should choose its own method of blessing mankind, and could conceive that this great end might be effected even by a warrior and a bloody sword, should inscrutable wisdom see fit to order matters so.

'The general! the general!' was now the cry. 'Hush! silence! Old Blood-and-Thunder's going to make a speech.'

Even so; for, the cloth being removed, the general's health had been drunk amid shouts of applause, and he now stood upon his feet to thank the company. Ernest saw him. There he was, over the shoulders of the crowd, from the two glittering epaulets and embroidered collar upward, beneath the arch of green boughs with intertwined laurel, and the banner drooping as if to shade his brow! And there, too, visible in the same glance, through the vista of the forest, appeared the Great Stone Face! And was there, indeed, such a resemblance as the crowd had testified? Alas, Ernest could not recognize it. He beheld a war-worn and weather-beaten countenance, full of energy, and expressive of an iron will; but the gentle wisdom, the deep, broad, tender sympathies, were altogether wanting in Old Blood-and-Thunder's visage; and even if the Great Stone Face had assumed his look of stern command, the milder traits would still have tempered it.

'This is not the man of prophecy,' sighed Ernest to himself, as he made his way out of the throng. 'And must the world wait longer yet?'

The mists had congregated about the distant mountain-side, and there were seen the grand and awful features of the Great Stone Face, awful but benignant, as if a mighty angel were sitting among the hills and enrobing himself in a cloud-vesture of gold and purple. As he looked, Ernest could hardly believe but that a smile beamed over the whole visage, with a radiance still brightening, although without motion of the lips. It was probably the effect of the western sunshine, melting through the thinly diffused vapors that had swept between him and the object that he gazed at. But — as it always did — the aspect of his marvelous friend made Ernest as hopeful as if he had never hoped in vain.

'Fear not, Ernest,' said his heart, even as if the Great Face were whispering him, —'fear not, Ernest: he will come.'

More years sped swiftly and tranquilly away. Ernest still dwelt in his native valley, and was now a man of middle age. By imperceptible degrees, he had become known among the people. Now, as heretofore, he labored for his bread, and was the same simple-hearted man that he had always been. But he had thought and felt so much, he had given so many of the best hours of his life to unworldly hopes for some great good to mankind, that it seemed as though he had been talking with the angels, and had imbibed a portion of their wisdom unawares. It was visible in the calm and well-considered beneficence of his daily life, the quiet stream of which had made a wide green margin all along its course. Not a day passed by that the world was not the better because this man, humble as he was, had lived. He never stepped aside from his own path, yet would always reach a blessing to his neighbor. Almost involuntarily, too, he had become a preacher. The pure and high simplicity of his thought, which, as one of its manifestations, took shape in the good deeds that dropped silently from his hand, flowed also forth in speech. He uttered truths that wrought upon and molded the lives of those who heard him. His auditors, it may be, never suspected that Ernest, their own neighbor and familiar friend, was more than an ordinary man; least of all did Ernest himself suspect it; but, inevitably as the murmur of a rivulet, came thoughts out of his mouth that no other human lips had spoken.

When the people's minds had had a little time to cool, they were ready enough to acknowledge their mistake in imagining a similarity between General Blood-and-Thunder's truculent physiognomy and the benign visage on the mountain-side. But now, again, there were reports and many paragraphs in the newspapers, affirming that the likeness of the Great

Stone Face had appeared upon the broad shoulders of a certain eminent statesman. He, like Mr. Gathergold and Old Blood-and-Thunder, was a native of the valley, but had left it in his early days, and taken up the trades of law and politics. Instead of the rich man's wealth and the warrior's sword, he had but a tongue, and it was mightier than both together. So wonderfully eloquent was he, that whatever he might choose to say, his auditors had no choice but to believe him; wrong looked like right, and right like wrong; for when it pleased him he could make a kind of illuminated fog with his mere breath, and obscure the natural daylight with it. His tongue, indeed, was a magic instrument; sometimes it rumbled like the thunder; sometimes it warbled like the sweetest music. It was the blast of war,— the song of peace; and it seemed to have a heart in it, when there was no such matter. In good truth, he was a wondrous man; and when his tongue had acquired him all other imaginable success,— when it had been heard in halls of state, and in the course of princes and potentates,— after it had made him known all over the world, even as a voice crying from shore to shore,— it finally persuaded his countrymen to select him for the Presidency. Before this time,— indeed, as soon as he began to grow celebrated,— his admirers had found out the resemblance between him and the Great Stone Face; and so much were they struck by it that throughout the country this distinguished gentleman was known by the name of Old Stony Phiz. The phrase was considered as giving a highly favorable aspect to his political prospects; for, as is likewise the case with the Popedom, nobody ever became President without taking a name other than his own.

While his friends were doing their best to make him President, Old Stony Phiz, as he was called, set out on a visit to the valley where he was born. Of course, he had no other object than to shake hands with his fellow-citizens, and neither thought nor cared about any effect which his progress through the country might have upon the election. Magnificent preparations were made to receive the illustrious statesman; a cavalcade of horsemen set forth to meet him at the boundary line of the State, and all the people left their business and gathered along the wayside to see him pass. Among these was Ernest. Though more than once disappointed, as we have seen, he had such a hopeful and confiding nature, that he was always ready to believe in whatever seemed beautiful and good. He kept his heart continually open, and thus was sure to catch the blessing from on high, when it should come. So now again, as buoyantly as ever, he went forth to behold the likeness of the Great Stone Face.

The cavalcade came prancing along the road, with a great clattering of hoofs and a mighty cloud of dust, which rose up so dense and high that the visage of the mountain-side was completely hidden from Ernest's eyes. All the great men of the neighborhood were there on horseback; militia officers, in uniform; the member of Congress; the sheriff of the county; the editors of newspapers; and many a farmer, too, had mounted his patient steed, with his Sunday coat upon his back. It really was a very brilliant spectacle, especially as there were numerous banners flaunting over the cavalcade, on some of which were gorgeous portraits of the illustrious stateman and the Great Stone Face, smiling familiarly at one another, like two brothers. If the pictures were to be trusted, the mutual resemblance, it must be confessed, was marvelous. We must not forget to mention that there was a band of music, which made the echoes of the mountains ring and reverberate with the loud triumph of its strains; so that airy and soul-thrilling melodies broke out among all the heights and hollows, as if every nook of his native valley had found a voice to welcome the distinguished guest. But the grandest effect was when the far-off mountain precipice flung back the music; for then the Great Stone Face itself seemed to be swelling the triumphant chorus, in acknowledgment that, at length, the man of prophecy was come.

All this while the people were throwing up their hats and shouting, with enthusiasm so contagious that the heart of Ernest kindled up, and he likewise threw up his hat, and shouted, as loudly as the loudest, 'Huzza for the great man! Huzza for Old Stony Phiz!' But as yet he had not seen him.

'Here he is now!' cried those who stood near Ernest. 'There! There! Look at Old Stony Phiz and then at the Old Man

of the Mountain, and see if they are not as like as two twin-brothers!'

In the midst of all this gallant array, came an open barouche, drawn by four white horses; and in the barouche, with his massive head uncovered, sat the illustrious statesman, Old Stony Phiz himself.

'Confess it,' said one of Ernest's neighbors to him, 'the Great Stone Face has met its match at last!'

Now, it must be owned that, at his first glimpse of the countenance which was bowing and smiling from the barouche, Ernest did fancy that there was a resemblance between it and the old familiar face upon the mountain-side. The brow, with its massive depth and loftiness, and all the other features, indeed, were boldly and strongly hewn, as if in emulation of a more than heroic, of a Titanic model. But the sublimity and stateliness, the grand expression of a divine sympathy, that illuminated the mountain visage, and etherealized its ponderous granite substance into spirit, might here be sought in vain. Something had been originally left out, or had departed. And therefore the marvelously gifted statesman had always a weary gloom in the deep caverns of his eyes, as of a child that has outgrown its playthings, or a man of mighty faculties and little aims, whose life, with all its high performances, was vague and empty, because no high purpose had endowed it with reality.

Still Ernest's neighbor was thrusting his elbow into his side, and pressing him for an answer.

'Confess! confess! Is not he the very picture of your Old Man of the Mountain?'

'No!' said Ernest, bluntly, 'I see little or no likeness.'

'Then so much the worse for the Great Stone Face!' answered his neighbor; and again he set up a shout for Old Stony Phiz.

But Ernest turned away, melancholy, and almost despondent; for this was the saddest of his disappointments, to behold a man who might have fulfilled the prophecy, and had not willed to do so. Meantime, the cavalcade, the banners, the music, the barouches swept past him, with the vociferous crowd in the rear, leaving the dust to settle down, and the Great Stone Face to be revealed again, with the grandeur that it had worn for untold centuries.

'Lo, here I am, Ernest!' the benign lips seemed to say. 'I have waited longer than thou, and am not yet weary. Fear not; the man will come.'

The years hurried onward, treading in their haste on one another's heels. And now they began to bring white hairs, and scatter them over the head of Ernest; they made reverend wrinkles across his forehead, and furrows in his cheeks. He was an aged man. But not in vain had he grown old: more than the white hairs on his head were the sage thoughts in his mind; his wrinkles and furrows were inscriptions that Time had graved, and in which he had written legends of wisdom that had been tested by the tenor of a life. And Ernest had ceased to be obscure. Unsought for, undesired, had come the fame which so many seek, and made him known in the great world, beyond the limits of the valley in which he had dwelt so quietly. College professors, and even the active men of cities, came from far to see and converse with Ernest; for the report had gone abroad that this simple husbandman had ideas unlike those of other men, not gained from books, but of a higher tone,—a tranquil and familiar majesty, as if he had been talking with the angels as his daily friends. Whether it were sage, statesman, or philanthropist, Ernest received these visitors with the gentle sincerity that had characterized him from boyhood, and spoke freely with them of whatever came uppermost, or lay deepest in his heart or their own. While they talked together his face would kindle, unawares, and shine upon them, as with a mild evening light. Pensive with the fullness of such discourse, his guests took leave and went their way; and passing up the valley, paused to look at the Great Stone Face, imagining that they had seen its likeness in a human countenance, but could not remember where.

While Ernest had been growing up and growing old, a bountiful Providence had granted a new poet to this earth. He, likewise, was a native of the valley, but had spent the greater part of his life at a distance from that romantic region, pouring out his sweet music amid the bustle and din of cities. Often, however, did the mountains which had been familiar to him in his childhood lift their snowy peaks into

he clear atmosphere of his poetry. Neither was the Great Stone Face forgotten, for the poet had celebrated it in an ode which was grand enough to have been uttered by its own majestic lips. The man of genius, we may say, had come down from heaven with wonderful endowments. If he sang of a mountain, the eyes of all mankind beheld a mightier grandeur reposing on its breast, or soaring to its summit, than had before been seen there. If his theme were a lovely lake, a celestial smile had now been thrown over it, to gleam forever on its surface. If it were the vast old sea, even the deep immensity of its dread bosom seemed to swell the higher, as if moved by the emotions of the song. Thus the world assumed another and a better aspect from the hour that the poet blessed it with his happy eyes. The Creator had bestowed him, as the last best touch to his own handiwork. Creation was not finished till the poet came to interpret, and so complete it.

The effect was no less high and beautiful when his human brethren were the subject of his verse. The man or woman, sordid with the common dust of life, who crossed his daily path, and the little child who played in it, were glorified if he beheld them in his mood of poetic faith. He showed the golden links of the great chain that intertwined them with an angelic kindred; he brought out the hidden traits of a celestial birth that made them worthy of such kin. Some, indeed, there were, who thought to show the soundness of their judgment by affirming that all the beauty and dignity of the natural world existed only in the poet's fancy. Let such men speak for themselves, who undoubtedly appear to have been spawned forth by Nature with a contemptuous bitterness; she having plastered them up out of her refuse stuff, after all the swine were made. As respects all things else, the poet's ideal was the truest truth.

The songs of this poet found their way to Ernest. He read them after his customary toil, seated on the bench before his cottage door, where for such a length of time he had filled his repose with thought, by gazing at the Great Stone Face. And now as he read stanzas that caused the soul to thrill within him, he lifted his eyes to the vast countenance beaming on him so benignantly.

'O majestic friend,' he murmured, addressing the Great Stone Face, 'is not this man worthy to resemble thee?'

The Face seemed to smile, but answered not a word.

Now it happened that the poet, though he dwelt so far away, had not only heard of Ernest, but had meditated much upon his character, until he deemed nothing so desirable as to meet this man, whose untaught wisdom walked hand in hand with the noble simplicity of his life. One summer morning, therefore, he took passage by the railroad, and, in the decline of the afternoon, alighted from the cars at no great distance from Ernest's cottage. The great hotel, which had formerly been the palace of Mr. Gathergold, was close at hand, but the poet, with his carpet-bag on his arm, inquired at once where Ernest dwelt, and was resolved to be accepted as his guest.

Approaching the door, he there found the good old man, holding a volume in his hand, which alternately he read, and then, with a finger between the leaves, looked lovingly at the Great Stone Face.

'Good evening,' said the poet. 'Can you give a traveler a night's lodging?'

'Willingly,' answered Ernest; and then he added, smiling, 'methinks I never saw the Great Stone Face look so hospitably at a stranger.'

The poet sat down on the bench beside him, and he and Ernest talked together. Often had the poet held intercourse with the wittiest and the wisest, but never before with a man like Ernest, whose thoughts and feelings gushed up with such a natural freedom, and who made great truths so familiar by his simple utterance of them. Angels, as had been so often said, seemed to have wrought with him at his labor in the fields; angels seemed to have sat with him by the fireside; and, dwelling with angels as friend with friends, he had imbibed the sublimity of their ideas, and imbued it with the sweet and lowly charm of household words. So thought the poet. And Ernest, on the other hand, was moved and agitated by the living images which the poet flung out of his mind, and which peopled all the air about the cottage door with shapes of beauty, both gay and pensive. The sympathies of these two men instructed them with a profounder sense than either could have attained alone. Their minds ac-

corded into one strain, and made delightful music which neither of them could have claimed as all his own, nor distinguished his own share from the other's. They led one another, as it were, into a high pavilion of their thoughts, so remote, and hitherto so dim, that they had never entered it before, and so beautiful that they desired to be there always.

As Ernest listened to the poet, he imagined that the Great Stone Face was bending forward to listen too. He gazed earnestly into the poet's glowing eyes.

'Who are you, my strangely gifted guest?' he said.

The poet laid his finger on the volume that Ernest had been reading.

'You have read these poems,' said he. 'You know me, then,— for I wrote them.'

Again, and still more earnestly than before, Ernest examined the poet's features; then turned towards the Great Stone Face; then back, with an uncertain aspect, to his guest. But his countenance fell; he shook his head, and sighed.

'Wherefore are you sad?' inquired the poet.

'Because,' replied Ernest, 'all through life I have awaited the fulfilment of a prophecy; and, when I read these poems, I hoped that it might be fulfilled in you.'

'You hoped,' answered the poet, faintly smiling, 'to find in me the likeness of the Great Stone Face. And you are disappointed, as formerly with Mr. Gathergold, and Old Blood-and-Thunder, and Old Stony Phiz. Yes, Ernest, it is my doom. You must add my name to the illustrious three, and record another failure of your hopes. For — in shame and sadness do I speak it, Ernest — I am not worthy to be typified by yonder benign and majestic image.'

'And why?' asked Ernest. He pointed to the volume. 'Are not those thoughts divine?'

'They have a strain of the Divinity,' replied the poet. 'You can hear in them the far-off echo of a heavenly song. But my life, dear Ernest, has not corresponded with my thought. I have had grand dreams, but they have been only dreams, because I have lived — and that, too, by my own choice — among poor and mean realities. Sometimes even — shall I dare to say it? — I lack faith in the grandeur, the beauty, and the goodness, which my own works are said to have made more evident in nature and in human life. Why, then, pure seeker of the good and true, shouldst thou hope to find me in yonder image of the divine?'

The poet spoke sadly, and his eyes were dim with tears. So, likewise, were those of Ernest.

At the hour of sunset, as had long been his frequent custom, Ernest was to discourse to an assemblage of the neighboring inhabitants in the open air. He and the poet, arm in arm, still talking together as they went along, proceeded to the spot. It was a small nook among the hills, with a gray precipice behind, the stern front of which was relieved by the pleasant foliage of many creeping plants, that made a tapestry for the naked rock, by hanging their festoons from all its rugged angles. At a small elevation above the ground, set in a rich framework of verdure, there appeared a niche, spacious enough to admit a human figure, with freedom for such gestures as spontaneously accompany earnest thought and genuine emotion. Into this natural pulpit Ernest ascended, and threw a look of familiar kindness around upon his audience. They stood, or sat, or reclined upon the grass, as seemed good to each, with the departing sunshine falling obliquely over them, and mingling its subdued cheerfulness with the solemnity of a grove of ancient trees, beneath and amid the boughs of which the golden rays were constrained to pass. In another direction was seen the Great Stone Face, with the same cheer, combined with the same solemnity, in its benignant aspect.

Ernest began to speak, giving to the people of what was in his heart and mind. His words had power, because they accorded with his thoughts; and his thoughts had reality and depth, because they harmonized with the life which he had always lived. It was not mere breath that this preacher uttered; they were the words of life, because a life of good deeds and holy love was melted into them. Pearls, pure and rich, had been dissolved into this precious draught. The poet, as he listened, felt that the being and character of Ernest were a nobler strain of poetry than he had ever written. His eyes glistening with tears, he gazed reverentially at the venerable man, and said within himself that never was there an aspect so worthy of a prophet and a sage as that mild, sweet, thoughtful countenance with the glory of

white hair diffused about it. At a distance, but distinctly to be seen, high up in the golden light of the setting sun, appeared the Great Stone Face, with hoary mists around it, like the white hairs around the brow of Ernest. Its look of grand beneficence seemed to embrace the world.

At that moment, in sympathy with a thought which he was about to utter, the face of Ernest assumed a grandeur of expression, so imbued with benevolence, that the poet, by an irresistible impulse, threw his arms aloft, and shouted,—

'Behold! Behold! Ernest is himself the likeness of the Great Stone Face!'

Then all the people looked and saw that what the deep-sighted poet said was true. The prophecy was fulfilled. But Ernest, having finished what he had to say, took the poet's arm, and walked slowly homeward, still hoping that some wiser and better man than himself would by and by appear, bearing a resemblance to the Great Stone Face.

The National Era, Jan. 24, 1850.

PREFACE TO THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

When a writer calls his work a romance, it need hardly be observed that he wishes to claim a certain latitude, both as to its fashion and material, which he would not have felt himself entitled to assume, had he professed to be writing a novel. The latter form of composition is presumed to aim at a very minute fidelity, not merely to the possible, but to the probable and ordinary course of man's experience. The former — while, as a work of art, it must rigidly subject itself to laws, and while it sins unpardonably so far as it may swerve aside from the truth of the human heart — has fairly a right to present that truth under circumstances, to a great extent, of the writer's own choosing or creation. If he thinks fit, also, he may so manage his atmospherical medium as to bring out or mellow the lights, and deepen and enrich the shadows, of the picture. He will be wise, no doubt, to make a very moderate use of the privileges here stated, and, especially, to mingle the marvelous rather as a slight, delicate, and evanescent flavor, than as any portion of the actual substance of the dish offered to the public. He can hardly be said, however, to commit a literary crime, even if he disregard this caution.

In the present work the author has proposed to himself — but with what success, fortunately, it is not for him to judge — to keep undeviatingly within his immunities. The point of view in which this tale comes under the romantic definition lies in the atttempt to connect a by-gone time with the very present that is flitting away from us. It is a legend, prolonging itself, from an epoch now gray in the distance down into our own broad daylight, and bringing along with it some of its legendary mist, which the reader, according to his pleasure, may either disregard or allow it to float almost imperceptibly about the characters and events for the sake of a picturesque effect. The narrative, it may be, is woven of so humble a texture as to require this advantage, and, at the same time, to render it the more difficult of attainment.

Many writers lay very great stress upon some definite moral purpose, at which they profess to aim their works. Not to be deficient in this particular, the author has provided himself with a moral; — the truth, namely, that the wrong-doing of one generation lives into the successive ones, and, divesting itself of every temporary advantage, becomes a pure and uncontrollable mischief; — and he would feel it a singular gratification, if this romance might effectually convince mankind — or, indeed, any one man — of the folly of tumbling down an avalanche of ill-gotten gold, or real estate, on the heads of an unfortunate posterity, thereby to maim and crush them, until the accumulated mass shall be scattered abroad in its original atoms. In good faith, however, he is not sufficiently imaginative to flatter himself with the slightest hope of this kind. When romances do really teach anything, or produce any effective operation, it is usually through a far more subtle process than the ostensible one. The author has considered it hardly worth his while, therefore, relentlessly to impale the story with its moral, as with an iron rod,— or, rather, as by sticking a pin through a butterfly,— thus at once depriving it of life, and causing it to stiffen in an ungainly and unnatural attitude. A high truth, indeed, fairly, finely, and skilfully wrought out, brightening at every step, and crowning the final development of a work of

fiction, may add an artistic glory, but is never any truer, and seldom any more evident, at the last page than at the first.

The reader may perhaps choose to assign an actual locality to the imaginary events of this narrative. If permitted by the historical connection,— which, though slight, was essential to his plan,— the author would very willingly have avoided anything of this nature. Not to speak of other objections, it exposes the romance to an inflexible and exceedingly dangerous species of criticism, by bringing his fancy-pictures almost into positive contact with the realities of the moment. It has been no part of his object, however, to describe local manners, nor in any way to meddle with the characteristics of a community for whom he cherishes a proper respect and a natural regard. He trusts not to be considered as unpardonably offending, by laying out a street that infringes upon nobody's private rights, and appropriating a lot of land which had no visible owner, and building a house, of materials long in use for constructing castles in the air. The personages of the tale — though they give themselves out to be of ancient stability and considerable prominence — are really of the author's own making, or, at all events, of his own mixing; their virtues can shed no luster, nor their defects redound, in the remotest degree, to the discredit of the venerable town of which they profess to be inhabitants. He would be glad, therefore, if — especially in the quarter to which he alludes — the book may be read strictly as a romance, having a great deal more to do with the clouds overhead than with any portion of the actual soil of the County of Essex.

Lenox, January 27, 1851.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS (1806–1867)

The life of Willis invites comparison with that of Longfellow. They were born within a ear of each other in what was then the little provincial city of Portland, Maine; they went arly to college, Willis to Yale and Longfellow to Bowdoin; they completed their education in Europe at a time when to have been in Europe was to be distinguished, Longfellow remaining broad three years from 1826, and Willis four years from 1831; and both upon their return became authorities upon European culture and manners. But here the comparison must cease. Willis arose by leaps and bounds. His scriptural poems had made of him a national figure even efore he left college. He plunged at once into literature as a profession, while Longfellow urned to teaching and scholarship. His apprenticeship he served under Goodrich of Boston as ditor of the most distinctive of the American Annuals, *The Token*, then he stepped into magaine editorship first in Boston, then in New York, where he associated himself with G. P. Morris nd the *New York Mirror*. Here he found himself in his element: the journal catered to the eminine masses of America which demanded the sentimental and the romantic. To them Europe was the home of romance, and it was easy after a time for Willis to persuade the journal o send him on a trip over the route made famous by Byron,— France, Italy, the eastern Mediterranean, Turkey, Germany and England. He was to have $500 down and ten dollars for etters that should give weekly reports of his experience. He kept his agreement to the full; nd then in 1835 in London issued the letters as *Pencillings by the Way* in three volumes. The ook made him at once as famous in England as Washington Irving had been made a decade nd a half earlier by *The Sketch Book*. For a time the London magazines were glad to pay im a guinea a sheet for all he could furnish them and his books were paid for even while they vere in manuscript. When in 1839 Longfellow issued *Hyperion* and *Voices of the Night*, the eginning of his literary work, Willis was everywhere, at home and abroad, acclaimed the leading American poet and *litterateur*, or at least the greatest of the younger group. All through he thirties and even in the forties the American public could read without smiling such judgments as, 'Goethe is the N. P. Willis of Germany,' and 'Willis is the leading American poet of is generation.' Poe, who knew him well, made no such mistake. When his fame was at its height e wrote 'He "pushed himself," went much into the world, made friends with the gentler sex, 'delivered" poetical addresses, wrote "Scriptural" poems, traveled, sought the intimacy of noted women, and got into quarrels with notorious men. All these things served his purpose, — if, indeed, I am right in supposing that he had any purpose at all.'

Poe undoubtedly was right. Time has proved that Willis was a literary adventurer, a journalist who wrote for a brief hour. He served a sentimental age, the age that sang Morris's songs and read the annuals and dreamed of European romance. In the *New York Mirror* and the *Broadway Journal* with which all of his later literary life was connected, he gave the public what it demanded and he worked with haste. Undoubtedly his *Letters from Under a Bridge* written during his brief retirement at his country seat, Glenmary, are his best claim to remembrance. They came from a real enthusiasm for country life,— a passing whim undoubtedly but genuine while it lasted,— and they were written in a leisurely calm that was unusual in the artificial life of their author. Willis was a butterfly that skimmed over a surprising amount of surface and that called forth at every point of his career exclamations of delight and wonder from the superficial throng, but that left behind little that is permanent. He fluttered in a Byronic way over Europe, he alighted for a period in the peaceful regions of rural New York, he fluttered for years up and down Broadway with the ephemeral throng, and then he was seen no more. Only a fragment of his voluminous output is still in print and even that is less and less called for by readers. He is interesting to students of the development of American literature, but that is all.

ABSALOM

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow-leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.

How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gather'd round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full — when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy
Are such a very mockery — how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He pray'd for Israel — and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
Whose love had been his shield — and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom —
For his estranged, misguided Absalom —
The proud, bright being, who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him — for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.
. . . . . .
The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave; and, as the folds
Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
His helm was at his feet: his banner, soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him: and the jeweled hilt,
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested, like mockery, on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

'Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

'Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet '*my father!*' from those dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

'The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung; —
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

'And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!

It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

'And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee: —
And thy dark sin! — Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!'

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.
(1825)

LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE

LETTER XI

The box of Rhenish is no substitute for yourself, dear Doctor, but it was most welcome — partly, perhaps, for the qualities it has in common with the gentleman who should have come in the place of it. The one bottle that has fulfilled its destiny, was worthy to have been sunned on the Rhine and drank on the Susquehannah, and I will never believe that anything can come from you that will not improve upon acquaintance. So I shall treasure the remainder for bright hours. I should have thought it superior even to the Tokay I tasted at Vienna, if other experiments had not apprised me that country life sharpens the universal relish. I think that even the delicacy of the palate is affected by the confused sensations, the turmoil, the vexations of life in town. You will say you have your quiet chambers, where you are as little disturbed by the people around you as I by my grazing herds. But, by your leave, dear Doctor, the fountains of thought (upon which the senses are not a little dependent) will not clear and settle over night, like a well. No — nor in a day, nor in two. You must *live* in the country to possess your bodily sensations as well as your mind, in tranquil control. It is only when you have forgotten streets and rumors and greetings — forgotten the whip of punctuality, and the hours of forced pleasure — only when you have cleansed your ears of the din of trades, the shuffle of feet, the racket of wheels, and coarse voices — only when your own voice, accustomed to contend against discords, falls, through the fragrant air of the country, into its natural modulations, in harmony with the low key upon which runs all the music of nature — only when that part of the world which partook not of the fall of Adam, has had time to affect you with its tranquillity — only then that the dregs of life sink out of sight, and while the soul sees through its depths, like the sun through untroubled water, the senses lose their fever and false energy, and play their part, and no more, in the day's expenditure of time and pulsation.

'Still harping on my daughter,' you will say; and I will allow that I can scarce write a letter to you without shaping it to the end of attracting you to the Susquehannah. At least watch when you begin to grow old, and transplant yourself in time to take root, and then we may do as the trees do — defy the weather till we are separated. The oak itself, if it has grown up with its kindred thick about it, will break if left standing alone; and you and I, dear Doctor, have known the luxury of friends too well, to bear the loneliness of an unsympathizing old age. Friends are not pebbles, lying in every path, but pearls gathered with pain, and rare as they are precious. We spend our youth and manhood in the search and proof of them, and when death has taken his toll, we have too few to scatter — none to throw away. I, for one, will be a miser of mine. I feel the avarice of friendship growing on me with every year — tightening my hold and extending my grasp. Who at sixty is rich in friends? The richest are those who have drawn this wealth of angels around them and spent care and thought on the treasuring. Come, my dear Doctor! I have chosen a spot on one of the loveliest of our bright rivers. Here is all that goes to make an Arcadia, except the friendly dwellers in its shade. I will choose your hill-side, and plant your grove, that the trees at least shall lose no time by your delay. Set

a limit to your ambition, achieve it, and come away. It is terrible to grow old amid the jostle and disrespectful hurry of a crowd. The academy of the philosophers was out of Athens. You cannot fancy Socrates run against, in the market-place. Respect, which grows wild in the fields, requires watching and management in cities. Let us have an old man's Arcady — where we can slide our 'slippered shoon' through groves of our own consecrating, and talk of the world as *without* — ourselves and gay philosophy within. I have strings pulling upon one or two in other lands, who, like ourselves, are not men to let content walk unrecognized in their path. Slowly, but, I think, surely, they are drawing hitherward; and I have chosen places for *their* hearth-stones, too, and shall watch, as I do for you, that the woodman's ax cuts down no tree that would be regretted. If the cords draw well, and death take but his tithe, my shady 'Omega' will soon learn voices to which its echo will for long years be familiar, and the Owaga and Susquehannah will join waters within sight of an *old man's Utopia.*

The first of September, and a frost! The farmers from the hills are mourning over their buckwheat, but the river mist saves all which lay low enough for its white wreath to cover; and mine, though sown on the hillside, is at mist-mark, and so escaped. Nature seems to intend that I shall take kindly to farming, and has spared my first crop even the usual calamities. I have lost but an acre of corn, I think, and that by the crows, who are privileged marauders, welcome at least to build in the Omega and take their tithe without rent-day or molestation. I like their noise, though discordant. It is the *minor* in the anthem of nature — making the gay song of the blackbird, and the merry chirp of the robin and oriel, more gay and cheerier. Then there is a sentiment about the raven *family,* and for Shakspeare's lines and his dear sake I love them,

'Some say the ravens foster forlorn children
The while their own birds famish in their nests.'

The very name of a good deed shall protect them. Who shall say that poetry is a vain art, or that poets are irresponsible for the moral of their verse? For Burns's sake, not ten days since, I beat off my dog from the nest of a field-mouse, and forbade the mowers to cut the grass over her. She has had a poet for her friend, and her thatched roof is sacred. I should not like to hang about the neck of my soul all the evil that, by the last day, shall have had its seed in Byron's poem of the Corsair. It is truer of poetry than of most other matters, that

'More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of.'

But I am slipping into a sermon.

Speaking of music, some one said here the other day, that the mingled hum of the sounds of nature, and the distant murmur of a city, produce, invariably, the note F in music. The voices of all tune, the blacksmith's anvil and the wandering organ, the church-bells and the dustman's, the choir and the cart-wheel, the widow's cry and the bride's laugh, the prisoner's clanking chain and the schoolboy's noise at play — at the height of the church-steeple *are one!* It is all F, two hundred feet in air! The swallow can outsoar both our joys and miseries, and the lark — what are they in his chamber of the sun! If you have any unhappiness at the moment of receiving this letter, dear Doctor, try this bit of philosophy. It's all F where the bird flies! You have no wings to get there, you say, but your mind has more than six of the cherubim, and in your mind lies the grief you would be rid of. As Cæsar says,

'By all the gods the Romans bow before
I here discard *my* sickness.'

I 'll be above F, and let troubles hang below. What a twopenny matter it makes of all our cares and vexations. I 'll find a boy to climb to the top of a tall pine I have, and tie me up a white flag, which shall be above high-sorrow-mark henceforth. I will neither be elated or grieved without looking at it. It floats at 'F,' where it is *all one!* Why, it will be a castle in the air, indeed — impregnable to unrest. Why not, dear Doctor! Why should we not set up a reminder that our sorrows are only so deep — that the lees are but at the bottom, and there is good wine at the top — that there is an at-

mosphere but a little above us where our sorrows melt into our joys! No man need be unhappy who can see a grasshopper on a church vane.

It is surprising how mere a matter of animal spirits is the generation of many of our bluest devils; and it is more surprising that we have neither the memory to recall the trifles that have put them to the flight, nor the resolution to combat their approach. A man will be ready to hang himself in the morning for an annoyance that he has the best reason to know would scarce give him a thought at night. Even a dinner is a doughty devil-queller. How true is the apology of Menenius when Coriolanus had repelled his friend!

'He had not dined.
The veins unfilled, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning; are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we have stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood,
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts. Therefore I 'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request.'

I have recovered my spirits ere now by a friend's asking me what was the matter. One seems to want but the suggestion, the presence of mind, the expressed wish, to be happy any day. My white flag shall serve me that good end! 'Tut, man!' it shall say, 'your grief is not grief where I am! Send your imagination this high to be whitewashed!'

Our weather to-day is a leaf out of October's book, soft, yet invigorating. The harvest-moon seems to have forgotten her mantle last night, for there lies on the landscape a haze, that to be so delicate, should be born of moonlight. The boys report plenty of deer-tracks in the woods close by us, and the neighbors tell me they browse in troops on my buckwheat by the light of the moon. Let them! I have neither trap nor gun on my premises, and Shakspeare shall be *their* sentinel too. At least, no Robin or Diggory shall shoot them without complaint of damage; though if you were here, dear Doctor, I should most likely borrow a gun, and lie down with you in the buckwheat to see you bring down the fattest. And so do our partialities modify our benevolence. I fear I should compound for a visit by the slaughter of the whole herd. Perhaps you will come to shoot deer, and with that pleasant hope I will close my letter.

(1838) *New York Mirror,* 1839.

THE WHITE CHIP HAT

I pass'd her one day in a hurry,
When late for the Post with a letter—
I think near the corner of Murray—
And up rose my heart as I met her!
I ne'er saw a parasol handled
So like to a duchess's doing—
I ne'er saw a slighter foot sandall'd,
Or so fit to exhale in the shoeing—
Lovely thing!

Surprising!—one woman can dish us
So many rare sweets up together!
Tournure absolutely delicious—
Chip hat without flower or feather—
Well-gloved and enchantingly bodiced,
Her waist like the cup of a lily—
And an air, that, while daintily modest,
Repell'd both the saucy and silly—
Quite the thing!

For such a rare wonder you 'll say, sir,
There 's reason in straining one's tether—
And, to see her again in Broadway, sir,
Who would not be lavish of leather!
I met her again, and as *you* know
I 'm sage as old Voltaire at Ferney—
But I said a bad word—for my Juno
Look'd sweet on a sneaking attorney—
Horrid thing!

Away flies the dream I had nourish'd—
My castles like mockery fall, sir!
And, now, the fine airs that she flourish'd
Seem varnish and crockery all, sir!
The bright cup that angels might handle
Turns earthy when fingered by asses—
And the star that 'swaps' light with a candle
Thenceforth for a pennyworth passes!—
Not the thing!

Before 1839.

TO HELEN IN A HUFF

Nay, lady, one frown is enough
In a life as soon over as this—
And though minutes seem long in a huff,
They 're minutes 'tis pity to miss!

The smiles you imprison so lightly
Are reckon'd, like days in eclipse;
And though you may smile again brightly,
You 've lost so much light from your lips
Pray, lady, smile!

The cup that is longest untasted
May be with our bliss running o'er,
And, love, when we will, we have wasted
An age in not loving before!
Perchance Cupid's forging a fetter
To tie us together some day,
And just for the chance, we had better
Be laying up love, I should say!
Nay, lady, smile!

Before 1839.

UNSEEN SPIRITS

The shadows lay along Broadway,
'Twas near the twilight tide,
And slowly there a lady fair
Was walking in her pride.
Along walked she; but, viewlessly,
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace charmed the street beneath her feet
And Honor charmed the air;
And all astir looked kind on her,
And called her good as fair,
For all God ever gave to her
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare
From lovers warm and true,
For her heart was cold to all but gold,
And the rich came not to woo—
But honored well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.

Now walking there was one more fair—
A slight girl, lily pale;
And she had unseen company
To make the spirit quail:
'Twixt Want and Scorn she walked forlorn,
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way!—
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven
By man is cursed alway!

New York Mirror, July 29, 1843.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS (1806–1870)

The most voluminous and versatile of the writers of the South was William Gilmore Simms whom Trent in his biography credits with eighty volumes, eighteen of them books of poetry, thirty-five of them fiction, the rest miscellany ranging from Shakespearian criticism to local history and biography, and in addition upwards of two hundred and fifty contributions to magazines and annuals. He was a native of Charleston, South Carolina, and except for a few visits to the North and the South-west, spent his life on a plantation near Midway, seventy-two miles from the city of his birth. Poverty molded his early years. His mother died in his childhood and his father, a sad, embittered man, plunged into the western wilderness leaving his son to relatives who could give him only the most meager education. He worked at length as a druggist, and then began the 'reading' of law, and for a time even practiced that profession, but in some unaccountable way his whole soul had early been turned to dreams of literature. He issued his first book of poems in 1825, his second, 'Lyrical and Other Poems,' in 1827, and from this last date for forty years he may be said to have given himself unreservedly to literature. He edited magazines, he wrote poetry and dramas, he poured out a profusion of novels and romances, visiting the North often to superintend their production, and his name was found in all the magazines and annuals. He became the leader of that little group,— Hayne, Timrod, and the rest,— who are known as the Charleston School, and who in 1857, the initial year of *The Atlantic Monthly*, founded *Russell's Magazine*, the most distinctive literary periodical the South has yet given to American Literature.

The last years of Simms's life were full of suffering and even tragedy. His sons and his wife died, his home and his magnificent library were swept away by the war, he was plunged into poverty and spent his last years at times in actual want. Of his enormous literary output little to-day survives. His poetry, which he fondly hoped was to live, is completely forgotten, and his long set of novels have been reduced to two little-read volumes, *The Yemassee*, a Cooper-like tale of Indian life, and *The Partisan*, a spirited narrative of the days of the 'Swamp fox' and of Tarleton's cruel attempt to subjugate the South. He wrote too much. He lacked patience and the power of self-criticism; his tales are improvisations, often graphic and stirring, but lacking reserve and the deeper notes that are evolved only by genius. He deserves praise for his insistence upon native themes for his work. While many were looking across the ocean for their backgrounds and their inspiration, Simms worked wholly with American materials, with the traditions and the history and the local color of his native South.

THE PARTISAN

CHAPTER XLIII

'Then came the cloud, the arrowy storm of war,
The fatal stroke, the wild and whizzing shot,
Seeking a victim — the close strife, the groan,
And the shrill cry of writhing agony.'

If everything was doubtful and uncertain in the camp of Gates, the state of things was very different in that of Cornwallis. That able commander knew his ground, his own men, and the confidence and the weakness alike of his enemy. That weakness, that unhappy confidence, were his security and strength. His own force numbered little over two thousand men; but they were tried soldiers, veterans in the British southern army, and familiar with their officers. The troops of Gates — two thirds of them at least — had never once seen service; and the greater number only now for the first time knew and beheld their commander. They had heard of his renown, however, and this secured their confidence. It had an effect far more dangerous upon his officers; for, if it did not secure their confidence also, it made them scrupulous in their suggestions of counsel to one who, from the outset, seemed to have gone forth with the determination of rivaling the rapidity, as well as the immensity, of Cæsar's victories. To come, to see, to conquer, was the aim of Gates; forgetting, that while Cæsar

commanded the Roman legion, Horatio Gates was required *first to teach* the American militia.

Cornwallis seems perfectly to have understood his man. They are said to have once seen foreign service together; if so, the earl had studied him with no little success. He now availed himself of the rashness of his opponent; and, though inferior in numbers, went forth to meet him. We have seen their first encounter, where Gates, contrary to the advice of his best officers, commenced a march after nightfall; requiring of undrilled militia the most novel and difficult evolutions in the dark. Having felt his enemy, and perceived, from the weight of Colonel Porterfield's infantry fire, that the whole force of the Americans was at hand, Cornwallis drew in his army, which had been in marching order when the encounter began; and, changing his line to suit the new form of events, proceeded to make other arrangements for the dawning.

The firing was still continued, in the advance, though materially diminished and still diminishing, when Cornwallis gave the orders to recall his forces. The order was a timely one. In that moment the advance of Porterfield was pressing heavily upon the British van, and driving it before them. The mutual orders of the two generals, both dreading to risk the controversy on a struggle so unexpectedly begun, closed the affair for the night.

Dismounting beneath a clump of trees, Cornwallis called around him a council of his officers. The tall, portly form of the earl rose loftily in the midst of all, with a cool, quiet dignity, that indicated command. His face was one of much expression, and spoke a character of great firmness and quick resolve. His features were bold and imposing; his cheeks full and broad, nose prominent, forehead rather broad than high, his lips not thin, but closely fitting. His eye had in it just enough of the kindling of battle to enliven features which otherwise would have appeared more imperious than intelligent. His carriage was manly, and marked by all the ease of the courtier. Standing erect, with his hand lightly resting on the hilt of his sword, and looking earnestly around him on his several officers as they made their appearance — a dozen lightwood torches flaming in the hands of the guards around him — his presence was majestic and noble. Yet there was something in his features, which, if no sanguinary, at least indicated well tha indifference to human life, that atrocious hardihood of deed, which a severe justice would describe as crime, and which marked too many of his doings in the South. His looks did not belie that callosity of soul which could doom his fellow men, by dozens, to the gallows — the accusation unproven against them, and their own defense utterly unheard.

Besides him, conspicuous, though neither tall nor commanding in person stood one to whom the references of Cornwallis were made with a degree of familiarity not often manifested by the commander. His person was of the middle size, rather slender than full, but of figure well made, admirably set, and in its movements marked alike by ease and strength. He was muscular and bony — though not enough so to command particular attention on this account. The face alone spoke, and it was a face to be remembered. It was rather pale and thin, but well chiselled; and the mouth was particularly small and beautiful. Its expression was girlish in the extreme, and would have been held to indicate effeminancy as the characteristic of its owner, but for its even quiet, its immobility, its calm indifference of expression. The nose was good, but neither long nor large: it comported well with the expression of the mouth. But it was the eye that spoke; and its slightest look was earnestness. Every glance seemed sent forth upon some especial mission — every look had its object. Its movements, unlike those of the lips, were rapid and irregular. His hair was light and unpowdered; worn, singularly enough, at that period, without the usual tie, and entirely free from the vile pomatum which disfigured the fashionable heads of the upper classes. His steel cap and waving plume were carried in his hand; and he stood, silent but observing, beside Cornwallis, as Lord Rawdon, followed by the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, and other officers, came up to the conference. The warrior we have endeavored briefly to describe, was one whose name, for a time, was well calculated to awaken in the souls of the Southern whigs, an equal feeling of hate and dread. He was the notorious Colonel Tarleton, the very wing of the British invading army: a person,

riking and commanding in aspect, gentle id dignified in deportment, calm and even his general temper; but fierce and forard in war, sanguinary in victory, deghting in blood, and impatient always ıtil he beheld it flowing.

Webster, equally if not more brave than arleton, and certainly a far better officer, ore a better character for mercy in the uthern warfare. His worth to his own my was equally great, and there is no ich odium coupled with his exploits, as aded and stained the very best of Tarle-n's. His celebrity with the one, never otained for him any unhappy notoriety ith the other.

'The enemy is in force before us, gen-emen,' said Cornwallis, abruptly — 'so ur prisoners tell us. These confirm the eports of the Marylander, Hughson. The ebels come, as we could wish them, fairly ıto our clutches.'

'The fact would seem to be fully con-rmed, my lord, by the severity of their re from the infantry on the left. Such n advance guard would at once speak or the presence of their entire army.'

This was the remark of Webster. here was a pause of a moment, in which ornwallis appeared to consult a memor-ndum in his hand. He spoke at length Tarleton.

'What horse was the report of Hugh-on?'

'Armand's only — some sixty-five, your xcellency.'

'And their late reinforcement of Vir-inians?'

'A perfect, but single regiment.'

''Tis odds, gentlemen, large odds against s, if these reports be true. The lines of Maryland and Delaware — good troops hese — the Virginia troops, the North Carolinians, and native militia, make up ive thousand men at least — full five thou-and — for the rebel army. Ours is not hree.'

'But quite enough, my lord,' was the prompt but measured language of Tarle-on. 'The rebel militia are mere carrion, alf starved; and, DeKalb's continentals lone excepted, will not stand a second ire. We shall ride over them.'

'Aye, Tarleton — you will ride over hem when our bayonets have first given ou a clear track,' said Webster.

'Which you will soon do,' was the equally cool but ready response of the other. 'They have come into our clutches, to employ the phrase of your excellency; it will be our fault if we do not close our claws upon them. Half starved, and perfectly undrilled, they will offer little obstacle. The novelty of situation, alone, is always terror enough for these militia. It is such a terror as they never get over until the third trial. This is the first, with at least two thirds of this hodge-podge army. We must see that they do not get to a second.'

'There spoke the saber,' said Rawdon, playfully.

'It should never speak twice,' responded Tarleton, without a smile; 'dead rebels never bite.'

'No, but they howl most cursedly before they die, as you should know, Tarleton, above all others. We hear the echoes even now from the Waxhaws, where your sabers told upon Buford's regiment,' said Rawdon.

'Aye, that was a sad business, Bannister, though, to be sure, you could not well help it,' was the additional remark of Cornwallis, who yet looked approvingly upon the person whom he thus partially censured. Tarleton simply smiled; his thin lips slightly parting, and exhibiting a brief glimpse of the closed teeth, as he replied —

'Better they should howl than hurt; their bark is music; their bite might be something worse. I am content to bear the reproach, so long as our good sovereign reaps the benefit; and will always prefer to amputate the vicious member that we cannot so surely heal.'

'Our wish is for the fight, gentlemen,' said Cornwallis; 'my own opinion insists upon it as the preferable measure. They outnumber us, it is true; but I feel satisfied we can outfight them. Whether we can or not, I think, at least, we should try for it. We gain everything by victory; delay increases their force; and even without defeat, makes the difficulty of conquest with us so much the greater. The suggestion of Tarleton is one also of importance. The rebels are half starved men; their provisions have been unequal to their wants, and unsatisfactory, for some time past. Disease, too — so we learn from Hughson — has thinned them greatly; and in every possible aspect, our condition imperiously calls for fight. This is my opinion.'

'And mine,' responded Tarleton slowly, letting down his saber, which rattled quiveringly in the sheath with the stroke. The same opinion was expressed by Rawdon, Webster, and the rest; the resolve for fight was unanimous. Cornwallis then proceeded to arrange his army in order of battle. They displayed in one line, completely occupying the ground, one flank resting on a swamp, the other on a slight ravine which ran parallel with, and near it. The infantry of the reserve, dividing equally, took post in a second line, opposite the center of each wing. The cavalry, commanded by Tarleton, held the road, where the left of the right wing met the volunteers of Ireland, a corps which, thus placed, formed the right of the left wing. On the right, Lieutenant-Colonel Webster was placed in command. To Colonel Lord Rawdon the left was assigned. Two six and two three-pounders, under Lieutenant M'Leod, were placed in the front line, and two other pieces with the reserve.

The arrangement of this force, though at midnight, so perfectly drilled and well experienced had they been, was the movement of machines rather than of men. Every step was taken under the eyes of superior officers — every cannon found its assigned place with a niceness, admirably contrasting with the confusion which is supposed to belong to battle. Each soldier, before the dawn, had his supply of rum provided him; and officers and men, resolute and ready, held their places in order of battle, anxiously awaiting the approaching daylight.

The American army was formed with similar precision, and at the same hour. The second brigade of Maryland, with the regiment of Delaware, under General Gist, took the right; the brigade of North Carolina militia, led by Caswell, the center; that of Virginia, under Stevens, the left. The first Maryland brigade was formed in reserve, under General Smallwood. Major-General Baron DeKalb, charged with the line of battle, took post on the right, while Gates, superintending the whole, as general-in-chief, placed himself on the road between the line and the reserve. To each brigade a due proportion of artillery was allotted; but the wing of an army — the horse — was utterly wanting to that of Gates. The cavalry of Armand, defeated at the first encounter of the night, is thought, by some of the simple countrymen who witnessed their rapidity, to be flying to this very day.

Gates's line of battle has been criticised, with the rest of his proceedings, in this unhappy campaign. His arrangements placed the Virginia militia, an untried body, which had never before seen service, on the left, a disposition which necessarily put them in front of the enemy's right, consisting of his veterans. The better course would certainly have been to have thrown the continentals, our regulars, upon the left; by which arrangement the best men of both armies must have encountered. This was the plan of Lincoln in previous events, and certainly that plan most conformable to, and indeed called for by, the circumstances of the case. The flank of the American, like that of the British Army, rested upon a morass; and, thus disposed, it awaited upon the ground, and in the given order, for the first glimpses of daylight and the enemy.

With the dawn of day the British were discovered in front, in column, and on the advance. This was communicated to the adjutant-general, Williams, who soon distinguished the British uniform about two hundred yards before him. Immediately ordering the batteries to be opened upon them, he rode to General Gates, who was in the rear of the second line, and informed him of what had been done, communicating his opinion, at the same time, that the enemy were displaying their column by the right; but still nothing was clear enough in the proceedings of the opposite army for certainty on either side. Gates heard him attentively, but gave no orders, and seemed disposed to await the progress of events; upon which the adjutant-general presumed upon a farther suggestion.

'Does not your excellency think that if the enemy were attacked briskly by Stevens, while in the act of deploying, the effect —'

'Yes, sir,' said Gates, hurriedly interrupting him; 'that 's right — let it be done, sir.'

These were almost the last orders given by the unhappy commander. Quick as thought, Williams seized the commission, and, readily obedient, General Stevens advanced with his brigade to the charge; all seemingly in fine spirits. But the instructions came too late — the evolution of the

enemy was complete; they were already in line, and prepared to receive the attack.

But this did not alter the determination either of Stevens or the adjutant. Assigning a force of fifty men to the latter to commence the action by firing from the cover of trees as riflemen, in the hope to extort the premature fire of the British, Stevens cried out to his brigade, as he saw the enemy's column moving down upon him in front —

'Courage, my men, and charge — charge home! You have bayonets as well as they.'

His words were drowned and lost in the wild huzzas and the fierce onset of the opposing British, who fired as they came on, with their pieces in rest for the charge of bayonets. The militia was seized with a panic, and, in spite of all the efforts of the gallant Stevens, could not be persuaded either to stand the charge or to return the fire. A few only stood with their leader. The great majority, throwing away their loaded arms, fled in every direction; and, catching from them the unworthy panic, the North Carolinians — a single regiment under Colonel Dixon alone excepted — followed the shameful example.

In vain did Stevens and Caswell endeavor to stem the torrent of retreat. The fugitives were not to be restrained; and sought, in desperate flight, for that safety which flight seldom gives, and which it most certainly denied to them. They broke through the line, leaving the right still firm, and pressing down upon the reserve, disordered them completely while passing through the ranks, which were already partially demoralized. Panic is one of those indescribable things upon which comment is usually wasted. Its contagious operation is sufficiently understood, if the cause be unexplainable. Gates was sufficiently experienced in war to understand his danger. He beheld it at a glance. His blind vanity had led to the disaster. It no longer deceived him as to its consequences. From the place where he stood he beheld the disaster with emotions, wild, staggering, humbling in the last degree, and which almost left him wholly without resource. He had only the native courage of his heart to fall back upon; he could only seek now to lead them into the thickest waves of danger. His hair withered to the very roots as he surveyed the rout. Through the crowd, the torrent of confusion, with head uncovered and gray locks flying in the wind, he darted headlong, and his voice hoarsely rose over all the sounds of battle, as he strove, with incoherent cries, to arrest the flood, and bring back to order his panic-borne and broken battalions.

'Stand! — stay — turn! Whither would you fly — why fly, men of Virginia? Am I not here to lead you back — to lead you to victory? Turn, cowards, for shame's sake, for the sake of your country. There is no danger. The battle is yours, if you will but make it a single effort. Back with me. Shame not yourselves, your state, your country! Shame not these gray hairs, my countrymen. I entreat — I implore — I command you, turn, and strike but a single blow — deliver but another volley. Behold! I myself will lead you to victory!'

He might as well have spoken to the winds, wild and headlong in the autumnal equinox. He might as well have spoken to the floods, loosed from the bonds of the deep, and mounting in foaming mountains above the shores. They heard not — they heeded none of his exhortations — his cries, his entreaties, his curses. He threw himself amidst the fugitives. He smote fiercely among them with bared sword, striking as if among foes only, and all in vain. Never were efforts more honestly, but idly made, to compel the flying militiamen back to the ranks which they had broken, and the standards which they had dishonored. Then, too late, were the evil effects beheld of that recklessly forward march which had considered none of their necessities, and had allowed its commander no time to win the confidence of his people. His was an *unaccustomed* voice; and in this lies half the cause of militia panics generally. The voice of a favorite leader would not have been unheard at such a moment; and even then the field might have been recovered — the victory might have been won. But Gates's was not the voice to effect this object. He shouted, implored, raged; and was never heard. In his fury, smiting down a refractory soldier who offered much more defiance to his general than he had done to the British bayonets, he vented his indignation in a torrent of oaths.

'Villains! cowards! wretched cowards! Why will you fly? Turn for shame! For

your country, for me, turn upon your enemy, and deliver but one fire — strike but one blow. Turn about, I say — turn, you d—d rascals, turn!'

His exhortations and oaths were equally in vain. The panic had become a madness — drunk, deaf, delirious, insensible to all influences but the one governing terror which beheld danger on all sides, without the resolution to encounter it on any. The torrent bore the unfortunate general along with it; the rush of numbers was no longer resistible; and as, despairing at last of bringing them back, he sought to turn about himself, in order, with the resolution of despair, to throw himself into the thick of the struggle, where it was carried on still between the continentals and the British, a tall sergeant who was hurrying away with the rest, and who had just coolness enough to endeavor to oppose a courage greater than his own, did not hesitate, with one slash of his saber, to cut the bridle of Gates's horse, and set the animal free to a flight which he naturally followed with the fugitives. Free from all control, the fiery steed of the general, spite of all his efforts, and seeming to share in the common panic, darted along upon the route, pursued by the flying mass, as madly as the rest. Gates had now seen all of the battle which he was destined to see. His hair whitened as he flew. The sting of shame was in his soul — his sense was bewildered — maddened. He would have thrown himself from the horse, but he was prevented by those about him; and overwhelmed with despair and humiliation, which clung to him ever afterwards through life, to its weary close, the unfortunate general was borne away from the conflict which no generalship now could possibly retrieve.

Meanwhile, the battle still raged fiercely in certain portions of the field. The British were not suffered to sweep the plain without paying the price of honorable victory. Flushed with the successes which they had won, they rushed forward on all hands to lay the final sickle to the harvest; but their onward course of conquest was arrested for a season by the steady front and unyielding nerve of the continentals under DeKalb. The main battle was yet to be fought. Accustomed to previous encounters, the brave division which was led by the German Baron had too frequently smelt gunpowder to be greatly moved by the panics of militiamen; and their courage rose in due degree with their isolation. They beheld the rout with little or no emotion, save that of indignation. The panic touched not them. As for the sturdy veteran at their head, it only brought out his best resources, and in showing him the extent of his danger, elevated his soul to a due sense of the resolution which was needed for its encounter. He saw that the field before him was that of his last conflict; that it would be impossible, with his small division, to make head against the concentrated attack of all the forces of the British; but he was firm in his decision to exact from his enemy the fullest price of conquest.

'Stand your ground, my brave fellows,' he cried, as, with uncovered head, he rode calmly along through the smoke and danger — 'stand your ground, brave men, and do no shame to your officers. You have a name to preserve unsullied, and a country to save from tyranny. Be resolute for both, and we may yet win our best laurels from this day's struggle!'

They received his speech with cheers.

'Colonel Dixon,' said he, addressing the officer in command of the only regiment of North Carolinians who kept their places in the line — 'Colonel Dixon, close up and feel the Maryland regiment.'

It was done handsomely. Surveying the prospect as he rode, in one of those pauses of the storm that indicate the accumulation of the masses for new thunders, and seeing that his flank, which had been exposed by the desertion of the militia, was now partly covered, the noble veteran prepared to take the initiative, and to anticipate, by his own, the charge of the British. His orders to this effect were delivered with the tone of true valor. His decision was the only course left him for comparative safety, and was that of a sound experience. To have simply received the assault, with the full momentum upon him of the rushing masses of the enemy, would probably have been the annihilation of his division. He alighted from his horse, resolved to share with his infantry the full perils of his next movement, and turned the beast loose in the rear, to seek safety where he might. The well trained charger wheeled about with the platoons, and subsequently went into the charge with the rest, as if his bridle had been governed by the will of a rider.

DeKalb, meanwhile, took his place in the ranks with his men; then with clear shrill voice, his sword stretched and flaming out along the pathway to be traversed, he gave command for the last terrible movement.

The loud, clear order to 'charge bayonets!'—uttered in the imperfect tones of the foreigner—was heard distinctly along the line. It ruled over all the sounds in the confusion of the strife. It found its generous echo in the hearts of all the brave fellows in that devoted phalanx. They seemed to have caught his spirit—they certainly shared in his resolution. Without a moment's hesitation, the whole line advanced as a single man. Shouting with wild hurrahs as they pressed forward, the little space which separated them from the enemy's left, commanded by Rawdon, was soon compassed; and, once more, the opposing torrents were mingled together in the shock of battle. The rival muskets were crossed, their bayonets linked, and for a few seconds the opposing armies reeled to and fro, like so many limb-locked and coherent bodies; but the rush, and the enthusiasm of the charge of DeKalb, were, for the moment, irresistible, and Rawdon fell back beneath it.

'Where is the commander-in-chief?' cried DeKalb, in a fierce voice, as he beheld the adjutant-general, Williams, advancing with his own, the 6th Maryland, having actually driven the enemy out of line in front.

'Gone!' was the single word with which he announced to the old soldier the isolation of his continentals.

'On, then, on!' was the immediate shout of DeKalb; 'look not to the right, nor to the left, brave men—but on! You are alone: your own steel must work out your safety. Charge! on! Press them out of the field: Ha! Ha! Cold steel, my brave fellows. Cold steel!'

And as the brave division, with serried arms, rolled forward upon the receding foes, the baron murmured—'Oh, for another column, to keep what these fine fellows have won!—Charge! Cold steel! Cold steel! Give them no time to breathe!'

A group—officers and soldiers—British and American—was seen struggling in front. An officer was down; a squad of soldiers were seeking to despatch him, and two others were unequally contending against them with their swords. The wounded officer was an American.

'Again—once more, my brave fellows—once again—through them to the hearts of the enemy—charge—charge!' was the fierce order of DeKalb, in his imperfect English; 'through them, and stop for nothing!'

'But the officers are ours—they are aides to the general,' cried Brigadier Gist, in the hope to arrest the desperate charge of DeKalb, and save the Americans.

'And we are men!' was the response—'what are these officers to us? Onward! over them, brave men—once more to the hearts of the enemy!'

The group sought to disperse; the assailing soldiers fled away, leaving the wounded officer, and those who had been fighting in his behalf, alone, before the charging squadrons.

'Hold!' cried Colonel Walton, for it was he, advancing as he spoke—'hold, I pray you, Baron DeKalb! we are your friends—'

'On then—to the enemy!' cried DeKalb, unheeding the exhortation; and, filled with his own fury—the fury of desperation—the advancing line resolutely obeyed him. The wounded man, and those who stood beside him, must have been crushed, or gone along with the pressing line; and the moment was, therefore, full of peril to the group. Presenting his sword to his advancing countrymen, Colonel Walton cried to the wounded officer, who lay almost senseless at his feet—

'I will share your fate, Pinckney, if I cannot divert it. I stand by you to the last. Hold, Americans! What madness is this?—we are friends!—would you trample us down?'

'On with us, then!' fiercely cried DeKalb, 'on with us, if you are friends! We know you not otherwise.'

'He is too much wounded,' cried Walton, pointing to the insensible officer.

'This is no time, sir, to regard the dead or the wounded. The field is covered with both; shall we lose all for one man—officer or soldier? On with us, Colonel Walton—there is no help else. On!'

It was the last command of DeKalb, who was already severely wounded. In that moment the fierce onset of the continentals was arrested. A new obstacle, in

a murderous fire from the right, restrained their progress. This was from Webster. Having thoroughly defeated the American left, he was now free to turn his strength upon the isolated continentals. This small, resolute, and now compact body, had moved forward irresistibly. The fierce spirit of its commander seemed to have been shared equally with his men; and, though every step which they took was with the loss of numbers, they had ceaselessly continued to advance — the fire of the British left and center still telling dreadfully upon them, but without shaking their inflexible and reckless charge.

The sudden movement of Webster upon their flanks first arrested their progress. He turned the whole force of his infantry, together with the twenty-third regiment, upon the exposed flank of the first, or Smallwood's brigade. This had been commanded bravely by Colonel Gunby, and other of its officers, the general himself not being available for some time before. The shock of Webster's charge upon this body was irresistible; they reeled and broke beneath it. They were rallied, and once more stood the assault. They stood, however, but to perish; and it was found impossible to contend longer with the vastly superior and fresh force from the British reserve which was now brought to bear upon them.

This shock, and the effect of Webster's assault, at this critical moment, saved the life of Walton and that of his wounded friend, Major Pinckney. The fierce command of DeKalb was no longer obeyed by the flank regiment, now compelled to combat with another enemy. They faced Webster; and Walton found himself on the extreme left, instead of being in front of the body which, a moment before, had been ordered to pass over him. In another instant, the line reeled beyond him; he saw the enemy pressing on, and he rushed to the front of the retreating division of Americans. Again they were brought to a stand; again the impelling bayonets of Webster drove them backward; and while they yet strove bravely, at the will of their officers, to unite more compactly together for the final conflict, the shrill voice of Tarleton was heard upon the left. Then came the rush of his dragoons; the sweeping saber darting a terrible light on every hand, and giving the final impetus to that panic which needed but little to be complete throughout the army.

'Spare! oh, spare the Baron DeKalb' was a cry of anguish that went up from the center of the line. It was doubly agonizing, as the accents were uttered evidently by a foreign tongue. Walton looked but an instant in the direction where lay the old veteran, feebly striving still to contend with the numbers who were now pressing upon him. The Chevalier Du Buysson, a faithful friend, stood over him, vainly endeavoring to protect him by the interposition of his own body. His piteous cry — 'Spare the baron, spare the Baron DeKalb!' had little or no avail.

Eleven wounds already testified to the reckless courage of the veteran, and the earnestness with which he had done battle to the last for the liberties of a foreign people. The bayonet was again lifted above him to strike, when Colonel Walton pressed forward to his relief. But, with the movement, he was himself overthrown — himself exposed to the bayonet of the enemy. He threw up his sword and parried the first stroke of the weapon, which glanced down and struck deeply in the grass beside him. Another pinned him by his sleeve to the spot; and his career the next moment would probably have been ended, but for the timely appearance of Colonel Tarleton himself. His order was effectual, and Walton tendered his his sword.

'You have saved my life, sir: my name is Colonel Walton.'

The lips of Tarleton wore something of a smiling expression, as, returning the weapon, he transferred his prisoner to the guardianship of two of his troopers. The expression of his face, so smiling, yet so sinister in its smile, surprised Walton, but he was soon taught to understand it.

The battle ceased with the fall of DeKalb. It had been hopeless long before. Turning his eyes gloomily from the thick confusion of the field, Colonel Walton moved away with his conductors, while Tarleton, with his eye kindled with fight and a lip that seemed quivering with its pleasurable convulsions, led his cavalry in pursuit of the fugitives, marking his progress for twenty-two miles from the field of battle with proofs of that sanguinary appetite for blood, which formed the lead

ing feature of his character, according to history and tradition, in all the fields of Carolina.

CHAPTER XLIV

'A stubborn knave, you may not trust or tame
Go, bear him to the block! The biting ax
Shall teach him quiet hence.'

The victory was complete in all respects. The army of Gates was dispersed — that general, a melancholy wanderer, hopeless of fortune, and with a proper self-rebuke, dreading the opinion of his country. The loss of the Americans in this battle was heavy. Of the continentals but six hundred escaped; and as their number was but nine hundred in all, they necessarily lost, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, one third of their entire force. The whole number slain of the American army must have been six hundred men — a large proportion, in a small body of three thousand and fifty-two. The loss admitted by the British commander was three hundred killed and wounded — an amount certainly unexaggerated, and showing conclusively what must have been the result of the contest had the militia done their duty,— had they but stood the first round,— had they but returned the fire of the foe. The continentals alone bore the brunt of the conflict, and they were victorious until isolated and overborne by numbers.

The prisoners, among whom is included Colonel Walton, were roped by the command of Tarleton, and formed not the least imposing portion of the triumphal procession of the victor, on his return to Camden. DeKalb died a few days after in the arms of DuBuysson, his aide. His last words were of eulogy upon the gallant troops whom he had so well trained, and who, justifying his avowed confidence in them, had stood by him, in the previous struggle, to the last.

'My brave division!'

These, in broken accents and imperfect English, were his last words. While expiring, his eye blazed up for a moment, as if the ardor of the strife were again burning in his soul, and then its light went out forever. His name can never be erased from the history, nor his memory forgotten by the people in whose cause he perished.

A different fate awaited the other prisoners, to many of whom a like death would have been a glad reprieve. The vindictive feelings of Lord Cornwallis were yet to be satisfied. The banquet of blood which the late battle had afforded, had quickened and made ravenous the appetite, which, at the same time, it had failed to satisfy. There was much in the circumstances of the period to provoke this appetite in the British commander, though nothing to justify its satiation to the gross extent to which it carried him. He had seen much of his good labors in the province entirely overturned. Deeming the country utterly conquered, such had been the amount of his communications to his king. The work had now to be begun anew. The country, so lately peaceable and submissive, was now everywhere in arms. The swamps on every side of him began to swarm with enemies; and his own victory over Gates and the continentals, though unqualified and conclusive, was burdened with tidings of the performances of Sumter on the Wateree, of Marion on Black river, and of many other leaders, not so distinguished as these, but highly promising for the future in the small successes of the beginning. These tidings gave just cause of irritation to the mind, which, having first flattered itself with an idea of its complete success, now discovers that all its labors have been taken in vain. He grew vindictive in consequence, and, persuading himself that a terrible example was necessary, if not for justice, at least for his cause, he ordered a selection to be made from among the prisoners in his possession, who were doomed to expiate the guilt of patriotism upon the gallows.

The streets of Camden were filled with lamentations the day upon which this determination was made public. This was three days after the battle.— time enough, surely, having intervened for the subduing of his sanguinary temper. Twenty victims were chosen for the sacrifice, and among them was Colonel Walton. They were chosen either for their great popularity, or for their reputation as special malignants. The former class was selected in order that the example might be an imposing one; the punishment of particular offenses was the ground upon which the others were 'to be justified.' Yet reasons, if 'plenty as blackberries,'

were not readily furnished, or cared for, on the occasion. Even the trial which preceded their execution was of a most summary and nominal character. The stern commander himself presided, with a general officer on either hand. The prisoners were brought before him singly.

'Why has this man been chosen?' was the inquiry of Cornwallis to Lord Rawdon.

'Violation of protection, my lord; this man is one Samuel Andrews, who was quiet and pacific enough — full of professions — until the rebel army came to Lynch's creek. He was taken on the field.'

'Take him away, marshal,' was the immediate order. 'To the tree with him!' The man was removed. 'Who are these?'

'Their names are,'— Lord Rawdon, in reply, read from a paper which he held in his hand —'Richard Tucker, John Miles, Josiah Gayle, Eleazar Smith, Lorimer Jones —'

'No more,' cried Cornwallis, interrupting the reader. 'Enough of that. They are all brought up under the same charge — are they?'

'All but one: the man Cibson, there, in the blue stripes, is little better than an outlaw. The charge against him, in particular, is, that he shot Edward Draper, a soldier in the "Queen's Guards," across the Wateree river, and was subsequently taken alone, without connection with any military body whatsoever.'

'The insolent outlaw! Advance him, guard — bring him forward.'

The man was singled out from the group. His arms were lashed behind him with cords, but he moved forward as if perfectly unbound, and no figure could have been more erect. He had on neither coat nor jacket; his shirt was torn, bloody, and open at the breast, displaying beneath the fair bosom of a youth, but the full muscular development of the man. He approached the table unshrinkingly, striding boldly forward to where Cornwallis sat, and, with an upward eye, met the stern glance of his judge, intended to be an overwhelming one, with a corresponding look of defiance.

'Stand where you are, sir! — we desire you no closer,' cried his lordship. 'You hear the charge against you?'

The man did not stand where he had been ordered, but continued to approach until the table only intervened betwee himself and his lordship. The latter r peated his inquiry.

'You hear the charge against you?'

'I do — it is the truth. I shot Edwar Draper, a corporal in the Queen's Guard across the Wateree.'

'With what purpose?'

'To kill him.'

'Aye, we suppose that — but what di you propose to gain by it?'

'Justice.'

'Justice! What had he done?'

'Beaten my mother.'

'Why did you not apply for justice a the first station, instead of taking it int your own hands?'

'I did; — Lord Rawdon, there, will te you why I took it into my own hands

'Well.'

'He denied it to me."

'It is false, my lord,' exclaimed Lor Rawdon; 'Draper was severely repri manded.'

'My mother was beaten, and the ma who beat her was — reprimanded! I di not think that enough of justice, and shot him.'

The evident discrepancy between th original wrong and its punishment b Rawdon, could not but appear eviden to all parties; and Cornwallis himsel was almost disposed to look favorably upon the offender. But example — a ter rible example — was supposed to b necessary to keep the Drapers of the army from being shot on all occasions; and with this belief, he was determined t shield no victim from his fate, who ex hibited anything like a strong and de cisive character. Still, as the offense was rather of a private than of a public nature, the commander proposed to the prisoner the usual British alternative of safety at that period, and under like circumstances.

'If I pardon you your crime, Gibson, will you at once take arms for his majesty?'

'Never!' was the quick and firm response; 'I 'll see him d —— d first.'

'Take him forth, marshal, with the rest. See that they suffer instantly. Away with him?'

The stern voice of Cornwallis rang like a trumpet through the assembly; and, as the sounds died away, another voice, yet more thrilling, sent forth a scream — a

woman's voice — a single scream, and so shrill, so piercing, so woe-begone and sad, that it struck through the assembly as something ominous and unearthly. A woman rushed from behind the group, and threw herself before the merciless commander. It was Gibson's mother.

'My son — my only son — he is all I have, my lord! Oh! spare him — spare him to his widowed mother! I have none on earth but him!' was all she said,— her eyes bent upon Cornwallis, while her finger pointed to the tall and manly youth beside her.

'Take him away! It is too late, my good woman — you should have taught him better. Take him away!' was the stern and only answer.

The prisoners were hurried forth; the woman, doomed so soon to be childless, clinging to her son, and shrieking all the while. There was yet another victim. Rawdon whispered to the commander, and from an adjoining apartment, Colonel Walton was brought before his judge. Cornwallis rose at his approach with a show of respectful courtesy, then again quietly resumed his seat.

'Colonel Walton, I am truly sorry to see you thus — truly sorry,' was the considerate speech of his excellency, as the prisoner approached. Walton bowed slightly in return, as he replied —

'I am grateful for your lordship's consideration, but cannot withhold my surprise that you should regret your own successes. The fortune of war has made you the victor, and has given me into your power. The prisoner of war must not complain when he encounters the risks which should have been before his eyes from the beginning, no more than the victor should regret the victory which he sought as the fruit of war.'

'The prisoner of war! I am afraid, Colonel Walton, we cannot consider you in that character.'

'Your lordship will explain.'

'Colonel Walton, a subject of the King of Great Britain, found in arms against his officers, is a rebel to his authority, and incurs the doom of one.'

'No subject of the King of Great Britain, sir! I deny the charge. I am not his subject, and no rebel, therefore, to his authority. But this is not for me to argue now. To what, may I ask your lordship, does all this tend?'

'The consequences are inevitable, Colonel Walton — the traitor must bear the doom — he must die the death of the traitor.'

'I am ready to die for my country at any hour, and by any form of death. The prisoner, sir, is in your hands. I will simply protest against your decision, and leave it to the ripening time and to the arms of my countrymen to avenge my wrongs.'

'I would save your life, Colonel Walton — gladly save it, would you but allow me,' said Cornwallis earnestly.

'My dissent or assent, my lord, on such a subject, and under present circumstances, is surely unnecessary. The mockery of such a reference is scarcely agreeable to me, and, certainly, not becoming on the part of the conqueror. The power is in your hands, my lord, to work your pleasure.'

'We will speak plainly, Colonel Walton, and you will readily understand us. As you say, mine is the power to command your instant death: and whether I do so in error or in right, it matters not; it will avail you nothing. I would save you, as your life, properly exercised for the royal cause — for the cause of your king, sir — will serve us much more materially than your death. Your influence is what we want — your coöperation with us, and not your blood. Twice, sir, has a commission — an honorable and high commission — in his majesty's service, been tendered to you from me. Twice has it been rejected with scorn; and you are now taken in arms against his majesty's troops, having violated your solemn pledge to the contrary, which your protection insisted upon.'

'Wrong, sir!' exclaimed Walton, interrupting him — 'wrong, sir! The contract was violated and rendered null by the proclamation of Sir Henry Clinton — not by me.'

'This is your opinion, sir; and I need not say how incorrectly entertained. But, as I have before said, whether justly or unjustly you fall a victim, will avail you nothing. The hanged man heeds nothing of the argument which proves that he was hung by mistake. I have the power of life and death over you in my own hands; and, believe me, Colonel Walton, in opening a door of safety for you, I am offering you the last, the only

alternative. You shall die or live, as you answer!'

'I am ready, my lord. You somewhat mistake my character, if you think that I shall fall back from the truth, because of the consequences which it may happen to bring with it. Ha! What is that?'

He was interrupted by a sudden blast of the bugle, a confused hum of voices, and then a shriek. Another, and another, wild and piercing, rose from the court in front. At that instant, a soldier entering the apartment threw open the doors, and gave an opportunity for those within to behold the awful tragedy that had been going on the while. A single tree in front of the place bore twenty human bodies; the limbs were yet quivering in the air with their agonizing convulsions, and the executioner was not yet done.

'Close the door, sergeant,' said Cornwallis calmly. Then, continuing his exhortation to Walton, he made use of the awful circumstance which they had just witnessed, the more earnestly to impress his desires upon the mind of the hearer, and produce in him a different determination.

'An awful doom, but necessary. It is one, Colonel Walton, from which I would gladly save you. Why will you reject the blessings of life? Why will you resist the mercies which still seek to prevent the purposes of justice?'

'Justice!' was the scornful exclamation of the prisoner, and all that he deigned to reply.

'Aye, sir, justice! The cause of the rightful monarch of this country is the cause of justice; and its penalties are incurred by disloyalty before all other offenses. But argument is needless here.'

'It is — it is needless,' said Walton, emphatically.

'And, therefore,' Cornwallis proceeded —'therefore, sir, I confine myself to the brief suggestion which I now make you, by the adoption of which you will escape your present difficulties. Though you have twice rejected his majesty's terms of favor, he is reluctant to destroy.'

'That tree attests the reluctance. It bears its own illustration, my lord, which your assertion, nevertheless, does not need. I hear you, sir.'

Somewhat disconcerted, Cornwallis, with a show of rising impatience, hurried to a conclusion.

'Once more, sir, he offers you safety once more he tenders you an honorable appointment in his armies. Here, sir, his commission — take it. Go below to the Ashley and make up your own regiment; choose your own officers, and do for him what you have hitherto fruitlessly sought to do for his enemies.'

'Never, sir, never!' was the conclusive reply.

'Yet, a while, bethink you. You know the doom else — death — the gallows.'

'I know it; I have thought: you have my answer.'

'Then, you die — die like a dog, shot in the scorn of all around you.'

'Be it so. I hope, and fear not, to die like a man. My country will avenge me. I am ready!'

'Your country!' said Cornwallis, scornfully. Then turning to Rawdon, he gave his order.

'My Lord Rawdon, you will instantly detach an especial guard for the prisoner in addition to that which has been designated to conduct the prisoners of war taken in the late action to the Charleston provost. He shall go with them to Dorchester.'

'For what? with what object? why to Dorchester, my lord?' was the anxious inquiry of Walton.

'You shall die *there*, sir, as an example to the rebels of that quarter. You shall suffer where you are most known — where your loss would be most felt.'

'Let me die *here*, my lord! I pray you for this mercy. The mere place of execution is of small importance to you object. Not there — not there — almost in sight of my child.'

'There, and there only, Colonel Walton. Your doom is sealed; and, refusing our mercy, you must abide our penalty. Make out your orders, my Lord Rawdon, to the officer of the station Major Proctor; I will sign them. Say to him that the rebel must be executed at the village entrance, within three days after the guard shall arrive. Take him away!'

Such was the British jurisdiction; such was the summary administration of justice under Lord Cornwallis. These items are mostly historical; and fiction here has not presumed to add a single tittle to the evidence which truth has given us of these events.

(1835) (1835)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807–1882)

Like Hawthorne, Longfellow was not a native member of the Boston literary circle that ruled the mid century in America. Portland, Maine, was his birthplace, an overgrown village in 1807, greatly more concerned with its material welfare than with literature and its production. His father, a leading lawyer of the place, a man of affairs who later represented the district in Congress, had books in his home and an unprovincial atmosphere of refinement rare in his day, and he encouraged his son to attend college,— the struggling little college at Brunswick, Maine, at no great distance away,— the entrance examinations of which he passed in 1821 when he was fourteen years of age. Books appealed to the boy. Unlike Hawthorne, whom he soon met as a classmate, he made a record as a scholar especially in language and literature, and when he was graduated in 1825 it was with real misgivings that he settled down to study for his father's profession. Already had he dreamed of a literary career, dreams that his practical father had discouraged since the country was not rich enough and cultured enough to allow a man to depend upon literature as a profession. A year of drudgery at the law and then came the miracle that changed his whole career. His *alma mater* had founded a chair of modern languages, the second to be established in an American college, and, looking about for a candidate to fill it, they remembered quite by chance the brilliant translation of an ode by Horace they had heard made by the young graduate of the year before. Eagerly the boy of twenty accepted the offer which carried with it the provision that there was to be preliminary study in Europe for which they advanced $600 a year, and in 1826 he sailed for what was to him a veritable wonderland,— Europe, the home of romance and literature and poetry. He was gone three years,— golden years in France and Spain and Italy and Germany, returning in 1829 for six years of teaching at Bowdoin, years in which he prepared his own text-books, wrote glowing descriptions of European lands for the magazines of the time, issued his first real book, *Outre-Mer*, and became generally known as a young scholar of brilliant promise, so brilliant indeed that when in 1835 the chair of modern languages at Harvard was left vacant by the resignation of the scholarly Ticknor it was offered to him as the one best fitted in America for the position. Again he went abroad for preparation, this time with his young wife whom he had married in 1831 at Bowdoin. The summer and autumn they spent in England and in Sweden; with the winter they moved to Holland; then suddenly at Rotterdam came the tragedy that turned completely the channel of his life: the sudden death of his wife and the burial in the land of strangers.

The winter that followed at Heidelberg made of him the Longfellow that we know to-day. Bereft, alone, haunted by memories, he spent it in the twilight of German romance. He buried himself in the volumes of Novalis and Bürger and Schlegel and the others,— poets of the mystic border between the seen and the unseen, lovers of the night, of sadness and longing and romantic dreams. He returned to Harvard to publish *Hyperion*, redolent of German romance, and *Voices of the Night*, 1839,— the title is significant,— and to follow these with other volumes of blended sentiment and feeling and reverence for the romantic past, sadness and longing and mellow Irving-like atmospheres. And he chorded as few other poets ever have done with the mood of his people and his age. His success was almost instantaneous. He became the best loved of the American poets, the familiar poet of the people.

His later biography is largely a record of his various books. After eighteen years as professor at Harvard, he resigned his chair in 1854 and a year later published perhaps the most striking of his poetical works *Hiawatha*. Another tragedy came later into his life,— the accidental death of his second wife, but it did not embitter him. At the time of his death in 1882 he was perhaps the most reverenced of all Americans; his patriarchal features, bearded like an ancient bard, peculiarly satisfying to the imagination, may be seen now in every school-house in the land. He has been accepted in England as a member of the select circle that made the nineteenth century distinctive in the field of poetry in the English tongue, and he is one of the very few Americans who have been given a memorial in Westminster Abbey. He has been read much in Germany, but in the south of Europe he has made little impression. France always has preferred Poe.

A PSALM OF LIFE

What the Heart of the Young Man said to the Psalmist

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
  Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
  And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
  And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
  Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
  Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
  Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
  And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
  Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
  In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
  Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
  Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
  Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
  We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
  Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
  Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
  Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
  Learn to labor and to wait.

Knickerbocker Magazine, Oct., (1838) 1838.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
  Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
  From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
  Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night
  As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
  The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night
  Like some old poet's rimes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
  My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows
  there,—
  From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
  What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care
  And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this
  prayer!
  Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most
  fair,
  The best-beloved Night!

(1839) *Voices of the Night,* 1839.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

When the hours of Day are numbered,
  And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
  To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
  And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
  Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
  Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
  Come to visit me once more;

He, the young and strong, who cherished
  Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
  Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
  Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
  Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!
(1839) (1839)

THE BELEAGUERED CITY

I have read, in some old, marvelous tale
Some legend strange and vague,
That a midnight host of specters pale
Beleaguered the walls of Prague.

Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,
With the wan moon overhead,
There stood, as in an awful dream,
The army of the dead.

White as a sea-fog, landward bound,
The spectral camp was seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
The river flowed between.

No other voice nor sound was there,
No drum, nor sentry's pace;
The mist-like banners clasped the air
As clouds with clouds embrace.

But when the old cathedral bell
Proclaimed the morning prayer,
The white pavilions rose and fell
On the alarmèd air.

Down the broad valley fast and far
The troubled army fled;
Up rose the glorious morning star,
The ghastly host was dead.

I have read, in the marvelous heart of man,
That strange and mystic scroll,
That an army of phantoms vast and wan
Beleaguer the human soul.

Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

Upon its midnight battle-ground
The spectral camp is seen,
And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,
Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,
In the army of the grave;
No other challenge breaks the air,
But the rushing of Life's wave.

And when the solemn and deep church-bell
Entreats the soul to pray,
The midnight phantoms feel the spell,
The shadows sweep away.

Down the broad Vale of Tears afar
The spectral camp is fled;
Faith shineth as a morning star,
Our ghastly fears are dead.
(1839) *Voices of the Night*, 1839.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner *Hesperus*,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughtèr,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds,
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old Sailor,
Had sailed to the Spanish Main,
'I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

'Last night, the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!'
The skipper, he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the Northeast,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

'Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.'

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

'O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say, what may it be?'
''Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!'—
And he steered for the open sea.

'O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh say, what may it be?'
'Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!'

'O father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh say, what may it be?'
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave,
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Tow'rds the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass, she stove and sank,
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!
(1839) *The Boston Book*, 1841.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are as strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,— rejoicing,— sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

Knickerbocker Magazine, Nov., (1839) 1840.

SERENADE

Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Moon of the summer night!
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Wind of the summer night!
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold thy pinions light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Dreams of the summer night!
Tell her, her lover keeps
Watch! while in slumbers light
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!

Graham's Magazine, Sept., (1840) 1842.

THE RAINY DAY

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

(1840) (1841)

BEWARE!

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown,
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue,
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow,
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair,
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

From *The Spanish Student,*
(1840) 1843.

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

CARILLON

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rimes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the Belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save the footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gypsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling;
All else seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rimes,
All his rimes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward, though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Ble,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

The Belfry of Bruges,
(1842) 1845.

THE DAY IS DONE

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rime of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Proem to *The Waif,*
(1844) 1844.

RESIGNATION

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.
(1848) (1849)

AN AMERICAN LITERATURE

Meanwhile, things had gone on very quietly and monotonously in Mr. Churchill's family. Only one event, and that a mysterious one, had disturbed its serenity. It was the sudden disappearance of Lucy, the pretty orphan girl; and as the booted centipede, who had so much excited Mr. Churchill's curiosity, disappeared at the same time, there was little doubt that they had gone away together. But whither gone, and wherefore, remained a mystery.

Mr. Churchill, also, had had his profile, and those of his wife and children, taken, in a very humble style, by Mr. Bantam, whose advertisement he had noticed on his way to school nearly a year before. His own was considered the best, as a work of art. The face was cut out entirely; the color of the coat velvet; the shirt-collar very high and white; and the top of his head ornamented with a crest of hair turning up in front, though his own turned down,— which slight deviation from nature was explained and justified by the painter as a license allowable in art.

One evening, as he was sitting down to begin for at least the hundredth time the great Romance,— subject of so many resolves and so much remorse, so often determined upon but never begun,— a loud knock at the street-door, which stood wide open, announced a visitor. Unluckily, the study-door was likewise open; and consequently, being in full view, he found it impossible to refuse himself; nor, in fact, would have done so, had all the doors been shut and bolted,— the art of refusing one's self being at that time but imperfectly understood at Fairmeadow. Accordingly, the vistor was shown in.

He announced himself as Mr. Hathaway. Passing through the village, he could not deny himself the pleasure of calling on Mr. Churchill, whom he knew by his writings in the periodicals, though not personally. He wished, moreover, to secure the coöperation of one already so favorably known to the literary world in a new magazine he was about to establish in order to raise the character of American literature, which, in his opinion, the existing reviews and magazines had entirely failed to accomplish. A daily increasing want of something better was felt by the public; and the time had come for the establishment of such a periodical as he proposed. After explaining in a rather florid and exuberant manner his plans and prospects, he entered more at large into the subject of American literature, which it was his design to foster and patronize.

'I think, Mr. Churchill,' said he, 'that we want a national literature commensurate with our mountains and rivers,— commensurate with Niagara and the Alleghanies, and the Great Lakes.'

'Oh!'

'We want a national epic that shall correspond to the size of the country; that shall be to all other epics what Banvard's Panorama of the Mississippi is to all other paintings,— the largest in the world.'

'Ah!'

'We want a national drama in which scope enough shall be given to our gigantic ideas and to the unparalleled activity and progress of our people!'

'Of course.'

'In a word, we want a national literature altogether shaggy and unshorn, that shall shake the earth, like a herd of buffaloes thundering over the prairies.'

'Precisely,' interrupted Mr. Churchill; 'but excuse me! — are you not confounding things that have no analogy? Great has a very different meaning when applied to a river and when applied to a literature. Large and shallow may perhaps be applied to both. Literature is rather an image of the spiritual world, than of the physical, is it not? — of the internal, rather than the external. Mountains, lakes, and rivers are, after all, only its scenery and decorations, not its substance and essence. A man will not necessarily be a great poet because he lives near a great mountain. Nor, being a poet, will he necessarily write better poems than another, because he lives nearer Niagara.'

'But, Mr. Churchill, you do not certainly mean to deny the influence of scenery on the mind?'

'No, only to deny that it can create genius. At best, it can only develop it. Switzerland has produced no extraordinary poet; nor, as far as I know, have the Andes, or the Himalaya Mountains, or the Mountains of the Moon in Africa.'

'But, at all events,' urged Mr. Hathaway, 'let us have our literature national. If it is not national, it is nothing.'

'On the contrary, it may be a great deal. Nationality is a good thing to a certain extent, but universality is better. All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal. Their roots are in their native soil; but their branches wave in the unpatriotic air, that speaks the same language unto all men, and their leaves shine with the illimitable light that pervades all lands. Let us throw all the windows open; let us admit the light and air on all sides; that we may look toward the four corners of the heavens, and not always in the same direction.'

'But you admit nationality to be a good thing?'

'Yes, if not carried too far; still, I confess, it rather limits one's views of truth. I prefer what is natural. Mere nationality is often ridiculous. Every one smiles when he hears the Icelandic proverb, "Iceland is the best land the sun shines upon." Let us be natural, and we shall be national enough. Besides, our literature can be strictly national only so far as our character and modes of thought differ from those of other nations. Now, as we are very like the English,—are, in fact, English under a different sky,—I do not see how our literature can be very different from theirs. Westward from hand to hand we pass the lighted torch, but it was lighted at the old domestic fireside of England.'

'Then you think our literature is never to be anything but an imitation of the English?'

'Not at all. It is not an imitation, but, as some one has said, a continuation.'

'It seems to be that you take a very narrow view of the subject.'

'On the contrary, a very broad one. No literature is complete until the language in which it is written is dead. We may well be proud of our task and of our position. Let us see if we can build in any way worthy of our forefathers.'

'But I insist on originality.'

'Yes, but without spasms and convulsions. Authors must not, like Chinese soldiers, expect to win victories by turning somersets in the air.'

'Well, really, the prospect from your point of view is not very brilliant. Pray, what do you think of our national literature?'

'Simply, that a national literature is not the growth of a day. Centuries must contribute their dew and sunshine to it. Our own is growing slowly but surely, striking its roots downward and its branches upward, as is natural; and I do not wish, for the sake of what some people call originality, to invert it, and try to make it grow with its roots in the air. And as for having it so savage and wild as you want it, I have only to say, that all literature, as well as all art, is the result of culture and intellectual refinement.'

'Ah! we do not want art and refinement; we want genius,—untutored, wild, original, free.'

'But if this genius is to find any expression it must employ art, for art is the external expression of our thoughts. Many have genius, but, wanting art, are forever dumb. The two must go together to form the great poet, painter, or sculptor.'

'In that sense, very well.'

'I was about to say also that I thought our literature would finally not be wanting in a kind of universality.

'As the blood of all nations is mingling with our own, so will their thoughts and feelings finally mingle in our literature. We shall draw from the Germans, tenderness; from the Spaniards, passion; from the French, vivacity, to mingle more and more with our English solid sense. And this will give us universality, so much to be desired.'

(1849) *Kavanagh*, 1849.

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.

And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet,
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
Sings on, and is never still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

(1855) (1858)

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

INTRODUCTION

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,

With the curling smoke of wigwams,
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?
I should answer, I should tell you,
'From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands,
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes.
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer.'
Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
'In the bird's-nests of the forest,
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!
'All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fen-lands,
In the melancholy marshes;
Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
Mahn, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,
The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!'
If still further you should ask me,
Saying, 'Who was Nawadaha?
Tell us of this Nawadaha,'
I should answer your inquiries
Straightway in such words as follow.
'In the Vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley,
By the pleasant water-courses,
Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
Round about the Indian village
Spread the meadows and the cornfields,
And beyond them stood the forest,
Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
Green in Summer, white in Winter,
Ever sighing, ever singing.
'And the pleasant water-courses,
You could trace them through the valley,
By the rushing in the Spring-time,
By the alders in the Summer,
By the white fog in the Autumn,
By the black line in the Winter;
And beside them dwelt the singer,
In the vale of Tawasentha,
In the green and silent valley.
'There he sang of Hiawatha,
Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
Sang his wondrous birth and being,
How he prayed and how he fasted,
How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
That the tribes of men might prosper,
That he might advance his people!'
Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
Listen to these wild traditions,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people,
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken;—
Listen to this Indian Legend,
To this Song of Hiawatha!
Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story,
To this song of Hiawatha!
Ye who sometimes, in your rambles
Through the green lanes of the country,
Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses,
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this song of Hiawatha!

III

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD

Downward through the evening twilight,
In the days that are forgotten,
In the unremembered ages,
From the full moon fell Nokomis,
Fell the beautiful Nokomis,
She a wife but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,
Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
When her rival, the rejected,
Full of jealousy and hatred,
Cut the leafy swing asunder,
Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
And Nokomis fell affrighted
Downward through the evening twilight,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
On the prairie full of blossoms.
'See! a star falls!' said the people;
'From the sky a star is falling!'

There among the ferns and mosses,
There among the prairie lilies,
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.
And she called her name Wenonah,
As the first-born of her daughters.
And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight.

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
'Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you;
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!'

But she heeded not the warning,
Heeded not those words of wisdom.
And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah,
Lying there among the lilies,
Wooed her with his words of sweetness,
Wooed her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow.

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted
By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
'Oh that I were dead!' she murmured,
'Oh that I were dead, as thou art!
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!'

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them;
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha,
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
'Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!'
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
'Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!'

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits,
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,
Flaring far away to northward
In the frosty nights of Winter;
Showed the broad white road in heaven,
Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows,
Running straight across the heavens,
Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
Sat the little Hiawatha;
Heard the whispering of the pine-trees,
Heard the lapping of the waters,
Sounds of music, words of wonder;
'Minne-wawa!' said the pine-trees.
'Mudway-aushka!' said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-wah-taysee,
Flitting through the dusk of evening,
With the twinkle of its candle
Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
And he sang the song of children,
Sang the song Nokomis taught him:
'Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
Little, dancing, white-fire creature,

Light me with your little candle,
Ere upon my bed I lay me,
Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!'
Saw the moon rise from the water
Rippling, rounding from the water,
Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
Whispered, 'What is that, Nokomis?'
And the good Nokomis answered:
'Once a warrior, very angry,
Seized his grandmother, and threw her
Up into the sky at midnight;
Right against the moon he threw her;
'T is her body that you see there.'
Saw the rainbow in the heaven,
In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, 'What is that, Nokomis?'
And the good Nokomis answered:
''T is the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us.'
When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
'What is that?' he cried in terror,
'What is that,' he said, 'Nokomis?'
And the good Nokomis answered:
'That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other.'
Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nest in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Chickens.'
Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly,
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them 'Hiawatha's Brothers.'
Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller,
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;
From a branch of ash he made it,
From an oak-bough made the arrows,
Tipped with flint, and winged with feathers,
And the cord he made of deer-skin.
Then he said to Hiawatha:
'Go, my son, into the forest,
Where the red deer herd together,
Kill for us a famous roebuck,
Kill for us a deer with antlers!'
Forth into the forest straightway
All alone walked Hiawatha
Proudly, with his bow and arrows;
And the birds sang round him, o'er him,
'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!'
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
'Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!'
Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
In and out among the branches,
Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
Laughed, and said between his laughing,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'
And the rabbit from his pathway
Leaped aside, and at a distance
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Half in fear and half in frolic,
Saying to the little hunter,
'Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!'
But he heeded not, nor heard them,
For his thoughts were with the red deer;
On their tracks his eyes were fastened,
Leading downward to the river,
To the ford across the river,
And as one in slumber walked he.
Hidden in the alder-bushes,
There he waited till the deer came,
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow.
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.
Then, upon one knee uprising,
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together,
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow;
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!
Dead he lay there in the forest,
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbed and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward,
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.
From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,

From the red deer's flesh Nokomis
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee!

VII

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

'Give me of your bark, O Birch-Tree
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!
'Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!'
Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gaily,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, 'Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!'
And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
'Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!'
With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.
'Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!'
Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
'Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!'
Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

'Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!'
And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
'Take them all, O Hiawatha!'
From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.
'Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!'
And the Fir-Tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
'Take my balm, O Hiawatha!'
And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.
'Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!'
From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
'Take my quills, O Hiawatha!'
From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.
Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided,
Veered to right or left at pleasure.
Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Saying, 'Help me clear this river
Of its sunken logs and sand-bars.'
Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water,
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle.
And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind,
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.
Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel,
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw.

X

HIAWATHA'S WOOING

'As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!'
Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha,
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.
'Wed a maiden of your people,'
Warning said the old Nokomis;
'Go not eastward, go not westward,
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!'
Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: 'Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better,
Better do I like the moonlight!'
Gravely then said old Nokomis:
"'Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling;
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,
Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!'
Smiling answered Hiawatha:
'In the land of the Dacotahs
Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.
I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands,
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!'
Still dissuading said Nokomis:
'Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs!
Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!'
Laughing answered Hiawatha:
'For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!'
Thus departed Hiawatha
To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests,
Through uninterrupted silence.
With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps;
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
'Pleasant is the sound!' he murmured,
'Pleasant is the voice that calls me!'
On the outskirts of the forest,
'Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha;
To his bow he whispered, 'Fail not!'

To his arrow whispered, 'Swerve not!'
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder,
And sped forward without pausing.
At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes;
Of the past the old man's thoughts were,
And the maiden's of the future.
He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison,
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows,
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were!
Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons!
She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows,
Sat and rested in the wigwam,
Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom;
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?
On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.
Through their thoughts they heard a footstep
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheeks and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them.
Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him,
'Hiawatha, you are welcome!'
At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him,
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
'You are welcome, Hiawatha!'
Very spacious was the wigwam,
Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened,
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers
As he entered at the doorway.
Then uprose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them,
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered,
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.
Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis,
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.
'After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.'
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
'That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely,
And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!'
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely:
'Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!'
And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant,
As she went to Hiawatha,

Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
'I will follow you, my husband!'
This was Hiawatha's wooing!
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!
From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water;
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
'Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!'
And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor,
Sat down by his sunny doorway,
Murmuring to himself, and saying:
'Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us,
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden,
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!'
Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain,
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water.
Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her,
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree.
All the traveling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest:
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow,
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.
Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease;
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
'Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!'
Sang the robin, the Opechee,
'Happy are you, Laughing Water,
Having such a noble husband!'
From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, 'O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow,
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!'
From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, 'O my children,
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!'
Thus it was they journeyed homeward;
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

XX

THE FAMINE

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.
Hardly from his buried wigwam
Could the hunter force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none,
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.
O the famine and the fever!

O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!
All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!
Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water.
And the foremost said: 'Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!'
And the other said: 'Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!'
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.
Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward.
'Gitche Manito, the Mighty!'
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
'Give your children food, O father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food, for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!'
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
'Minnehaha! Minnehaha!'
All day long roved Hiawatha
In that melancholy forest,
Through the shadow of whose thickets,
In the pleasant days of Summer,
Of that ne'er forgotten Summer,
He had brought his young wife homeward
From the land of the Dacotahs;
When the birds sang in the thickets,
And the streamlets laughed and glistened,
And the air was full of fragrance,
And the lovely Laughing Water
Said with voice that did not tremble,
'I will follow you, my husband!'
In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She the dying Minnehaha.
'Hark!' she said; 'I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!'
'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,
''T is the night-wind in the pine-trees!'
'Look!' she said; 'I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!'
'No, my child!' said old Nokomis,
''T is the smoke, that waves and beckons!'
'Ah!' said she, 'the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'
And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
'Hiawatha! Hiawatha!'
Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
'Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you,
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!'
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,

That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.
Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered.
Seven long days and nights he sat there
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.
Then they buried Minnehaha;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine;
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks;
From his sleepless bed uprising,
From the bed of Minnehaha,
Stood and watched it at the doorway,
That it might not be extinguished,
Might not leave her in the darkness.
'Farewell!' said he, 'Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water!
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you!
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter!'

XXII

HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE

By the shore of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.
All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous,
And before him, through the sunshine,
Westward toward the neighboring forest
Passed in golden swarms the Ahmo,
Passed the bees, the honey-makers,
Burning, singing in the sunshine.
Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him;
From its bosom leaped the sturgeon,
Sparkling, flashing in the sunshine;
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water,
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.
From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,
As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.
Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it,
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak-tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.
O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.
Was it Shingebis the diver?
Or the pelican, the Shada?
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah?
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?
It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying,
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water.
Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun,
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Black-Robe chief, the Prophet,
He the Priest of Prayer, the Pale-face,
With his guides and his companions.
And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,

Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,
Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
'Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you;
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

'Never bloomed the earth so gaily,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As to-day they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

'Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning,
When you come so far to see us!'

And the Black-Robe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar:
'Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer, and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ, and joy of Mary!'

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine,
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of bass-wood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome;
'It is well,' they said, 'O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!'

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Black-Robe chief, the Pale-face,
From the wigwam came to greet them,
Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar;
'It is well,' they said, 'O brother,
That you come so far to see us!'

Then the Black-Robe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How he fasted, prayed, and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accursed,
Mocked him, scourged him, crucified him;
How he rose from where they laid him,
Walked again with his disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying:
'We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!'

Then they rose up and departed
Each one homeward to his wigwam,
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers
Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of Summer,
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam,
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
From the corn-fields shrill and ceaseless
Sang the grasshopper, Pah-puk-keena;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of Summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow;
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:
'I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the regions of the home-wind,

Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin.
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them.
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!'
Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:
'I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters
Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me;
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!'
On the shore stood Hiawatha,
Turned and waved his hand at parting;
On the clear and luminous water
Launched his birch canoe for sailing,
From the pebbles of the margin
Shoved it forth into the water;
Whispered to it, 'Westward! westward!'
And with speed it darted forward.
And the evening sun descending
Set the clouds on fire with redness,
Burned the broad sky, like a prairie,
Left upon the level water
One long track and trail of splendor,
Down whose stream, as down a river,
Westward, westward Hiawatha
Sailed into the fiery sunset,
Sailed into the purple vapors,
Sailed into the dusk of evening.
And the people from the margin
Watched him floating, rising, sinking,
Till the birch canoe seemed lifted
High into that sea of splendor,
Till it sank into the vapors
Like the new moon slowly, slowly
Sinking in the purple distance.
And they said, 'Farewell forever!'
Said, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
And the forests, dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
And the waves upon the margin
Rising, rippling on the pebbles,
Sobbed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her haunts among the fen-lands,
Screamed, 'Farewell, O Hiawatha!'

Thus departed Hiawatha,
Hiawatha the Beloved,
In the glory of the sunset,
In the purple mists of evening,
To the regions of the home-wind,
Of the Northwest wind, Keewaydin,
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter!

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

V

THE SAILING OF THE MAY FLOWER

Just in the gray of the dawn, as the mists uprose from the meadows,
There was a stir and a sound in the slumbering village of Plymouth;
Clanging and clicking of arms, and the order imperative, 'Forward!'
Given in tone suppressed, a tramp of feet, and then silence.
Figures ten, in the mist, march slowly out of the village.
Standish the stalwart it was, with eight of his valorous army,
Led by their Indian guide, by Hobomok, friend of the white men,
Northward marching to quell the sudden revolt of the savage;
Giants they seemed in the mist, or the mighty men of King David;
Giants in heart they were, who believed in God and the Bible,—
Aye, who believed in the smiting of Midianites and Philistines.
Over them gleamed far off the crimson banners of morning;
Under them loud on the sands, the serried billows, advancing,
Fired along the line, and in regular order retreated.

Many a mile had they marched, when at length the village of Plymouth
Woke from its sleep, and arose, intent on its manifold labors.
Sweet was the air and soft; and slowly the smoke from the chimneys
Rose over roofs of thatch, and pointed steadily eastward;
Men came forth from the doors, and paused and talked of the weather,
Said that the wind had changed, and was blowing fair for the *May Flower;*

Talked of their Captain's departure, and all the dangers that menaced,
He being gone, the town, and what should be done in his absence.
Merrily sang the birds, and the tender voices of women
Consecrated with hymns the common cares of the household.
Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the *May Flower* riding at anchor,
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts was hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud over the field and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!
Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Eager with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the *May Flower,*
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Foremost among them was Alden. All night he had lain without slumber,
Turning and tossing about in the heat and unrest of his fever.
He had beheld Miles Standish, who came back late from the council,
Stalking into the room, and heard him mutter and murmur,
Sometimes it seemed a prayer, and sometimes it sounded like swearing,
Once he had come to the bed, and stood there a moment in silence;
Then he had turned away, and said; 'I will not awake him;
Let him sleep on, it is best; for what is the use of more talking!'
Then he extinguished the light, and threw himself down on his pallet,
Dressed as he was, and ready to start at the break of the morning,—
Covered himself with the cloak he had worn in his campaigns in Flanders,—
Slept as a soldier sleeps in his bivouac, ready for action.
But with the dawn he arose; in the twilight Alden beheld him
Put on his corselet of steel, and all the rest of his armor,
Buckle about his waist his trusty blade of Damascus,
Take from the corner his musket, and so stride out of the chamber.
Often the heart of the youth had burned and yearned to embrace him,
Often his lips had essayed to speak, imploring for pardon;
All the old friendship came back, with its tender and grateful emotions;
But his pride overmastered the nobler nature within him,—
Pride, and the sense of his wrong, and the burning fire of the insult.
So he beheld his friend departing in anger, but spake not,
Saw him go forth to danger, perhaps to death, and he spake not!
Then he arose from his bed, and heard what the people were saying,
Joined in the talk at the door, with Stephen and Richard and Gilbert,
Joined in the morning prayer, and in the reading of Scripture,
And, with the others, in haste went hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Down to the Plymouth Rock, that had been to their feet as a doorstep
Into a world unknown,— the corner-stone of a nation!

There with his boat was the Master, already a little impatient
Lest he should lose the tide, or the wind might shift to the eastward,
Square-built, hearty, and strong, with an odor of ocean about him,
Speaking with this one and that, and cramming letters and parcels
Into his pockets capacious, and messages mingled together
Into his narrow brain, till at last he was wholly bewildered.

Nearer the boat stood Alden, with one foot placed on the gunwale,
One still firm on the rock, and talking at times with the sailors,
Seated erect on the thwarts, all ready and eager for starting.
He too was eager to go, and thus put an end to his anguish,
Thinking to fly from despair, that swifter than keel is or canvas,
Thinking to drown in the sea the ghost that would rise and pursue him.
But as he gazed on the crowd, he beheld the form of Priscilla
Standing dejected among them, unconscious of all that was passing.
Fixed were her eyes upon his, as if she divined his intention,
Fixed with a look so sad, so reproachful, imploring, and patient,
That with a sudden revulsion his heart recoiled from its purpose,
As from the verge of a crag, where one step more is destruction.
Strange is the heart of man, with its quick, mysterious instinct!
Strange is the life of man, and fatal or fated are moments,
Whereupon turn, as on hinges, the gates of the wall adamantine!
'Here I remain!' he exclaimed, as he looked at the heavens above him,
Thanking the Lord whose breath had scattered the mist and the madness,
Wherein, blind and lost, to death he was staggering headlong.
'Yonder snow-white cloud, that floats in the ether above me,
Seems like a hand that is pointing and beckoning over the ocean.
There is another hand, that is not so spectral and ghost-like,
Holding me, drawing me back, and clasping mine for protection.
Float, O hand of cloud, and vanish away in the ether!
Roll thyself up like a fist, to threaten and daunt me: I heed not
Either your warning or menace, or any omen of evil!
There is no land so sacred, no air so pure and so wholesome,
As is the air she breathes, and the soil that is pressed by her footsteps.
Here for her sake will I stay, and like an invisible presence
Hover around her forever, protecting, supporting her weakness;
Yes! as my foot was the first that stepped on this rock at the landing,
So, with the blessing of God, shall it be the last at the leaving!'

Meanwhile the Master alert, but with dignified air and important,
Scanning with watchful eye the tide and the wind and the weather,
Walked about on the sands, and the people crowded around him
Saying a few last words, and enforcing his careful remembrance.
Then, taking each by the hand, as if he were grasping a tiller,
Into the boat he sprang, and in haste shoved off to his vessel,
Glad in his heart to get rid of all this worry and flurry,
Glad to be gone from a land of sand and sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of nothing but Gospel!
Lost in the sound of the oars was the last farewell of the Pilgrims.
O strong hearts and true! not one went back in the *May Flower!*
No, not one looked back, who had set his hand to this plowing!

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor.
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the west-wind,
Blowing steady and strong; and the *May Flower* sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter,
Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Borne on the send of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.

Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth
Said, 'Let us pray!' and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rocks, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian,
Watching them from the hill; but while they spake with each other,
Pointing with outstretched hands, and saying 'Look!' he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes, but Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.

(1858) (1858)

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, 'If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.'

Then he said, 'Good night!' and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, 'All is well!'
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and somber and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Atlantic Monthly, Jan., (1860) 1861.

DIVINA COMMEDIA

I

Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er;
Far off the noises of the world retreat;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

The Atlantic Monthly, Dec., (1864) 1864.

II

How strange the sculptures that adorn these towers!
This crowd of statues, in whose folded sleeves
Birds build their nests; while canopied with leaves
Parvis and portal bloom like trellised bowers,

And the vast minster seems a cross of flowers!
But fiends and dragons on the gargoyled eaves
Watch the dead Christ between the living thieves,
And, underneath, the traitor Judas lowers!
Ah! from what agonies of heart and brain,
What exultations trampling on despair,
What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,
What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,
Uprose this poem of the earth and air,
This mediæval miracle of song!
(1864) (1866)

III

I enter, and I see thee in the gloom
Of the long aisles, O poet saturnine!
And strive to make my steps keep pace with thine.
The air is filled with some unknown perfume;
The congregation of the dead make room
For thee to pass; the votive tapers shine;
Like rooks that haunt Ravenna's groves of pine
The hovering echoes fly from tomb to tomb,
From the confessionals I hear arise
Rehearsals of forgotten tragedies,
And lamentations from the crypts below;
And then a voice celestial that begins
With the pathetic words, 'Although your sins
As scarlet be,' and ends with 'as the snow.'
(1865) (1866)

V

I lift mine eyes, and all the windows blaze
With forms of Saints and holy men who died,
Here martyred and hereafter glorified;
And the great Rose upon its leaves displays
Christ's Triumph, and the angelic roundelays,
With splendor upon splendor multiplied;
And Beatrice again at Dante's side
No more rebukes, but smiles her words of praise.
And then the organ sounds, and unseen choirs
Sing the old Latin hymns of peace and love
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost;
And the melodious bells among the spires
O'er all the house-tops and through heaven above
Proclaim the elevation of the Host!
(1866) (1866)

VI

O star of morning and of liberty!
O bringer of the light, whose splendor shines
Above the darkness of the Apennines,
Forerunner of the day that is to be!
The voices of the city and the sea,
The voices of the mountains and the pines,
Repeat thy song, till the familiar lines
Are footpaths for the thought of Italy!
Thy flame is blown abroad from all the heights,
Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
In their own language hear the wondrous word,
And many are amazed and many doubt.
(1866) (1866)

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807–1892)

The parallel between Whittier and the Scottish Burns breaks down completely if it is pressed too far, but to a certain point it holds remarkably true. Both were country born of humble parentage. The Massachusetts of Whittier — his father's farm lay not far from Haverhill — was very similar to the Ayrshire of Burns, a rock-bound, scanty-soiled, sparsely-settled region, behind which lay a background of rugged hills. The youth of both was bare of all that made for the refinements of life and was spent by both in the hardest of physical toil. For each of them social diversions were exceedingly restricted: for weeks at a time they might not speak with a soul outside their own little circle save at church on the Sabbath. Both were reared under strict religious traditions, Burns in the faith of the Covenanters, Whittier — strange anomaly in Puritan New England — after the straitest sect of the Quakers, even retaining in his speech through his whole life the *thee* and *thou* of his people. Both were individualists of extreme type, fierce haters of autocracy and oppression of the weak by the strong. Both were poets of the heart and the emotions rather than of the intellect. In 'The Cotter's Saturday Night' and its New England analogue 'Snow-Bound,' and 'A Man's a Man for a' That,' and its New England cousins the anti-slavery poems of Whittier, one may find many more points of contact, but it is useless to press farther. Whittier matured slowly: at the age when the Scottish singer had finished his work, the New Englander had hardly begun. He was frail of physique; he was bound by his environment; he was for a long time uncertain of himself.

The essential facts in his biography are few: the coming into his possession of a stray copy of Burns; the timid submission of poems of his own to the local papers: the visit to the little farm by Garrison, the anti-slavery apostle, who had been attracted by the poems; the few months of schooling at Haverhill Academy, expenses paid from money earned by shoemaking; the venture in newspaper work first at Boston and finally at Hartford, Connecticut; the return with broken health to the old farm in 1832, and the removal four years later to Amesbury, Massachusetts which he made his home for the rest of his life,— these are the essentials. From 1833 when he published his pamphlet *Justice and Expediency*, until the day of the emancipation proclamation, anti-slavery agitation may be called his profession. With Garrison and others he went about proclaiming his gospel of freedom; he conducted for a short time an abolitionist paper in Philadelphia: he poured out a surprising amount of prose, the most of it directed against the great evil that filled his whole thoughts and he wrote poetry rapidly and continuously, all of it in the same direction: collecting it in 1838 as *Ballads and Anti-Slavery Poems* and in 1849 as *Voices of Freedom*. With a fervor almost Hebraic he denounced every phase of the slavery movement and when the cause of abolition was won, he poured forth his jubilation in the Miriam-like song of triumph 'Laus Deo.'

Whittier's *Snow-Bound*, 1866, first fruits of the calmer after-the-war period of his life, gave him his final place among the American poets. During the next twenty-five years he wrote much of his native New England,— of her mountains and streams and wild flowers, of her legends and her early history. He is the leading balladist of his period and moreover he is the most American of all the poets who wrote before the war. During these years he produced his most enduring product. The anti-slavery poems are undoubtedly the most spontaneous and intense things he did, but with every year they become more and more unintelligible to readers who know nothing by experience of the era from which they came. They sprang up as a part of the propaganda of a great social revolution and they must always be connected with that movement. The time has already come when they are unintelligible without copious foot-notes. The rest of his work, however, is not for a time, but for all time.

THE MORAL WARFARE

When Freedom, on her natal day,
Within her war-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood,
Baptized her infant brow in blood;
And, through the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,

And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on Freedom's shrine
Was man for beast, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past, their triumph won;
But sterner trials wait the race
Which rises in their honored place;
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in Him whose cause is ours
In conflict with unholy powers,
We grasp the weapons He has given,—
The Light, and Truth, and Love of Heaven.
(1836)

PROEM

I love the old melodious lays
Which softly melt the ages through,
The songs of Spenser's golden days,
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew.

Yet, vainly in my quiet hours
To breathe their marvelous notes I try;
I feel them, as the leaves and flowers
In silence feel the dewy showers,
And drink with glad, still lips the blessing of the sky.

The rigor of a frozen clime,
The harshness of an untaught ear,
The jarring words of one whose rime
Beat often Labor's hurried time.
Or Duty's rugged march through storm and strife, are here.

Of mystic beauty, dreamy grace,
No rounded art the lack supplies;
Unskilled the subtle lines to trace,
Or softer shades of Nature's face,
I view her common forms with unanointed eyes.

Nor mine the seer-like power to show
The secrets of the heart and mind;
To drop the plummet-line below
Our common world of joy and woe,
A more intense despair or brighter hope to find.

Yet here at least an earnest sense
Of human right and weal is shown;
A hate of tyranny intense,
And hearty in its vehemence,
As if my brother's pain and sorrow were my own.

O Freedom! if to me belong
Nor mighty Milton's gift divine,
Nor Marvell's wit and graceful song,
Still with a love as deep and strong
As theirs, I lay, like them, my best gifts on thy shrine!

Proem to *Voices of Freedom*,
(1847) 1849.

THE HUSKERS

It was late in mild October, and the long autumnal rain
Had left the summer harvest-fields all green with grass again;
The first sharp frost had fallen, leaving all the woodlands gay
With the hues of summer's rainbow, or the meadow-flowers of May.

Through a thin, dry mist, that morning, the sun rose broad and red,
At first a rayless disk of fire, he brightened as he sped:
Yet, even his noontide glory fell chastened and subdued,
On the cornfields and the orchards, and softly pictured wood.

And all that quiet afternoon, slow sloping to the night,
He wove with golden shuttle the haze with yellow light;
Slanting through the painted beeches, he glorified the hill;
And, beneath it, pond and meadow lay brighter, greener still.

And shouting boys in woodland haunts caught glimpses of that sky,
Flecked by the many-tinted leaves, and laughed, they knew not why,
And school-girls gay with aster-flowers, beside the meadow brooks,
Mingled the glow of autumn with the sunshine of sweet looks.

From spire and barn looked westerly the patient weathercocks;

But even the birches on the hill stood motionless as rocks.
No sound was in the woodlands, save the squirrel's drooping shell,
And the yellow leaves among the boughs, low rustling as they fell.

The summer grains were harvested; the stubble-fields lay dry,
Where June winds rolled, in light and shade, the pale green waves of rye;
But still, on gentle hill-slopes, in valleys fringed with wood,
Ungathered, bleaching in the sun, the heavy corn crop stood.

Bent low, by autumn's wind and rain, through husks that, dry and sere,
Unfolded from their ripened charge, shone out the yellow ear;
Beneath, the turnip lay concealed, in many a verdant fold,
And glistened in the slanting light the pumpkin's sphere of gold.

There wrought the busy harvesters; and many a creaking wain
Bore slowly to the long barn-floor its load of husk and grain;
Till broad and red, as when he rose, the sun sank down, at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.

And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream, and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky, set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!

As thus into the quiet night the twilight lapsed away,
And deeper in the brightening moon the tranquil shadows lay;
From many a brown old farm-house, and hamlet without name,
Their milking and their home-tasks done, the merry huskers came.

Swung o'er the heaped-up harvest, from pitchforks in the mow,
Shone dimly down the lanterns on the pleasant scene below;
The growing pile of husks behind, the golden ears before,
And laughing eyes and busy hands and brown cheeks glimmering o'er.

Half-hidden, in a quiet nook, serene of look and heart,
Talking their old times over, the old men sat apart;
While up and down the unhusked pile, or nestling in its shade,
At hide-and-seek, with laugh and shout, the happy children played.

Urged by the good host's daughter, a maiden young and fair,
Lifting to light her sweet blue eyes and pride of soft brown hair,
The master of the village school, sleek of hair and smooth of tongue,
To the quaint tune of some old psalm, a husking-ballad sung.

THE CORN-SONG

Heap high the farmer's wintry hoard!
Heap high the golden corn!
No richer gift has Autumn poured
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean
The apple from the pine,
The orange from its glossy green,
The cluster from the vine;

We better love the hardy gift
Our rugged vales bestow,
To cheer us when the storm shall drift
Our harvest-fields with snow.

Through vales of grass and meads of flowers
Our plows their furrows made,
While on the hills the sun and showers
Of changeful April played.

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain
Beneath the sun of May,
And frightened from our sprouting grain
The robber crows away.

All through the long, bright days of June
Its leaves grew green and fair,
And waved in hot midsummer's noon
Its soft and yellow hair.

And now, with Autumn's moonlit eyes,
Its harvest-time has come,
We pluck away the frosted leaves,
And bear the treasure home.

There, when the snows about us drift,
And winter winds are cold,
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk
Around their costly board;
Give us the bowl of samp and milk,
By homespun beauty poured!

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth
Sends up its smoky curls,
Who will not thank the kindly earth,
And bless our farmer girls!

Then shame on all the proud and vain,
Whose folly laughs to scorn
The blessing of our hardy grain,
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root,
Let mildew blight the rye,
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit
The wheat-field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn
The hills our fathers trod;
Still let us, for His golden corn,
Send up our thanks to God!
(1847) *Songs of Labor*, 1850.

ICHABOD

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore!

Revile him not, the Tempter hath
A snare for all;
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall!

Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh, to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven!

Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!
National Era, May 2, 1850.
(1850)

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS

We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free.

We go to rear a wall of men
On Freedom's southern line,
And plant beside the cotton-tree
The rugged Northern pine!

We're flowing from our native hills
As our free rivers flow:
The blessing of our Mother-land
Is on us as we go.

We go to plant her common schools
On distant prairie swells,
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

Upbearing, like the Ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God
Against the fraud of man.

No pause, nor rest, save where the streams
That feed the Kansas run,
Save where our Pilgrim gonfalon
Shall flout the setting sun!

We'll tread the prairie as of old
Our fathers sailed the sea,
And make the West, as they the East,
The homestead of the free!
(1854)

MAUD MULLER

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast,—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And asked a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

'Thanks!' said the Judge; 'a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed.'

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: 'Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

'He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

'My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

'I 'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

'And I 'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door.'

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

'A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

'And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

'Would she were mine, and I, to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

'No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

'But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words.'

But he thought of his sisters proud and cold,
And his mother vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
'Ah, that I were free again!

'Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay.'

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, 'It might have been.'

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been!'

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

(1854) *National Era*, 1856.

THE BAREFOOT BOY

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone

Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

(1855) (1856)

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

Of all the rides since the birth of time,
Told in story or sung in rime,—
In Apuleius's Golden Ass,
Or one-eyed Calendar's horse of brass,
Witch astride of a human back,
Islam's prophet on Al-Borák,—
The strangest ride that ever was sped
Was Ireson's, out from Marblehead!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Body of turkey, head of owl,
Wings a-droop like a rained-on fowl,
Feathered and ruffled in every part,
Captain Ireson stood in the cart.
Scores of women, old and young,
Strong of muscle, and glib of tongue,
Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,
Shouting and singing the shrill refrain:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips,
Wild-eyed, free-limbed, such as chase
Bacchus round some antique vase,
Brief of skirt, with ankles bare,
Loose of kerchief and loose of hair,
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horns' twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Small pity for him! — He sailed away
From a leaking ship in Chaleur Bay,—
Sailed away from a sinking wreck,
With his own town's-people on her deck!
'Lay by! lay by!' they called to him.
Back he answered, 'Sink or swim!
Brag of your catch of fish again!'
And off he sailed through the fog and rain!
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Fathoms deep in dark Chaleur
That wreck shall lie forevermore.
Mother and sister, wife and maid,
Looked from the rocks of Marblehead
Over the moaning and rainy sea,—
Looked for the coming that might not be!
What did the winds and the sea-birds say
Of the cruel captain who sailed away?—
Old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Through the street, on either side,
Up flew windows, doors swung wide;
Sharp-tongued spinsters, old wives gray,
Treble lent the fish-horn's bray.
Sea-worn grandsires, cripple-bound,
Hulks of old sailors run aground,
Shook head, and fist, and hat, and cane,
And cracked with curses the hoarse refrain:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

Sweetly along the Salem road
Bloom of orchard and lilac showed.
Little the wicked skipper knew
Of the fields so green and the sky so blue.
Riding there in his sorry trim,
Like an Indian idol glum and trim,
Scarcely he seemed the sound to hear
Of voices shouting, far and near:
'Here's Flud Oirson, fur his horrd horrt,
Torr'd an' futherr'd an' corr'd in a corrt
By the women o' Morble'ead!'

'Hear me, neighbors!' at last he cried,—
'What to me is this noisy ride?
What is the shame that clothes the skin
To the nameless horror that lives within?
Waking or sleeping, I see a wreck,
And hear a cry from a reeling deck!
Hate me and curse me,—I only dread
The hand of God and the face of the dead!'
Said old Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Then the wife of the skipper lost at sea
Said, 'God has touched him! why should we!'
Said an old wife mourning her only son,
'Cut the rogue's tether and let him run!'
So with soft relentings and rude excuse,
Half scorn, half pity, they cut him loose,
And gave him a cloak to hide him in,
And left him alone with his shame and sin.
Poor Floyd Ireson, for his hard heart,
Tarred and feathered and carried in a cart
By the women of Marblehead!

Atlantic Monthly, December, (1857) 1857.

TELLING THE BEES

Here is the place; right over the hill
Runs the path I took;
You can see the gap in the old wall still
And the stepping-stones in the shallow brook.

There is the house, with the gate red barred,
And the poplars tall;
And the barn's brown length, and the cattle-yard,
And the white horns tossing above the wall.

There are the beehives ranged in the sun
And down by the brink
Of the brook are her poor flowers, weed o'errun,
Pansy and daffodil, rose and pink.

A year has gone, as the tortoise goes,
Heavy and slow;
And the same rose blows, and the same sun glows,
And the same brook sings of a year ago.

There's the same sweet clover-smell in the breeze;
And the June sun warm
Tangles his wings of fire in the trees,
Setting, as then, over Fernside farm.

I mind me how with a lover's care
From my Sunday coat
I brushed off the burrs, and smoothed my hair,
And cooled at the brookside my brow and throat.

Since we parted, a month had passed,—
To love, a year;
Down through the beeches I looked at last
On the little red gate and the well-sweep near.

I can see it all now,—the slantwise rain
Of light through the leaves,
The sundown's blaze on her window-pane
The bloom of her roses under the eaves.

Just the same as a month before,—
The house and the trees,
The barn's brown gable, the vine by the door,—
Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,
Forward and back,
Went drearily singing the chore-girl small,
Draping each hive with a shred of black,

Trembling, I listened: the summer sun
Had the chill of snow;
For I knew she was telling the bees of one
Gone on the journey we all must go!

Then I said to myself, 'My Mary weeps
For the dead to-day:
Haply her blind old grandsire sleeps
The fret and the pain of his age away.'

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill,
With his cane to his chin,
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since
In my ear sounds on: —
'Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!
Mistress Mary is dead and gone!'

Atlantic Monthly, April, (1858) 1858.

MOUNTAIN PICTURES

I. FRANCONIA FROM THE PEMIGEWASSET

Once more, O Mountains of the North, unveil
Your brows, and lay your cloudy mantles by!
And once more, ere the eyes that seek ye fail,
Uplift against the blue walls of the sky
Your mighty shapes, and let the sunshine weave
Its golden net-work in your belting woods,
Smile down in rainbows from your falling floods,
And on your kingly brows at morn and eve
Set crowns of fire! So shall my soul receive
Haply the secret of your calm and strength,
Your unforgotten beauty interfuse
My common life, your glorious shapes and hues
And sun-dropped splendors at my bidding come,
Loom vast through dreams, and stretch in billowy length
From the sea-level of my lowland home!
They rise before me! Last night's thunder-gust
Roared not in vain: for where its lightnings thrust
Their tongues of fire, the great peaks seem so near,
Burned clean of mist, so starkly bold and clear,
I almost pause, the wind in the pines to hear,
The loose rock's fall, the steps of browsing deer,
The clouds that shattered on yon slide-worn walls
And splintered on the rocks their spears of rain
Have set in play a thousand waterfalls,
Making the dusk and silence of the woods
Glad with the laughter of the chasing floods
And luminous with blown spray and silver gleams,
While, in the vales below, the dry-lipped streams
Sing to the freshened meadow-lands again.
So, let me hope, the battle storm that beats
The land with hail and fire may pass away
With its spent thunders at the break of day,
Like last night's clouds, and leave, as it retreats,
A greener earth and fairer sky behind,
Blown crystal-clear by Freedom's Northern wind!

Atlantic Monthly, March, 1862.

II. MONADNOCK FROM WACHUSET

I would I were a painter, for the sake
Of a sweet picture, and of her who led,
A fitting guide, with reverential tread,
Into that mountain mystery. First a lake
Tinted with sunset; next the wavy lines
Of far receding hills; and yet more far,
Monadnock lifting from his night of pines
His rosy forehead to the evening star.
Beside us, purple-zoned, Wachuset laid
His head against the West, whose warm light made
His aureole; and o'er him, sharp and clear,
Like a shaft of lightning in mid-launching stayed,
A single level cloud-line shone upon
By the fierce glances of the sunken sun,
Menaced the darkness with its golden spear!
So twilight deepened round us. Still and black

The great woods climbed the mountain at our back;
And on their skirts, where yet the lingering day
On the shorn greenness of the clearing lay,
The brown old farm-house like a bird's-nest hung.
With home-life sounds the desert air was stirred;
The bleat of sheep along the hill we heard,
The bucket splashing in the cool, sweet well,
The pasture-bars that clattered as they fell;
Dogs barked, fowls fluttered, cattle lowed; the gate
Of the barn-yard creaked beneath the merry weight
Of sun-brown children, listening, while they swung,
The welcome sound of supper-call to hear;
And down the shadowy lane, in tinklings clear,
The pastoral curfew of the cow-bell rung.
Thus soothed and pleased, our backward path we took,
Praising the farmer's home. He only spake,
Looking into the sunset o'er the lake,
Like one to whom the far-off is most near:
'Yes, most folks think it has a pleasant look;
I love it for my good old mother's sake,
Who lived and died here in the peace of God!'
The lesson of his words we pondered o'er,
As silently we turned the eastern flank
Of the mountain, where its shadow deepest sank;
Doubling the night along our rugged road!
We felt the man was more than his abode,—
The inward life than Nature's raiment more;
And the warm sky, the sundown-tinted hill,
The forest and the lake, seemed dwarfed and dim
Before the saintly soul, whose human will
Meekly in the Eternal footsteps trod,
Making her homely toil and household ways
An earthly echo of the song of praise
Swelling from angel lips and harps of seraphim.

Atlantic Monthly, April, 1862.

THE BATTLE AUTUMN OF

The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms,
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears,
And hearts with hate are hot;
But even-paced come round the years,
And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief,
With songs our groans of pain;
She mocks with tint of flower and leaf
The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear
Her sweet thanksgiving psalm;
Too near to God for doubt or fear,
She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below
The fires that blast and burn;
For all the tears of blood we sow
She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born,—
The hearts that blossom like her flowers,
And ripen like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these,
The vision of her eyes;
And make her fields and fruited trees
Our golden prophecies!

Oh, give to us her finer ear!
Above this stormy din,
We too would hear the bells of cheer
Ring peace and freedom in.

Atlantic Monthly, October, 1862.

LAUS DEO!

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O Bells!
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound!

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake He has spoken;
He has smitten with His thunder
The iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken!

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea,
He has cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
'He hath triumphed gloriously!'

Did we dare,
In our agony of prayer,
Ask for more than He has done?
When was ever His right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched as now beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all about
Shall a fresher life begin;
Freer breathe the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth.
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad!
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God!

The Independent, Feb. 9, (1865) 1865.

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS

O friends! with whom my feet have trod
The quiet aisles of prayer,
Glad witness to your zeal for God
And love of man I bear.

I trace your lines of argument;
Your logic linked and strong
I weigh as one who dreads dissent,
And fears a doubt as wrong.

But still my human hands are weak
To hold your iron creeds:
Against the words ye bid me speak
My heart within me pleads.

Who fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

Ye see the curse which overbroods
A world of pain and loss;
I hear our Lord's beatitudes
And prayer upon the cross.

More than your schoolmen teach, within
Myself, alas! I know:
Too dark ye cannot paint the sin,
Too small the merit show.

I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes for shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above,
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove;
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

O brothers! if my faith is vain,
If hopes like these betray,
Pray for me that my feet may gain
The sure and safer way.

And Thou, O Lord! by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee!
(1865) (1867)

SNOW-BOUND: A WINTER IDYL

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snow-storm told.
The wind blew east: we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.
Meanwhile we did our nightly chores,—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingèd snow:
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,

In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: 'Boys, a path!'
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through.
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The horned patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosening drift its breath before;
Low circling round it southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air, no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak.
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voiced elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
Beyond the circle of our hearth
No welcome sound of toil or mirth
Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west,
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back,—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became,
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed,
The Turks' heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rime: '*Under the tree*
When fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea.'

The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,

Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draught
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow,
The apples sputtered in a row,
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.

What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change! — with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,
How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now,—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard-trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!

Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

. . . . . .

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow,
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray
And laid it tenderly away,
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brand with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfilment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tost,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snow-flakes fall;
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptost,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes

From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled,
Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between
Low drooping-pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot,
At every house a new recruit,
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snow-balls' compliments,
And reading in each missive tost
The charm which Eden never lost.

. . . . . .

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed,
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears:
Life greatens in these later years,
The century's aloe flowers to-day!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends — the few
Who yet remain — shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveler owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

(1865) (1866)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES (1809–1894)

Had Holmes written an autobiography at forty-eight, an age when most men have taken their final place in the world, he would have said little about literary achievements. It would have been the record of a man of science, of a physician in the front rank of his profession, of the occupant of the chair of anatomy in two prominent institutions, of a specialist who had published such works as *Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions*. He had sprung from a literary environment: he had been born under the shadow of Harvard, into a home where authorship was no uncommon thing, and he had entered the college at sixteen as a matter of course to be graduated with what was to be the famous class of '29. Perplexed as to the profession he was best fitted to enter upon, he had, like Longfellow, at first considered the law, even spending a year in the law school, but had given it up to enter upon the study of medicine. Two years at Harvard and two more at Paris, where he seems to have been impressed only by his medical opportunities, a short period at Edinburgh, and he was back again in Boston equipped for his new work. He built up for himself a practice in Boston, he became lecturer on anatomy at Dartmouth and in 1847 was given the chair of anatomy at Harvard. For twenty-five years literature was to him a pleasing diversion not to be taken at all seriously.

For one brief period he had taken it seriously. In college he had had a poetic period during which he had contributed freely to the *Collegian* and to other journals such poems as 'The Height of the Ridiculous,' 'The Comet,' 'My Aunt,' 'The Last Leaf,' 'Old Ironsides,'— remarkable work indeed, but as he had become more and more interested in his profession, he had gathered it up as *Poems* in 1836,— a book to be republished at intervals — and had considered it in reality a closed chapter,— an 'old portfolio' containing the relics of his vanished boyhood.

The emergence of Holmes, the man of letters who was destined to dominate completely the specialist and professor, came in 1857 with the establishment of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Lowell, whether by editorial intuition, or critical discernment, or by a crafty desire to make his companion share the responsibility for the new magazine of which the group had made him editor, had insisted that his Harvard colleague should contribute a serial to the first volume. Thus challenged, Holmes produced *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, which not only put the magazine upon its feet but gave its author at a bound a permanent place in American literature. Encouraged by his success, he contributed other series of Autocrat papers: *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, 1860, *The Professor's Story*, afterwards published as *Elsie Venner*, 1861, *The Guardian Angel*, 1867, and *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, 1872.

His resignation of the chair at Harvard in 1882 marks the beginning of the last period of his literary life. He would devote himself now entirely to authorship, and the result was *Pages from an Old Volume of Life*, and *Medical Essays*, 1883, *Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 1884, *A Mortal Antipathy*, 1885, *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, 1887, *Before the Curfew* (final poems), 1888, and *Over the Tea-Cups*, 1890. He lingered until 1894, until he was indeed the 'last leaf on the tree,' the last prominent member of the remarkable group that we call to-day The New England School.

OLD IRONSIDES

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,

And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!
Boston *Daily Advertiser*, Sept.
(1830) 16, 1830.

MY AUNT

My aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown,
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her, though she looks
As cheerful as she can;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt! my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down
And say she reads as well,
When through a double convex lens
She just makes out to spell?

Her father — grandpapa, forgive
This erring lip its smiles —
Vowed she should make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles;
He sent her to a stylish school —
'Twas in her thirteenth June —
And with her, as the rules required,
'Two towels and a spoon.'

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins; —
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins.

So when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track).
'Ah!' said my grandsire as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
'What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man?'

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.

For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.
New England Magazine, Oct.,
(1831) 1831.

THE LAST LEAF

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
'They are gone.'

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmama has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago,—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

The Amateur, March 26, 1831.

(1831)

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOSWELL

I

I was just going to say, when I was interrupted, that one of the many ways of classifying minds is under the heads of arithmetical and algebraical intellects. All economical and practical wisdom is an extension or variation of the following arithmetical formula: $2 + 2 = 4$. Every philosophical proposition has the more general character of the expression $a + b = c$. We are mere operatives, empirics, and egotists, until we learn to think in letters instead of figures.

They all stared. There is a divinity student lately come among us to whom I commonly address remarks like the above, allowing him to take a certain share in the conversation, so far as assent or pertinent questions are involved. He abused his liberty on this occasion by presuming to say that Leibnitz had the same observation.— No, sir, I replied, he has not. But he said a mighty good thing about mathematics, that sounds something like it, and you found it, *not in the original*, but quoted by Dr. Thomas Reid. I will tell the company what he did say, one of these days.

— If I belong to a society of mutual admiration? — I blush to say that I do not at this present moment. I once did, however. It was the first association to which I ever heard the term applied; a body of scientific young men in a great foreign city who admired their teacher, and to some extent each other. Many of them deserved it; they have become famous since. It amuses me to hear the talk of one of those beings described by Thackeray —

'Letters four do form his name'—

about a social development which belongs to the very noblest stage of civilization. All generous companies of artists, authors, philanthropists, men of science, are, or ought to be, Societies of Mutual Admiration. A man of genius, or any kind of superiority, is not debarred from admiring the same quality in another, nor the other from returning his admiration. They may even associate together and continue to think highly of each other. And so of a dozen such men, if any one place is fortunate enough to hold so many. The being referred to above assumes several false premises. First, that men of talent necessarily hate each other. Secondly, that intimate knowledge or habitual association destroys our admiration of persons whom we esteemed highly at a distance. Thirdly, that a circle of clever fellows, who meet together to dine and have a good time, have signed a constitutional compact to glorify themselves and put down him and the fraction of the human race not belonging to their number. Fourthly, that it is an outrage that he is not asked to join them.

Here the company laughed a good deal, and the old gentleman who sits opposite said, 'That 's it! that 's it!'

I continued, for I was in the talking vein. As to clever people's hating each other, I think a *little* extra talent does sometimes make people jealous. They become irritated by perpetual attempts and failures, and it hurts their tempers and dispositions. Unpretending mediocrity is good, and genius is glorious; but a weak flavor of genius in an essentially common person is detestable. It spoils the grand neutrality of a commonplace character, as the rinsings of an unwashed wineglass spoil a draught of fair water. No wonder the poor fellow we spoke of, who always belongs to this class of slightly flavored mediocrities, is puzzled and vexed by the strange sight of a dozen men of capacity working and playing together in harmony. He and his fellows are always fighting. With them familiarity naturally breeds contempt. If they ever praise each other's bad drawings, or broken-winded novels, or spavined verses, nobody ever supposed it was from admiration; it was simply a contract between themselves or a publisher or dealer.

If the Mutuals have really nothing among them worth admiring, that alters the question. But if they are men with noble powers and qualities, let me tell you,

that, next to youthful love and family affections, there is no human sentiment better than that which unites the Societies of Mutual Admiration. And what would literature or art be without such associations? Who can tell what we owe to the Mutual Admiration Society of which Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher were members? Or to that of which Addison and Steele formed the center, and which gave us the Spectator? Or to that where Johnson, and Goldsmith, and Burke, and Reynolds, and Beauclerk, and Boswell, most admiring among all admirers, met together? Was there any great harm in the fact that the Irvings and Paulding wrote in company? or any unpardonable cabal in the literary union of Verplanck and Bryant and Sands, and as many more as they chose to associate with them?

The poor creature does not know what he is talking about, when he abuses this noblest of institutions. Let him inspect its mysteries through the knot-hole he has secured, but not use that orifice as a medium for his popgun. Such a society is the crown of a literary metropolis; if a town has not material for it, and spirit and good feeling enough to organize it, it is a mere caravansary, fit for a man of genius to lodge in, but not to live in. Foolish people hate and dread and envy such an association of men of varied powers and influence, because it is lofty, serene, impregnable, and, by the necessity of the case, exclusive. Wise ones are prouder of the title M. S. M. A. than of all their other honors put together.

— All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called 'facts.' They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain. Who does not know fellows that always have an ill-conditioned fact or two which they lead after them into decent company like so many bull-dogs, ready to let them slip at every ingenious suggestion, or convenient generalization, or pleasant fancy? I allow no 'facts' at his table. What! Because bread is good and wholesome and necessary and nourishing, shall you thrust a crumb into my windpipe while I am talking? Do not these muscles of mine represent a hundred loaves of bread? and is not my thought the abstract of ten thousand of these crumbs of truth with which you would choke off my speech?

[The above remark must be conditioned and qualified for the vulgar mind. The reader will of course understand the precise amount of seasoning which must be added to it before he adopts it as one of the axioms of his life. The speaker disclaims all responsibility for its abuse in incompetent hands.]

This business of conversation is a very serious matter. There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do. Mark this that I am going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their zigzags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. It is like taking the cat in your lap after holding a squirrel.

What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, at times! A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

'Do not dull people bore you?' said one of the lady-boarders,— the same that sent me her autograph-book last week with a request for a few original stanzas, not remembering that 'The Pactolian' pays me five dollars a line for everything I write in its columns.

'Madam,' said I (she and the century were in their teens together), 'all men are bores, except when we want them. There never was but one man that I would trust with my latch-key.'

'Who might that favored person be?'

'Zimmermann.'

— The men of genius that I fancy most have erectile heads like the cobra-di-capello. You remember what they tell of William Pinkney, the great pleader; how in his eloquent paroxysms the veins of his neck would swell and his face flush and his eyes glitter, until he seemed on

the verge of apoplexy. The hydraulic arrangements for supplying the brain with blood are only second in importance to its own organization. The bulbous-headed fellows that steam well when they are at work are the men that draw big audiences and give us marrowy books and pictures. It is a good sign to have one's feet grow cold when he is writing. A great writer and speaker once told me that he often wrote with his feet in hot water; but for this, *all* his blood would have run into his head, as the mercury sometimes withdraws into the ball of a thermometer.

— You don't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many post-age-stamps, do you,— each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, 'Know thyself,' never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus, a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *Littératrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social teacup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am like the Huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing.'— Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. 'You are constantly going from place to place,' she said.—'Yes,' he answered, 'I am like the Huma,'— and finished the sentence as before.

What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the Huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of Babbage's calculating machine.

— What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! A Frankenstein-monster, a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; that turns out formulae like a corn-sheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them!

I have an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* 'the mathematics.' But the calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I had not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relations of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand-organ has consoled me. I always fancy I can hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of 'detached lever' arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I suppose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.

— Little localized powers, and little narrow streaks of specialized knowledge, are things men are very apt to be conceited about. Nature is very wise; but for this encouraging principle how many small talents and little accomplishments would be neglected! Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet, and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *al*

his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more.

'So you admire conceited people, do you?' said the young lady who has come to the city to be finished off for — the duties of life.

I am afraid you do not study logic at your school, my dear. It does not follow that I wish to be pickled in brine because I like a salt-water plunge at Nahant. I say that conceit is just as natural a thing to human minds as a center is to a circle. But little-minded people's thoughts move in such small circles that five minutes' conversation gives you an arc long enough to determine their whole curve. An arc in the movement of a large intellect does not sensibly differ from a straight line. Even if it have the third vowel as its center, it does not soon betray it. The highest thought, that is, is the most seemingly impersonal; it does not obviously imply any individual center.

Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. What resplendent beauty that must have been which could have authorized Phryne to 'peel' in the way she did! What fine speeches are those two: '*Non omnis moriar*,' and 'I have taken all knowledge to be my province!' Even in common people, conceit has the virtue of making them cheerful; the man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his horse, his dog, and himself severally unequalled, is almost sure to be a good-humored person, though liable to be tedious at times.

— What are the great faults of conversation? Want of ideas, want of words, want of manners, are the principal ones, I suppose you think. I don't doubt it, but I will tell you what I have found spoil more good talks than anything else; — long arguments on special points between people who differ on the fundamental principles upon which these points depend. No men can have satisfactory relations with each other until they have agreed on certain *ultimata* of belief not to be disturbed in ordinary conversation, and unless they have sense enough to trace the secondary questions depending upon these ultimate beliefs to their source. In short, just as a written constitution is essential to the best social order, so a code of finalities is a necessary condition of profitable talk between two persons. Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.

— Do you mean to say the pun-question is not clearly settled in your minds? Let me lay down the law upon the subject. Life and language are alike sacred. Homicide and *verbicide* — that is, violent treatment of a word with fatal results to its legitimate meaning, which is its life — are alike forbidden. Manslaughter, which is the meaning of the one, is the same as man's laughter, which is the end of the other. A pun is *primâ facie* an insult to the person you are talking with. It implies utter indifference to or sublime contempt for his remarks, no matter how serious. I speak of total depravity, and one says all that is written on the subject is deep raving. I have committed my self-respect by talking with such a person. I should like to commit him, but cannot, because he is a nuisance. Or I speak of geological convulsions, and he asks me what was the cosine of Noah's ark; also, whether the Deluge was not a deal huger than any modern inundation.

A pun does not commonly justify a blow in return. But if a blow were given for such cause, and death ensued, the jury would be judges both of the facts and of the pun, and might, if the latter were of an aggravated character, return a verdict of justifiable homicide. Thus, in a case lately decided before Miller, J., Doe presented Roe a subscription paper, and urged the claims of suffering humanity. Roe replied by asking, When charity was like a top? It was in evidence that Doe preserved a dignified silence. Roe then said, 'When it begins to hum.' Doe then — and not till then — struck Roe, and his head happening to hit a bound volume of the Monthly *Rag-bag and Stolen Miscellany*, intense mortification ensued, with a fatal result. The chief laid down his notions of the law to his brother justices, who unanimously replied, 'Jest so.' The chief rejoined, that no man should jest so without being punished for it, and charged for the prisoner, who was acquitted, and the pun ordered to be burned by the sheriff. The bound volume was forfeited as a deodand, but not claimed.

People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism.

I will thank you, B. F., to bring down two books, of which I will mark the places on this slip of paper. (While he is gone, I may say that this boy, our landlady's youngest, is called BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, after the celebrated philosopher of that name. A highly merited compliment.)

I wished to refer to two eminent authorities. Now be so good as to listen. The great moralist says: 'To trifle with the vocabulary which is the vehicle of social intercourse is to tamper with the currency of human intelligence. He who would violate the sanctities of his mother tongue would invade the recesses of the paternal till without remorse, and repeat the banquet of Saturn without an indigestion.'

And, once more, listen to the historian. 'The Puritans hated puns. The Bishops were notoriously addicted to them. The Lords Temporal carried them to the verge of license. Majesty itself must have its Royal quibble. "Ye be burly, my Lord of Burleigh," said Queen Elizabeth, "but ye shall make less stir in our realm than my Lord of Leicester." The gravest wisdom and the highest breeding lent their sanction to the practice. Lord Bacon playfully declared himself a descendant of 'Og, the King of Bashan. Sir Philip Sidney, with his last breath, reproached the soldier who brought him water, for wasting a casque full upon a dying man. A courtier, who saw Othello performed at the Globe Theater, remarked, that the blackamoor was a brute, and not a man. "Thou hast reason," replied a great Lord, 'according to Plato his saying; for this be a two-legged animal *with* feathers." The fatal habit became universal. The language was corrupted. The infection spread to the national conscience. Political double-dealings naturally grew out of verbal double meanings. The teeth of the new dragon were sown by the Cadmus who introduced the alphabet of equivocation. What was levity in the time of the Tudors grew to regicide and revolution in the age of the Stuarts.'

Who was that boarder that just whispered something about the Macaulay-flowers of literature?— There was a dead silence.— I said calmly, I shall henceforth consider any interruption by a pun as a hint to change my boarding-house. Do not plead my example. If *I* have used any such, it has been only as a Spartan father would show up a drunken helot. We have done with them.

— If a logical mind ever found out anything with its logic? — I should say that its most frequent work was to build a *pons asinorum* over chasms which shrewd people can bestride without such a structure. You can hire logic, in the shape of a lawyer, to prove anything that you want to prove. You can buy treatises to show that Napoleon never lived, and that no battle of Bunker-hill was ever fought. The great minds are those with a wide span, which couple truths related to, but far removed from, each other. Logicians carry the surveyor's chain over the track of which these are the true explorers. I value a man mainly for his primary relations with truth, as I understand truth, — not for any secondary artifice in handling his ideas. Some of the sharpest men in argument are notoriously unsound in judgment. I should not trust the counsel of a clever debater, any more than that of a good chess-player. Either may of course advise wisely, but not necessarily because he wrangles or plays well.

The old gentleman who sits opposite got his hand up, as a pointer lifts his forefoot, at the expression, 'his relations with truth as I understand truth,' and when I had done, sniffed audibly, and said I talked like a transcendentalist. For his part, common sense was good enough for him.

Precisely so, my dear sir, I replied; common sense, *as you understand it.* We all have to assume a standard of judgment in our own minds, either of things or persons. A man who is willing to take another's opinion has to exercise his judgment in the choice of whom to follow, which is often as nice a matter as to judge of things for one's self. On the whole, I had rather judge men's minds by comparing their thoughts with my own, than judge of thoughts by knowing who utter them. I must do one or the other. It does not follow, of course, that I may not recognize another man's thoughts as broader and deeper than my own; but that does not necessarily change my opinion,

otherwise this would be at the mercy of every superior mind that held a different one. How many of our most cherished beliefs are like those drinking-glasses of the ancient pattern, that serve us well so long as we keep them in our hand, but spill all if we attempt to set them down! I have sometimes compared conversation to the Italian game of *mora*, in which one player lifts his hand with so many fingers extended, and the other matches or misses the number, as the case may be. I show my thought, another his; if they agree, well; if they differ, we find the largest common factor, if we can, but at any rate avoid disputing about remainders and fractions, which is to real talk what tuning an instrument is to playing on it.

— What if, instead of talking this morning, I should read you a copy of verses, with critical remarks by the author? Any of the company can retire that like.

ALBUM VERSES

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

In hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

What do *you* think of these verses my friends? — Is that piece an impromptu? said my landlady's daughter. (Æt. 19 +. Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordeon. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says, 'Yes?' when you tell her anything.) — *Oui et non, ma petite,* — Yes and no, my child. Five of the seven verses were written off-hand; the other two took a week, — that is, were hanging around the desk in a ragged, forlorn, unrimed condition as long as that. All poets will tell you just such stories. *C'est le* DERNIER *pas qui coûte.* Don't you know how hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over? They want to be off, and you want to have them off, but they don't know how to manage it. One would think they had been built in your parlor or study, and were waiting to be launched. I have contrived a sort of ceremonial inclined plane for such visitors, which being lubricated with certain smooth phrases, I back them down, metaphorically speaking, stern-foremost, into their 'native element,' the great ocean of out-doors. Well, now, there are poems as hard to get rid of as these rural visitors. They come in glibly, use up all the reserviceable rimes, *day, ray, beauty, duty, skies, eyes, other, brother, mountain, fountain,* and the like; and so they go on until you think it is time for the wind-up, and the wind-up won't come on any terms. So they lie about until you get sick of the sight of them, and end by thrusting some cold scrap of a final couplet upon them, and turning them out of doors. I suspect a good many 'impromptus' could tell just such a story as the above. — Here turning to our landlady, I used an illustration which pleased the company much at the time, and has since been highly commended. 'Madam,' I said, 'you can pour three gills and three quarters of honey from that pint jug, if it is full, in less than one minute; but, Madam, you could not empty that last quarter of a gill, though you were turned into a marble Hebe, and held the vessel upside down for a thousand years.'

One gets tired to death of the old, old rimes, such as you see in that copy of verses, — which I don't mean to abuse, or

to praise either. I always feel as if I were a cobbler, putting new top-leathers to an old pair of boot-soles and bodies, when I am fitting sentiments to these venerable jingles.

. . . . youth
. . . . morning
. . . . truth
. . . . warning.

Nine tenths of the 'Juvenile Poems' written spring out of the above musical and suggestive coincidences.

'Yes?' said our landlady's daughter.

I did not address the following remark to her, and I trust, from her limited range of reading, she will never see it; I said it softly to my next neighbor.

When a young female wears a flat circular side-curl, gummed on each temple,— when she walks with a male, not arm in arm, but his arm against the back of hers,— and when she says 'Yes?' with the note of interrogation, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the 'feller' was you saw her with.

'What were you whispering?' said the daughter of the house, moistening her lips, as she spoke, in a very engaging manner.

'I was only laying down a principle of social diagnosis.'

'Yes?'

— It is curious to see how the same wants and tastes find the same implements and modes of expression in all times and places. The young ladies of Otaheite, as you may see in Cook's Voyages, had a sort of crinoline arrangement fully equal in radius to the largest spread of our own lady-baskets. When I fling a Bay-State shawl over my shoulders, I am only taking a lesson from the climate that the Indian had learned before me. A *blanket*-shawl we call it, and not a plaid; and we wear it like the aborigines, and not like the Highlanders.

— We are the Romans of the modern world,— the great assimilating people. Conflicts and conquests are of course necessary accidents with us, as with our prototypes. And so we come to their style of weapon. Our army sword is the short, stiff, pointed *gladius* of the Romans; and the American bowie-knife is the same tool, modified to meet the daily wants of civil society. I announce at this table an axiom not to be found in Montesquieu or the journals of Congress: —

The race that shortens its weapon lengthens its boundaries.

Corollary. It was the Polish lance that left Poland at last with nothing of her own to bound.

'Dropped from her nerveless grasp the *shattered spear!*'

What business had Sarmatia to be fighting for liberty with a fifteen-foot pole between her and the breasts of her enemies? If she had but clutched the old Roman and young American weapon, and come to close quarters, there might have been a chance for her; but it would have spoiled the best passage in the 'Pleasures of Hope.'

— Self-made men? — Well, yes. Of course everybody likes and respects self-made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all. Are any of you younger people old enough to remember that Irishman's house on the marsh at Cambridgeport which house he built from drain to chimney-top with his own hands? It took him a good many years to build it, and one could see that it was a little out of plumb and a little wavy in outline, and a little queer and uncertain in general aspect. A regular hand could certainly have built a better house; but it was a very good house for a 'self-made' carpenter's house and people praised it, and said how remarkably well the Irishman had succeeded. They never thought of praising the fine blocks of houses a little farther on.

Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it, when I say that, other things being equal, in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

What do I mean by a man of family? — O, I 'll give you a general idea of what

nean. Let us give him a first-rate fit out; it costs us nothing.

Four or five generations of gentlemen and gentlewomen; among them a member of his Majesty's Council for the Province, a Governor or so, one or two Doctors of Divinity, a member of Congress, not later than the time of long boots with tassels.

Family portraits. The member of the Council, by Smibert. The great merchant-uncle, by Copley, full length, sitting in his arm-chair, in a velvet cap and flowered robe, with a globe by him, to show the range of his commercial transactions, and letters with large red seals lying round, one directed conspicuously to The Honorable, etc., etc. Great-grandmother, by the same artist: brown satin, lace very fine, hands superlative; grandold lady, stiffish, but imposing. Her mother, artist unknown; flat, angular, hanging sleeves; parrot on fist. A pair of Stuarts, viz., 1. A superb full-blown, mediæval gentleman, with a fiery dash of Tory blood in his veins, tempered down with that of a fine old rebel grandmother, and warmed up with the best of old India Madeira; his face is one flame of ruddy sunshine; his ruffled shirt rushes out of his bosom with an impetuous generosity, as if it would drag his heart after it; and his smile is good for twenty thousand dollars to the Hospital, besides ample bequests to all relatives and dependants. 2. Lady of the same; remarkable cap; high waist, as in time of Empire; bust *à la Josephine;* wisps of curls, like celery-tips, at sides of forehead; complexion clear and warm, like rose-cordial. As for the miniatures by Malbone, we don't count them in the gallery.

Books, too, with the names of old college-students in them,— family names; — you will find them at the head of their respective classes in the days when students took rank on the catalogue from their parents' condition. Elzevirs, with the Latinized appellations of youthful progenitors, and *Hic liber est meus* on the titlepage. A set of Hogarth's original plates. Pope, original edition, 15 volumes, London, 1717. Barrow on the lower shelves, in folio. Tillotson on the upper, in a little dark platoon of octo-decimos.

Some family silver; a string of wedding and funeral rings; the arms of the family curiously blazoned; the same in worsted, by a maiden aunt.

If the man of family has an old place to keep these things in, furnished with claw-foot chairs and black mahogany tables, and tall bevel-edged mirrors, and stately upright cabinets, his outfit is complete.

No, my friends, I go (always, other things being equal) for the man who inherits family traditions and the cumulative humanities of at least four or five generations. Above all things, as a child, he should have tumbled about in a library. All men are afraid of books, that have not handled them from infancy. Do you suppose our dear professor over there ever read *Poli Synopsis,* or consulted *Castelli Lexicon,* while he was growing up to their stature? Not he; but virtue passed through the hem of their parchment and leather garments whenever he touched them, as the precious drugs sweated through the bat's handle in the Arabian story. I tell you he is at home wherever he smells the invigorating fragrance of Russia leather. No self-made man feels so. One may, it is true, have all the antecedents I have spoken of, and yet be a boor or a shabby fellow. One may have none of them, and yet be fit for councils and courts. Then let them change places. Our social arrangement has this great beauty, that its strata shift up and down as they change specific gravity, without being clogged by layers of prescription. But I still insist on my democratic liberty of choice, and I go for the man with the gallery of family portraits against the one with the twenty-five-cent daguerreotype, unless I find out that the last is the better of the two.

— I should have felt more nervous about the late comet, if I had thought the world was ripe. But it is very green yet, if I am not mistaken; and besides, there is a great deal of coal to use up, which I cannot bring myself to think was made for nothing. If certain things, which seem to me essential to a millennium, had come to pass, I should have been frightened; but they have n't. Perhaps you would like to hear my

LATTER-DAY WARNINGS

When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whortle-, rasp-, and straw-,
Grow bigger downwards through the box,—

When he that selleth house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right,—
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light,—

When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean,—
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean,—

When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take,—
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for conscience' sake,—

When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof,—

When in the usual place for rips
Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
Where first umbrellas need repair,—

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot
The power of suction to resist,
And claret-bottles harbor not
Such dimples as would hold your fist,—

When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before,—
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore;—

Till then let Cumming blaze away,
And Miller's saints blow up the globe,
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension robe!

The company seemed to like the verses, and I promised them to read others occasionally, if they had a mind to hear them. Of course they would not expect it every morning. Neither must the reader suppose that all these things I have reported were said at any one breakfast-time. I have not taken the trouble to date them, as Raspail, *père,* used to date every proof he sent to the printer; but they were scattered over several breakfasts; and I have said a good many more things since which I shall very possibly print some time or other, if I am urged to do it by judicious friends.

Atlantic Monthly, Nov., (1857) 1857.

II

I really believe some people save their bright thoughts, as being too precious for conversation. What do you think an admiring friend said the other day to one that was talking good things,—good enough to print? 'Why,' said he, 'you are wasting merchantable literature, a cash article, at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of fifty dollars an hour.' The talker took him to the window and asked him to look out and tell him what he saw.

'Nothing but a very dusty street,' he said, 'and a man driving a sprinkling-machine through it.'

'Why don't you tell the man he is wasting that water? What would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our *thought-sprinklers* through them with the valves open, sometimes?

'Besides, there is another thing about this talking, which you forget. It shapes our thoughts for us;—the waves of conversation roll them as the surf rolls the pebbles on the shore. Let me modify the image a little. I rough out my thoughts in talk as an artist models in clay. Spoken language is so plastic,—you can pat and coax, and spread and shave, and rub out, and fill up, and stick on so easily, when you work that soft material, that there is nothing like it for modeling. Out of it comes the shapes which you turn into marble or bronze in your immortal books, if you happen to write such. Or, to use another illustration, writing or printing is like shooting with a rifle; you may hit your reader's mind, or miss it;—but talking is like playing at a mark with the pipe of an engine; if it is within reach, and you have time enough, you can't help hitting it.'

The company agreed that this last illustration was of superior excellence, or, in the phrase used by them, 'Fust-rate.'—I acknowledged the compliment, but gently rebuked the expression. 'Fust-rate,' 'prime,' 'a prime article,' 'a superior piece of goods,' 'a handsome garment,' 'a gent

in a flowered vest,'— all such expressions are final. They blast the lineage of him or her who utters them, for generations up and down. There is one other phrase which will soon come to be decisive of a man's social *status,* if it is not already: 'That tells the whole story.' It is an expression which vulgar and conceited people particularly affect, and which well-meaning ones, who know better, catch from them. It is intended to stop all debate, like the previous question in the General Court. Only it don't; simply because 'that' does not usually tell the whole, nor one half of the whole story.

— It is an odd idea, that almost all our people have had a professional education. To become a doctor a man must study some three years and hear a thousand lectures, more or less. Just how much study it takes to make a lawyer I cannot say, but probably not more than this. Now most decent people hear one hundred lectures or sermons (discourses) on theology every year,— and this, twenty, thirty, fifty years together. They read a great many religious books besides. The clergy, however, rarely hear any sermons except what they preach themselves. A dull preacher might be conceived, therefore, to lapse into a state of *quasi* heathenism, simply for want of religious instruction. And on the other hand, an attentive and intelligent hearer, listening to a succession of wise teachers, might become actually better educated in theology than any one of them. We are all theological students, and more of us qualified as doctors of divinity, than have received degrees at any of the universities.

It is not strange, therefore, that very good people should often find it difficult, if not impossible, to keep their attention fixed upon a sermon treating feebly a subject which they have thought vigorously about for years, and heard able men discuss scores of times. I have often noticed, however, that a hopelessly dull discourse acts *inductively,* as electricians would say, in developing strong mental currents. I am ashamed to think with what accompaniments and variations and *foriture* I have sometimes followed the droning of a heavy speaker,— not willingly,— for my habit is reverential, but as a necessary result of a slight continuous impression on the senses and the mind, which kept both in action without furnishing the food they required to work upon. If you ever saw a crow with a king-bird after him, you will get an image of a dull speaker and a lively listener. The bird in sable plumage flaps heavily along his straightforward course, while the other sails round him, over him, under him, leaves him, comes back again, tweaks out a black feather, shoots away once more, never losing sight of him, and finally reaches the crow's perch at the same time the crow does, having cut a perfect labyrinth of loops and knots, and spirals while the slow fowl was painfully working from one end of his straight line to the other.

[I think these remarks were received rather coolly. A temporary boarder from the country, consisting of a somewhat more than middle-aged female, with a parchment forehead and a dry little 'frisette' shingling it, a sallow neck with a necklace of gold beads, a black dress too rusty for recent grief, and contours in basso-rilievo, left the table prematurely, and was reported to have been very virulent about what I said. So I went to my good old minister, and repeated the remarks, as nearly as I could remember them, to him. He laughed good-naturedly, and said there was considerable truth in them. He thought he could tell when people's minds were wandering, by their looks. In the earlier years of his ministry he had sometimes noticed this, when he was preaching; — a very little of late years. Sometimes, when his colleague was preaching, he observed this kind of inattention; but after all, it was not so very unnatural. I will say, by the way, that it is a rule I have long followed, to tell my worst faults to my minister, and my best thoughts to the young people I talk with.]

— I want to make a literary confession now, which I believe nobody has made before me. You know very well that I write verses sometimes, because I have read some of them at this table. (The company assented,— two or three of them in a resigned sort of way, as I thought, as if they supposed I had an epic in my pocket, and was going to read half a dozen books or so for their benefit.) — I continued. Of course I write some lines or passages which are better than others; some which, compared with the others, might be called relatively excellent. It

is in the nature of things that I should consider these relatively excellent lines or passages as absolutely good. So much must be pardoned to humanity. Now I never wrote a 'good' line in my life, but the moment after it was written it seemed a hundred years old. Very commonly I had a sudden conviction that I had seen it somewhere. Possibly I may have sometimes unconsciously stolen it, but I do not remember that I ever once detected any historical truth in these sudden convictions of the antiquity of my new thought or phrase. I have learned utterly to distrust them, and never allow them to bully me out of a thought or line.

This is the philosophy of it. (Here the number of the company was diminished by a small secession.) Any new formula which suddenly emerges in our consciousness has its roots in long trains of thought; it is virtually old when it first makes its appearance among the recognized growths of our intellect. Any crystalline group of musical words has had a long and still period to form in. Here is one theory.

But there is a larger law which perhaps comprehends these facts. It is this. The rapidity with which ideas grow old in our memories is in a direct ratio to the squares of their importance. Their apparent age runs up miraculously, like the value of diamonds, as they increase in magnitude. A great calamity, for instance, is as old as the trilobites an hour after it has happened. It stains backward through all the leaves we have turned over in the book of life, before its blot of tears or of blood is dry on the page we are turning. For this we seem to have lived; it was foreshadowed in dreams that we leaped out of in the cold sweat of terror; in the 'dissolving views' of dark day-visions; all omens pointed to it; all paths led to it. After the tossing half-forgetfulness of the first sleep that follows such an event, it comes upon us afresh, as a surprise, at waking; in a few moments it is old again,—old as eternity.

[I wish I had not said all this then and there. I might have known better. The pale schoolmistress, in her mourning dress, was looking at me, as I noticed, with a wild sort of expression. All at once the blood dropped out of her cheeks as the mercury drops from a broken barometer-tube, and she melted away from her seat like an image of snow; a slung-shot could not have brought her down better. God forgive me!

After this little episode, I continued, to some few that remained balancing tea-spoons on the edges of cups, twirling knives, or tilting upon the hind legs of their chairs until their heads reached the wall, where they left gratuitous advertisements of various popular cosmetics.]

When a person is suddenly thrust into any strange, new position of trial, he finds the place fits him as if he had been measured for it. He has committed a great crime, for instance, and is sent to the State Prison. The traditions, prescriptions, limitations, privileges, all the sharp conditions of his new life, stamp themselves upon his consciousness as the signet on soft wax;—a single pressure is enough. Let me strengthen the image a little. Did you ever happen to see that most soft-spoken and velvet-handed steam-engine at the Mint? The smooth piston slides backward and forward as a lady might slip her delicate finger in and out of a ring. The engine lays one of *its* fingers calmly, but firmly, upon a bit of metal; it is a coin now, and will remember that touch, and tell a new race about it, when the date upon it is crusted over with twenty centuries. So it is that a great silent-moving misery puts a new stamp on us in an hour or a moment,—as sharp an impression as if it had taken half a lifetime to engrave it.

It is awful to be in the hands of the wholesale professional dealers in misfortune; undertakers and jailers magnetize you in a moment, and you pass out of the individual life you were living into the rhythmical movements of their horrible machinery. Do the worst thing you can, or suffer the worst that can be thought of, you find yourself in a category of humanity that stretches back as far as Cain, and with an expert at your elbow that has studied your case all over beforehand, and is waiting for you with his implements of hemp or mahogany. I believe, if a man were to be burned in any of our cities to-morrow for heresy, there would be found a master of ceremonies that knew just how many fagots were necessary, and the best way of arranging the whole matter.

— So we have not won the Goodwood-
ıp; *au contraire,* we were a 'bad fifth,'
not worse than that; and trying it again,
nd the third time, has not yet bettered
ıe matter. Now I am as patriotic as
ny of my fellow-citizens,— too patriotic
ı fact, for I have got into hot water by
›ving too much of my country; in short,
any man, whose fighting weight is
ot more than eight stone four pounds,
isputes it I am ready to discuss the point
ith him. I should have gloried to see
ıe stars and stripes in front at the finish.
love my country, and I love horses.
tubb's old mezzotint of Eclipse hangs
ver my desk, and Herring's portrait of
lenipotentiary,— whom I saw run at Ep-
›m,— over my fireplace. Did I not elope
·om school to see Revenge, and Prospect,
nd Little John, and Peacemaker run over
ıe race-course where now yon suburban
illage flourishes, in the year eighteen
undred and ever-so-few? Though I
ever owned a horse, have I not been the
roprietor of six equine females, of which
ıe was the prettiest little 'Morgin' that
ver stepped? Listen, then, to an opin-
›n I have often expressed long before
ıis venture of ours in England. Horse-
ıcing is not a republican institution;
›rse-*trotting* is. Only very rich persons
ın keep race-horses, and everybody
nows they are kept mainly as gambling
ınplements. All that matter about blood
ıd speed we won't discuss; we under-
and all that; useful, very,— *of* course,—
reat obligations to the Godolphin 'Ara-
ian,' and the rest. I say racing horses
re essentially gambling implements, as
uch as roulette tables. Now I am not
reaching at this moment; I may read you
ıe of my sermons some other morning;
ut I maintain that gambling, on the great
:ale, is not republican. It belongs to
vo phases of society,— a cankered over-
vilization, such as exists in rich aris-
›cracies, and the reckless life of bor-
erers and adventurers, or the semi-bar-
arism of a civilization resolved into its
rimitive elements. Real republicanism
stern and severe; its essence is not in
›rms of government, but in the omnipo-
·nce of public opinion which grows out
f it. This public opinion cannot pre-
ent gambling with dice or stocks, but it
ın and does compel it to keep compara-
vely quiet. But horse-racing is the most
ublic way of gambling; and with all its immense attractions to the sense and the feelings,— to which I plead very susceptible,— the disguise is too thin that covers it, and everybody knows what it means. Its supporters are the Southern gentry, — fine fellows, no doubt, but not republicans exactly, as we understand the term, — a few Northern millionaires more or less thoroughly millioned, who do not represent the real people, and the mob of sporting men, the best of whom are commonly idlers, and the worst very bad neighbors to have near one in a crowd, or to meet in a dark alley. In England, on the other hand, with its aristocratic institutions, racing is a natural growth enough; the passion for it spreads downward through all classes, from the Queen to the costermonger. London is like a shelled corn-cob on the Derby day, and there is not a clerk who could raise the money to hire a saddle with an old hack under it that can sit down on his office-stool the next day without wincing.

Now just compare the racer with the trotter for a moment. The race is incidentally useful, but essentially something to bet upon, as much as the thimble-rigger's 'little joker.' The trotter is essentially and daily useful, and only incidentally a tool for sporting men.

What better reason do you want for the fact that the racer is most cultivated and reaches his greatest perfection in England, and that the trotting horses of America beat the world? And why should we have expected that the pick — if it was the pick — of our few and far-between racing stables should beat the pick of England and France? Throw over the fallacious time-test, and there was nothing to show for it but a natural kind of patriotic feeling, which we all have, with a thoroughly provincial conceit, which some of us must plead guilty to.

We may beat yet. As an American, I hope we shall. As a moralist and occasional sermonizer, I am not so anxious about it. Wherever the trotting horse goes, he carries in his train brisk omnibuses, lively bakers' carts, and therefore hot rolls, the jolly butcher's wagon, the cheerful gig, the wholesome afternoon drive with wife and child,— all the forms of moral excellence, except truth, which does not agree with any kind of horse-flesh. The racer brings with him gam-

bling, cursing, swearing, drinking, the eating of oysters, and a distaste for mob-caps and the middle-aged virtues.

And by the way, let me beg you not to call a *trotting match* a *race,* and not to speak of a 'thoroughbred' as a *'blooded'* horse, unless he has been recently phlebotomized. I consent to your saying 'blood horse,' if you like. Also, if, next year, we sent out Posterior and Posterioress, the winners of the great national four-mile race in 7: 18½, and they happen to get beaten, pay your bets, and behave like men and gentlemen about it, if you know how.

[I felt a great deal better after blowing off the ill-temper condensed in the above paragraph. To brag little,— to show well,— to crow gently, if in luck,— to pay up, to own up, and to shut up, if beaten, are the virtues of a sporting man, and I can't say that I think we have shown them in any great perfection of late.]

— Apropos of horses. Do you know how important good jockeying is to authors? Judicious management; letting the public see your animal just enough, and not too much; holding him up hard when the market is too full of him; letting him out at just the right buying intervals; always gently feeling his mouth; never slacking and never jerking the rein; — this is what I mean by jockeying.

— When an author has a number of books out, a cunning hand will keep them all spinning, as Signor Blitz does his dinner-plates; fetching each one up, as it begins to 'wabble,' by an advertisement, a puff, or a quotation.

— Whenever the extracts from a living writer begin to multiply fast in the papers, without obvious reason, there is a new book or a new edition coming. The extracts are *ground-bait.*

— Literary life is full of curious phenomena. I don't know that here is anything more noticeable than what we may call *conventional reputations.* There is a tacit understanding in every community of men of letters that they will not disturb the popular fallacy respecting this or that electro-gilded celebrity. There are various reasons for this forbearance; one is old; one is rich; one is good-natured; one is such a favorite with the pit that it would not be safe to hiss him from the manager's box. The venerable augurs of the literary or scientific temple may smile faintly when one of the tribe is mentioned; but the farce is in general kept up as well as the Chinese comic scene of entreating and imploring a man to stay with you, with the implied compact between you that he shall by no means think of doing it. A poor wretch he must be who would wantonly sit down on one of these bandbox reputations. A Prince-Rupert's-drop, which is a tear of unannealed glass, lasts indefinitely if you keep it from meddling hands; but break its tail off, and it explodes and resolves itself into powder. These celebrities I speak of are the Prince-Rupert's-drops of the learned and polite world. See how the papers treat them! What an array of pleasant kaleidoscopic phrases, that can be arranged in ever so many charming patterns, is at their service! How kind the 'Critical Notices'— where small authorship comes to pick up chips of praise, fragrant, sugary, and sappy — always are to them! Well, life would be nothing without paper-credit and other fictions; so let them pass current. Don't steal their chips; don't puncture their swimming-bladders; don't come down on their pasteboard boxes; don't break the ends of their brittle and unstable reputations, you fellows who all feel sure that your names will be household words, a thousand years from now.

'A thousand years is a good while,' said the old gentleman who sits opposite, thoughtfully.

— Where have I been for the last three or four days? Down at the Island, deer shooting.— How many did I bag? I brought home one buck shot.— The Island is where? No matter. It is the most splendid domain that any man looks upon in these latitudes. Blue sea around it and running up into its heart, so that the little boat slumbers like a baby in land while the tall ships are stripping naked to fight the hurricane outside, and storm-stay-sails banging and flying in ribbons. Trees, in stretches of miles; beeches, oaks most numerous; — many of them hung with moss, looking like bearded Druids, some coiled in the clasp of huge, dark-stemmed grape-vines. Open patches where the sun gets in and goes to sleep, and the winds come so finely sifted that they are as soft as swan's down. Rocks scattered about,— Stonehenge-like mono-

liths. Freshwater lakes; one of them, Mary's lake, crystal-clear, full of flashing pickerel lying under the lily-pads like tigers in the jungle. Six pounds of ditto one morning for breakfast. Ego *fecit*.

The divinity-student looked as if he would like to question my Latin. No, sir, I said,—you need not trouble yourself. There is a higher law in grammar, not to be put down by Andrews and Stoddard. Then I went on.

Such hospitality as that island has seen here has not been the like of in these our New England sovereignties. There is nothing in the shape of kindness and courtesy that can make life beautiful, which has not found its home in that ocean-principality. It has welcomed all who were worthy of welcome, from the pale clergyman who came to breathe the sea-air with its medicinal salt and iodine, to the great statesman who turned his back on the affairs of empire, and smoothed his Olympian forehead, and flashed his white teeth in merriment over the long table, where his wit was the keenest and his story the best.

[I don't believe any man ever talked like that in this world. I don't believe *I* talked just so; but the fact is, in reporting one's conversation, one cannot help *Blair*-ing it up more or less, ironing out crumpled paragraphs, starching limp ones, and crimping and plaiting a little sometimes; it is as natural as prinking at the looking-glass.]

— How can a man help writing poetry in such a place? Everybody does write poetry that goes there. In the state archives, kept in the library of the Lord of the Isle, are whole volumes of unpublished verse,— some by well-known hands, and others, quite as good, by the last people you would think of as versifiers,— men who could pension off all the genuine poets in the country, and buy ten acres of Boston common, if it was for sale, with what they had left. Of course I had to write my little copy of verses with the rest; here it is, if you will hear me read it. When the sun is in the west, vessels sailing in an easterly direction look bright or dark to one who observes them from the north or south, according to the tack they are sailing upon. Watching them from one of the windows of the great mansion, I saw these perpetual changes, and moralized thus: —

As I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green
To the billows of foam-crested blue,
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen
Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue:
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;
Now white as the sea-gull, she flies on her way
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,—
Of breakers that whiten and roar;
How little he cares, if in shadow or sun
They see him that gaze from the shore!
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
To the rock that is under his lee,
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim-vaulted caves,
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
May see us in sunshine or shade;

Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
We'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore!

— Insanity is often the logic of an accurate mind overtasked. Good mental machinery ought to break its own wheels and levers, if anything is thrust among them suddenly which tends to stop them or reverse their motion. A weak mind does not accumulate force enough to hurt itself; stupidity often saves a man from going mad. We frequently see persons in insane hospitals, sent there in consequence of what are called *religious* mental disturbances. I confess that I think better of them than of many who hold the same notions, and keep their wits and appear to enjoy life very well, outside of the asylums. Any decent person ought to go mad, if he really holds such or such opinions. It is very much to his discredit in every point of view, if he does not. What is the use of my saying what some of these opinions are? Perhaps

more than one of you hold such as I should think ought to send you straight over to Somerville, if you have any logic in your heads or any human feeling in your hearts. Anything that is brutal, cruel, heathenish, that makes life hopeless for the most of mankind and perhaps for entire races,— anything that assumes the necessity of the extermination of instincts which were given to be regulated, — no matter by what name you call it,— no matter whether a fakir, or a monk, or a deacon believes it,— if received, ought to produce insanity in every well-regulated mind. That condition becomes a normal one, under the circumstances. I am very much ashamed of some people for retaining their reason, when they know perfectly well that if they were not the most stupid or the most selfish of human beings, they would become *noncompotes* at once.

[Nobody understood this but the theological student and the schoolmistress. They looked intelligently at each other; but whether they were thinking about my paradox or not, I am not clear.— It would be natural enough. Stranger things have happened. Love and Death enter boarding houses without asking the price of board, or whether there is room for them. Alas, these young people are poor and pallid! Love *should* be both rich and rosy, but *must* be either rich or rosy. Talk about military duty! What is that to the warfare of a married maid-of-all-work, with the title of mistress, and an American female constitution, which collapses just in the middle third of life, and comes out vulcanized India-rubber, if it happen to live through the period when health and strength are most wanted?]

— Have I ever acted in private theatricals? Often. I have played the part of the 'Poor Gentleman,' before a great many audiences,— more, I trust, than I shall ever face again. I did not wear a stage-costume, nor a wig, nor mustaches of burnt cork; but I was placarded and announced as a public performer, and at the proper hour I came forward with the ballet-dancer's smile upon my countenance, and made my bow and acted my part. I have seen my name stuck up in letters so big that I was ashamed to show myself in the place by daylight. I have gone to a town with a sober literary essay in my pocket, and seen myself everywhere announced as the most desperate of *buffos*, — one who was obliged to restrain himself in the full exercise of his powers from prudential considerations. I have been through as many hardships as Ulysses, in the pursuit of my histrionic vocation. I have traveled in cars until the conductors all knew me like a brother. I have run off the rails, and stuck all night in snow-drifts, and sat behind females that would have the window open when one could not wink without his eyelids freezing together. Perhaps I shall give you some of my experiences one of these days; — I will not now, for I have something else for you.

Private theatricals, as I have figured in them in county lyceum-halls, are one thing,— and private theatricals, as they may be seen in certain gilded and frescoed saloons of our metropolis, are another. Yes, it is pleasant to see real gentlemen and ladies, who do not think it necessary to mouth, and rant, and stride, like most of our stage heroes and heroines, in the characters which show off their graces and talents; most of all to see a fresh unrouged, unspoiled, high-bred young maiden, with a lithe figure, and a pleasant voice, acting in those love-dramas that make us young again to look upon when real youth and beauty will play them for us.

— Of course I wrote the prologue I was asked to write. I did not see the play, though. I knew there was a young lady in it, and that somebody was in love with her, and she was in love with him and somebody (an old tutor, I believe) wanted to interfere, and, very naturally the young lady was too sharp for him. The play of course ends charmingly: there is a general reconciliation, and all concerned form a line and take each others' hands, as people always do after they have made up their quarrels,— and then the curtain falls,— if it does not stick, as it commonly does at private theatrical exhibitions, in which case a boy is detailed to pull it down, which he does, blushing violently.

Now, then, for my prologue. I am not going to change my cæsuras and cadences for anybody; so if you do not like the heroic, or iambic trimeter brachy-catalectic, you had better not wait to hear it.

THIS IS IT

A Prologue? Well, of course the ladies know;
I have my doubts. No matter,—here we go!
What is a Prologue? Let our Tutor teach:
Pro means beforehand; *logos* stands for speech.
'T is like the harper's prelude on the strings,
The prima donna's courtesy ere she sings;—
Prologues in meter are to other *pros*
As worsted stockings are to engine-hose.

'The world 's a stage,'—as Shakespeare said, one day;
The stage a world—was what he meant to say.
The outside world 's a blunder, that is clear;
The real world that Nature meant is here.
Here every foundling finds its lost mama;
Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa;
Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,
The cheats are taken in the traps they laid;
One after one the troubles all are past
Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,
When the young couple, old folks, rogues, and all,
Join hands, *so* happy at the curtain's fall.

—Here suffering virtue ever finds relief,
And black-browed ruffians always come to grief.
—When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,
And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach,
Cries, 'Help, kyind Heaven!' and drops upon her knees
On the green—baize,—beneath the (canvas) trees,—
See to her side avenging Valor fly:—
'Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terraitorr yield or die!'
—When the poor hero flounders in despair,
Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire,—
Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,
Sobs on his neck, '*My boy!* My boy!! MY BOY!!!'

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world to-night
Of love that conquers in disaster's spite.
Ladies, attend! While woeful cares and doubt
Wrong the soft passion in the world without,
Though fortune scowl, though prudence interfere,
One thing is certain: Love will triumph here!

Lords of creation, whom your ladies rule,—
The world's great masters, when you 're out of school,—
Learn the brief moral of our evening's play:
Man has his will,—but woman has her way!
While man's dull spirit toils in smoke and fire,
Woman's swift instinct threads the electric wire,—
The magic bracelet stretched beneath the waves
Beats the black giant with his score of slaves.
All earthly powers confess your sovereign art
But that one rebel,—woman's wilful heart
All foes you master; but a woman's wit
Lets daylight through you ere you know you 're hit.
So, just to picture what her art can do,
Hear an old story made as good as new.

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade,
Alike was famous for his arm and blade.
One day a prisoner Justice had to kill
Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill.
Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,
Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.
His falchion lighted with a sudden gleam,
As the pike's armor flashes in the stream.
He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;
The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow.
'Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,'
The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)

'Friend, I *have* struck,' the artist straight replied;
'Wait but one moment, and yourself decide.'
He held his snuff-box,—'Now then, if you please!'
The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,
Off his head tumbled,—bowled along the floor,—
Bounced down the steps;—the prisoner said no more!
Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye;
If death lurks in it, oh, how sweet to die!
Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head;
We die with love, and never dream we 're dead!

The prologue went off very well, as I hear. No alterations were suggested by the lady to whom it was sent, so far as I know. Sometimes people criticise the poems one sends them, and suggest all sorts of improvements. Who was that silly body that wanted Burns to alter 'Scots wha hae,' so as to lengthen the last line thus?—

'*Edward!*' Chains and slavery!

Here is a little poem I sent a short time since to a committee for a certain celebration. I understood that it was to be a festive and convivial occasion, and ordered myself accordingly. It seems the president of the day was what is called a 'teetotaller.' I received a note from him in the following words, containing the copy subjoined, with the emendations annexed to it.

'Dear Sir,— Your poem gives good satisfaction to the committee. The sentiments expressed with reference to liquor are not, however, those generally entertained by this community. I have therefore consulted the clergyman of this place, who has made some slight changes, which he thinks will remove all objections, and keep the valuable portions of the poem. Please to inform me of your charge for said poem. Our means are limited, etc., etc., etc.

'Yours with respect.'

Come! fill a fresh bumper,— for why should we go
logwood
While the ~~nectar~~ still reddens our cups as they flow?
decoction
Pour out the ~~rich juices~~ still bright with the sun,
dye stuff
Till o'er the brimmed crystal the ~~rubies~~ shall run.

half-ripened apples
The ~~purple-globed clusters~~ their life-dews have bled;
taste sugar
How sweet is the ~~breath~~ of the ~~fragrance~~ of lead
~~they shed~~,
rank poisons *wines!!!*
For summer's ~~last roses~~ lie hid in the ~~wines~~
stable-boys smok-
That were garnered by ~~maidens who laughed~~ ing long-nines.
~~through the vines.~~

scowl howl scoff
Then a ~~smile~~, and a ~~glass~~, and a ~~toast~~, and a sneer
~~cheer~~.
strychnine and whisky, and ratsbane and
For all ~~the good wine, and we've some of it~~ beer
~~here~~!
In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,
Down, down, with the tyrant that masters us all!
~~Long live the gay servant that laughs for us all!~~

The company said I had been shabbily treated, and advised me to charge the committee double,— which I did. But as I never got my pay, I don't know that it made much difference. I am a very particular person about having all I write printed as I write it. I require to see a proof, a revise, a re-revise, and a double re-revise, or fourth-proof rectified impression of all my productions, especially verse. Manuscripts are such puzzles! Why, I was reading some lines near the end of the last number of this journal, when I came across one beginning

The *stream* flashes by,—

Now as no stream had been mentioned, I was perplexed to know what it meant. It proved, on inquiry, to be only a mis-print for 'dream.' Think of it! No wonder so many poets die young.

I have nothing more to report at this time, except two pieces of advice I gave to the young women at table. One relates to a vulgarism of language, which I grieve to say is sometimes heard even from female lips, the other is of more serious purport, and applies to such as contemplate a change of condition,— matrimony, in fact.

— The woman who 'calc'lates' is lost.

— Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

The Atlantic Monthly, Dec., 1857.

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their
streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to
dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt un-
sealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the
new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway
through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew
the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought
by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd
horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear
a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more
vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea!

Atlantic Monthly, Feb.,
(1857) 1858.

THE LIVING TEMPLE

Not in the world of light alone,
Where God has built his blazing throne,
Nor yet alone in earth below,
With belted seas that come and go,
And endless isles of sunlit green,
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:
Look in upon thy wondrous frame,—
Eternal wisdom still the same!
The smooth, soft air with pulselike waves
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
Fired with a new and livelier blush,
While all their burden of decay
The ebbing current steals away,
And red with nature's flame they start
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
Forever quivering o'er his task,
While far and wide a crimson jet
Leaps forth to fill the woven net
Which in unnumbered crossing tides
The flood of burning life divides,
Then, kindling each decaying part,
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame
Behold the outward moving frame,
Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains,
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thought in its mysterious folds;
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will;
Think on the stormy world that dwells
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine!
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,
And mold it into heavenly forms!

Atlantic Monthly, May,
(1858) 1858.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

OR, THE WONDERFUL 'ONE-HOSS SHAY'

A LOGICAL STORY

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive!
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,— lurking still
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
That a chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as deacons do,
With an 'I dew vum,' or an 'I tell *yeou*,')
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *could n'* break daown:
'Fur,' said the Deacon, ''t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest.'

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke,—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the 'Settler's ellum.'—
Last of its timber,— they could n't sell 'em,
Never an ax had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Steel, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he 'put her through,'—
'There!' said the Deacon, 'naow she'll dew!'

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss-shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound
Eighteen hundred increased by ten: —
'Hahnsum kerridge' they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its yout
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.— You're welcome.— No extr charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,— the earthquak day,—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss sha
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There could n't be,— for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there was n't a chance for one to sta
For the wheels were just as strong as t thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sil
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less n more,

And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
'Huddup!' said the parson.—Off went they.

The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

Atlantic Monthly, Sept., (1858) 1858.

THE VOICELESS

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lips and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his longed-for wine
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

Atlantic Monthly, Oct., 1858.

'THE BOYS'

Has any old fellow got mixed with the boys?
If there has, take him out, without making a noise.
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Catalogue's spite!
Old Time is a liar! We're twenty to-night!

We're twenty! We're twenty! Who says we are more?
He's tipsy,—young jackanapes!—show him the door!—
'Gray temples at twenty?'—Yes! *white*, if we please;
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze.

Was it snowing I spoke of? Excuse the mistake!
Look close—you will see not a sign of a flake!
We want some new garlands for those we have shed,—
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may have been told,
Of talking (in public) as if we were old;—
That boy we call 'Doctor,' and this we call 'Judge';
It's a neat little fiction—of course it's all fudge.

That fellow's the 'Speaker'—the one on the right;
'Mr. Mayor,' my young one, how are you to-night?

That 's our 'Member of Congress,' we say
when we chaff;
There 's the 'Reverend' What 's-his-name?
— don't make me laugh.

That boy with the grave mathematical look
Made believe he had written a wonderful
book,
And the ROYAL ACADEMY thought it
was *true!*
So they chose him right in; a good joke it
was, too!

There 's a boy,— we prétend,— with a three-
decker brain,
That could harness a team with a logical
chain;
When he spoke for our manhood in syllabled
fire,
We called him 'The Justice,' but now he 's
'The Squire.'

And there 's a nice youngster of excellent
pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him
Smith,—
But he shouted a song for the brave and
the free,—
— Just read on his medal,—'My country'
—'of thee!'

You hear that boy laughing? You think
he 's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he
has done.
The children laugh loud as they troop to
his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs
loudest of all!

Yes, we 're boys,— always playing with
tongue or with pen,—
And I sometimes have asked, 'Shall we
ever be men?
Shall we always be youthful and laughing
and gay,
Till the last dear companion drops smiling
away?'

Then here 's to our boyhood, its gold and
its gray!
The stars of its Winter, the dews of its
May!
And when we have done with our life-last-
ing toys,
Dear Father, take care of thy children
THE BOYS!

Atlantic Monthly, Feb.,
(1859) 1859.

A HYMN OF TRUST

O Love Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain when Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering Thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near.

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear,
Content to suffer; while we know,
Living and dying, Thou art near!

Atlantic Monthly, Nov.,
(1859) 1859.

THE BRAHMIN CASTE OF NEW ENGLAND

There is nothing in New England corresponding at all to the feudal aristocracies of the Old World. Whether it be owing to the stock from which we were derived, or to the practical working of our institutions, or to the abrogation of the technical 'law of honor,' which draws a sharp line between the personally responsible class of 'gentlemen' and the unnamed multitude of those who are not expected to risk their lives for an abstraction,— whatever be the cause, we have no such aristocracy here as that which grew up out of the military systems of the Middle Ages.

What our people mean by 'aristocracy' is merely the richer part of the community, that live in the tallest houses, drive real carriages (not 'kerridges'), kid-glove their hands, and French-bonnet their ladies' heads, give parties where the persons who call them by the above title are not invited, and have a provokingly easy way of dressing, walking, talking, and nodding to people, as if they felt entirely at home, and would not be embarrassed in the least, if they met the Governor, or even the President of the United States, face to face. Some of these great folks are really well-bred, some

f them are only purse-proud and assum-
ıg,— but they form a class, and are
amed as above in the common speech.

It is in the nature of large fortunes
› diminish rapidly, when subdivided and
istributed. A million is the unit of
ealth, now and here in America. It
plits into four handsome properties; each
f these into four good inheritances;
hese, again, into scanty competences for
our ancient maidens,— with whom it is
est the family should die out, unless it
an begin again as its great-grandfather
id. Now a million is a kind of golden
heese, which represents in a compendious
orm the summer's growth of a fat
ıeadow of craft or commerce; and as this
ind of meadow rarely bears more than
ne crop, it is pretty certain that sons
nd grandsons will not get another golden
heese out of it, whether they milk the
ame cows or turn in new ones. In other
vords, the millionocracy, considered in
large way, is not at all an affair of
ersons and families, but a perpetual fact
f money with a variable human element,
vhich a philosopher might leave out of
onsideration without falling into serious
rror. Of course, this trivial and fugi-
ive fact of personal wealth does not cre-
te a permanent class, unless some special
ıeans are taken to arrest the process of
lisintegration in the third generation.
This is so rarely done, at least success-
ully, that one need not live a very long
ife to see most of the rich families he
new in childhood more or less reduced,
nd the millions shifted into the hands of
he country-boys who were sweeping
tores and carrying parcels when the now
lecayed gentry were driving their chari-
›ts, eating their venison over silver cha-
ing-dishes, drinking Madeira chilled in
›mbossed coolers, wearing their hair in
›owder, and casing their legs in white-
opped boots with silken tassels.

There is, however, in New England, an
ıristocracy, if you choose to call it so,
vhich has a far greater character of
›ermanence. It has grown to be a *caste*,
— not in any odious sense,— but, by the
epetition of the same influences, genera-
ion after generation, it has acquired a
listinct organization and physiognomy,
vhich not to recognize is sheer stupidity,
ınd not to be willing to describe would
›how a distrust of the good-nature and
ntelligence of our readers, who like to
have us see all we can and tell all we see.

If you will look carefully at any class of students in one of our colleges, you will have no difficulty in selecting specimens of two different aspects of youthful manhood. Of course I shall choose extreme cases to illustrate the contrast between them. In the first, the figure is perhaps robust, but often otherwise,— inelegant, partly from careless attitudes, partly from ill-dressing,— the face is uncouth in feature, or at least common,— the mouth coarse and unformed,— the eye unsympathetic, even if bright,— the movements of the face are clumsy, like those of the limbs,— the voice unmusical,— and the enunciation as if the words were coarse castings, instead of fine carvings. The youth of the other aspect is commonly slender,— his face is smooth, and apt to be pallid,— his features are regular and of a certain delicacy,— his eye is bright and quick,— his lips play over the thought he utters as a pianist's fingers dance over their music,— and his whole air, though it may be timid, and even awkward, has nothing clownish. If you are a teacher, you know what to expect from each of these young men. With equal willingness, the first will be slow at learning; the second will take to his books as a pointer or a setter to his field-work.

The first youth is the common country-boy, whose race has been bred to bodily labor. Nature has adapted the family organization to the kind of life it has lived. The hands and feet by constant use have got more than their share of development, — the organs of thought and expression less than their share. The finer instincts are latent and must be developed. A youth of this kind is raw material in its first stage of elaboration. You must not expect too much of any such. Many of them have force of will and character, and become distinguished in practical life; but very few of them ever become great scholars. A scholar is, almost always, the son of scholars or scholarly persons.

That is exactly what the other young man is. He comes of the *Brahmin caste of New England*. This is the harmless, inoffensive, untitled aristocracy to which I have referred, and which I am sure you will at once acknowledge. There are races of scholars among us, in which aptitude for learning, and all these marks of it I have spoken of, are congenital and

hereditary. Their names are always on some college catalogue or other. They break out every generation or two in some learned labor which calls them up after they seem to have died out. At last some newer name takes their place, it may be, — but you inquire a little and you find it is the blood of the Edwardses or the Chaunceys or the Ellerys or some of the old historic scholars, disguised under the altered name of a female descendant.

I suppose there is not an experienced instructor anywhere in our Northern States who will not recognize at once the truth of this general distinction. But the reader who has never been a teacher will very probably object, that some of our most illustrious public men have come direct from the homespun-clad class of the people,— and he may, perhaps, even find a noted scholar or two whose parents were masters of the English alphabet, but of no other.

It is not fair to pit a few chosen families against the great multitude of those who are continually working their way up into the intellectual classes. The results which are habitually reached by hereditary training are occasionally brought about without it. There are natural filters as well as artificial ones; and though the great rivers are commonly more or less turbid, if you will look long enough, you may find a spring that sparkles as no water does which drips through your apparatus of sands and sponges. So there are families which refine themselves into intellectual aptitude without having had much opportunity for intellectual acquirements. A series of felicitous crosses develops an improved strain of blood, and reaches its maximum perfection at last in the large uncombed youth who goes to college and startles the hereditary class-leaders by striding past them all. That is Nature's republicanism; thank God for it, but do not let it make you illogical. The race of the hereditary scholar has exchanged a certain portion of its animal vigor for its new instincts, and it is hard to lead men without a good deal of animal vigor. The scholar who comes by Nature's special grace from an unworn stock of broad-chested sires and deep-bosomed mothers must always overmatch an equal intelligence with a compromised and lowered vitality. A man's breathing and digestive apparatus (one is tempted to add *muscular*) are just as important to him on the floor of the Senate as his thinking organs. You broke down in your great speech, did you? Yes, your grandfather had an attack of dyspepsia in '82, after working too hard on his famous Election Sermon. All this does not touch the main fact: our scholars come chiefly from a privileged order, just as our best fruits come from well-known grafts,— though now and then a seedling apple, like the Northern Spy, or a seedling pear, like the Seckel, springs from a nameless ancestry and grows to be the pride of all the gardens in the land.

Atlantic Monthly, January, 1860.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809–1849)

Poe was the only prominent American poet of the mid-century whose genius was nurtured outside of the New England environment. All his life he was at odds with Boston ideals and the Boston writers. He quarreled with Lowell, he accused Longfellow of plagiarism, and he sneered at Margaret Fuller, and yet, by a strange fatality, he was himself Boston born,— his parents, who were actors, were professionally employed there at the time,— and eighteen years later he published there his first volume, *Tamerlane and Other Poems. By a Bostonian.* Poe was no Bostonian: he was essentially Southern, both by parentage and training. His father was a native of Baltimore, his mother an English actress who had come to the South. Both died the same year, 1811, and their boy was adopted into the family of a wealthy merchant of Richmond, Virginia, Mr. Allan, and reared as his own son. The years from six to eleven he spent in England whither his foster-father had gone for business reasons. Returning, he was prepared in a Richmond school and by private tutors for the University of Virginia where he was matriculated at the age of seventeen. After a year spent unprofitably in gambling and dissipation, he was withdrawn by Mr. Allan, and given a place in his counting house, but business could not hold the restless young poet. Suddenly he disappeared and it was not until two years later that his foster parents discovered him in the United States army. It is only of recent years that the mystery of this lost period in the poet's life has been cleared up. His early biographers, aided it must be confessed by Poe's own tales, filled the two years with Byronic adventure, but it is now proved that he spent the first year with his regiment at Boston,— publishing there his first volume,— and that he was later transferred to Charleston, S. C., and then to Fortress Monroe, Virginia, where the family discovered him. Mr. Allan at once took steps to have him transferred to West Point where he might enter the profession like a gentleman, but as usual a fatality seemed to attend all his efforts for the boy. No sooner had Poe entered upon his West Point career than he became dissatisfied, asked Mr. Allan to allow him to resign, and, being refused, took steps that resulted in his dismissal from the institution.

Thrown now upon his own resources, Mr. Allan having at last disinherited him, Poe at length turned to literature. Like Hawthorne he began with short stories contributed to newspapers and magazines. In 1833 he won a prize of one hundred dollars offered by a Baltimore paper, and, what is more, attracted the attention of John P. Kennedy who put him in the way of becoming a regular contributor to *The Southern Literary Messenger.*

The remainder of his life falls into three periods: 1. The *Southern Literary Messenger* period, 1835–1837, during which time he arose from a minor assistant's position to that of editor in-chief; 2. The Philadelphia period, 1838–1844, during which time he was successively editor of *Burton's Gentleman's Magazine*, and *Graham's Magazine*, and was the most prominent contributor to the *Saturday Museum*, writing during the period much of his best work,— best in all its fields, poetry, fiction, criticism,— and 3. The New York period which began with 1844 and ended with his death in 1849. During these last years he was connected with two magazines: Willis's *Evening Mirror*, for which he acted as literary critic, and the *Broadway Journal*, of which in 1845 he became sole editor and proprietor. The magazine dying in 1846, he was for the rest of his life a kind of literary vagabond without abiding literary domicile or stable plans.

The twenty years of his literary life produced many editions of his prose and poetry, the most significant being *Al Aaraaf, Tamerlane, and Minor Poems*, 1829, *Poems*, 1831, *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym*, 1838, *Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque*, 1839, *The Raven, and Other Poems*, 1845, *Tales*, 1845, *Eureka: A Prose Poem*, 1848.

Poe was essentially a magazine editor: he thought in terms of 'copy'; he had his readers constantly in mind: he must interest and hold them. He was an artist who understood the rules of his art; his bent was analytic,— there was something architectonic in all that he did. It made him a critic: whenever his sympathies or his prejudices were not involved his criticisms were sound and penetrating. Poetry was with him 'a passion.' In this he was of Coleridge rather than of Wordsworth, a haunter of the realms beyond the bounds of sense, a poet of beauty, of art for the sake of art.

LENORE

Ah, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river;
And, Guy De Vere, hast *thou* no tear?—weep now or nevermore!
See, on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come, let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung:
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young,
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

'Wretches, ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read? the requiem how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?'

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong.
The sweet Lenore hath gone before, with Hope that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride:
For her, the fair and debonair, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair but not within her eyes;
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

'Avaunt! avaunt! from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven—
From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven!
Let no bell toll, then,—lest her soul, amid its hallowed mirth,
Should catch the note as it doth float up from the damnèd Earth!
And I!—to-night my heart is light!—no dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a Pæan of old days.'

Southern Literary Messenger,
(1830) Jan., 1836.

ISRAFEL

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell
'Whose heart-strings are a lute';
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamored moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty,
Where Love's a grown-up God,
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
Best bard, because the wisest:
Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above
With thy burning measures suit:
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
With the fervor of thy lute:
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this
Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,

While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky.
Southern Literary Messenger,
(1831) Aug., 1836.

TO HELEN

Helen, thy beauty is to me
Like those Nicæan barks of yore,
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
The weary, wayworn wanderer bore
To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche
How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand!
Ah, Pysche, from the regions which
Are Holy Land!
Southern Literary Messenger,
(1831) March, 1836.

TO ONE IN PARADISE

Thou wast all that to me, love,
For which my soul did pine:
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
Ah, starry Hope, that didst arise
But to be overcast!
A voice from out the Future cries,
'On! on!'—but o'er the Past
(Dim gulf) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast.

For, alas! alas! with me
The light of Life is o'er!
No more—no more—no more—
(Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
Or the stricken eagle soar.

And all my days are trances,
And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy gray eye glances,
And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
By what eternal streams.
Godey's Lady's Book, Jan., 1834.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

Son cœur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne.
Béranger.

During the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was, but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveler upon opium: the bitter lapse into every-day life, the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed dreariness of thought, which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different

arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression, and, acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled luster by the dwelling, and gazed down — but with a shudder even more thrilling than before — upon the remodeled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the country — a letter from him — which in its wildly importunate nature had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness, of a mental disorder which oppressed him, and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said — it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request — which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although as boys we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth at no period any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with a very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain. It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other,— it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had at length so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the 'House of Usher,'— an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment, that of looking down within the tarn, had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition — for why should I not so term it? — served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy,— a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity: an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn; a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the

masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me in silence through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me — while the carvings of the ceiling, the somber tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy,— while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this, I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls. The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality,— of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance, convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely-molded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity,— these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple, made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous luster of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence, an in-

consistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy, an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision — that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation, that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance — which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered at some length into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy,— a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although, perhaps, the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. 'I shall perish,' said he, 'I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect,— in terror. In this unnerved, in this pitiable condition, I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason together in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR.'

I learned moreover at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence for many years he had never ventured forth, in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated,— an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit; an effect which the physique of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had at length brought about upon the morale of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin,— to the severe and long-continued illness, indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution, of a tenderly beloved sister, his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. 'Her decease,' he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, 'would leave him (him, the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers.' While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and, without having noticed my presence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread, and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away

of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing-in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain,— that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisations of his speaking guitar. And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations, in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous luster over all. His long, improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered the more thrillingly because I shuddered knowing not why,— from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least, in the circumstances then surrounding me, there arose, out of the pure abstractions which the hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch, or other artificial source of light, was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his impromptus could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rimed verbal improvisations), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness, on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled 'The Haunted Palace,' ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus: —

I

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago),
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.

III

Wanderers in that happy valley
Through two luminous windows saw
Spirits moving musically
To a lute's well-tuned law,
Round about a throne, where sitting,
Porphyrogene,
In state his glory well befitting,
The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
Was the fair palace door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
The wit and wisdom of their king.

V

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate;
(Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
And, round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

VI

And travelers now within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought, wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention, not so much on account of its novelty (for other men have thought thus) as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But in his disordered fancy, the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones,—in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around; above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence—the evidence of the sentience—was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent yet importunate and terrible influence which for centuries had molded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him,—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which for years had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the Ververt and Chartreuse of Gresset; the Belphegor of Machiavelli; the Heaven and Hell of Swedenborg; the Subterranean Voyage of Nicholas Klimm by Holberg; the Chiromancy of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indaginé, and of De la Chambre; the Journey into the Blue Distance of Tieck; and the City of the Sun of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the *Directorium Inquisitorum*, by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius

Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Ægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic,— the manual of a forgotten church,— the *Vigiliæ Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ.*

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence on the hypochondriac, when one evening, having informed me abruptly that lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight, (previously to its final interment) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and in later days as a place of deposit for powder, or some other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been also similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead, for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue, but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified — that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch, while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much if not all of what I felt was due to the bewildering influence of the gloomy furniture of the room,— of the dark and tattered draperies which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened — I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me — to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night), and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition to which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan — but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes,— an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanor. His air appalled me — but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

'And you have not seen it?' he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence,—'you have not then seen it? — but, stay! you shall.' Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the casements, and threw it freely open to the storm,

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity, for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this; yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

'You must not — you shall not behold this!' said I shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him with a gentle violence from the window to a seat. 'These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon — or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen; — and so we will pass away this terrible night together.'

The antique volume which I had taken up was the 'Mad Trist' of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual ideality of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild, overstrained air of vivacity with

which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus: —

'And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and maliceful turn, but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and with blows made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now, pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest.'

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me) — it appeared to me that from some very remote portion of the mansion there came, indistinctly, to my ears, what might have been in its exact similarity of character the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story: —

'But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the maliceful hermit; but, in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten: —

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard.'

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement, for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound, — the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had during the last few minutes taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast; yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eyes as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea, for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded: —

'And now the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass

from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound.'

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips than — as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver — I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

'Not hear it? — yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long — long — long — many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it, yet I dared not — oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am! — I dared not — I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them — many, many days ago — yet I dared not — *I dared not speak!* And now — tonight — Ethelred — ha! ha! — the breaking of the hermit's door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield! — say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!'— here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul — '*Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!*'

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust — but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher! There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold — then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and, in her violent and now final death agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber and from that mansion I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely-discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened — there came a fierce breath of the whirlwind — the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight — my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder — there was a long, tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters — and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed sullenly and silently over the fragments of the '*House of Usher.*'

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THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *Je les ménagais:* — for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humor, now, to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next

day. He then asked me, suddenly, if I had observed anything *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word 'peculiar,' which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

'No, nothing *peculiar*,' I said; 'nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper.'

'The *Gazette*,' he replied, 'has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble, for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution — I mean for the *outré* character of its features. The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive: not for the murder itself, but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention, with the facts that no one was discovered upstairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust, with the head downward, up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyze the powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted acumen, of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse. But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search for the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing, it should not be so much asked "what has occurred," as "what has occurred that has never occurred before." In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived, at the solution of this mystery, is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police.'

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

'I am now awaiting,' continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment — 'I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here — in this room — every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use.'

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

'That the voices heard in contention,' he said, 'by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter, and afterward have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madam L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert — not to the whole testimony respecting these voices — but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?'

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing that gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

'That was the evidence itself,' said Dupin, 'but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there *was* something to be observed. The witnesses, as

you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is — not that they disagreed — but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that *of a foreigner.* Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it — not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant — but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and "might have distinguished some words *had he been acquainted with the Spanish.*" The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that "*not understanding French, this witness was examined through an interpreter.*" The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and "*does not understand German.*" The Spaniard "is sure" that it was that of an Englishman, but "judges by the intonation" altogether, "*as he has no knowledge of the English.*" The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but "*has never conversed with a native of Russia.*" A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian; but, *not being cognizant of that tongue,* is, like the Spaniard, "convinced by the intonation." Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited! — in whose *tones,* even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognize nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic — of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference; I will now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness "harsh rather than shrill." It is represented by two others to have been "quick and *unequal.*" No words — no sounds resembling words — were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

'I know not,' continued Dupin, 'what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding; but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony — the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices — are in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all farther progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said "legitimate deductions"; but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions are the *sole* proper ones, and that the suspicion arises *inevitably* from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself, it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form — a certain tendency — to my inquiries in the chamber.

'Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision. — Let us examine, each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No *secret* issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to their eyes, I examined with my own. There were, then, *no* secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat. The impossibility of egress, by means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers *must* have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove

that these apparent "impossibilities" are, in reality, not such.

'There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head. Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore*, it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nail and open the windows.

'My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given; because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

'I proceeded to think thus — *à posteriori*. The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened: the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must*, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

'I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught — but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture. Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbor. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner — driven in nearly up to the head.

'You will say that I was puzzled; but, if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once "at fault." The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no naw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result,— and that result was *the nail*. It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clew. "There *must* be something wrong," I said, "about the nail." I touched it; and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrusted with rust), and had apparently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially embedded, in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail. I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete — the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

'The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his

exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail — further inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

'The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I have been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades* — a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door (a single, not a folding door), except that the lower half is latticed or worked in open trellis — thus affording an excellent hold for the hands. In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house, they were both about half open — that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but, if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration. In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination. It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that, by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage, an entrance into the window, from the rod, might have been thus effected. By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent), a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis-work. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

'I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a *very* unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished: but, secondly and *chiefly*, I wish to impress upon your understanding the *very extraordinary*, the almost preternatural, character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

'You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that "to make out my case" I should rather undervalue than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition that *very unusual* activity, of which I have just spoken, with that *very peculiar* shrill (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected.'

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend; as men, at times, find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

'You will see,' he said, 'that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to convey the idea that both were effected in the same manner, at the same point. Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess — a very silly one — and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life — saw no company, seldom went out, had little use for numerous changes of habiliment.

Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best — why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold *was* abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive*, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house. Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it) happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities: that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration. In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we were to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

'Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention — that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this — let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney, head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder as this. Least of all, do they thus dispose of the murdered. In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something *excessively outré* — something altogether irreconcilable with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it *down!*

'Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvelous. On the hearth were thick tresses — very thick tresses — of gray human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp: sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body: the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor Monsieur Étienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard, upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them — because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?'

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question. 'A madman,' I said, 'has done this deed — some raving

maniac, escaped from a neighboring *Maison de Santé.*'

'In some respects,' he replied, 'your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it.'

'Dupin!' I said, completely unnerved; 'this hair is most unusual — this is no *human* hair.'

'I have not asserted that it is,' said he; 'but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a fac-simile drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as "dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger nails," upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Étienne), as a "series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers."

'You will perceive,' continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, 'that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained — possibly until the death of the victim — the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them.'

I made the attempt in vain.

'We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial,' he said. 'The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again.'

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before.

'This,' I said, 'is the mark of no human hand.'

'Read now,' replied Dupin, 'this passage from Cuvier.'

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous ourang-outang of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

Graham's Magazine, 1841.

ELEONORA

Sub conservatione formæ specificæ salva anima.

Raymond Lully.

I am come of a race noted for vigor of fancy and ardor of passion. Men have called me mad; but the question is not yet settled, whether madness is or is not the loftiest intelligence — whether much that is glorious — whether all that is profound — does not spring from disease of thought — from *moods* of mind exalted at the expense of the general intellect. They who dream by day are cognizant of many things which escape those who dream only by night. In their gray visions they obtain glimpses of eternity, and thrill, in waking, to find that they have been upon the verge of the great secret. In snatches, they learn something of the wisdom which is of good, and more of the mere knowledge which is of evil. They penetrate, however rudderless or compassless, into the vast ocean of the 'light ineffable,' and again, like the adventures of the Nubian geographer, '*aggressi sunt mare tenebrarum, quid in eo esset exploraturi.*'

We will say, then, that I am mad. I grant, at least, that there are two distinct conditions of my mental existence, the condition of a lucid reason, not to be disputed, and belonging to the memory of events forming the first epoch of my life; and a condition of shadow and doubt, appertaining to the present, and to the recollection of what constitutes the second great era of my being. Therefore what I shall tell of the earlier period, believe; and to what I may relate of the later time, give only such credit as may seem due; or doubt it altogether; or, if doubt it ye cannot, then play unto its riddle the Œdipus.

She whom I loved in youth, and of whom I now pen calmly and distinctly

these remembrances, was the sole daughter of the only sister of my mother long departed. Eleonora was the name of my cousin. We had always dwelled together, beneath a tropical sun, in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. No unguided footstep ever came upon that vale, for it lay far away up among a range of giant hills that hung beetling around about it, shutting out the sunlight from its sweetest recesses. No path was trodden in its vicinity; and to reach our happy home there was need of putting back with force the foliage of many thousands of forest trees, and of crushing to death the glories of many millions of fragrant flowers. Thus it was that we lived all alone, knowing nothing of the world without the valley,— I, and my cousin, and her mother.

From the dim regions beyond the mountains at the upper end of our encircled domain, there crept out a narrow and deep river, brighter than all save the eyes of Eleonora; and, winding stealthily about in mazy courses, it passed away at length through a shadowy gorge, among hills still dimmer than those whence it had issued. We called it the 'River of Silence,' for there seemed to be a hushing influence in its flow. No murmur arose from its bed, and so gently it wandered along that the pearly pebbles upon which we loved to gaze, far down within its bosom, stirred not at all, but lay in a motionless content, each in its own old station, shining on gloriously forever.

The margin of the river, and of the many dazzling rivulets that glided through devious ways into its channel, as well as the spaces that extended from the margins away down into the depths of the streams until they reached the bed of pebbles at the bottom,— these spots, not less than the whole surface of the valley, from the river to the mountains that girdled it in, were carpeted all by a soft green grass, thick, short, perfectly even, and vanilla-perfumed, but so be-sprinkled throughout with the yellow buttercup, the white daisy, the purple violet, and the ruby-red asphodel, that its exceeding beauty spoke to our hearts in loud tones of the love and the glory of God.

And here and there, in groves about this grass, like wildernesses of dreams, sprang up fantastic trees, whose tall, slender stems stood not upright, but slanted gracefully towards the light that peered at noonday into the center of the valley. Their bark was speckled with the vivid alternate splendor of ebony and silver, and was smoother than all save the cheeks of Eleonora; so that but for the brilliant green of the huge leaves that spread from their summits in long, tremulous lines, dallying with the zephyrs, one might have fancied them giant serpents of Syria doing homage to their Sovereign the Sun.

Hand in hand about this valley, for fifteen years, roamed I with Eleonora before Love entered within our hearts. It was one evening at the close of the third lustrum of her life, and of the fourth of my own, that we sat, locked in each other's embrace, beneath the serpent-like trees, and looked down within the waters of the River of Silence at our images therein. We spoke no words during the rest of that sweet day, and our words even upon the morrow were tremulous and few. We had drawn the god Eros from that wave, and now we felt that he had enkindled within us the fiery souls of our forefathers. The passions which had for centuries distinguished our race came thronging with the fancies for which they had been equally noted, and together breathed a delirious bliss over the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. A change fell upon all things. Strange, brilliant flowers, star-shaped, burst out upon the trees where no flowers had been known before. The tints of the green carpet deepened, and when, one by one, the white daisies shrank away, there sprang up, in place of them, ten by ten of the ruby-red asphodel. And life arose in our paths; for the tall flamingo, hitherto unseen, with all gay glowing birds, flaunted his scarlet plumage before us. The golden and silver fish haunted the river, out of the bosom of which issued, little by little, a murmur that swelled at length into a lulling melody more divine than that of the harp of Æolus, sweeter than all save the voice of Eleonora. And now, too, a voluminous cloud, which we had long watched in the regions of Hesper, floated out thence, all gorgeous in crimson and gold, and, settling in peace above us, sank day by day lower and lower until its edges rested upon the tops of the mountains, turning all their dimness into magnificence, and shutting us up as if forever within a magic prison-house of grandeur and of glory.

The loveliness of Eleonora was that of the Seraphim; but she was a maiden artless and innocent as the brief life she had led among the flowers. No guile disguised the fervor of love which animated her heart, and she examined with me its inmost recesses as we walked together in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass, and discoursed of the mighty changes which had lately taken place therein.

At length, having spoken one day, in tears, of the last sad change which must befall Humanity, she thenceforward dwelt only upon this one sorrowful theme, interweaving it into all our converse, as, in the songs of the bard of Schiraz, the same images are found occurring again and again in every impressive variation of phrase.

She had seen that the finger of Death was upon her bosom,— that, like the ephemeron, she had been made perfect in loveliness only to die; but the terrors of the grave to her lay solely in a consideration which she revealed to me one evening at twilight by the banks of the River of Silence. She grieved to think that, having entombed her in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass, I would quit forever its happy recesses, transferring the love which now was so passionately her own to some maiden of the outer and every-day world. And then and there I threw myself hurriedly at the feet of Eleonora, and offered up a vow to herself and to Heaven that I would never bind myself in marriage to any daughter of Earth,— that I would in no manner prove recreant to her dear memory, or to the memory of the devout affection with which she had blessed me. And I called the Mighty Ruler of the Universe to witness the pious solemnity of my vow. And the curse which I invoked of Him and of her, a saint in Elusion, should I prove traitorous to that promise, involved a penalty the exceeding great horror of which will not permit me to make record of it here. And the bright eyes of Eleonora grew brighter at my words; and she sighed as if a deadly burden had been taken from her breast; and she trembled and very bitterly wept; but she made acceptance of the vow (for what was she but a child?), and it made easy to her the bed of her death. And she said to me, not many days afterwards, tranquilly dying, that, because of what I had done for the comfort of her spirit, she would watch over me in that spirit when departed, and, if so it were permitted her return to me visibly in the watches of the night; but, if this thing were indeed beyond the power of the souls in Paradise that she would at least give me frequent indications of her presence; sighing upon me in the evening winds, or filling the air which I breathed with perfume from the censers of the angels. And, with these words upon her lips, she yielded up her innocent life, putting an end to the first epoch of my own.

Thus far I have faithfully said. But as I pass the barrier in Time's path formed by the death of my beloved, and proceed with the second era of my existence, I feel that a shadow gathers over my brain and I mistrust the perfect sanity of the record. But let me on.— Years dragged themselves along heavily, and still I dwelled within the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass; but a second change had come upon all things. The star-shaped flowers shrank into the stems of the trees and appeared no more. The tints of the green carpet faded; and, one by one, the ruby-red asphodels withered away; and there sprang up in place of them, ten by ten, dark, eye-like violets, that writhed uneasily and were ever encumbered with dew. And Life departed from our paths for the tall flamingo flaunted no longer his scarlet plumage before us, but flew sadly from the vale into the hills, with all the gay glowing birds that had arrived in his company. And the golden and silver fish swam down through the gorge at the lower end of our domain, and became decked the sweet river never again. And the lulling melody that had been softer than the wind-harp of Æolus, and more divine than all save the voice of Eleonora it died little by little away, in murmur growing lower and lower, until the stream returned, at length, utterly into the solemnity of its original silence; and then lastly, the voluminous cloud uprose, and abandoning the tops of the mountains to the dimness of old, fell back into the regions of Hesper, and took away all its manifold golden and gorgeous glories from the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass.

Yet the promises of Eleonora were not forgotten; for I heard the sounds of the swinging of the censers of the angels and streams of a holy perfume floated ever

and ever about the valley; and at lone hours, when my heart beat heavily, the winds that bathed my brow came unto me laden with soft sighs; and indistinct murmurs filled often the night air; and once — oh, but once only! — I was awakened from a slumber, like the slumber of death, by the pressing of spiritual lips upon my own.

But the void within my heart refused, even thus, to be filled. I longed for the love which had before filled it to overflowing. At length the valley *pained* me through its memories of Eleonora, and I left it forever for the vanities and the turbulent triumphs of the world.

. . . . . .

I found myself within a strange city, where all things might have served to blot from recollection the sweet dreams I had dreamed so long in the Valley of the Many-Colored Grass. The pomps and pageantries of a stately court, and the mad clangor of arms, and the radiant loveliness of woman, bewildered and intoxicated my brain. But as yet my soul had proved true to its vows, and the indications of the presence of Eleonora were still given me in the silent hours of the night. Suddenly these manifestations — they ceased, and the world grew dark before mine eyes, and I stood aghast at the burning thoughts which possessed, at the terrible temptations which beset me; for there came from some far, far distant and unknown land, into the gay court of the king I served, a maiden to whose beauty my whole recreant heart yielded at once,— at whose footstool I bowed down without a struggle, in the most ardent, in the most abject worship of love. What, indeed, was my passion for the young girl of the valley in comparison with the fervor, and the delirium, and the spirit-lifting ecstasy of adoration, with which I poured out my whole soul in tears at the feet of the ethereal Ermengarde? Oh, bright was the seraph Ermengarde! and in that knowledge I had room for none other. Oh, divine was the angel Ermengarde! and as I looked down into the depths of her memorial eyes, I thought only of them — and *of her*.

I wedded, nor dreaded the curse I had invoked; and its bitterness was not visited upon me. And once — but once again in the silence of the night — there came through my lattice the soft sighs which had forsaken me; and they modeled themselves into familiar and sweet voice saying: —

'Sleep in peace! for the Spirit of Love reigneth and ruleth, and, in taking to thy passionate heart her who is Ermengarde, thou art absolved, for reasons which shall be made known to thee in Heaven, of thy vows unto Eleonora.'

The Gift, 1842.

HAWTHORNE'S TWICE-TOLD TALES

We said a few hurried words about Mr. Hawthorne in our last number, with the design of speaking more fully in the present. We are still, however, pressed for room, and must necessarily discuss his volumes more briefly and more at random than their high merits deserve.

The book professes to be a collection of *tales*, yet is, in two respects, misnamed. These pieces are now in their third republication, and, of course, are thrice-told. Moreover, they are by no means *all* tales, either in the ordinary or in the legitimate understanding of the term. Many of them are pure essays; for example, 'Sights from a Steeple,' 'Sunday at Home,' 'Little Annie's Ramble,' 'A Rill from the Town Pump,' 'The Toll-Gatherer's Day,' 'The Haunted Mind,' 'The Sister Years,' 'Snow-Flakes,' 'Night Sketches,' and 'Foot-Prints on the Sea-Shore.' We mention these matters chiefly on account of their discrepancy with that marked precision and finish by which the body of the work is distinguished.

Of the essays just named, we must be content to speak in brief. They are each and all beautiful, without being characterized by the polish and adaptation so visible in the tales proper. A painter would at once note their leading or predominant feature, and style it *repose*. There is no attempt at effect. All is quiet, thoughtful, subdued. Yet this repose may exist simultaneously with high originality of thought; and Mr. Hawthorne has demonstrated the fact. At every turn we meet with novel combinations; yet these combinations never surpass the limits of the quiet. We are soothed as we read; and withal is a calm astonishment that ideas so apparently obvious have never occurred or been pre-

sented to us before. Herein our author differs materially from Lamb or Hunt or Hazlitt — who, with vivid originality of manner and expression, have less of the true novelty of thought than is generally supposed, and whose originality, at best has an uneasy and meretricious quaintness, replete with startling effects unfounded in nature, and inducing trains of reflection which lead to no satisfactory result. The Essays of Hawthorne have much of the character of Irving, with more of originality, and less of finish; while, compared with the Spectator, they have a vast superiority at all points. The Spectator, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Hawthorne have in common that tranquil and subdued manner which we have chosen to denominate *repose:* but, in the case of the two former, this repose is attained rather by the absence of novel combination, or of originality, than otherwise, and consists chiefly in the calm, quiet, unostentatious expression of commonplace thoughts, in an unambitious, unadulterated Saxon. In them, by strong effort, we are made to conceive the absence of all. In the essays before us the absence of effort is too obvious to be mistaken, and a strong under-current of *suggestion* runs continuously beneath the upper stream of the tranquil thesis. In short, these effusions of Mr. Hawthorne are the product of a truly imaginative intellect, restrained, and in some measure repressed, by fastidiousness of taste, by constitutional melancholy and by indolence.

But it is of his tales that we desire principally to speak. The tale proper, in our opinion, affords unquestionably the fairest field for the exercise of the loftiest talent, which can be afforded by the wide domains of mere prose. Were we bidden to say how the highest genius could be most advantageously employed for the best display of its own powers, we should answer, without hesitation — in the composition of a rimed poem, not to exceed in length what might be perused in an hour. Within this limit alone can the highest order of true poetry exist. We need only here say, upon this topic, that, in almost all classes of composition, the unity of effect or impression is a point of the greatest importance. It is clear, moreover, that this unity cannot be thoroughly preserved in productions whose perusal cannot be completed at one sitting. We may continue the reading of a prose composition, from the very nature of prose itself, much longer than we can persevere, to any good purpose, in the perusal of a poem. This latter, if truly fulfilling the demands of the poetic sentiment, induces an exaltation of the soul which cannot be long sustained. All high excitements are necessarily transient. Thus a long poem is a paradox. And, without unity of impression, the deepest effects cannot be brought about. Epics were the offspring of an imperfect sense of Art, and their reign is no more. A poem *too* brief may produce a vivid, but never an intense or enduring impression. Without a certain continuity of effort — without a certain duration or repetition of purpose — the soul is never deeply moved. There must be the dropping of the water on the rock. De Béranger has wrought brilliant things — pungent and spirit-stirring — but, like all immassive bodies, they lack *momentum,* and thus fail to satisfy Poetic Sentiment. They sparkle and excite, but, from want of continuity, fail deeply to impress. Extreme brevity will degenerate into epigrammatism; but the sin of extreme length is even more unpardonable. *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

Were we called upon, however, to designate that class of composition which, next to such a poem as we have suggested, should best fulfil the demands of high genius — should offer it the most advantageous field of exertion — we should unhesitatingly speak of the prose tale, as Mr. Hawthorne has here exemplified it. We allude to the short prose narrative, requiring from a half-hour to one or two hours in its perusal. The ordinary novel is objectionable, from its length, for reasons already stated in substance. As it cannot be read at one sitting, it deprives itself, of course, of the immense force derivable from *totality.* Worldly interests intervening during the pauses of perusal, modify, annul, or counteract, in a greater or less degree, the impressions of the book. But simple cessation in reading, would, of itself, be sufficient to destroy the true unity. In the brief tale, however, the author is enabled to carry out the fullness of his intention, be it what it may. During the hour of perusal the soul of the reader is at the writer's control. There are no external or

extrinsic influences — resulting from weariness or interruption.

A skilful literary artist has constructed a tale. If wise, he has not fashioned his thoughts to accommodate his incidents: but having conceived, with deliberate care, a certain unique or single *effect* to be wrought out, he then invents such incidents — he then combines such effects as may best aid him in establishing this preconceived effect. If his very initial sentence tend not to the outbringing of this effect, then he has failed in his first step. In the whole composition there should be no word written, of which the tendency, direct or indirect, is not to the one preëstablished design. And by such means, with such care and skill, a picture is at length painted which leaves in the mind of him who contemplates it with a kindred art, a sense of the fullest satisfaction. The idea of the tale has been presented unblemished, because undisturbed; and this is an end unattainable by the novel. Undue brevity is just as exceptionable here as in the poem; but undue length is yet more to be avoided.

We have said that the tale has a point of superiority even over the poem. In fact, while the *rhythm* of this latter is an essential aid in the development of the poet's highest idea — the idea of the Beautiful — the artificialities of this rhythm are an inseparable bar to the development of all points of thought or expression which have their basis in *Truth*. But Truth is often, and in very great degree, the aim of the tale. Some of the finest tales are tales of ratiocination. Thus the field of this species of composition, if not in so elevated a region on the mountain of Mind, is a tableland of far vaster extent than the domain of the mere poem. Its products are never so rich, but infinitely more numerous, and more appreciable by the mass of mankind. The writer of the prose tale, in short, may bring to his theme a vast variety of modes or inflections of thought and expression — (the ratiocinative, for example, the sarcastic, or the humorous) which are not only antagonistical to the nature of the poem, but absolutely forbidden by one of its most peculiar and indispensable adjuncts; we allude, of course, to rhythm. It may be added here, *par parenthèse*, that the author who aims at the purely beautiful in a prose tale is laboring at great disadvantage. For Beauty can be better treated in the poem. Not so with terror, or passion, or horror, or a multitude of such other points. And here it will be seen how full of prejudice are the usual animadversions against those *tales of effect*, many fine examples of which were found in the earlier numbers of Blackwood. The impressions produced were wrought in a legitimate sphere of action, and constituted a legitimate although sometimes an exaggerated interest. They were relished by every man of genius: although there were found many men of genius who condemned them without just ground. The true critic will but demand that the design intended be accomplished, to the fullest extent, by the means most advantageously applicable.

We have very few American tales of real merit — we may say, indeed, none, with the exception of 'The Tales of a Traveler' of Washington Irving, and these 'Twice-Told Tales' of Mr. Hawthorne. Some of the pieces of Mr. John Neal abound in vigor and originality; but in general, his compositions of this class are excessively diffuse, extravagant, and indicative of an imperfect sentiment of Art. Articles at random are, now and then, met with in our periodicals which might be advantageously compared with the best effusions of the British Magazines; but upon the whole, we are far behind our progenitors in this department of literature.

Of Mr. Hawthorne's 'Tales' we would say, emphatically, that they belong to the highest region of Art — an Art subservient to genius of a very lofty order. We had supposed, with good reason for so supposing, that he had been thrust into his present position by one of the impudent *cliques* which beset our literature, and whose pretentions it is our full purpose to expose at the earliest opportunity; but we have been most agreeably mistaken. We know of few compositions which the critic can more honestly commend than these 'Twice-Told Tales.' As Americans, we feel proud of the book.

Mr. Hawthorne's distinctive trait is invention, creation, imagination, originality — a trait which, in the literature of fiction, is positively worth all the rest. But the nature of originality, so far as regards its manifestation in letters, is but imperfectly understood. The inventive or

original mind as frequently displays itself in novelty of *tone* as in novelty of matter. Mr. Hawthorne is original at *all* points.

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In the way of objection we have scarcely a word to say of these tales. There is, perhaps, a somewhat too general or prevalent *tone* — a tone of melancholy and mysticism. The subjects are insufficiently varied. There is not so much of *versatility* evinced as we might well be warranted in expecting from the high powers of Mr. Hawthorne. But beyond these trivial exceptions we have really none to make. The style is purity itself. Force abounds. High imagination gleams from every page. Mr. Hawthorne is a man of the truest genius. We only regret that the limits of our Magazine will not permit us to pay him that full tribute of commendation, which, under other circumstances, we should be so eager to pay.

Graham's Magazine, May, 1842.

THE RAVEN

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'"T is some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber door:
Only this and nothing more.'

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; — vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow — sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me — filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating
"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door:
This it is and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore:
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you'— here I opened wide the door: —
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before:
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore?'
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore:'
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
'Surely,' said I, 'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore:
'T is the wind and nothing more.'

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door:
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,—
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore:
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning — little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as 'Nevermore.'

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour,
Nothing further then he uttered, not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered,— 'Other friends have flown before;
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said, 'Nevermore.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore:
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of "Never — nevermore."'

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Nevermore.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch,' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee — by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted —
On this home by Horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore:
Is there — *is* there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil — prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore:
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked, upstarting:
'Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take
thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven, 'Nevermore.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a
demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming
throws his shadow on the floor:
And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted — nevermore!

N. Y. *Evening Mirror*, Jan.,
(1842–1844) 1845.

ULALUME

The skies they were ashen and sober;
The leaves they were crispèd and sere,
The leaves they were withering and sere;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir:
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul —
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.
These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll,
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
In the ultimate climes of the pole,
That groan as they roll down Mount
Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and
sere,
Our memories were treacherous and sere,
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year,
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber
(Though once we had journeyed down
here),
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent
And star-dials pointed to morn,
As the star-dials hinted of morn,
At the end of our path a liquescent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose, with a duplicate horn,
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said — 'She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs,
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies,
To the Lethean peace of the skies:
Come up, in despite of the Lion,
To shine on us with her bright eyes:
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
With love in her luminous eyes.'

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
Said — 'Sadly this star I mistrust,
Her pallor I strangely mistrust:
Oh, hasten! — oh, let us not linger!
Oh, fly! — let us fly! — for we must.'
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
Wings until they trailed in the dust;
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
Plumes till they trailed in the dust,
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied — 'This is nothing but dreaming:
Let us on by this tremulous light!
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its sibyllic splendor is beaming
With hope and in beauty to-night:
See, it flickers up the sky through the
night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
And be sure it will lead us aright:
We safely may trust to a gleaming
That cannot but guide us aright,
Since it flickers up to Heaven through
the night.'

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom,
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb,
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said — 'What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?'
She replied — 'Ulalume — Ulalume —
'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume!'

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere,
As the leaves that were withering and sere,

And I cried — 'It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed — I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here:
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber,
This misty mid region of Weir:
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.'

Said we, then — the two, then: 'Ah, can it
Have been that the woodlandish ghouls —
The pitiful, the merciful ghouls —
To bar up our way and to ban it
From the secret that lies in these wolds —
From the thing that lies hidden in these wolds —
Have drawn up the specter of a planet
From the limbo of lunary souls —
This sinfully scintillant planet
From the Hell of the planetary souls?'

American Whig Review, December, 1847.
(1846–1847)

THE BELLS

I

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime.
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the riming and the chiming of the bells!

III

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of-tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

IV

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people — ah, the people,
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone —
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances, and he yells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the pæan of the bells,
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rime,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells —
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rime,
To the rolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells:
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Union Magazine, Nov., 1849.

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived, whom you may know
By the name of Annabel Lee;—
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love, and be loved by me.

She was a child and I was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,
I and my Annabel Lee —
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud by night
Chilling my Annabel Lee;
So that her highborn kinsmen came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulcher
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me;
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud chilling,
And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee,
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride,
In her sepulcher there by the sea,
In her tomb by the side of the sea.

N. Y. *Tribune,* October, (1849) 1849.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE (1811–1896)

The author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* came from the heart of the old New England Calvinism. Her father was Lyman Beecher, and among her six preacher brothers was Henry Ward Beecher, the well-known pulpit orator of Brooklyn. She was a daughter of the manse, like the Brönte sisters, reared amid bookish surroundings in an atmosphere redolent of theological controversy. Her temperament, naturally sensitive and intense, was rendered over-emotional and almost morbidly introspective by her religious training. Her education was gained in private schools for girls and it went not far, for those were the days before colleges for women. It gave her a nun-like view of life and it fed her already over-developed emotional nature. Then at twenty-one came the really great educating influence of her life: she went West with her father who had been elected the first president of Lane Theological Seminary in Cincinnati, and there she lived for the next seventeen years, teaching in the schools for two years and then becoming the wife of Professor Calvin E. Stowe of the Seminary. Literary work she took up at first as a desperate resort for increasing the household income. Her first volume *The Mayflower*, 1843, she produced with a family of seven small children about her. When in 1850 Professor Stowe was called to Bowdoin, the family finances were at lowest ebb, and again, though almost overwhelmed by household duties, she sought her pen, this time for a short serial for the *National Era*, an anti-slavery paper of Washington. She had never been in the 'black belt' of the South, though she had caught glimpses of slavery during a brief visit to a plantation in Kentucky, but she knew well the 'underground railroad' of Ohio and she had seen much of fugitive slaves. The story took complete possession of her. It ran from June 5, 1851, to April 1, 1852, until indeed it was material for two volumes. It was written with intense emotion: chapters of it she wrote sobbing in utter abandon like Dickens; after the death of little Eva she was ill for a fortnight. It was keyed perfectly to the emotionalism of the times, and it sold as no other book in our history has ever sold since. Nearly the whole population read it — especially in the North,— and it swept over England and indeed over all Europe. As we read it to-day it seems in many ways crude and unbalanced, but even to-day one may feel its power. It has movement; it has what American prose, up to that time influenced so greatly by Irving, had greatly lacked — dramatic force. Moreover, it contained an intense moral appeal which made it acceptable even to the puritanic element that classed fiction with playing cards. From the date it appeared its author was famous and internationally famous. She wrote much in the years that followed: *Dred*, or *Nina Gordon*, 1856, which was lost in the fierce light of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and among much general material several studies of Calvinistic New England days: *The Minister's Wooing*, 1859, *The Pearl of Orr's Island*, 1862, and *Old Town Folks*, 1869. These undoubtedly are her best creations. She was admirably fitted for interpreting early New England both by her early training and by the sense of detachment that had come from her long residence in the West. These books undoubtedly greatly influenced that later school of depicters of New England, the leaders of which were Mrs. Cooke, Miss Jewett, Mrs. Freeman, and Alice Brown.

TOPSY

One morning, while Miss Ophelia was busy in some of her domestic cares, St. Clare's voice was heard, calling her at the foot of the stairs.

'Come down here, Cousin; I've something to show you.'

'What is it?' said Miss Ophelia, coming down, with her sewing in her hand.

'I've made a purchase for your department — see here,' said St. Clare; and, with the word, he pulled along a little negro girl, about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new master's parlor, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of her face was an odd mixture of shrewdness

and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity. She was dressed in a single filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging; and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance — something, as Miss Ophelia afterward said: 'so heathenish,' as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and, turning to St. Clare, she said:

'Augustine, what in the world have you brought that thing here for?'

'For you to educate, to be sure, and train in the way she should go. I thought she was rather a funny specimen in the "Jim Crow" line. Here, Topsy,' he added, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, 'give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing.'

The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and the thing struck up, in a clear shrill voice, an old negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race; and finally, turning a somersault or two, and giving a prolonged closing note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam-whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes.

Miss Ophelia stood silent, perfectly paralyzed with amazement.

St. Clare, like a mischievous fellow as he was, appeared to enjoy her astonishment; and, addressing the child again, said:

'Topsy, this is your new mistress. I am going to give you up to her; see now that you behave yourself.'

'Yes, mas'r,' said Topsy, with sanctimonious gravity, her wicked eyes twinkling as she spoke.

'You 're going to be good, Topsy; you understand,' said St. Clare.

'O, yes, mas'r,' said Topsy, with another twinkle, her hands still devoutly folded.

'Now, Augustine, what upon earth is this for?' said Miss Ophelia. 'Your house is so full of these little plagues, now, that a body can't set down their foot without treading on 'em. I get up in the morning, and find one asleep behind the door, and see one black head poking out from under the table, one lying on the door-mat — and they are mopping and mowing and grinning between all the railings, and tumbling over the kitchen floor! What on earth did you want to bring this one for?'

'For you to educate — did n't I tell you? You are always preaching about educating. I thought I would make you a present of a fresh-caught specimen, and let you try your hand on her, and bring her up in the way she should go.'

'*I* don't want her, I am sure; I have more to do with 'em now than I want to.'

'That 's you Christians, all over! You 'll get up a society, and get some poor missionary to spend all his days among just such heathen. But let me see one of you that would take one into your house with you, and take the labor of their conversion on yourselves! No; when it comes to that, they are dirty and disagreeable, and it 's too much care, and so on.'

'Augustine, you know I did n't think of it in that light,' said Miss Ophelia, evidently softening. 'Well, it might be a real missionary work,' she said, looking rather more favorably on the child.

St. Clare had touched the right string. Miss Ophelia's conscientiousness was ever on the alert. 'But,' she added, 'I really did n't see the need of buying this one; there are enough now, in your house, to take up all my time and skill.'

'Well, then, cousin,' said St. Clare, drawing her aside, 'I ought to beg your pardon for my good-for-nothing speeches. You are so good, after all, that there 's no sense in them. Why, the fact is, this concern belonged to a couple of drunken creatures that keep a low restaurant that I have to pass by every day, and I was tired of hearing her screaming, and them beating and swearing at her. She looked bright and funny, too, as if something might be made of her; so I bought her, and I 'll give her to you. Try, now, and give her a good orthodox New England bringing up, and see what it 'll make of

her. You know I have n't any gift that way; but I 'd like you to try.'

'Well, I 'll do what I can,' said Miss Ophelia; and she approached her new subject very much as a person might be supposed to approach a black spider, supposing them to have benevolent designs toward it.

'She 's dreadfully dirty, and half naked,' she said.

'Well, take her down stairs, and make some of them clean and clothe her up.'

Miss Ophelia carried her to the kitchen regions.

'Don't see what Mas'r St. Clare wants of 'nother nigger!' said Dinah, surveying the new arrival with no friendly air. 'Won't have her round under *my* feet, *I* know!'

'Pah!' said Rosa and Jane, with supreme disgust; 'let her keep out of our way! What in the world mas'r wants another of these low niggers for, I can't see!'

'You go long! No more nigger dan you be, Miss Rosa,' said Dinah, who felt this last remark a reflection on herself. 'You seem to tink yourself white folks. You ain't nerry one, black *nor* white. I 'd like to be one or turrer.'

Miss Ophelia saw that there was nobody in the camp that would undertake to oversee the cleansing and dressing of the new arrival; and so she was forced to do it herself, with some very ungracious and reluctant assistance from Jane.

It is not for ears polite to hear the particulars of the first toilet of a neglected, abused child. In fact, in this world, multitudes must live and die in a state that would be too great a shock to the nerves of their fellow-mortals even to hear described. Miss Ophelia had a good, strong, practical deal of resolution; and she went through all the disgusting details with heroic thoroughness, though, it must be confessed, with no very gracious air — for endurance was the utmost to which her principles could bring her. When she saw, on the back and shoulders of the child, great welts and calloused spots, ineffaceable marks of the system under which she had grown up thus far, her heart became pitiful within her.

'See there!' said Jane, pointing to the marks, 'don't that show she 's a limb? We 'll have fine works with her, I reckon. I hate these nigger young uns! so disgusting! I wonder that mas'r would buy her!'

The 'young un' alluded to heard all these comments with the subdued and doleful air which seemed habitual to her, only scanning, with a keen and furtive glance of her flickering eyes, the ornaments which Jane wore in her ears. When arrayed at last in a suit of decent and whole clothing, her hair cropped short to her head, Miss Ophelia, with some satisfaction, said she looked more Christian-like than she did, and in her own mind began to mature some plans for her instruction.

Sitting down before her, she began to question her.

'How old are you, Topsy?'

'Dun no, missis,' said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

'Don't know how old you are? Did n't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?'

'Never had none!' said the child, with another grin.

'Never had any mother? What do you mean? Where were you born?'

'Never was born!' persisted Topsy, with another grin, that looked so goblin-like, that, if Miss Ophelia had been at all nervous, she might have fancied that she had got hold of some sooty gnome from the land of Diablerie; but Miss Ophelia was not nervous, but plain and business-like, and she said, with some sternness:

'You must n't answer me in that way, child; I 'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your father and mother were.'

'Never was born,' reiterated the creature, more emphatically; 'never had no father nor mother, nor nothin'. I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. Old Aunt Sue used to take car on us.'

The child was evidently sincere; and Jane breaking into a short laugh, said:

'Laws, missis, there 's heaps of 'em. Speculators buys 'em up cheap, when they 's little, and gets 'em raised for market.'

'How long have you lived with your master and mistress?'

'Dun no, missis.'

'Is it a year, or more, or less?'

'Dun no, missis.'

'Laws, missis, those low negroes — they can't tell; they don't know anything about time,' said Jane, 'they don't know

what a year is; they don't know their own ages.'

'Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?'

The child looked bewildered, but grinned as usual.

'Do you know who made you?'

'Nobody, as I knows on,' said the child, with a short laugh.

The idea appeared to amuse her considerably; for her eyes twinkled, and she added:

'I s'pect I grow'd. Don't think nobody never made me.'

'Do you know how to sew?' said Miss Ophelia, who thought she would turn her inquiries to something more tangible.

'No, missis.'

'What can you do? what did you do for your master and mistress?'

'Fetch water, and wash dishes, and rub knives, and wait on folks.'

'Were they good to you?'

'S'pect they was,' said the child, scanning Miss Ophelia cunningly.

Miss Ophelia rose from this encouraging colloquy; St. Clare was leaning over the back of her chair.

'You 'll find virgin soil there, cousin; put in your own ideas — you won't find many to pull up.'

Miss Ophelia's ideas of education, like all her other ideas, were very set and definite; and of the kind that prevailed in New England a century ago, and which are still preserved in some very retired and unsophisticated parts, where there are no railroads. As nearly as could be expressed, they could be comprised in very few words: to teach them to mind when they were spoken to; to teach them the catechism, sewing, and reading; and to whip them if they told lies. And though, of course, in the flood of light that is now poured on education, these are left far away in the rear, yet it is an undisputed fact that our grandmothers raised some tolerably fair men and women under this régime, as many of us can remember and testify. At all events Miss Ophelia knew of nothing else to do; and, therefore, applied her mind to her heathen with the best diligence she could command.

The child was announced and considered in the family as Miss Ophelia's girl; and, as she was looked upon with no gracious eye in the kitchen, Miss Ophelia resolved to confine her sphere of operation and instruction chiefly to her own chamber. With a self sacrifice which some of our readers will appreciate, she resolved, instead of comfortably making her own bed, sweeping and dusting her own chamber, which she had hitherto done, in utter scorn of all offers of help from the chambermaid of the establishment — to condemn herself to the martyrdom of instructing Topsy to perform these operations — ah, woe the day! Did any of our readers ever do the same, they will appreciate the amount of her self-sacrifice.

Miss Ophelia began with Topsy by taking her into her chamber, the first morning, and solemnly commencing a course of instruction in the art and mystery of bed-making.

Behold, then, Topsy, washed and shorn of all the little braided tails wherein her heart had delighted, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron, standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral.

'Now, Topsy, I 'm going to show you just how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it.'

'Yes, ma'am,' says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woeful earnestness.

'Now, Topsy, look here; this is the hem of the sheet — this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong; will you remember?'

'Yes, ma'am,' says Topsy, with another sigh.

'Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster — so — and tuck it clear down under the mattress nice and smooth — so — do you see?'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Topsy, with profound attention.

'But the upper sheet,' said Miss Ophelia, 'must be brought down in this way, and tucked under firm and smooth at the foot — so — the narrow hem at the foot.'

'Yes, ma'am,' said Topsy, as before; but we will add, what Miss Ophelia did not see, that, during the time when the good lady's back was turned, in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves, and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded as before.

'Now, Topsy, let 's see *you* do this,' said Miss Ophelia, pulling off the clothes, and seating herself.

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise completely to Miss Ophelia's satisfaction; smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting, through the whole process, a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was greatly edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering fragment of the ribbon hung out of one of her sleeves, just as she was finishing, and caught Miss Ophelia's attention. Instantly she pounced upon it. 'What 's this? You naughty, wicked child — you 've been stealing this!'

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy's own sleeve, yet was she not in the least disconcerted; she only looked at it with an air of the most surprised and unconscious innocence.

'Laws! why, that ar 's Miss Feely's ribbon, ain't it? How could it a got caught in my sleeve?'

'Topsy, you naughty girl, don't you tell me a lie — you stole that ribbon!'

'Missis, I declar for't, I did n't — never seed it till dis yer blessed minnit.'

'Topsy,' said Miss Ophelia, 'don't you know it 's wicked to tell lies?'

'I never tells no lies, Miss Feely,' said Topsy, with virtuous gravity; 'it 's jist the truth I 've been a tellin' now, and ain't nothin' else.'

'Topsy, I shall have to whip you, if you tell lies so.'

'Laws, missis, if you 's to whip all day, could n't say no other way,' said Topsy, beginning to blubber. 'I never seed dat ar — it must a got caught in my sleeve. Miss Feely must have left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve.'

Miss Ophelia was so indignant at the barefaced lie, that she caught the child and shook her.

'Don't you tell me that again!'

The shake brought the gloves on to the floor, from the other sleeve.

'There, you!' said Miss Ophelia, 'will you tell me now, you did n't steal the ribbon?'

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon.

'Now, Topsy,' said Miss Ophelia, 'if you 'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time.' Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to the ribbon and the gloves, with woeful protestations of penitence.

'Well, now, tell me. I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house, for I let you run about all day yesterday. Now, tell me if you took anything, and I sha'n't whip you.'

'Laws, missis! I took Miss Eva's red thing she wars on her neck.'

'You did, you naughty child! Well, what else?'

'I took Rosa's yer-rings — them red ones.'

'Go bring them to me this minute, both of 'em.'

'Laws, missis! I can't — they's burnt up!'

'Burnt up — what a story! Go get 'em, or I 'll whip you.'

Topsy, with loud protestations, and tears, and groans, declared that she *could* not. 'They 's burnt up — they was.'

'What did you burn 'em up for?' said Miss Ophelia.

''Cause I 's wicked — I is. I 's mighty wicked, any how. I can't help it.'

Just at this moment, Eva came innocently into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

'Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?' said Miss Ophelia.

'Get it? Why, I 've had it on all day,' said Eva.

'Did you have it on yesterday?'

'Yes; and what is funny, aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed.'

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so, as Rosa, at that instant, came into the room, with a basket of newly-ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking in her ears!

'I 'm sure I can't tell anything what to do with such a child!' she said, in despair. 'What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?'

'Why, missis said I must 'fess and I could n't think of nothin' else to 'fess,' said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

'But of course, I did not want you to confess things you did n't do,' said Miss Ophelia; 'that 's telling a lie, just as much as the other.'

'Laws, now, is it?' said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder.

'La, there ain't any such thing as truth

in that limb,' said Rosa, looking indignantly at Topsy. 'If I was Mas'r St. Clare, I 'd whip her till the blood run. I would — I 'd let her catch it!'

'No, no, Rosa,' said Eva, with an air of command, which the child could assume at times; 'you must n't talk so, Rosa, I can't bear to hear it.'

'La sakes! Miss Eva, you 's so good, you don't know nothing how to get along with niggers. There 's no way but to cut 'em well up, I tell ye.'

'Rosa!' said Eva, 'hush! Don't you say another word of that sort!' and the eye of the child flashed, and her cheek deepened its color.

Rosa was cowed in a moment.

'Miss Eva has got the St. Clare blood in her, that 's plain. She can speak, for all the world, just like her papa,' she said, as she passed out of the room.

Eva stood looking at Topsy.

There stood the two children, representatives of the two extremes of society. The fair, high-bred child, with her golden head, her deep eyes, her spiritual, noble brow, and prince-like movements; and her black, keen, subtle, cringing, yet acute neighbor. They stood the representatives of their races. The Saxon, born of ages of cultivation, command, education, physical and moral eminence; the African born of ages of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil and vice!

Something, perhaps, of such thoughts struggled through Eva's mind. But a child's thoughts are rather dim, undefined instincts; and in Eva's noble nature many such were yearning and working, for which she had no power of utterance. When Miss Ophelia expatiated on Topsy's naughty, wicked conduct, the child looked perplexed and sorrowful, but said, sweetly:

'Poor Topsy, why need you steal? You 're going to be taken good care of, now. I 'm sure I 'd rather give you anything of mine, than have you steal it.'

It was the first word of kindness the child had ever heard in her life; and the sweet tone and manner struck strangely on the wild, rude heart, and a sparkle of something like a tear shone in the keen, round, glittering eye; but it was followed by the short laugh and habitual grin. No! the ear that has never heard anything but abuse is strangely incredulous of anything so heavenly as kindness; and Topsy only thought Eva's speech something funny and inexplicable — she did not believe it.

But what was to be done with Topsy? Miss Ophelia found the case a puzzler; her rules for bringing up did n't seem to apply. She thought she would take time to think of it; and, by the way of gaining time, and in hopes of some indefinite moral virtues supposed to be inherent in dark closets, Miss Ophelia shut Topsy up in one till she had arranged her ideas further on the subject.

'I don't see,' said Miss Ophelia to St. Clare, 'how I 'm going to manage that child, without whipping her.'

'Well, whip her, then, to your heart's content; I 'll give you full power to do what you like.'

'Children always have to be whipped,' said Miss Ophelia; 'I never heard of bringing them up without.'

'O, well, certainly,' said St. Clare; 'do as you think best. Only I 'll make one suggestion: I 've seen this child whipped with a poker, knocked down with the shovel or tongs, whichever came handiest, etc., and, seeing that she is used to that style of operation, I think your whippings will have to be pretty energetic, to make much impression.'

'What is to be done with her, then?' said Miss Ophelia.

'You have started a serious question,' said St. Clare; 'I wish you 'd answer it. What is to be done with a human being that can be governed only by the lash — *that* fails — it 's a very common state of things down here!'

'I 'm sure I don't know; I never saw such a child as this.'

'Such children are very common among us, and such men and women, too. How are they to be governed?' said St. Clare.

'I 'm sure it 's more than I can say,' said Miss Ophelia.

'Or I either,' said St. Clare. 'The horrid cruelties and outrages that once and awhile find their way into the papers — such cases as Prue's, for example — what do they come from? In many cases, it is a gradual hardening process on both sides — the owner growing more and more cruel, as the servant more and more callous. Whipping and abuse are like laudanum: you have to double the dose as the sensibilities decline. I saw this very early when I became an owner; and I resolved never to begin, because I did not know when I should stop — and I resolved, at

least, to protect my own moral nature. The consequence is, that my servants act like spoiled children; but I think that better than for us both to be brutalized together. You have talked a great deal about our responsibilities in educating, cousin. I really wanted you to *try* with one child, who is a specimen of thousands among us.'

'It is your system makes such children,' said Miss Ophelia.

'I know it; but they are *made* — they exist — and what *is* to be done with them?'

'Well, I can't say I thank you for the experiment. But, then, as it appears to be a duty, I shall persevere and try, and do the best I can,' said Miss Ophelia; and Miss Ophelia, after this, did labor, with a commendable degree of zeal and energy, on her new subject. She instituted regular hours and employments for her, and undertook to teach her to read and to sew.

In the former art, the child was quick enough. She learned her letters as if by magic, and was very soon able to read plain reading; but the sewing was a more difficult matter. The creature was as lithe as a cat, and as active as a monkey, and the confinement of sewing was her abomination; so she broke her needles, threw them slyly out of the windows, or down in chinks of the walls; she tangled, broke, and dirtied her thread, or, with a sly movement, would throw a spool away altogether. Her motions were almost as quick as those of a practised conjurer, and her command of her face quite as great; and though Miss Ophelia could not help feeling that so many accidents could not possibly happen in succession, yet she could not, without a watchfulness which would leave her no time for anything else, detect her.

Topsy was soon a noted character in the establishment. Her talent for every species of drollery, grimace, and mimicry — for dancing, tumbling, climbing, singing, whistling, imitating every sound that hit her fancy — seemed inexhaustible. In her play hours, she invariably had every child in the establishment at her heels, open-mouthed with admiration and wonder — not excepting Miss Eva, who appeared to be fascinated by her wild diablerie as a dove is sometimes charmed by a glittering serpent. Miss Ophelia was uneasy that Eva should fancy Topsy's society so much, and implored St. Clare to forbid it.

'Poh! let the child alone,' said St. Clare. 'Topsy will do her good.'

'But so depraved a child — are you not afraid she will teach her some mischief?'

'She can't teach her mischief; she might teach it to some children, but evil rolls off Eva's mind like dew off a cabbage-leaf — not a drop sinks in.'

'Don't be too sure,' said Miss Ophelia. 'I know I 'd never let a child of mine play with Topsy.'

'Well, your children need n't,' said St. Clare, 'but mine may; if Eva could have been spoiled, it would have been done years ago.'

Topsy was at first despised and condemned by the upper servants. They soon found reason to alter their opinion. It was very soon discovered that whoever cast an indignity on Topsy was sure to meet with some inconvenient accident shortly after — either a pair of ear-rings or some cherished trinket would be missing, or an article of dress would be suddenly found utterly ruined, or the person would stumble accidentally into a pail of hot water, or a libation of dirty slop would unaccountably deluge them from above when in full gala dress — and on all these occasions, when investigation was made, there was nobody found to stand sponsor for the indignity. Topsy was cited, and had up before all the domestic judicatories, time and again; but always sustained her examinations with most edifying innocence and gravity of appearance. Nobody in the world ever doubted who did the things; but not a scrap of any direct evidence could be found to establish the suppositions, and Miss Ophelia was too just to feel at liberty to proceed to any lengths without it.

The mischiefs done were always so nicely timed, also, as further to shelter the aggressor. Thus, the times for revenge on Rosa and Jane, the two chamber-maids, were always chosen in those seasons when (as not unfrequently happened) they were in disgrace with their mistress, when any complaint from them would of course meet with no sympathy. In short, Topsy soon made the household understand the propriety of letting her alone; and she was let alone, accordingly.

Topsy was smart and energetic in all

manual operations, learning everything that was taught her with surprising quickness. With a few lessons, she had learned to do the proprieties of Miss Ophelia's chamber in a way with which even that particular lady could find no fault. Mortal hands could not lay spread smoother, adjust pillows more accurately, sweep and dust and arrange more perfectly, than Topsy, when she chose — but she did n't very often choose. If Miss Ophelia, after three or four days of careful and patient supervision, was so sanguine as to suppose that Topsy had at last fallen into her way, could do without overlooking, and so go off and busy herself about something else, Topsy would hold a perfect carnival of confusion, for some one or two hours. Instead of making the bed, she would amuse herself with pulling off the pillow-cases, butting her woolly head among the pillows, till it would sometimes be grotesquely ornamented with feathers sticking out in various directions; she would climb the posts, and hang head downward from the tops; flourish the sheets and spreads all over the apartment; dress the bolster up in Miss Ophelia's night-clothes, and enact various scenic performances with that — singing and whistling, and making grimaces at herself in the looking-glass; in short, as Miss Ophelia phrased it, 'raising Cain' generally.

On one occasion, Miss Ophelia found Topsy with her very best scarlet India Canton crape shawl wound round her head for a turban, going on with her rehearsals before the glass in great style — Miss Ophelia having, with carelessness most unheard-of in her, left the key for once in her drawer.

'Topsy!' she would say, when at the end of all patience. 'What does make you act so?'

'Dun no, missis — I s'pects cause I 's so wicked!'

'I don't know anything what I shall do with you, Topsy.'

'Law, missis, you must whip me; my old missis allers whipped me. I ain't used to workin' unless I gets whipped.'

'Why, Topsy, I don't want to whip you. You can do well, if you 've a mind to; what is the reason you won't?'

'Laws, missis, I 's used to whippin'; I s'pects it 's good for me.'

Miss Ophelia tried the recipe, and Topsy invariably made a terrible commotion, screaming, groaning and imploring, though half an hour afterward, when roosted on some projection of the balcony, and surrounded by a flock of admiring 'young uns,' she would express the utmost contempt of the whole affair.

'Law, Miss Feely whip! would n't kill a skeeter, her whippin's. Oughter see how old mas'r made the flesh fly; old mas'r know'd how!'

Topsy always made great capital of her own sins and enormities, evidently considering them as something peculiarly distinguishing.

'Law, you niggers,' she would say to some of her auditors. 'Does you know you 's all sinners? Well, you is — everybody is. White folks is sinners too — Miss Feely says so; but I s'pects niggers is the biggest ones; but lor! ye ain't any on 'em up to me. I 's so awful wicked there can't nobody do nothing with me. I used to keep old missis a' swarin' at me half de time. I s'pects I 's the wickedest critter in the world'; and Topsy would cut a summerset and come up brisk and shining on to a higher perch, and evidently plume herself on the distinction.

Miss Ophelia busied herself very earnestly on Sundays, teaching Topsy the catechism. Topsy had an uncommon verbal memory, and committed with a fluency that greatly encouraged her instructress.

'What good do you expect it is going to do her?' said St. Clare.

'Why, it always has done children good. It 's what children always have to learn, you know,' said Miss Ophelia.

'Understand it or not,' said St. Clare.

'O, children never understand it at the time; but, after they are grown up, it 'll come to them.'

'Mine has n't come to me yet,' said St. Clare, 'though I 'll bear testimony that you put it into me pretty thoroughly, when I was a boy.'

'Ah, you were always good at learning, Augustine. I used to have great hopes of you,' said Miss Ophelia.

'Well, have n't you now?' said St. Clare.

'I wish you were as good as you were when you were a boy, Augustine.'

'So do I, that 's a fact, cousin,' said St. Clare. 'Well, go ahead and cate-

chise Topsy; may be you 'll make out something yet.'

Topsy, who had stood like a black statue during this discussion, with hands decently folded, now, at a signal from Miss Ophelia, went on:

'Our first parents, being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the state wherein they were created.'

Topsy's eyes twinkled, and she looked inquiringly.

'What is it, Topsy?' said Miss Ophelia.

'Please, missis, was dat ar State Kintuck?'

'What state, Topsy?'

'Dat state dey fell out of. I used to hear mas'r tell how we came down from Kintuck.'

St. Clare laughed.

'You 'll have to give her a meaning, or she 'll make one,' said he. 'There seems to be a theory of emigration suggested there.'

'O! Augustine, be still,' said Miss Ophelia; 'how can I do anything, if you will be laughing?'

'Well, I won't disturb the exercises again, on my honor'; and St. Clare took his paper into the parlor, and sat down, till Topsy had finished her recitations. They were all very well, only that now and then she would oddly transpose some important words, and persist in the mistake, in spite of every effort to the contrary; and St. Clare, after all his promises of goodness, took a wicked pleasure in these mistakes, calling Topsy to him whenever he had a mind to amuse himself, and getting her to repeat the offending passages, in spite of Miss Ophelia's remonstrances.

'How do you think I can do anything with the child, if you will go on so, Augustine?' she would say.

'Well, it is too bad — I won't again; but I do like to hear the droll little image stumble over those big words!'

'But you confirm her in the wrong way.'

'What 's the odds? One word is as good as another to her.'

'You wanted me to bring her up right; and you ought to remember she is a reasonable creature, and be careful of your influence over her."

'O, dismal! so I ought; but, as Topsy herself says, "I 's so wicked!"'

In very much this way Topsy's training proceeded, for a year or two — Miss Ophelia worrying herself, from day to day, with her, as a kind of chronic plague, to whose inflictions she became, in time, as accustomed as persons sometimes do to the neuralgia or sick head-ache.

The National Era, 1851.

WHEN WINDS ARE RAGING

When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry war,
'T is said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth, evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest!
There is a temple, sacred evermore,
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness, at its peaceful door.

Far, far away, the war of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord! in Thee.

O rest of rests! O peace, serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest and Thou changest never;
And in the secret of Thy presence, dwelleth
Fullness of joy — forever and forever.

The Independent, October 21, 1852.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE

Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh,
When the bird waketh and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee!

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;

Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

As in the dawning o'er the waveless ocean
The image of the morning star doth rest,
So in this stillness Thou beholdest only
Thine image in the waters of my breast.

Still, still with Thee! as to each new-born morning
A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
So doth the blessed consciousness, awaking,
Breathe, each day, nearness unto Thee and heaven.

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath the wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee!
(1853)

VIEWS OF DIVINE GOVERNMENT

We have said before, what we now repeat, that it is impossible to write a story of New England life and manners for superficial thought or shallow feeling. They who would fully understand the springs which moved the characters with whom we now associate must go down with us to the very depths.

Never was there a community where the roots of common life shot down so deeply, and were so intensely grappled around things sublime and eternal. The founders of it were a body of confessors and martyrs, who turned their backs on the whole glory of the visible, to found in the wilderness a republic of which the God of Heaven and Earth should be the sovereign power. For the first hundred years grew this community, shut out by a fathomless ocean from the existing world, and divided by an antagonism not less deep from all the reigning ideas of nominal Christendom.

In a community thus unworldly must have arisen a mode of thought, energetic, original, and sublime. The leaders of thought and feeling were the ministry, and we boldly assert that the spectacle of the early ministry of New England was one to which the world gives no parallel. Living an intense, earnest, practical life, mostly tilling the earth with their own hands, they yet carried on the most startling and original religious investigations with a simplicity that might have been deemed audacious, were it not so reverential. All old issues relating to government, religion, ritual, and forms of church organization having for them passed away, they went straight to the heart of things, and boldly confronted the problem of universal being. They had come out from the world as witnesses to the most solemn and sacred of human rights. They had accustomed themselves boldly to challenge and dispute all sham pretensions and idolatries of past ages,— to question the right of kings in the State, and of prelates in the Church; and now they turned the same bold inquiries towards the Eternal Throne, and threw down their glove in the lists as authorized defenders of every mystery in the Eternal Government. The task they proposed to themselves was that of reconciling the most tremendous facts of sin and evil, present and eternal, with those conceptions of Infinite Power and Benevolence which their own strong and generous natures enabled them so vividly to realize. In the intervals of planting and harvesting, they were busy with the toils of adjusting the laws of the universe. Solemnly simple, they made long journeys in their old one-horse chaises, to settle with each other some nice point of celestial jurisprudence, and to compare their maps of the Infinite. Their letters to each other form a literature altogether unique. Hopkins sends to Edwards the younger his scheme of the universe, in which he starts with the proposition, that God is infinitely above all obligations of any kind to his creatures. Edwards replies with the brusque comment,—'This is wrong; God has no more right to injure a creature than a creature has to injure God;' and each probably about that time preached a sermon on his own views, which was discussed by every

farmer, in intervals of plow and hoe, by every woman and girl, at loom, spinning-wheel, or wash-tub. New England was one vast sea, surging from depths to heights with thought and discussion on the most insoluble of mysteries. And it is to be added, that no man or woman accepted any theory or speculation simply *as* theory or speculation: all was profoundly real and vital,— a foundation on which actual life was based with intensest earnestness.

The views of human existence which resulted from this course of training were gloomy enough to oppress any heart which did not rise above them by triumphant faith or sink below them by brutish insensibility; for they included every moral problem of natural or revealed religion, divested of all those softening poetries and tender draperies which forms, ceremonies, and rituals had thrown around them in other parts and ages of Christendom. The human race, without exception, coming into existence 'under God's wrath and curse,' with a nature so fatally disordered, that, although perfect free agents, men were infallibly certain to do nothing to Divine acceptance until regenerated by the supernatural aid of God's Spirit,— this aid being given only to a certain decreed number of the human race, the rest, with enough free agency to make them responsible, but without this indispensable assistance exposed to the malignant assaults of evil spirits versed in every art of temptation, were sure to fall hopelessly into perdition. The standard of what constituted a true regeneration, as presented in such treatises as Edwards on the Affections, and others of the times, made this change to be something so high, disinterested, and superhuman, so removed from all natural and common habits and feelings, that the most earnest and devoted, whose long life had been a constant travail of endeavor, a tissue of almost unearthly disinterestedness, often lived and died with only a glimmering hope of its attainment.

According to any views then entertained of the evidences of a true regeneration, the number of the whole human race who could be supposed as yet to have received this grace was so small that, as to any numerical valuation, it must have been expressed as an infinitesimal. Dr. Hopkins in many places distinctly recognizes the fact, that the greater part of the human race, up to this time, had been eternally lost,— and boldly assumes the ground, that this amount of sin and suffering, being the best and most necessary means of the greatest final amount of happiness, was not merely permitted, but distinctly chosen, decreed, and provided for, as essential in the schemes of Infinite Benevolence. He held that this decree not only *permitted* each individual act of sin, but also took measures to make it certain, though, by an exercise of infinite skill, it accomplished this result without violating human free agency.

The preaching of those times was animated by an unflinching consistency which never shrank from carrying an idea to its remotest logical verge. The sufferings of the lost were not kept from view, but proclaimed with a terrible power. Dr. Hopkins boldly asserts, that 'all the use that God will have for them is to suffer; this is all the end they can answer; therefore all their faculties and their whole capacities will be employed and used for this end. . . . The body can by omnipotence be made capable of suffering the greatest imaginable pain, without producing dissolution, or abating the least degree of life or sensibility. . . . One way in which God will show his power in punishing the wicked will be in strengthening and upholding their bodies and souls in torments which otherwise would be intolerable.'

The sermons preached by President Edwards on this subject are so terrific in their refined poetry of torture, that very few persons of quick sensibility could read them through without agony; and it is related, that, when, in those calm and tender tones which never rose to passionate enunciation, he read these discourses, the house was often filled with shrieks and wailings, and that a brother minister once laid hold of his skirts, exclaiming, in an involuntary agony, 'Oh! Mr. Edwards! Mr. Edwards! is God not a God of mercy?'

Not that these men were indifferent or insensible to the dread words they spoke; their whole lives and deportment bore thrilling witness to their sincerity. Edwards set apart special days of fasting, in view of the dreadful doom of the lost, in which he was wont to walk the floor, weeping and wringing his hands. Ho-

kins fasted every Saturday. David Brainerd gave up every refinement of civilized life to weep and pray at the feet of hardened savages, if by any means he might save *one*. All, by lives of eminent purity and earnestness, gave awful weight and sanction to their words.

If we add to this statement the fact, that it was always proposed to every inquiring soul, as an evidence of regeneration, that it should truly and heartily accept all the ways of God thus declared right and lovely, and from the heart submit to Him as the only just and good, it will be seen what materials of tremendous internal conflict and agitation were all the while working in every bosom. Almost all the histories of religious experience of those times relate paroxysms of opposition to God and fierce rebellion, expressed in language which appals the very soul,— followed, at length, by mysterious elevations of faith and reactions of confiding love, the result of Divine interposition, which carried the soul far above the region of the intellect, into that of direct spiritual intuition.

President Eliot records that he was once in this state of enmity,— that the facts of the divine administration seemed horrible to him,— and that this opposition by no course of reasoning, but by an *'inward and sweet sense,'* which came to him once when walking alone in the fields, and looking up into the blue sky, he saw the blending of the Divine majesty with a calm, sweet, and almost infinite meekness.

The piety which grew up under such a system was, of necessity, energetic,— it was the uprousing of the whole energy of the human soul, pierced and wrenched and probed from her lowest depths to her topmost heights with every awful life-force possible to existence. He whose faith in God came clear through these terrible tests would be sure never to know greater ones. He might certainly challenge earth or heaven, things present or things to come, to swerve him from this grand allegiance.

But it is to be conceded, that these systems, so admirably in relation to the energy, earnestness, and acuteness of their authors, when received as absolute truth, and as a basis of actual life, had, on minds of a certain class, the effect of a slow poison, producing life-habits of morbid action very different from any which ever followed the simple reading of the Bible. They differ from the New Testament as the living embrace of a friend does from his lifeless body, mapped out under the knife of the anatomical demonstrator; — every nerve and muscle is there, but to a sensitive spirit there is the very chill of death in the analysis.

All systems that deal with the infinite are, beside, exposed to danger from small, unsuspected admixtures of human error, which become deadly when carried to such vast results. The smallest speck of earth's dust, in the focus of an infinite lens, appears magnified among the heavenly orbs as a frightful monster.

Thus it happened, that, while strong spirits walked, palm-crowned, with victorious hymns, along these sublime paths, feebler and more sensitive ones lay along the track, bleeding away in life-long despair. Fearful to them were the shadows that lay over the cradle and the grave. The mother clasped her babe to her bosom, and looked with shuddering to the awful coming trial of free agency, with its terrible responsibilities and risks; and, as she thought of the infinite chances against her beloved, almost wished it might die in infancy. But when the stroke of death came, and some young, thoughtless head was laid suddenly low, who can say what silent anguish of loving hearts sounded the dread depths of eternity with the awful question, *Where?*

In no other time or place of Christendom have so fearful issues been presented to the mind. Some church interposed its protecting shield; the Christian born and baptized child was supposed in some wise rescued from the curse of the fall, and related to the great redemption, — to be a member of Christ's family, and, if ever so sinful still infolded in some vague sphere of hope and protection. Augustine solaced the dread anxieties of trembling love by prayers offered for the dead in times when the Church above and on earth presented itself to the eye of the mourner as a great assembly with one accord lifting interceding hands for the parted soul.

But the clear logic and intense individualism of New England deepened the problems of the Augustinian faith, while they swept away all those softening provisions so earnestly clasped to the throbbing heart of that great poet of theology.

No rite, no form, no paternal relation, no faith or prayer of church, earthly or heavenly, interposed the slightest shield between the trembling spirit and Eternal Justice. The individual entered eternally alone, as if he had no interceding relation in the universe.

This, then was the awful dread which was constantly underlying life. This it was which caused the tolling bell in green hollows and lonely dells to be a sound which shook the soul and searched the heart with fearful questions.

Atlantic Monthly, Sept., 1859.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY (1814–1877)

John Lothrop Motley was born near Boston, went to the Round Hill school, Northampton, which was then in charge of Bancroft the historian, entered Harvard College at thirteen, and was graduated four years later. Two years he spent in the German universities of Göttingen and Berlin, then returned at twenty to take up the study of law. Like Longfellow and Lowell, however, he had been called to literature rather than to the law. As a boy he had read eagerly all of Cooper and Sir Walter Scott, and he dreamed of romance. *Morton's Hope*, 1839, a two-volume historical novel, was the result, and even its failure to win the public,— its deserved failure we realize to-day,— did not keep him from writing another, *Merry Mount*, which was equally unsuccessful. But it was soon recognized that parts of the novels were written with real power,— those parts that dealt with historical incidents,— and his friends urged him to devote himself wholly to this variety of work. Accordingly at the age of thirty-six he began what was to be his life work. A subject had taken possession of him: the period of the Spanish wars in the Netherlands, and practically for the rest of his life he lived abroad in the archives of Europe collecting his material and turning it successively into the three great histories that bear his name: *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, *History of the United Netherlands*, and *John of Barneveld*, the last issued in 1874. Twice he dropped his work at the call of his government: in 1861 to be minister to Austria for five years and again in 1869 to be minister to England.

The three works written by Motley are the most substantial products America has added to the literature of history. He was one of the last of the American historians who could be considered as a creator of literature, a stylist, a creator of *belle lettres*. His early love for fiction and his early attempts at the creation of historical romance explain one side of his work: his vivid, dramatic narrative. He was peculiarly fitted to make minute biographical studies of the great characters of the epoch he covered. Moreover, he has been surpassed by few historians in ability to treat vast and complicated areas of history. He had broadness of vision, accuracy, thoroughness, and impartiality. It is regrettable that he was not spared to write, as he had planned, the complete history of the thirty-year's war.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN[1]

Meantime, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery, on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavorable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible, for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were

[1] By permission of Harper Brothers. Copyright, 1856.

searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful — infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out — women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe — an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the center of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, 'What would ye, my friends? Why do you murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city intrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive.'

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. 'Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters,' they cried, 'and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out. And when all has perished but ourselves, be sure that we will each devour our left arms, retaining our right to defend our women, our liberty, and our religion, against the foreign tyrant. Should God, in his wrath, doom us to destruction, and deny us all relief, even then will we maintain ourselves forever against your entrance. When the last hour has come, with our hands we will set fire to the city and perish, men, women, and children together in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted and our liberties to be crushed.' Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time, he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. 'As well,' shouted the Span-

iards, derisively, to the citizens, 'as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief.'

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the 1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.

In the course of twenty-four hours, the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farm houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zealander's cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zealanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path — the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zealanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dyke and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in the keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitering the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half dis-

tant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide detour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist — 'Yonder,' cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, 'yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?' 'We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails,' was the reply, 'before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us.' It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cowgate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand, coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures, who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation; — but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The

Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zealanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children,— nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children. This scene of honest pathos terminated, the necessary measures for distributing the food and for relieving the sick were taken by the magistracy. A note despatched to the Prince of Orange, was received by him at two o'clock, as he sat in church at Delft. It was of a somewhat different purport from that of the letter which he had received early in the same day from Boisot; the letter in which the Admiral had informed him that the success of the enterprise depended, after all, upon the desperate assault upon a nearly impregnable fort. The joy of the Prince may be easily imagined, and so soon as the sermon was concluded, he handed the letter just received to the minister, to be read to the congregation. Thus, all participated in his joy, and united with him in thanksgiving.

From *The Rise of the Dutch Republic,* part iv, chapter 2, 1856.

THE FIRE SHIPS OF ANTWERP[1]

There lived in Antwerp a subtle Mantuan, Gianibelli by name, who had married and been long settled in the city. He had made himself busy with various schemes for victualling the place. He had especially urged upon the authorities, at an early period of the siege, the propriety of making large purchases of corn and storing it in magazines at a time when the famine-price had by no means been reached. But the leading men had then their heads full of a great ship, or floating castle, which they were building, and which they had pompously named the *War's End, Fin de la Guerre.* We shall hear something of this phenomenon at a later period. Meanwhile, Gianibelli, who knew something of shipbuilding, as he did of most other useful matters, ridiculed the design, which was likely to cost, in itself before completion, as much money as would keep the city in bread for a third of a year.

Gianibelli was no patriot. He was purely a man of science and of great acquirements, who was looked upon by the ignorant populace alternately as a dreamer and a wizard. He was as indifferent to the cause of freedom as of despotism, but he had a great love for chemistry. He was also a profound mechanician, second to no man of his age in theoretic and practical engineering.

He had gone from Italy to Spain that he might offer his services to Philip, and give him the benefit of many original and ingenious inventions. Forced to dance attendance, day after day, among sneering courtiers and insolent placemen, and to submit to the criticism of practical sages and philosophers of routine, while he was constantly denied an opportunity of explaining his projects, the quick-tempered Italian had gone away at last, indignant. He had then vowed revenge upon the dullness by which his genius had been slighted, and had sworn that the next time the Spaniards heard the name of the man whom they had dared to deride, they should hear it with tears.

He now laid before the senate of Antwerp a plan for some vessels likely to prove more effective than the gigantic *War's End,* which he had prophesied would prove a failure. With these he pledged himself to destroy the bridge. He demanded three ships which he had selected from the city fleet — the *Orange,* the *Post,* and the *Golden Lion,*— measuring, respectively, one hundred and fifty, three hundred and fifty, and five hundred tons. Besides these, he wished sixty flat-bottomed scows, which he proposed to send down the river, partially submerged, disposed in the shape of a half moon, with innumerable anchors and grapnells thrusting themselves out of the water at every

[1] By permission of Harper Brothers. Copyright, 1860.

point. This machine was intended to operate against the raft.

Ignorance and incredulity did their work, as usual, and Gianibelli's request was refused. As a quarter-measure, nevertheless, he was allowed to take two smaller vessels of seventy and eighty tons. The Italian was disgusted with this parsimony upon so momentous an occasion, but he at the same time determined, even with these slender materials, to give an exhibition of his power.

Not all his the glory, however, of the ingenious project. Associated with him were two skilful artizans of Antwerp; a clockmaker named Bory, and a mechanician named Timmerman; but Gianibelli was the chief and superintendent of the whole daring enterprise.

He gave to his two ships the cheerful names of the *Fortune* and the *Hope,* and set himself energetically to justify their titles by their efficiency. They were to be floating marine volcanos, which, drifting down the river with the ebb tide, were to deal destruction where the Spaniards deemed themselves most secure.

In the hold of each vessel, along the whole length, was laid down a solid flooring of brick and mortar, one foot thick, and five feet wide. Upon this was built a chamber of marble mason-work, forty feet long, three and a half broad, as many high, and with side-walls five feet in thickness. This was the crater. It was filled with seven thousand pounds of gunpowder, of a kind superior to anything known, and prepared by Gianibelli himself. It was covered with a roof, six feet in thickness, formed of blue tombstones, placed edgewise. Over this crater, rose a hollow cone, or pyramid, made of heavy marble slabs, and filled with mill-stones, cannon balls, blocks of marble, chain-shot, iron hooks, plow-coulters, and every dangerous missile that could be imagined. The spaces between the mine and the sides of each ship were likewise filled with paving stones, iron-bound stakes, harpoons, and other projectiles. The whole fabric was then covered by a smooth light flooring of planks and brick-work, upon which was a pile of wood. This was to be lighted at the proper time, in order that the two vessels might present the appearance of simple fire-ships, intended only to excite a conflagration of the bridge. On the *Fortune* a slow match, very carefully prepared, communicated with the submerged mine, which was to explode at a nicely-calculated moment. The eruption of the other floating volcano was to be regulated by an ingenious piece of clock-work, by which, at the appointed time, fire, struck from a flint, was to inflame the hidden mass of gunpowder below.

In addition to these two infernal machines, or 'hell-burners,' as they were called, a fleet of thirty-two smaller vessels was prepared. Covered with tar, turpentine, rosin, and filled with inflammable and combustible materials, these barks were to be sent from Antwerp down the river in detachments of eight every half hour with the ebb tide. The object was to clear the way, if possible, of the raft, and to occupy the attention of the Spaniards, until the *Fortune* and the *Hope* should come down upon the bridge.

The 5th April, being the day following that on which the successful assault upon Liefkenshoek and Saint Anthony had taken place, was fixed for the descent of the fire-ships. So soon as it should be dark, the thirty-two lesser burning-vessels, under the direction of Admiral Jacob Jacobzoon, were to be sent forth from the neighborhood of the 'Boor's Sconce' — a fort close to the city walls — in accordance with the Italian's plan. 'Run-a-way Jacob,' however, or 'Koppen Loppen,' had earned no new laurels which could throw into the shade that approbrious appellation. He was not one of Holland's naval heroes, but, on the whole, a very incompetent officer; exactly the man to damage the best concerted scheme which the genius of others could invent. Accordingly, Koppen-Loppen began with a grave mistake. Instead of allowing the precursory fire-ships to drift down the stream, at the regular intervals agreed upon, he despatched them all rapidly, and helter skelter, one after another, as fast as they could be set forth on their career. Not long afterwards, he sent the two 'hell-burners,' the *Fortune* and the *Hope,* directly in their wake. Thus the whole fiery fleet had set forth, almost at once, upon its fatal voyage.

It was known to Parma that preparations for an attack were making at Antwerp, but as to the nature of the danger he was necessarily in the dark. He was anticipating an invasion by a fleet from

the city in combination with a squadron of Zeelanders coming up from below. So soon as the first vessels, therefore, with their trains not yet lighted, were discovered bearing down from the city, he was confirmed in his conjecture. His drums and trumpets instantly called to arms, and the whole body of his troops was mustered upon the bridge, the palisades, and in the nearest forts. Thus the preparations to avoid or to contend with the danger, were leading the Spaniards into the very jaws of destruction. Alexander, after crossing and recrossing the river, giving minute directions for repelling the expected assault, finally stationed himself in the block-house at the point of junction, on the Flemish side, between the palisade and the bridge of boats. He was surrounded by a group of superior officers, among whom Richebourg, Billy, Gaetano, Cessis, and the Englishman Sir Rowland Yorke, were conspicuous.

It was a dark, mild evening of early spring. As the fleet of vessels dropped slowly down the river, they suddenly became luminous, each ship flaming out of the darkness, a phantom of living fire. The very waves of the Scheldt seemed glowing with the conflagration, while its banks were lighted up with a preternatural glare. It was a wild, pompous, theatrical spectacle. The array of soldiers on both sides the river, along the dykes and upon the bridge, with banners waving, and spear and cuirass glancing in the lurid light; the demon fleet, guided by no human hand, wrapped in flames, and flitting through the darkness, with irregular movement, but portentous aspect, at the caprice of wind and tide; the deathlike silence of expectation, which had succeeded the sound of trumpet and the shouts of the soldiers; and the weird glow which had supplanted the darkness — all combined with the sense of imminent and mysterious danger to excite and oppress the imagination.

Presently, the Spaniards, as they gazed from the bridge, began to take heart again. One after another, many of the lesser vessels drifted blindly against the raft, where they entangled themselves among the hooks and gigantic spear-heads, and burned slowly out without causing any extensive conflagration. Others grounded on the banks of the river, before reaching their destination. Some sank in the stream.

Last of all came the two infernal ships, swaying unsteadily with the current; the pilots of course, as they neared the bridge, having noiselessly effected their escape in the skiffs. The slight fire upon the deck scarcely illuminated the dark phantom-like hulls. Both were carried by the current clear of the raft, which, by a great error of judgment, as it now appeared, on the part of the builders, had only been made to protect the floating portion of the bridge. The *Fortune* came first, staggering inside the raft, and then lurching clumsily against the dyke, and grounding near Kalloo, without touching the bridge. There was a moment's pause of expectation. At last the slow match upon the deck burned out, and there was a faint and partial explosion, by which little or no damage was produced.

Parma instantly called for volunteers to board the mysterious vessel. The desperate expedition was headed by the bold Rowland Yorke, a Londoner, of whom one day there was more to be heard in Netherland history. The party sprang into the deserted and now harmless volcano, extinguishing the slight fires that were smoldering on the deck, and thrusting spears and long poles into the hidden recesses of the hold. There was, however, little time to pursue these perilous investigations, and the party soon made their escape to the bridge.

The troops of Parma, crowding on the palisade, and looking over the parapets, now began to greet the exhibition with peals of derisive laughter. It was but child's play, they thought, to threaten a Spanish army, and a general like Alexander Farnese, with such paltry fireworks as these. Nevertheless all eyes were anxiously fixed upon the remaining fire-ship, or 'hell-burner,' the *Hope,* which had now drifted very near the place of its destination. Tearing her way between the raft and the shore, she struck heavily against the bridge on the Kalloo side, close to the block-house at the commencement of the floating portion of the bridge. A thin wreath of smoke was seen curling over a slight and smoldering fire upon her deck.

Marquis Richebourg, standing on the bridge, laughed loudly at the apparently impotent conclusion of the whole adven-

ture. It was his last laugh on earth. A number of soldiers, at Parma's summons, instantly sprang on board this second mysterious vessel, and occupied themselves, as the party on board the *Fortune* had done, in extinguishing the flames, and in endeavoring to ascertain the nature of the machine. Richebourg boldly directed from the bridge their hazardous experiments.

At the same moment a certain ensign De Vega, who stood near the Prince of Parma, close to the block-house, approached him with vehement entreaties that he should retire. Alexander refused to stir from the spot, being anxious to learn the result of these investigations. Vega, moved by some instinctive and irresistible apprehension, fell upon his knees, and plucking the General earnestly by the cloak, implored him with such passionate words and gestures to leave the place, that the Prince reluctantly yielded.

It was not a moment too soon. The clock-work in the *Hope* had been better adjusted than the slow match in the *Fortune*. Scarcely had Alexander reached the entrance of Saint Mary's Fort, at the end of the bridge, when a horrible explosion was heard. The *Hope* disappeared, together with the men who had boarded her, and the block-house, against which she had struck, with all its garrison, while a large portion of the bridge, with all the troops stationed upon it, had vanished into air. It was the work of a single instant. The Scheldt yawned to its lowest depth, and then cast its waters across the dykes, deep into the forts, and far over the land. The earth shook as with the throb of a volcano. A wild glare lighted up the scene for one moment, and was then succeeded by pitchy darkness. Houses were toppled down miles away, and not a living thing, even in remote places, could keep its feet. The air was filled with a rain of plow-shares, gravestones, and marble balls, intermixed with the heads, limbs, and bodies, of what had been human beings. Slabs of granite, vomited by the flaming ship, were found afterwards at a league's distance, and buried deep in the earth. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time; many of them being torn to shreds, beyond even the semblance of humanity.

Richebourg disappeared, and was not found until several days later, when his body was discovered, doubled around an iron chain, which hung from one of the bridge-boats in the center of the river. The veteran Robles, Seigneur de Billy, a Portuguese officer of eminent service and high military rank, was also destroyed. Months afterwards, his body was discovered adhering to the timber-work of the bridge, upon the ultimate removal of that structure, and was only recognized by a peculiar gold chain which he habitually wore. Parma himself was thrown to the ground, stunned by a blow on the shoulder from a flying stake. The page, who was behind him, carrying his helmet, fell dead without a wound, killed by the concussion of the air.

Several strange and less tragical incidents occurred. The Viscomte de Bruxelles was blown out of a boat on the Flemish side, and descended safe and sound into another in the center of the stream. Captain Tucci, clad in complete armor, was whirled out of a fort, shot perpendicularly into the air, and then fell back into the river. Being of a cool temperament, a good swimmer, and very pious, he skilfully divested himself of cuirass and helmet, recommended himself to the Blessed Virgin, and swam safely ashore. Another young officer of Parma's bodyguard, François de Liege by name, standing on the Kalloo end of the bridge, rose like a feather into the clouds, and, flying quite across the river, alighted on the opposite bank with no further harm than a contused shoulder. He imagined himself (he said afterwards) to have been changed into a cannon-ball, as he rushed through the pitchy atmosphere, propelled by a blast of irresistible fury.

It had been agreed that Admiral Jacobzoon should, immediately after the explosion of the fire-ships, send an eight-oared barge to ascertain the amount of damage. If a breach had been effected, and a passage up to the city opened, he was to fire a rocket. At this signal, the fleet stationed at Lillo, carrying a heavy armament, laden with provisions enough to relieve Antwerp from all anxiety, and ready to sail on the instant, was at once to force its way up the river.

The deed was done. A breach, two hundred feet in width, was made. Had the most skilful pilot in Zeeland held the helm of the *Hope*, with a choice crew obedient to his orders, he could not have

guided her more carefully than she had been directed by wind and tide. Avoiding the raft which lay in her way, she had, as it were, with the intelligence of a living creature, fulfilled the wishes of the daring genius that had created her; and laid herself alongside the bridge, exactly at the most telling point. She had then destroyed herself, precisely at the right moment. All the effects, and more than all, that had been predicted by the Mantuan wizard had come to pass. The famous bridge was cleft through and through, and a thousand picked men — Parma's very 'daintiest' — were blown out of existence. The Governor-General himself was lying stark and stiff upon the bridge which he said should be his triumphal monument or his tomb. His most distinguished officers were dead, and all the survivors were dumb and blind with astonishment at the unheard-of convulsion. The passage was open for the fleet, and the fleet lay below with sails spread, and oars in the rowlocks, only waiting for the signal to bear up at once to the scene of action, to smite out of existence all that remained of the splendid structure, and to carry relief and triumph into Antwerp.

Not a soul slept in the city. The explosion had shook its walls, and thousands of people thronged the streets, their hearts beating high with expectation. It was a moment of exquisite triumph. The *Hope,* word of happy augury, had not been relied upon in vain, and Parma's seven months of patient labor had been annihilated in a moment. Sainte Aldegonde and Gianibelli stood in the 'Boors Sconce' on the edge of the river. They had felt and heard the explosion, and they were now straining their eyes through the darkness to mark the flight of the welcome rocket.

That rocket never rose. And it is enough, even after the lapse of three centuries, to cause a pang in every heart that beats for human liberty to think of the bitter disappointment which crushed these great and legitimate hopes. The cause lay in the incompetency and cowardice of the man who had been so unfortunately entrusted with a share in a noble enterprise.

Admiral Jacobzoon, paralyzed by the explosion, which announced his own triumph, sent off the barge, but did not wait for its return. The boatmen, too, appalled by its sights and sounds which they had witnessed, and by the murky darkness which encompassed them, did not venture near the scene of action, but, after rowing for a short interval hither and thither, came back with the lying report that nothing had been accomplished, and that the bridge remained unbroken. Sainte Aldegonde and Gianibelli were beside themselves with rage, as they surmised the imbecility of the Admiral, and devoted him in their hearts to the gallows, which he certainly deserved. The wrath of the keen Italian may be conceived, now that his ingenious and entirely successful scheme was thus rendered fruitless by the blunders of the incompetent Fleming.

On the other side, there was a man whom no danger could appal. Alexander had been thought dead, and the dismay among his followers was universal. He was known to have been standing an instant before the explosion on the very block-house where the *Hope* had struck. After the first terrible moments had passed, his soldiers found their general lying, as if in a trance, on the threshold of St. Mary's Fort, his drawn sword in his hand, with Cessis embracing his knees, and Gaetano extended at his side, stunned with a blow upon the head.

Recovering from his swoon, Parma was the first to spring to his feet. Sword in hand, he rushed at once upon the bridge to mark the extent of the disaster. The admirable structure, the result of so much patient and intelligent energy, was fearfully shattered; the bridge, the river, and the shore, strewed with the mangled bodies of his soldiers. He expected, as a matter of certainty, that the fleet from below would instantly force its passage, destroy the remainder of his troops — stunned as they were with the sudden catastrophe — complete the demolition of the bridge, and then make its way to Antwerp, with ample reinforcements and supplies. And Alexander saw that the expedition would be successful. Momently expecting the attack, he maintained his courage and semblance of cheerfulness, with despair in his heart.

His winter's work seemed annihilated, and it was probable that he should be obliged to raise the siege. Nevertheless, he passed in person from rank to rank,

from post to post, seeing that the wounded were provided for, encouraging those that remained unhurt, and endeavoring to infuse a portion of his own courage into the survivors of his panic-stricken army.

Nor was he entirely unsuccessful, as the night wore on and the expected assault was still delayed. Without further loss of time, he employed his men to collect the drifting boats, timber, and spar-work, and to make a hasty and temporary restoration — in semblance at least — of the ruined portion of his bridge. And thus he employed himself steadily all the night, although expecting every instant to hear the first broadside of the Zeeland cannon. When morning broke, and it became obvious that the patriots were unable or unwilling to follow up their own success, the Governor-General felt as secure as ever. He at once set about the thorough repairs of his great work, and — before he could be again molested — had made good the damage which it had sustained.

It was not till three days afterwards that the truth was known in Antwerp. Hohenlo then sent down a messenger, who swam under the bridge, ascertained the exact state of affairs, and returned, when it was too late, with the first intelligence of triumph which had been won and lost. The disappointment and mortification were almost intolerable. And thus had Run-a-way Jacob, 'Koppen Loppen,' blasted the hopes of so many wiser and braver spirits than his own.

From Chapter V, *The United Netherlands*, 1860.

RICHARD HENRY DANA, JR. (1815–1882)

'The younger Dana,' as he was usually designated by his contemporaries to distinguish him from his father the poet, lives in the history of American literature solely because of his book *Two Years before the Mast*, 1840. He was a native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and naturally in due time entered Harvard College, but in his junior year his eyesight failed him, and so seriously that his physician prescribed the heroic treatment of a long period at sea as a common sailor. Dana accordingly shipped before the mast for a two years' voyage to the coast of California. On his return in 1836 he finished his course at Harvard, studied law, and later became one of the leading lawyers of Boston. His book, *Two Years before the Mast*, was written from the same motives that prompted Mrs. Stowe in later years to write *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Its object primarily was humanitarian. In the words of his biographer, 'The night after the flogging of his two fellow-sailors off San Pedro, California, Mr. Dana, lying in his berth, "vowed that, if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot has been so long cast."' The book accomplished its purpose. It was enormously popular, it was adopted by the British admiralty for free distribution in the navy, and it has long since taken an undisputed place as an American classic.

A FLOGGING

For several days the captain seemed very much out of humor. Nothing went right, or fast enough for him. He quarreled with the cook, and threatened to flog him for throwing wood on deck, and had a dispute with the mate about reeving a Spanish burton; the mate saying that he was right, and had been taught how to do it by a man *who was a sailor!* This the captain took in dudgeon, and they were at swords' points at once. But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavy-molded fellow from the Middle States, who was called Sam. This man hesitated in his speech, was rather slow in his motions, and was only a tolerably good sailor, but usually seemed to do his best; yet the captain took a dislike to him, thought he was surly and lazy, and 'if you once give a dog a bad name,'—as the sailor-phrase is,—'he may as well jump overboard.' The captain found fault with everything this man did, and hazed him for dropping a marline-spike from the main-yard, where he was at work. This, of course, was an accident, but it was set down against him. The captain was on board all day Friday, and everything went on hard and disagreeably. 'The more you drive a man, the less he will do,' was as true with us as with any other people. We worked late Friday night, and were turned-to early Saturday morning. About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, who by this time had become thoroughly disliked by all the crew, to get the gig ready to take him ashore. John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside. And Mr. Russell and I were standing by the main hatchway, waiting for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the crew were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody, whether it was with the mate or one of the crew I could not tell, and then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came aboard, and we leaned down the hatchway, and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear:—

'You see your condition! You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your *jaw?*' No answer; and then came wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him. 'You may as well keep still, for I have got you,' said the captain. Then came the question, 'Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?'

'I never gave you any, sir,' said Sam;

for it was his voice that we heard, though low and half choked.

'That 's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?'

'I never have been, sir,' said Sam.

'Answer my question, or I 'll make a spread eagle of you! I 'll flog you, by G — d.'

'I 'm no negro slave,' said Sam.

'Then I 'll make you one,' said the captain; and he came to the hatchway, and sprang on deck, threw off his coat, and, rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate: 'Seize that man up, Mr. Amerzene! Seize him up! Make a spread eagle of him! I 'll teach you all who is master aboard!'

The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway; but it was not until after repeated orders that the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

'What are you going to flog that man for, sir?' said John, the Swede, to the captain.

Upon hearing this, the captain turned upon John; but, knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and, calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

'Let me alone,' said John. 'I 'm willing to be put in irons. You need not use any force'; and, putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter-deck. Sam, by this time, was *seized up*, as it is called, that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to them, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the end of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist. All these preparations made me feel sick and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man — a human being, made in God's likeness — fastened up and flogged like a beast! A man, too, whom I had lived with, eaten with, and stood watch with for months, and knew so well! If a thought of resistance crossed the minds of any of the men, what was to be done? Their time for it had gone by. Two men were fast, and there were left only two men besides Stimson and myself, and a small boy ten or twelve years of age; and Stimson and I would not have joined the men in a mutiny, as they knew. And then, on the other side, there were (beside the captain) three officers, steward, agent, and clerk, and the cabin supplied with weapons. But beside the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. If they ever yield again, their punishment must come; and if they do not yield, what are they to be for the rest of their lives? If a sailor resist his commander, he resists the law, and piracy or submission is his only alternative. Bad as it was, they saw it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice,— six times. 'Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?' The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear; this brought as many more as the man could stand, when the captain ordered him to be cut down, and to go forward.

'Now for you,' said the captain, making up to John, and taking his irons off. As soon as John was loose, he ran forward to the forecastle. 'Bring that man aft!' shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been in the forecastle with these men the early part of the voyage, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprang forward over the windlass, and laid hold of John; but John soon threw him from him. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bare-headed, his eyes flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers: 'Drag him aft! — Lay hold of him! I 'll *sweeten* him!' &c., &c. The mate now went forward, and told John quietly to go aft; and he, seeing resistance vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him, said he would go aft of himself, that they should not drag him, and went up to the gangway and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast, the indignity was too much, and he struggled; but, the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up. When he was made fast, he

turned to the captain, who stood rolling up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. 'Have I ever refused my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?'

'No,' said the captain, 'it is not that that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference, for asking questions.'

'Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?'

'No,' shouted the captain; 'nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel but myself,' and began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow, to give it full effect. As he went on, his passion increased, and he danced about the deck, calling out, as he swung the rope: 'If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it! — because I like to do it! — It suits me! That's what I do it for!'

The man writhed under the pain until he could endure it no longer, when he called out, with an exclamation more common among foreigners than with us: 'O Jesus Christ! O Jesus Christ!'

'Don't call on Jesus Christ,' shouted the captain: '*he can't help you. Call on Frank Thompson!* He's the man! He can help you! Jesus Christ can't help you now!'

At these words, which I never shall forget, my blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick I turned away, and leaned over the rail, and looked down into the water. A few rapid thoughts, I don't know what,— our situation, a resolution to see the captain punished when we got home,— crossed my mind, but the falling of the blows and the cries of the man called me back once more. At length they ceased, and turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cast him loose. Almost doubled up with pain, the man walked slowly forward, and went down into the forecastle. Every one else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage, and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, and at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us: 'You see your condition! You see where I've got you all, and you know what to expect!'— 'You've been mistaken in me; you did n't know what I was! Now you know what I am!'—'I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy up!'—'You've got a driver over you! Yes, a *slave-driver,— a nigger driver!* I'll see who'll tell me he is n't a NIGGER slave!' With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below. Soon after, John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and wales in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve, or balsam, to put upon it. 'No,' said the captain, who heard him from below; 'tell him to put his shirt on; that's the best thing for him, and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay-up on board this vessel.' He then called to Mr. Russell to take those two men and two others in the boat, and pull him ashore. I went for one. The two men could hardly bend their backs, and the captain called to them to 'give way,' 'give way!' but, finding they did their best, he let them alone. The agent was in the stern sheets, but during the whole pull — a league or more — not a word was spoken. We landed; the captain, agent, and officer went up to the house, and left us with the boat. I, and the man with me, stayed near the boat, while John and Sam walked slowly away, and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting alone. I had some fears of John. He was a foreigner, and violently tempered, and under suffering; and he had his knife with him, and the captain was to come down alone to the boat. But nothing happened; and we went quietly on board. The captain was probably armed, and if either of them had lifted a hand against him, they would have had nothing before them but flight, and starvation in the woods of California, or capture by the soldiers and Indians, whom the offer of twenty dollars would have set upon them.

After the day's work was done, we went down into the forecastle, and ate our plain supper; but not a word was spoken. It was Saturday night; but there was no song,— no 'sweethearts and wives.' A gloom was over everything. The two men

lay in their berths, groaning with pain, and we all turned in, but, for myself, not to sleep. A sound coming now and then from the berths of the two men showed that they were awake, as awake they must have been, for they could hardly lie in one posture long; the dim, swinging lamp shed its light over the dark hole in which we lived, and many and various reflections and purposes coursed through my mind. I had no apprehension that the captain would try to lay a hand on me; but our situation, living under a tyranny, with an ungoverned, swaggering fellow administering it; of the character of the country we were in; the length of the voyage; the uncertainty attending our return to America; and then, if we should return, the prospect of obtaining justice and satisfaction for these poor men; and I vowed that, if God should ever give me the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that class of beings with whom my lot had so long been cast.

The next day was Sunday. We worked, as usual, washing decks, &c., until breakfast-time. After breakfast we pulled the captain ashore, and, finding some hides there which had been brought down the night before, he ordered me to stay ashore and watch them, saying that the boat would come again before night. They left me, and I spent a quiet day on the hill, eating dinner with the three men at the little house. Unfortunately they had no books; and, after talking with them, and walking about, I began to grow tired of doing nothing. The little brig, the home of so much hardship and suffering, lay in the offing, almost as far as one could see; and the only other thing which broke the surface of the great bay was a small, dreary-looking island, steep and conical, of a clayey soil, and without the sign of vegetable life upon it, yet which had a peculiar and melancholy interest, for on the top of it were buried the remains of an Englishman, the commander of a small merchant brig, who died while lying in this port. It was always a solemn and affecting spot to me. There it stood, desolate, and in the midst of desolation; and there were the remains of one who died and was buried alone and friendless. Had it been a common burying-place, it would have been nothing. The single body corresponded well with the solitary character of everything around. It was the only spot in California that impressed me with anything like poetic interest. Then, too, the man died far from home, without a friend near him,— by poison, it was suspected, and no one to inquire into it,— and without proper funeral rites; the mate (as I was told), glad to have him out of the way, hurrying him up the hill and into the ground, without a word or a prayer.

I looked anxiously for a boat, during the latter part of the afternoon, but none came; until toward sundown, when I saw a speck on the water, and as it drew near I found it was the gig, with the captain. The hides, then, were not to go off. The captain came up the hill, with a man, bringing my monkey jacket and a blanket. He looked pretty black, but inquired whether I had enough to eat; told me to make a house out of the hides, and keep myself warm, as I should have to sleep there among them, and to keep good watch over them. I got a moment to speak to the man who brought my jacket.

'How do things go aboard?' said I.

'Bad enough,' said he; 'hard work and not a kind word spoken.'

'What!' said I, 'have you been at work all day?'

'Yes! no more Sunday for us. Everything has been moved in the hold, from stem to stern, and from the water-ways to the keelson.'

I went up to the house to supper. We had frijoles (the perpetual food of the Californians, but which, when well cooked, are the best bean in the world), coffee made of burnt wheat, and hard bread. After our meal, the three men sat down by the light of a tallow candle, with a pack of greasy Spanish cards, to the favorite game of 'treinte uno,' a sort of Spanish 'everlasting.' I left them and went out to take up my bivouac among the hides. It was now dark; the vessel was hidden from sight, and except the three men in the house there was not a living soul within a league. The coyotes (a wild animal of a nature and appearance between that of the fox and the wolf) set up their sharp, quick bark, and two owls, at the end of two distant points running out into the bay, on different sides of the hill where I lay, kept up their alternate dismal notes. I had heard the sound before at night, but did not know

what it was, until one of the men, who came down to look at my quarters, told me it was the owl. Mellowed by the distance, and heard alone, at night, it was a most melancholy and boding sound. Through nearly all the night they kept it up, answering one another slowly at regular intervals. This was relieved by the noisy coyotes, some of which came quite near to my quarters, and were not very pleasant neighbors. The next morning, before sunrise, the long-boat came ashore, and the hides were taken off.

We lay at San Pedro about a week, engaged in taking off hides and in other labors, which had now become our regular duties. I spent one more day on the hill, watching a quantity of hides and goods, and this time succeeded in finding a part of a volume of Scott's Pirate in a corner of the house; but it failed me at a most interesting moment, and I betook myself to my acquaintances on shore, and from them learned a good deal about the customs of the country, the harbors, &c. This, they told me, was a worse harbor than Santa Barbara for southeasters, the bearing of the headland being a point and a half more to windward, and it being so shallow that the sea broke often as far out as where we lay at anchor. The gale for which we slipped at Santa Barbara had been so bad a one here, that the whole bay, for a league out, was filled with the foam of the breakers, and seas actually broke over the Dead Man's Island. The *Lagoda* was lying there, and slipped at the first alarm, and in such haste that she was obliged to leave her launch behind her at anchor. The little boat rode it out for several hours, pitching at her anchor, and standing with her stern up almost perpendicularly. The men told me that they watched her till towards night, when she snapped her cable and drove up over the breakers high and dry upon the beach.

On board the *Pilgrim* everything went on regularly, each one trying to get along as smoothly as possible; but the comfort of the voyage was evidently at an end. 'That is a long lane which has no turning,' 'Every dog must have his day, and mine will come by and by,' and the like proverbs, were occasionally quoted; but no one spoke of any probable end to the voyage, or of Boston, or anything of the kind; or, if he did, it was only to draw out the perpetual surly reply from his shipmate: 'Boston, is it? You may thank your stars if you ever see that place. You had better have your back sheathed, and your head coppered, and your feet shod, and make out your log for California for life!' or else something of this kind; 'Before you get to Boston, the hides will wear all the hair off your head, and you 'll take up all your wages in clothes, and won't have enough left to buy a wig with!'

The flogging was seldom, if ever, alluded to by us in the forecastle. If any one was inclined to talk about it, the others, with a delicacy which I hardly expected to find among them, always stopped him, or turned the subject. But the behavior of the two men who were flogged toward one another showed a consideration which would have been worthy of admiration in the highest walks of life. Sam knew John had suffered solely on his account; and in all his complaints he said that, if he alone had been flogged, it would have been nothing; but he never could see him without thinking that he had been the means of bringing this disgrace upon him; and John never, by word or deed, let anything escape him to remind the other that it was by interfering to save his shipmate that he had suffered. Neither made it a secret that they thought the Dutchman Bill and Foster might have helped them; but they did not expect it of Stimson or me. While we showed our sympathy for their suffering, and our indignation at the captain's violence, we did not feel sure that there was only one side to the beginning of the difficulty, and we kept clear of any engagement with them, except our promise to help them when they got home.

Having got all our spare room filled with hides, we hove up our anchor, and made sail for San Diego. In no operation can the disposition of a crew be better discovered than in getting under way. Where things are done 'with a will,' every one is like a cat aloft; sails are loosed in an instant; each one lays out his strength on his handspike, and the windlass goes briskly round with the loud cry of 'Yo heave ho! Heave and pawl! Heave hearty, ho!' and the chorus of 'Cheerly, men!' cast the anchor. But with us, at this time, it was all dragging work. No one went aloft beyond his ordinary gait,

and the chain came slowly in over the windlass. The mate, between the knight-heads, exhausted all his official rhetoric in calls of 'Heave with a will!'—'Heave hearty, men!—heave hearty!'—'Heave, and raise the dead!'—'Heave, and away!' &c., &c.; but it would not do. Nobody broke his back or his handspike by his efforts. And when the cat-tackle-fall was strung along, and all hands—cook, steward, and all—laid hold, to cat the anchor, instead of the lively song of 'Cheerly, men!' in which all hands join in the chorus, we pulled a long, heavy, silent pull, and, as sailors say a song is as good as ten men, the anchor came to the cat-head pretty slowly. 'Give us "Cheerly!"' said the mate; but there was no 'cheerly' for us, and we did without it. The captain walked the quarter-deck, and said not a word. He must have seen the change, but there was nothing which he could notice officially.

We sailed leisurely down the coast before a light, fair wind, keeping the land well aboard, and saw two other missions, looking like blocks of white plaster, shining in the distance; one of which, situated on the top of a high hill, was San Juan Capistrano, under which vessels sometimes come to anchor, in the summer season, and take off hides. At sunset on the second day we had a large and well-wooded headland directly before us, behind which lay the little harbor of San Diego. We were becalmed off this point all night, but the next morning, which was Saturday, the 14th of March, having a good breeze, we stood round the point, and, hauling our wind, brought the little harbor, which is rather the outlet of a small river, right before us. Every one was desirous to get a view of the new place. A chain of high hills, beginning at the point (which was on our larboard hand coming in), protected the harbor on the north and west, and ran off into the interior, as far as the eye could reach. On the other sides the land was low and green, but without trees. The entrance is so narrow as to admit but one vessel at a time, the current swift, and the channel runs so near to a low, stony point that the ship's sides appeared almost to touch it. There was no town in sight, but on the smooth sand beach, abreast, and within a cable's length of which three vessels lay moored, were four large houses, built of rough boards, and looking like the great barns in which ice is stored on the borders of the large ponds near Boston, with piles of hides standing round them, and men in red shirts and large straw hats walking in and out of the doors. These were the Hide Houses. Of the vessels: one, a short, clumsy little hermaphrodite brig, we recognized as our old acquaintance, the *Loriotte;* another, with sharp bows and raking masts, newly painted and tarred, and glittering in the morning sun, with the blood-red banner and cross of St. George at her peak, was the handsome *Ayacucho.* The third was a large ship, with top-gallant-masts housed and sails unbent, and looking as rusty and worn as two years' 'hide droghing' could make her. This was the *Lagoda.* As we drew near, carried rapidly along by the current, we overhauled our chain, and clewed up the top-sails. 'Let go the anchor!' said the captain; but either there was not chain enough forward of the windlass, or the anchor went down foul, or we had too much headway on, for it did not bring us up. 'Pay out chain!' shouted the captain; and we gave it to her; but it would not do. Before the other anchor could be let go, we drifted down, broadside on, and went smash into the *Lagoda.* Her crew were at breakfast in the forecastle, and her cook, seeing us coming, rushed out of his galley, and called up the officers and men.

Fortunately, no great harm was done. Her jib-boom passed between our fore and main masts, carrying away some of our rigging, and breaking down the rail. She lost her martingale. This brought us up, and, as they paid out chain, we swung clear of them, and let go the other anchor; but this had as bad luck as the first, for, before any one perceived it, we were drifting down upon the *Loriotte.* The captain now gave out his orders rapidly and fiercely, sheeting home the topsails, and backing and filling the sails, in hope of starting or clearing the anchors; but it was all in vain, and he sat down on the rail, taking it very leisurely, and calling out to Captain Nye that he was coming to pay him a visit. We drifted fairly into the *Loriotte,* her larboard bow into our starboard quarter, carrying away a part of our starboard quarter railing, and breaking off her larboard bumkin, and one or two

stanchions above the deck. We saw our handsome sailor, Jackson, on the forecastle, with the Sandwich-Islanders, working away to get us clear. After paying out chain, we swung clear, but our anchors were, no doubt, afoul of hers. We manned the windlass, and hove away, but no purpose. Sometimes we got a little upon the cable, but a good surge would take it all back again. We now began to drift down toward the *Ayacucho;* when her boat put off, and brought her commander, Captain Wilson, on board. He was a short, active, well-built man, about fifty years of age; and being some twenty years older than our captain, and a thorough seaman, he did not hesitate to give his advice, and, from giving advice, he gradually came to taking the command; ordering us when to heave and when to pawl, and backing and filling the topsails, setting and taking in jib and trysail, whenever he thought best. Our captain gave a few orders, but as Wilson generally countermanded them, saying, in an easy, fatherly kind of way, 'O no! Captain Thompson, you don't want the jib on her,' or 'It is n't time yet to heave!' he soon gave it up. We had no objections to this state of things, for Wilson was a kind man, and had an encouraging and pleasant way of speaking to us, which made everything go easily. After two or three hours of constant labor at the windlass, heaving and yo-hoing with all our might, we brought up an anchor, with the *Loriotte's* small bower fast to it. Having cleared this, and let it go, and cleared our hawse, we got our other anchor, which had dragged half over the harbor. 'Now,' said Wilson, 'I 'll find you a good berth'; and, setting both the topsails, he carried us down, and brought us to anchor, in handsome style, directly abreast of the hide-house which we were to use. Having done this, he took his leave, while we furled the sails, and got our breakfast, which was welcome to us, for we had worked hard, and eaten nothing since yesterday afternoon, and it was nearly twelve o'clock. After breakfast, and until night, we were employed in getting out the boats and mooring ship.

After supper, two of us took the captain on board the *Lagoda.* As he came alongside, he gave his name, and the mate, in the gangway, called out to Captain Bradshaw, down the companion-way, 'Captain Thompson has come aboard, sir!' 'Has he brought his brig with him?' asked the rough old fellow, in a tone which made itself heard fore and aft. This mortified our captain not a little, and it became a standing joke among us, and, indeed, over the coast, for the rest of the voyage. The captain went down into the cabin, and we walked forward and put our heads down the forecastle, where we found the men at supper. 'Come down, shipmates! come down!' said they, as soon as they saw us; and we went down, and found a large, high forecastle, well lighted, and a crew of twelve or fourteen men eating out of their kids and pans, and drinking their tea, and talking and laughing, all as independent and easy as so many 'wood-sawyer's clerks.' This looked like comfort and enjoyment, compared with the dark little forecastle, and scanty, discontented crew of the brig. It was Saturday night; they had got through their work for the week, and, being snugly moored, had nothing to do until Monday again. After two years' hard service, they had seen the worst, and all, of California; had got their cargo nearly stowed, and expected to sail, in a week or two, for Boston.

We spent an hour or more with them, talking over California matters, until the word was passed,—'Pilgrims, away!' and we went back to our brig. The *Lagodas* were a hardy, intelligent set, a little roughened, and their clothes patched and old, from California wear; all able seamen, and between the ages of twenty and thirty-five or forty. They inquired about our vessel, the usage on board, &c., and were not a little surprised at the story of the flogging. They said there were often difficulties in vessels on the coast, and sometimes knock-downs and fightings, but they had never heard before of a regular seizing-up and flogging. 'Spread eagles' were a new kind of bird in California.

Sunday, they said, was always given in San Diego, both at the hide-houses and on board the vessels, a large number usually going up to the town, on liberty. We learned a good deal from them about the curing and stowing of hides, &c., and they were desirous to have the latest news (seven months old) from Boston. One

of their first inquiries was for Father Taylor, the seamen's preacher in Boston. Then followed the usual strain of conversation, inquiries, stories, and jokes, which one must always hear in a ship's forecastle, but which are, perhaps, after all, no worse, though more gross and coarse, than those one may chance to hear from some well dressed gentlemen around their tables.

Chapter XV, *Two Years Before the Mast,* 1840.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU (1817–1862)

Thoreau was country born,— he alone of the 'Concord school' of writers was native to the place — he spent a sturdy, barefooted boyhood, went to the village school, an excellent one, and at sixteen was fitted for Harvard College from which he was graduated in 1837 very well equipped with a knowledge of languages and a quite remarkable ability to make use of his pen. For several years he taught school with his brother John, then from 1841 to 1843 — the *Dial* period — he lived as a member of the Emerson household in the capacity of gardener and general helper even to the helping to edit the famous Transcendental mouthpiece the *Dial*. He studied for no profession,— he was too independent to tie himself to anything that savored of slavery. He did what he pleased: surveyed land for the farmers, made gardens, or turned to lead-pencil making, his father's business, which, despite certain stories to the contrary, he followed intermittently during the rest of his life. His well-known experiment at Walden Pond began in 1845. He was a restless soul. He made excursions to Cape Cod, to Canada, and to Minnesota, and numberless shorter trips to the Maine Woods and other near regions, all the experiences and observations of which he carefully recorded in his journals.

Much misinformation has been circulated concerning Thoreau. He was eccentric, undoubtedly, an extreme among a rather extreme group of reformers and dreamers, but he was not a hermit. He went to Walden Pond to prove a sociological theory. Even while he was making his home in the woods he went almost daily to the village to meet with his friends. He took delight in the town lyceum, read papers before it, and delivered lectures even in Boston, and was intensely interested in all the stirring events of his time. After the capture of John Brown at Harper's Ferry, he was so stirred that he summoned a meeting of his townsmen and addressed them in hot indignation and later delivered the same address to Theodore Parker's congregation in Boston.

His first literary ambition seems to have turned in the direction of poetry. To the *Dial* he contributed a small sheaf of verse, much of which he reproduced in his first volume, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*, 1849, that curious *mélange* of material,— miscellany from his note-book, essays, poems, papers delivered before the Concord lyceum, translations, Oriental philosophy, muskrats, sunsets, and botany. His residence at the home of Emerson and his help as a kind of assistant editor of the *Dial* had brought him into the heart of the Transcendentalist group and had emphasized his individualism. To understand the evolution of his mind one must study his rather large mass of contributions to the famous periodical: poems, translations,— he furnished a metrical version of *Prometheus Bound* entire, and versions of Anacreon and Pindar — studies of Aulus Persius Flaccus, the Laws of Menu, the Chinese Four Books, The Sayings of Confucius, the Preaching of Buddha, and the Ethnical Scriptures: Hermes Trismegistus, a paper on Poetry, one on natural history, and an essay entitled *A Winter Walk*, the beginning of his nature writings.

His *Walden* appeared in 1854, but nothing else until after his death. His fame has been a posthumous one. Lowell in his well-known essay was unjust to Thoreau, and it was largely this essay that caused the decline in interest in the poet-naturalist during the two decades after his death. Since the eighties, however, the nature school has arisen and has discovered in Thoreau its founder and leading exponent. The reformer is no longer thought of, and it was chiefly as a reformer that Lowell had considered him. His complete journal has been published, and more and more he is becoming recognized as one of the real original and stimulating writers of his generation.

SYMPATHY

Lately alas I knew a gentle boy,
Whose features all were cast in Virtue's mold,
As one she had designed for Beauty's toy,
But after manned him for her own stronghold.
On every side he open was as day,
That you might see no lack of strength within,
For walls and posts do only serve alway
For a pretense to feebleness and sin.

Say not that Cæsar was victorious,
With toil and strife who stormed the House of Fame;

In other sense this youth was glorious,
Himself a kingdom whereso'er he came.

No strength went out to get him victory,
When all was income of its own accord;
For where he went none other was to see,
But all were parcel of their noble lord.

He forayed like the subtle breeze of summer,
That stilly shows fresh landscapes to the eyes,
And revolutions worked without a murmur,
Or rustling of a leaf beneath the skies.

So was I taken unawares by this,
I quite forgot my homage to confess;
Yet now am forced to know, though hard it is,
I might have loved him, had I loved him less.

Each moment, as we nearer drew to each,
A stern respect withheld us farther yet,
So that we seemed beyond each other's reach,
And less acquainted than when first we met.

We two were one while we did sympathize,
So could we not the simplest bargain drive;
And what avails it now that we are wise,
If absence doth this doubleness contrive?

Eternity may not the chance repeat,
But I must tread my single way alone,
In sad remembrance that we once did meet,
And know that bliss irrevocably gone.

The spheres henceforth my elegy shall sing,
For elegy has other subject none;
Each strain of music in my ears shall ring
Knell of departure from that other one.

Make haste and celebrate my tragedy;
With fitting strain resound ye woods and fields;
Sorrow is dearer in such case to me
Than all the joys other occasion yields.

Is't then too late the damage to repair?
Distance, forsooth, from my weak grasp hath reft
The empty husk, and clutched the useless tare,
But in my hands the wheat and kernel left.

But if I love that virtue which he is,
Though it be scented in the morning air,
Still shall we be dearest acquaintances,
Nor mortals know a sympathy more rare.

The Dial, July, 1840.

SIC VITA

I am a parcel of vain strivings tied
By a chance bond together,
Dangling this way and that, their links
Were made so loose and wide,
Methinks,
For milder weather.

A bunch of violets without their roots,
And sorrel intermixed,
Encircled by a wisp of straw
Once coiled about their shoots,
The law
By which I'm fixed.

A nosegay which Time clutched from out
Those fair Elysian fields,
With weeds and broken stems, in haste,
Doth make the rabble rout
That waste
The day he yields.

And here I bloom for a short hour unseen,
Drinking my juices up,
With no root in the land
To keep my branches green,
But stand
In a bare cup.

Some tender buds were left upon my stem
In mimicry of life,
But ah! the children will not know
Till time has withered them,
The woe
With which they're rife.

But now I see I was not plucked for nought,
And after in life's vase
Of glass set while I might survive,
But by a kind hand brought
Alive
To a strange place.

That stock thus thinned will soon redeem its hours,
And by another year
Such as God knows, with freer air,
More fruits and fair flowers
Will bear,
While I droop here.

The Dial, July, 1841.

A PRAYER

Great God, I ask thee for no meaner pelf
Than that I may not disappoint myself,
That in my action I may soar as high,
As I can now discern with this clear eye.

And next in value, which thy kindness lends,
That I may greatly disappoint my friends,
Howe'er they think or hope that it may be,
They may not dream how thou'st distinguished me.

That my weak hand may equal my firm faith,
And my life practise more than my tongue saith;
That my low conduct may not show,
Nor my relenting lines,
That I thy purpose did not know,
Or overrated thy designs.

The Dial, July, 1842.

ORPHICS

I

SMOKE

Light-winged smoke, Icarian bird,
Melting thy pinions in thy upward flight,
Lark without song, and messenger of dawn,
Circling above the hamlets as thy nest;
Or else, departing dream, and shadowy form
Of midnight vision, gathering up thy skirts;
By night star-veiling, and by day
Darkening the light and blotting out the sun;
Go thou my incense upward from this hearth,
And ask the Gods to pardon this clear flame.

II

HAZE

Woof of the sun, ethereal gauze,
Woven of nature's richest stuffs,
Visible heat, air-water, and dry sea,
Last conquest of the eye;
Toil of the day displayed, sun-dust,
Aerial surf upon the shores of earth,
Ethereal estuary, frith of light,
Breakers of air, billows of heat,
Fine summer spray on inland seas;
Bird of the sun, transparent-winged,
Owlet of noon, soft-pinioned,
From heath or stubble rising without song;
Establish thy serenity o'er the fields.

The Dial, April, 1843.

INDEPENDENCE

My life more civil is and free
Than any civil polity.

Ye princes, keep your realms
And circumscribèd power,
Not wide as are my dreams,
Nor rich as is this hour.

What can ye give which I have not?
What can ye take which I have got?
Can ye defend the dangerless?
Can ye inherit nakedness?

To all true wants Time's ear is deaf,
Penurious States lend no relief
Out of their pelf:
But a free soul — thank God —
Can help itself.

Be sure your fate
Doth keep apart its state,—
Not linked with any band,
Even the noblest in the land.

In tented fields with cloth of gold
No place doth hold,
But is more chivalrous than they are;
And sigheth for a nobler war;
A finer strain its trumpet rings,
A brighter gleam its armor flings.
The life that I aspire to live,
No man proposeth me;
No trade upon the street
Wears its emblazonry.

Boston Commonwealth, October 30, 1863.

WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS

HIGHER LAWS

As I came home through the woods with my string of fish, trailing my pole, it being now quite dark, I caught a glimpse of a woodchuck stealing across my path, and felt a strange thrill of savage delight, and was strongly tempted to seize and devour him raw; not that I was hungry then, except for that wildness which he represented. Once or twice, however, while I lived at the pond, I found myself ranging the woods, like a half-starved hound, with a strange abandonment, seeking some kind of venison which I might de-

vour, and no morsel could have been too savage for me. The wildest scenes had become unaccountably familiar. I found in myself, and still find, an instinct toward a higher, or, as it is named, spiritual life, as do most men, and another toward a primitive, rank, and savage one, and I reverence them both. I love the wild not less than the good. The wildness and adventure that are in fishing still recommend it to me. I like sometimes to take rank hold on life and spend my day more as the animals do. Perhaps I have owed to this employment and to hunting, when quite young, my closest acquaintance with Nature. They early introduce us to and detain us in scenery with which otherwise, at that age, we should have little acquaintance. Fishermen, hunters, woodchoppers, and others, spending their lives in the fields and woods, in a peculiar sense a part of Nature themselves, are often in a more favorable mood for observing her, in the intervals of their pursuits, than philosophers or poets even, who approach her with expectation. She is not afraid to exhibit herself to them. The traveler on the prairie is naturally a hunter, on the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia a trapper, and at the Falls of St. Mary a fisherman. He who is only a traveler learns things at second-hand and by the halves, and is poor authority. We are most interested when science reports what those men already know practically or instinctively, for that alone is a true *humanity*, or account of human experience.

They mistake who assert that the Yankee has few amusements, because he has not so many public holidays, and men and boys do not play so many games as they do in England, for here the more primitive but solitary amusements of hunting, fishing, and the like have not yet given place to the former. Almost every New England boy among my contemporaries shouldered a fowling-piece between the ages of ten and fourteen; and his hunting and fishing grounds were not limited like the preserves of an English nobleman, but were more boundless even than those of a savage. No wonder, then, that he did not oftener stay to play on the common. But already a change is taking place, owing, not to an increased humanity, but to an increased scarcity of game, for perhaps the hunter is the greatest friend of the animals hunted, not excepting the Humane Society.

Moreover, when at the pond, I wished sometimes to add fish to my fare for variety. I have actually fished from the same kind of necessity that the first fishers did. Whatever humanity I might conjure up against it was all factitious, and concerned my philosophy more than my feelings. I speak of fishing only now, for I had long felt differently about fowling, and sold my gun before I went to the woods. Not that I am less humane than others, but I did not perceive that my feelings were much affected. I did not pity the fishes nor the worms. This was habit. As for fowling, during the last years that I carried a gun my excuse was that I was studying ornithology, and sought only new or rare birds. But I confess that I am now inclined to think that there is a finer way of studying ornithology than this. It requires so much closer attention to the habits of the birds, that, if for that reason only, I have been willing to omit the gun. Yet notwithstanding the objection on the score of humanity, I am compelled to doubt if equally valuable sports are ever substituted for these; and when some of my friends have asked me anxiously about their boys, whether they should let them hunt, I have answered, yes,— remembering that it was one of the best parts of my education,— *make* them hunters, though sportsmen only at first, if possible, mighty hunters at last, so that they shall not find game large enough for them in this or any vegetable wilderness,— hunters as well as fishers of men. Thus far I am of the opinion of Chaucer's nun, who,

> 'gave not of the text a pulled hen
> That saith that hunters ben not holy men.'

There is a period in the history of the individual, as of the race, when the hunters are the 'best men,' as the Algonquins called them. We cannot but pity the boy who has never fired a gun; he is no more humane, while his education has been sadly neglected. This was my answer with respect to those youths who were bent on this pursuit, trusting that they would soon outgrow it. No humane being, past the thoughtless age of boyhood, will wantonly murder any creature, which

holds its life by the same tenure that he does. The hare in its extremity cries like a child. I warn you, mothers, that my sympathies do not always make the usual phil*anthropic* distinctions.

Such is oftenest the young man's introduction to the forest, and the most original part of himself. He goes thither at first as a hunter and fisher, until at last, if he has the seeds of a better life in him, he distinguishes his proper objects, as a poet or naturalist it may be, and leaves the gun and fish-pole behind. The mass of men are still and always young in this respect. In some countries a hunting parson is no uncommon sight. Such a one might make a good shepherd's dog, but is far from being the Good Shepherd. I have been surprised to consider that the only obvious employment, except wood-chopping, ice-cutting, or the like business, which ever to my knowledge detained at Walden Pond for a whole half day any of my fellow-citizens, whether fathers or children of the town, with just one exception, was fishing. Commonly they did not think that they were lucky, or well paid for their time, unless they got a long string of fish, though they had the opportunity of seeing the pond all the while. They might go there a thousand times before the sediment of fishing would sink to the bottom and leave their purpose pure; but no doubt such a clarifying process would be going on all the while. The governor and his council faintly remember the pond, for they went a-fishing there when they were boys; but now they are too old and dignified to go a-fishing, and so they know it no more forever. Yet even they expect to go to heaven at last. If the legislature regards it, it is chiefly to regulate the number of hooks to be used there; but they know nothing about the hook of hooks with which to angle for the pond itself, impaling the legislature for a bait. Thus, even in civilized communities, the embryo man passes through the hunter stage of development.

I have found repeatedly, of late years, that I cannot fish without falling a little in self-respect. I have tried it again and again. I have skill at it, and, like many of my fellows, a certain instinct for it, which revives from time to time, but always when I have done I feel that it would have been better if I had not fished. I think that I do not mistake. It is a faint intimation, yet so are the first streaks of morning. There is unquestionably this instinct in me which belongs to the lower order of creation; yet with every year I am less a fisherman, though without more humanity or even wisdom; at present I am no fisherman at all. But I see that if I were to live in a wilderness I should again be tempted to become a fisher and hunter in earnest. Beside, there is something essentially unclean about this diet and all flesh, and I began to see where housework commences, and whence the endeavor, which costs so much, to wear a tidy and respectable appearance each day, to keep the house sweet and free from all ill odors and sights. Having been my own butcher and scullion and cook, as well as the gentleman for whom the dishes were served up, I can speak from an unusually complete experience. The practical objection to animal food in my case was its uncleanness; and, besides, when I had caught and cleaned and cooked and eaten my fish, they seemed not to have fed me essentially. It was insignificant and unnecessary, and cost more than it came to. A little bread or a few potatoes would have done as well, with less trouble and filth. Like many of my contemporaries, I had rarely for many years used animal food, or tea, or coffee, etc.; not so much because of any ill effects which I had traced to them, as because they were not agreeable to my imagination. The repugnance to animal food is not the effect of experience, but is an instinct. It appeared more beautiful to live low and fare hard in many respects; and though I never did so, I went far enough to please my imagination. I believe that every man who has ever been earnest to preserve his higher or poetic faculties in the best condition has been particularly inclined to abstain from animal food, and from much food of any kind. It is a significant fact, stated by entomologists, I find it in Kirby and Spence, that 'some insects in their perfect state, though furnished with organs of feeding, make no use of them'; and they lay it down as 'a general rule, that almost all insects in this state eat much less than in that of larvæ. The voracious caterpillar when transformed into a butterfly,' . . . 'and the gluttonous maggot when become a fly,' content themselves with a drop or two of honey or some

other sweet liquid. The abdomen under the wings of the butterfly still represents the larva. This is the tidbit which tempts his insectivorous fate. The gross feeder is a man in the larva state; and there are whole nations in that condition, nations without fancy or imagination, whose vast abdomens betray them.

It is hard to provide and cook so simple and clean a diet as will not offend the imagination; but this, I think, is to be fed when we feed the body; they should both sit down at the same table. Yet perhaps this may be done. The fruits eaten temperately need not make us ashamed of our appetites, nor interrupt the worthiest pursuits. But put an extra condiment into your dish, and it will poison you. It is not worth the while to live by rich cookery. Most men would feel shame if caught preparing with their own hands precisely such a dinner, whether of animal or vegetable food, as is every day prepared for them by others. Yet till this is otherwise we are not civilized, and, if gentlemen and ladies, are not true men and women. This certainly suggests what change is to be made. It may be vain to ask why the imagination will not be reconciled to flesh and fat. I am satisfied that it is not. Is it not a reproach that man is a carnivorous animal? True, he can and does live, in a great measure, by preying on other animals; but this is a miserable way,— as any one who will go to snaring rabbits, or slaughtering lambs, may learn,— and he will be regarded as a benefactor of his race who shall teach man to confine himself to a more innocent and wholesome diet. Whatever my own practice may be, I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized.

If one listens to the faintest but constant suggestions of his genius, which are certainly true, he sees not to what extremes, or even insanity, it may lead him; and yet that way, as he grows more resolute and faithful, his road lies. The faintest assured objection which one healthy man feels will at length prevail over the arguments and customs of mankind. No man ever followed his genius till it misled him. Though the result were bodily weakness, yet perhaps no one can say that the consequences were to be regretted, for these were a life in conformity to higher principles. If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy, and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs, is more elastic, more starry, more immortal, — that is your success. All nature is your congratulation, and you have cause momentarily to bless yourself. The greatest gains and values are farthest from being appreciated. We easily come to doubt if they exist. We soon forget them. They are the highest reality. Perhaps the facts most astounding and most real are never communicated by man to man. The true harvest of my daily life is somewhat intangible and indescribable as the tints of morning or evening. It is a little star-dust caught, a segment of the rainbow which I have clutched.

Yet, for my part, I was never unusually squeamish; I could sometimes eat a fried rat with a good relish, if it were necessary. I am glad to have drunk water so long, for the same reason that I prefer the natural sky to an opium-eater's heaven. I would fain keep sober always; and there are infinite degrees of drunkenness. I believe that water is the only drink for a wise man; wine is not so noble a liquor; and think of dashing the hopes of a morning with a cup of warm coffee, or of an evening with a dish of tea! Ah, how low I fall when I am tempted by them! Even music may be intoxicating. Such apparently slight causes destroyed Greece and Rome, and will destroy England and America. Of all ebriosity, who does not prefer to be intoxicated by the air he breathes? I have found it to be the most serious objection to coarse labors long continued, that they compelled me to eat and drink coarsely also. But to tell the truth, I find myself at present somewhat less particular in these respects. I carry less religion to the table, ask no blessing; not because I am wiser than I was, but, I am obliged to confess, because, however much it is to be regretted, with years I have grown more coarse and indifferent. Perhaps these questions are entertained only in youth, as most believe of poetry. My practice is 'nowhere,' my opinion is here. Nevertheless I am far from regarding myself as one of those privileged ones to

whom the Ved refers when it says, that 'he who has true faith in the Omnipresent Supreme Being may eat all that exists,' that is, is not bound to inquire what is his food, or who prepares it; and even in their case it is to be observed, as a Hindoo commentator has remarked, that the Vedant limits this privilege to 'the time of distress.'

Who has not sometimes derived an inexpressible satisfaction from his food in which appetite had no share? I have been thrilled to think that I owed a mental perception to the commonly gross sense of taste, that I have been inspired through the palate, that some berries which I had eaten on a hill-side had fed my genius. 'The soul not being mistress of herself,' says Thseng-tseu, 'one looks, and one does not see; one listens, and one does not hear; one eats, and one does not know the savor of food.' He who distinguishes the true savor of his food can never be a glutton; he who does not cannot be otherwise. A puritan may go to his brown-bread crust with as gross an appetite as ever an alderman to his turtle. Not that food which entereth into the mouth defileth a man, but the appetite with which it is eaten. It is neither the quality nor the quantity, but the devotion to sensual savors; when that which is eaten is not a viand to sustain our animal, or inspire our spiritual life, but the food for the worms that possess us. If the hunter has a taste for mud-turtles, muskrats, and other such savage tid-bits, the fine lady indulges a taste for jelly made of a calf's foot, or for sardines from over the sea, and they are even. He goes to the mill-pond, she to her preserve pot. The wonder is how they, how you and I, can live this slimy beastly life, eating and drinking.

Our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice. Goodness is the only investment that never fails. In the music of the harp which trembles round the world it is the insisting on this which thrills us. The harp is the travelling patterer for the Universe's Insurance Company, recommending its laws, and our little goodness is all the assessment that we pay. Though the youth at last grows indifferent, the laws of the universe are not indifferent, but are forever on the side of the most sensitive. Listen to every zephyr for some reproof, for it is surely there, and he is unfortunate who does not hear it. We cannot touch a string or move a stop but the charming moral transfixes us. Many an irksome noise, go a long way off, is heard as music, a proud sweet satire, on the meanness of our lives.

We are conscious of an animal in us, which awakens in proportion as our higher nature slumbers. It is reptile and sensual, and perhaps cannot be wholly expelled; like the worms which, even in life and health, occupy our bodies. Possibly we may withdraw from it, but never change its nature. I fear that it may enjoy a certain health of its own; that we may be well, yet not pure. The other day I picked up the lower jaw of a hog, with white and sound teeth and tusks, which suggested that there was an animal health and vigor distinct from the spiritual. This creature succeeded by other means that temperance and purity. 'That in which men differ from brute beasts,' says Mencius, 'is a thing very inconsiderable; the common herd lose it very soon; superior men preserve it carefully.' Who knows what sort of life would result if we had attained to purity? If I knew so wise a man as could teach me purity I would go to seek him forthwith. 'A command over our passions, and over the external senses of the body, and good acts, are declared by the Ved to be indispensable in the mind's approximation to God.' Yet the spirit can for a time pervade and control every member and function of the body, and transmute what in form is the grossest sensuality into purity and devotion. The generative energy, which, when we are loose, dissipates and makes us unclean, when we are continent invigorates and inspires us. Chastity is the flowering of man; and what are called Genius, Heroism, Holiness, and the like, are but various fruits which succeed it. Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open. By turns our purity inspires and our impurity casts us down. He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established. Perhaps there is none but has cause for shame on account of the inferior and brutish nature to which he is allied. I fear that we are such gods or demigods only as fauns and satyrs, the divine allied to beasts, the creatures of appetite, and that, to some extent our very life is our disgrace.—

'How happy 's he who hath due place assigned
To his beasts and disafforested his mind!
. . . . . .
Can use his horse, goat, wolf, and ev'ry beast,
And is not ass himself to all the rest!
Else man not only is the herd of swine,
But he 's those devils too which did incline
Them to a headlong rage, and made them worse.'

All sensuality is one, though it takes many forms; all purity is one. It is the same whether a man eat, or drink, or cohabit, or sleep sensually. They are but one appetite, and we only need to see a person do any one of these things to know how great a sensualist he is. The impure can neither stand nor sit with purity. When the reptile is attacked at one mouth of his burrow, he shows himself at another. If you would be chaste, you must be temperate. What is chastity? How shall a man know if he is chaste? He shall not know it. We have heard of this virtue, but we know not what it is. We speak conformably to the rumor which we have heard. From exertion come wisdom and purity; from sloth ignorance and sensuality. In the student sensuality is a sluggish habit of mind. An unclean person is universally a slothful one, one who sits by a stove, whom the sun shines on prostrate, who reposes without being fatigued. If you would avoid uncleanness, and all the sins, work earnestly, though it be at cleaning a stable. Nature is hard to be overcome, but she must be overcome. What avails that you are Christian, if you are not purer than the heathen, if you deny yourself no more, if you are not more religious? I know of many systems of religion esteemed heathenish whose precepts fill the reader with shame, and provoke him to new endeavors, though it be to the performance of rites merely.

I hesitate to say these things, but it is not because of the subject,— I care not how obscene my *words* are,— but because I cannot speak of them without betraying my impurity. We discourse freely without shame of one form of sensuality, and are silent about another. We are so degraded that we cannot speak simply of the necessary functions of human nature. In earlier ages, in some countries, every function was reverently spoken of and regulated by law. Nothing was too trivial for the Hindoo lawgiver, however offensive it may be to modern taste. He teaches how to eat, drink, cohabit, void excrement and urine, and the like, elevating what is mean, and does not falsely excuse himself by calling these things trifles.

Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the god he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.

John Farmer sat at his door one September evening, after a hard day's work, his mind still running on his labor more or less. Having bathed, he sat down to recreate his intellectual man. It was a rather cool evening, and some of his neighbors were apprehending a frost. He had not attended to the train of his thoughts long when he heard some one playing on a flute, and that sound harmonized with his mood. Still he thought of his work; but the burden of his thought was, that though this kept running in his head, and he found himself planning and contriving it against his will, yet it concerned him very little. It was no more than the scurf of his skin, which was constantly shuffled off. But the notes of the flute came home to his ears out of a different sphere from that he worked in, and suggested work for certain faculties which slumbered in him. They gently did away with the street, and the village, and the state in which he lived. A voice said to him,— Why do you stay here and live in this mean moiling life, when a glorious existence is possible for you? Those same stars twinkle over other fields than these.— But how to come out of this condition and actually migrate thither? All that he could think of was to practise some new austerity, to let his mind descend into his body and redeem it, and treat himself with ever increasing respect.

BRUTE NEIGHBORS

Sometimes I had a companion in my fishing, who came through the village to my house from the other side of the town,

and the catching of the dinner was as much a social exercise as the eating of it.

Hermit. I wonder what the world is doing now. I have not heard so much as a locust over the sweet-fern these three hours. The pigeons are all asleep upon their roosts,— no flutter from them. Was that a farmer's noon horn which sounded from beyond the woods just now? The hands are coming in to boiled salt beef and cider and Indian bread. Why will men worry themselves so? He that does not eat need not work. I wonder how much they have reaped. Who would live there where a body can never think for the barking of Bose? And O, the housekeeping! to keep bright the devil's door-knobs, and scour his tubs this bright day! Better not keep a house. Say, some hollow tree; and then for morning calls and dinner-parties! Only a woodpecker tapping. O, they swarm; the sun is too warm there; they are born too far into life for me. I have water from the spring, and a loaf of brown bread on the shelf.— Hark! I hear a rustling of the leaves. Is it some ill-fed village hound yielding to the instinct of the chase? or the lost pig which is said to be in these woods, whose tracks I saw after the rain? It comes on apace; my sumachs and sweet-briers tremble.— Eh, Mr. Poet, is it you? How do you like the world to-day?

Poet. See those clouds; how they hang! That 's the greatest thing I have seen to-day. There's nothing like it in old paintings, nothing like it in foreign lands,— unless when we were off the coast of Spain. That 's a true Mediterranean sky. I thought, as I have my living to get, and have not eaten to-day, that I might go a-fishing. That 's the true industry for poets. It is the only trade I have learned. Come, let 's along.

Hermit. I cannot resist. My brown bread will soon be gone. I will go with you gladly soon, but I am just concluding a serious meditation. I think that I am near the end of it. Leave me alone, then, for a while. But that we may not be delayed, you shall be digging the bait meanwhile. Angle worms are rarely to be met with in these parts, where the soil was never fattened with manure; the race is nearly extinct. The sport of digging the bait is nearly equal to that of catching the fish, when one's appetite is not too keen; and this you may have all to yourself to-day. I would advise you to set in the spade down yonder among the groundnuts, where you see the johnswort waving. I think that I may warrant you one worm to every three sods you turn up, if you look well in among the roots of the grass, as if you were weeding. Or, if you choose to go farther, it will not be unwise, for I have found the increase of fair bait to be very nearly as the squares of the distances.

Hermit alone. Let me see; where was I? Methinks I was nearly in this frame of mind; the world lay about at this angle. Shall I go to heaven or a-fishing? If I should soon bring this meditation to an end, would another so sweet occasion be likely to offer? I was as near being resolved into the essence of things as ever I was in my life. I fear my thoughts will not come back to me. If it would do any good, I would whistle for them. When they make us an offer, is it wise to say, We will think of it? My thoughts have left no track, and I cannot find the path again. What was it that I was thinking of? It was a very hazy day. I will just try these three sentences of Con-fut-see; they may fetch that state about again. I know not whether it was the dumps or a budding ecstasy. Mem. There never is but one opportunity of a kind.

Poet. How now, Hermit, is it too soon? I have got just thirteen whole ones, besides several which are imperfect or undersized; but they will do for the smaller fry; they do not cover up the hook so much. Those village worms are quite too large; a shiner may make a meal off one without finding the skewer.

Hermit. Well, then let 's be off. Shall we to the Concord? There 's good sport there if the water be not too high.

Why do precisely these objects which we behold make a world? Why has man just these species of animals for his neighbors; as if nothing but a house could have filled this crevice? I suspect that Pilpay & Co. have put animals to their best use, for they are all beasts of burden, in a sense, made to carry some portion of our thoughts.

The mice which haunted my house were not the common ones, which are said to have been introduced into the country, but a wild native kind not found in the village. I sent one to a distinguished naturalist, and it interested him much.

When I was building, one of these had its nest underneath the house, and before I had laid the second floor, and swept out the shavings, would come out regularly at lunch time and pick up the crumbs at my feet. It probably had never seen a man before; and it soon became quite familiar, and would run over my shoes and up my clothes. It could readily ascend the sides of the room by short impulses, like a squirrel, which it resembled in its motions. At length, as I leaned with my elbow on the bench one day, it ran up my clothes, and along my sleeve, and round and round the paper which held my dinner, while I kept the latter close, and dodged and played at bo-peep with it; and when at last I held still a piece of cheese between my thumb and finger, it came and nibbled it, sitting in my hand, and afterward cleaned its face and paws, like a fly, and walked away.

A phœbe soon built in my shed, and a robin for protection in a pine which grew against the house. In June the partridge (*Tetrao umbellus*), which is so shy a bird, led her brood past my windows, from the woods in the rear to the front of my house, clucking and calling to them like a hen, and in all her behavior proving herself the hen of the woods. The young suddenly disperse on your approach, at a signal from the mother, as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveler has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. The parent will sometimes roll and spin round before you in such a dishabille, that you cannot, for a few moments, detect what kind of creature it is. The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions given from a distance, nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. I have held them in my open hand at such a time, and still their only care, obedient to their mother and their instinct, was to squat there without fear or trembling. So perfect is this instinct, that once, when I had laid them on the leaves again, and one accidentally fell on its side, it was found with the rest in exactly the same position ten minutes afterward. They are not callow like the young of most birds, but more perfectly developed and precocious even than chickens. The remarkably adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable. All intelligence seems reflected in them. They suggest not merely the purity of infancy, but a wisdom clarified by experience. Such an eye was not born when the bird was, but is coeval with the sky it reflects. The woods do not yield another such a gem. The traveler does not often look into such a limpid well. The ignorant or reckless sportsman often shoots the parent at such a time, and leaves these innocents to fall a prey to some prowling beast or bird, or gradually mingle with the decaying leaves which they so much resemble. It is said that when hatched by a hen they will directly disperse on some alarm, and so are lost, for they never hear the mother's call which gathers them again. These were my hens and chickens.

It is remarkable how many creatures live wild and free though secret in the woods, and still sustain themselves in the neighborhood of towns, suspected by hunters only. How retired the otter manages to live here! He grows to be four feet long, as big as a small boy, perhaps without any human being getting a glimpse of him. I formerly saw the raccoon in the woods behind where my house is built, and probably still heard their whinnering at night. Commonly I rested an hour or two in the shade at noon, after planting, and ate my lunch, and read a little by a spring which was the source of a swamp and of a brook, oozing from under Brister's Hill, half a mile from my field. The approach to this was through a succession of descending grassy hollows, full of young pitch-pines, into a larger wood about the swamp. There, in a very secluded and shaded spot, under a spreading white-pine, there was yet a clean firm sward to sit on. I had dug out the spring and made a well of clear gray water, where I could dip up a pailful without roiling it, and thither I went for this purpose almost every day in midsummer, when the pond was warmest. Thither too the wood-cock led her brood, to probe the mud for worms, flying but a foot above them down the

bank, while they ran in a troop beneath; but at last, spying me, she would leave her young and circle round and round me, nearer and nearer till within four or five feet, pretending broken wings and legs, to attract my attention, and get off her young, who would already have taken up their march, with faint wiry peep, single file through the swamp, as she directed. Or I heard the peep of the young when I could not see the parent bird. There too the turtle-doves sat over the spring, or fluttered from bough to bough of the soft white-pines over my head; or the red squirrel, coursing down the nearest bough, was particularly familiar and inquisitive. You only need sit still long enough in some attractive spot in the woods that all its inhabitants may exhibit themselves to you by turns.

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these Myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewn with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle-field which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was Conquer or die. In the meanwhile there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar,— for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,— he drew near with rapid pace till he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right foreleg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord Fight! Two killed on the patriots' side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—'Fire! for God's sake fire!'— and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those

whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window-sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a microscope to the first-mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breastplate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddlebow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went off over the window-sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tell us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated, and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. 'Æneas Sylvius,' say they, 'after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree,' adds that '"This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity." A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden.' The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

Many a village Bose, fit only to course a mud-turtle in a victualling cellar, sported his heavy quarters in the woods, without the knowledge of his master, and ineffectually smelled at old fox burrows and woodchucks' holes; led perchance by some slight cur which nimbly threaded the wood, and might still inspire a natural terror in its denizens; — now far behind his guide, barking like a canine bull toward some small squirrel which had treed itself for scrutiny, then, cantering off, bending the bushes with his weight, imagining that he is on the track of some stray member of the jerbilla family. Once I was surprised to see a cat walking along the stony shore of the pond, for they rarely wander so far from home. The surprise was mutual. Nevertheless the most domestic cat, which has lain on a rug all her days, appears quite at home in the woods, and, by her sly and stealthy behavior, proves herself more native there than the regular inhabitants. Once, when berrying, I met with a cat with young kittens in the woods, quite wild, and they all, like their mother, had their backs up and were fiercely spitting at me. A few years before I lived in the woods there was what was called a 'winged cat' in one of the farm-houses in Lincoln nearest the pond, Mr. Gilian Baker's. When I called to see her in June, 1842, she was gone a-hunting in the woods, as was her wont (I am not sure whether it was a male or female, and so use the more common pronoun), but her mistress told me that she came into the neighborhood a little more than a year before, in April, and was finally taken into their house, that she was of a dark brownish-gray color, with a white spot on her throat, and white feet, and had a large bushy tail like a fox; that in the winter the fur grew thick and flatted out along her sides, forming strips ten or twelve inches long by two and a half wide, and under her chin like a muff,

the upper side loose, the under matted like felt, and in the spring these appendages dropped off. They gave me a pair of her 'wings,' which I keep still. There is no appearance of a membrane about them. Some thought it was part flying-squirrel or some other wild animal, which is not impossible, for, according to naturalists, prolific hybrids have been produced by the union of the marten and domestic cat. This would have been the right kind of cat for me to keep, if I had kept any; for why should not a poet's cat be winged as well as his horse?

In the fall the loon (*Colymbus glacialis*) came, as usual, to molt and bathe in the pond, making the woods ring with his wild laughter before I had risen. At rumor of his arrival all the Mill-dam sportsmen are on the alert, in gigs and on foot, two by two and three by three, with patent rifles and conical balls and spy-glasses. They come rustling through the woods like autumn leaves, at least ten men to one loon. Some station themselves on this side of the pond, some on that, for the poor bird cannot be omnipresent; if he dive here he must come up there. But now the kind October wind rises, rustling the leaves and rippling the surface of the water, so that no loon can be heard or seen, though his foes sweep the pond with spy-glasses, and make the woods resound with their discharges. The waves generously rise and dash angrily, taking sides with all waterfowl, and our sportsmen must beat a retreat to town and shop and unfinished jobs. But they were too often successful. When I went to get a pail of water early in the morning I frequently saw this stately bird sailing out of my cove within a few rods. If I endeavored to overtake him in a boat, in order to see how he would manœuver, he would dive and be completely lost, so that I did not discover him again, sometimes, till the latter part of the day. But I was more than a match for him on the surface. He commonly went off in a rain.

As I was paddling along the north shore one very calm October afternoon, for such days especially they settle on to the lakes, like the milkweed down, having looked in vain over the pond for a loon, suddenly one, sailing out from the shore toward the middle a few rods in front of me, set up his wild laugh and betrayed himself. I pursued with a paddle and he dived, but when he came up I was nearer than before. He dived again, but I miscalculated the direction he would take, and we were fifty rods apart when he came to the surface this time, for I had helped to widen the interval; and again he laughed loud and long, and with more reason than before. He manœuvered so cunningly that I could not get within half a dozen rods of him. Each time, when he came to the surface, turning his head this way and that, he coolly surveyed the water and the land, and apparently chose his course so that he might come up where there was the widest expanse of water and at the greatest distance from the boat. It was surprising how quickly he made up his mind and put his resolve into execution. He led me at once to the widest part of the pond, and could not be driven from it. While he was thinking one thing in his brain, I was endeavoring to divine his thought in mine. It was a pretty game, played on the smooth surface of the pond, a man against a loon. Suddenly your adversary's checker disappears beneath the board, and the problem is to place yours nearest to where his will appear again. Sometimes he would come up unexpectedly on the opposite side of me, having apparently passed directly under the boat. So long-winded was he and so unweariable, that when he had swum farthest he would immediately plunge again, nevertheless; and then no wit could divine where in the deep pond, beneath the smooth surface, he might be speeding his way like a fish, for he had time and ability to visit the bottom of the pond in its deepest part. It is said that loons have been caught in the New York lakes eighty feet beneath the surface, with hooks set for trout,— though Walden is deeper than that. How surprised must the fishes be to see this ungainly visitor from another sphere speeding his way amid their schools! Yet he appeared to know his course as surely underwater as on the surface, and swam much faster there. Once or twice I saw a ripple where he approached the surface, just put his head out to reconnoiter, and instantly dived again. I found that it was as well for me to rest on my oars and wait his reappearing as to endeavor to calculate where he would rise; for again and again, when I was straining my eyes over the surface one way, I would suddenly be startled by

his unearthly laugh behind me. But why, after displaying so much cunning, did he invariably betray himself the moment he came up by that loud laugh? Did not his white breast enough betray him? He was indeed a silly loon, I thought. I could commonly hear the plash of the water when he came up, and so also detected him. But after an hour he seemed as fresh as ever, dived as willingly and swam yet farther than at first. It was surprising to see how serenely he sailed off with unruffled breast when he came to the surface, doing all the work with his webbed feet beneath. His usual note was this demoniac laughter, yet somewhat like that of a water-fowl; but occasionally, when he had balked me most successfully and come up a long way off, he uttered a long-drawn unearthly howl, probably more like that of a wolf than any bird; as when a beast puts his muzzle to the ground and deliberately howls. This was his looning,— perhaps the wildest sound that is ever heard here, making the woods ring far and wide. I concluded that he laughed in derision of my efforts, confident of his own resources. Though the sky was by this time overcast, the pond was so smooth that I could see where he broke the surface when I did not hear him. His white breast, the stillness of the air, and the smoothness of the water were all against him. At length, having come up fifty rods off, he uttered one of those prolonged howls, as if calling on the god of loons to aid him, and immediately there came a wind from the east and rippled the surface, and filled the whole air with misty rain, and I was impressed as if it were the prayer of the loon answered, and his god was angry with me; and so I left him disappearing far away on the tumultuous surface.

For hours, in fall days, I watched the ducks cunningly tack and veer and hold the middle of the pond, far from the sportsmen; tricks which they will have less need to practise in Louisiana bayous. When compelled to rise they would sometimes circle round and round and over the pond at a considerable height, from which they could easily see to other ponds and the river, like black motes in the sky; and, when I thought they had gone off thither long since, they would settle down by a slanting flight of a quarter of a mile on to a distant part which was left free; but what beside safety they got by sailing in the middle of Waldon I do not know, unless they love its water for the same reason that I do.

CONCLUSION

To the sick the doctors wisely recommend a change of air and scenery. Thank Heaven, here is not all the world. The buck-eye does not grow in New England, and the mocking-bird is rarely heard here. The wild-goose is more of a cosmopolite than we; he breaks his fast in Canada, takes a luncheon in the Ohio, and plumes himself for the night in a southern bayou. Even the bison, to some extent, keeps pace with the seasons, cropping the pastures of the Colorado only till a greener and sweeter grass awaits him by the Yellowstone. Yet we think that if rail-fences are pulled down, and stone-walls piled up on our farms, bounds are henceforth set to our lives and our fates decided. If you are chosen town-clerk, forsooth, you cannot go to Tierra del Fuego this summer: but you may go to the land of infernal fire nevertheless. The universe is wider than our views of it.

Yet we should oftener look over the tafferel of our craft, like curious passengers, and not make the voyage like stupid sailors picking oakum. The other side of the globe is but the home of our correspondent. Our voyaging is only great-circle sailing, and the doctors prescribe for diseases of the skin merely. One hastens to Southern Africa to chase the giraffe; but surely that is not the game he would be after. How long, pray, would a man hunt giraffes if he could? Snipes and woodcocks also may afford rare sport; but I trust it would be nobler game to shoot one's self.—

'Direct your eye right inward, and you 'll find
A thousand regions in your mind
Yet undiscovered. Travel them, and be
Expert in home-cosmography.'

What does Africa — what does the West stand for? Is not our own interior white on the chart? black though it may prove, like the coast, when discovered. Is it the source of the Nile, or the Niger, or the Mississippi, or a North-West Passage around this continent, that we would find?

Are these the problems which most concern mankind? Is Franklin the only man who is lost, that his wife should be so earnest to find him? Does Mr. Grinnell know where he himself is? Be rather the Mungo Park, the Lewis and Clark and Frobisher, of your own streams and oceans; explore your own higher latitudes, — with shiploads of preserved meats to support you, if they be necessary; and pile the empty cans sky-high for a sign. Were preserved meats invented to preserve meat merely? Nay, be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade, but of thought. Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice. Yet some can be patriotic who have no *self*-respect, and sacrifice the greater to the less. They love the soil which makes their graves, but have no sympathy with the spirit which may still animate their clay. Patriotism is a maggot in their heads. What was the meaning of that South-Sea Exploring Expedition, with all its parade and expense, but an indirect recognition of the fact, that there are continents and seas in the moral world, to which every man is an isthmus or an inlet, yet unexplored by him, but that it is easier to sail many thousand miles through cold and storm and cannibals, in a government ship, with five hundred men and boys to assist one, than it is to explore the private sea, the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean of one's being alone.—

'Erret, et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos.
Plus habet hic vitæ, plus habet ille viæ.'

'Let them wander and scrutinize the outlandish Australians,
I have more of God, they more of the road.'

It is not worth the while to go round the world to count the cats in Zanzibar. Yet do this even till you can do better, and you may perhaps find some 'Symmes' Hole' by which to get at the inside at last. England and France, Spain and Portugal, Gold Coast and Slave Coast, all front on this private sea; but no bark from them has ventured out of sight of land, though it is without doubt the direct way to India. If you would learn to speak all tongues and conform to the customs of all nations, if you would travel farther than all travelers, be naturalized in all climes, and cause the Sphinx to dash her head against a stone, even obey the precept of the old philosopher, and Explore thyself. Herein are demanded the eye and the nerve. Only the defeated and deserters go to the wars, cowards that run away and enlist. Start now on that farthest western way, which does not pause at the Mississippi or the Pacific, nor conduct toward a worn-out China or Japan, but leads on direct, a tangent to this sphere, summer and winter, day and night, sun down, moon down, and at last earth down too.

It is said that Mirabeau took to highway robbery 'to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society.' He declared that a 'soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad,'—'that honor and religion have never stood in the way of a well-considered and a firm resolve.' This was manly, as the world goes; and yet it was idle, if not desperate. A saner man would have found himself often enough 'in formal opposition' to what are deemed 'the most sacred laws of society,' through obedience to yet more sacred laws, and so have tested his resolution without going out of his way. It is not for a man to put himself in such an attitude to society, but to maintain himself in whatever attitude he find himself through obedience to the laws of his being, which will never be one of opposition to a just government, if he should chance to meet with such.

I left the woods for as good a reason as I went there. Perhaps it seemed to me that I had several more lives to live, and could not spare any more time for that one. It is remarkable how easily and insensibly we fall into a particular route, and make a beaten track for ourselves. I had not lived there a week before my feet wore a path from my door to the pond-side; and though it is five or six years since I trod it, it is still quite distinct. It is true, I fear, that others may have fallen into it, and so helped to keep it open. The surface of the earth is soft and impressible by the feet of men; and so with the paths which the mind travels. How worn and dusty, then, must be the highways of the world, how deep the ruts of

tradition and conformity! I did not wish to take a cabin passage, but rather to go before the mast and on the deck of the world, for there I could best see the moonlight amid the mountains. I do not wish to go below now.

I learned this, at least, by my experiment: that if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unexpected in common hours. He will put some things behind, will pass an invisible boundary; new, universal, and more liberal laws will begin to establish themselves around and within him; or the old laws be expanded, and interpreted in his favor in a more liberal sense, and he will live with the license of a higher order of beings. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

It is a ridiculous demand which England and America make, that you shall speak so that they can understand you. Neither men nor toadstools grow so. As if that were important, and there were not enough to understand you without them. As if Nature could support but one order of understandings, could not sustain birds as well as quadrupeds, flying as well as creeping things, and *hush* and *who,* which Bright can understand, were the best English. As if there were safety in stupidity alone. I fear chiefly lest my expression may not be *extra-vagant* enough, may not wander far enough beyond the narrow limits of my daily experience, so as to be adequate to the truth of which I have been convinced. *Extra vagance!* it depends on how you are yarded. The migrating buffalo, which seeks new pastures in another latitude, is not extravagant like the cow which kicks over the pail, leaps the cow-yard fence, and runs after her calf, in milking time. I desire to speak somewhere *without* bounds; like a man in a waking moment, to men in their waking moments; for I am convinced that I cannot exaggerate enough even to lay the foundation of a true expression. Who that has heard a strain of music feared then lest he should speak extravagantly any more forever? In view of the future or possible, we should live quite laxly and undefined in front, our outlines dim and misty on that side; as our shadows reveal an insensible perspiration toward the sun. The volatile truth of our words should continually betray the inadequacy of the residual statement. Their truth is instantly *translated;* its literal monument alone remains. The words which express our faith and piety are not definite; yet they are significant and fragrant like frankincense to superior natures.

Why level downward to our dullest perception always, and praise that as common sense? The commonest sense is the sense of men asleep, which they express by snoring. Sometimes we are inclined to class those who are once-and-a-half witted, with the half-witted, because we appreciate only a third part of their wit. Some would find fault with the morning-red, if they ever got up early enough. 'They pretend,' as I hear, 'that the verses of Kabir have four different senses: illusion, spirit, intellect, and the exoteric doctrine of the Vedas;' but in this part of the world it is considered a ground for complaint if a man's writings admit of more than one interpretation. While England endeavors to cure the potato-rot, will not any endeavor to cure the brain-rot, which prevails so much more widely and fatally?

I do not suppose that I have attained to obscurity, but I should be proud if no more fatal fault were found with my pages on this score than was found with the Walden ice. Southern customers objected to its blue color, which is the evidence of its purity, as if it were muddy, and preferred the Cambridge ice, which is white, but tastes of weeds. The purity men love is like the mists which envelop the earth, and not like the azure ether beyond.

Some are dinning in our ears that we Americans, and moderns generally, are intellectual dwarfs compared with the ancients, or even the Elizabethan men. But what is that to the purpose? A living dog is better than a dead lion. Shall a man go and hang himself because he belongs to the race of pygmies, and not be the biggest pygmy that he can? Let every one mind his own business, and endeavor to be what he was made.

Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed, and in such desperate enterprises? If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however, measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple-tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer? If the condition of things which we were made for is not yet, what were any reality which we can substitute? We will not be ship-wrecked on a vain reality. Shall we with pains erect a heaven of blue glass over ourselves, though when it is done we shall be sure to gaze still at the true ethereal heaven far above, as if the former were not?

There was an artist in the city of Kouroo who was disposed to strive after perfection. One day it came into his mind to make a staff. Having considered that in an imperfect work time is an ingredient, but into a perfect work time does not enter, he said to himself, It shall be perfect in all respects, though I should do nothing else in my life. He proceeded instantly to the forest for wood, being resolved that it should not be made of unsuitable material; and as he searched for and rejected stick after stick, his friends gradually deserted him, for they grew old in their works and died, but he grew not older by a moment. His singleness of purpose and resolution, and his elevated piety, endowed him, without his knowledge, with perennial youth. As he made no compromise with Time, Time kept out of his way, and only sighed at a distance because he could not overcome him. Before he had found a stock in all respects suitable the city of Kouroo was a hoary ruin, and he sat on one of its mounds to peel the stick. Before he had given it the proper shape the dynasty of the Candahars was at an end, and with the point of the stick he wrote the name of the last of that race in the sand, and then resumed his work. By the time he had smoothed and polished the staff Kalpa was no longer the pole-star; and ere he had put on the ferule and the head adorned with precious stones, Brahma had awoke and slumbered many times. But why do I stay to mention these things? When the finishing stroke was put to his work, it suddenly expanded before the eyes of the astonished artist into the fairest of all the creations of Brahma. He had made a new system in making a staff, a world with full and fair proportions; in which, though the old cities and dynasties had passed away, fairer and more glorious ones had taken their places. And now he saw by the heap of shavings still fresh at his feet, that, for him and his work, the former lapse of time had been an illusion, and that no more time had elapsed than is required for a single scintillation from the brain of Brahma to fall on and inflame the tinder of a mortal brain. The material was pure, and his art was pure; how could the result be other than wonderful?

No face which we can give to a matter will stead us so well at last as the truth. This alone wears well. For the most part, we are not where we are, but in a false position. Through an infirmity of our natures, we suppose a case, and put ourselves into it, and hence are in two cases at the same time, and it is doubly difficult to get out. In sane moments we regard only the facts, the case that is. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. Any truth is better than make-believe. Tom Hyde, the tinker, standing on the gallows, was asked if he had anything to say. 'Tell the tailors,' said he, 'to remember to make a knot in their thread before they take the first stitch.' His companion's prayer is forgotten.

However mean your life is, meet it and live it; do not shun it and call it hard names. It is not so bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise. Love your life, poor as it is. You may perhaps have some pleasant, thrilling, glorious hours, even in a poor-house. The setting sun is reflected from the windows of the almshouse as brightly as from the rich man's abode; the snow melts before its door as early in the spring. I do not see but a quiet mind may live as contentedly there, and have as cheering thoughts, as in a palace. The town's poor seem to me often to live the most independent lives of any. Maybe they are simply great enough to receive without misgiving. Most think that they are above being supported by the town: but it oftener happens that they are not above supporting themselves by dishonest means, which should be more disreputable. Cultivate poverty like a garden herb, like

sage. Do not trouble yourself much to get new things, whether clothes or friends. Turn the old; return to them. Things do not change; we change. Sell your clothes and keep your thoughts. God will see that you do not want society. If I were confined to a corner of a garret all my days, like a spider, the world would be just as large to me while I had my thoughts about me. The philosopher said: 'From an army of three divisions one can take away its general, and put it in disorder; from the man the most abject and vulgar one cannot take away his thought.' Do not seek so anxiously to be developed, to subject yourself to many influences to be played on; it is all dissipation. Humility like darkness reveals the heavenly lights. The shadows of poverty and meanness gather around us, 'and lo! creation widens to our view.' We are often reminded that if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Crœsus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same. Moreover, if you are restricted in your range by poverty, if you cannot buy books and newspapers, for instance, you are but confined to the most significant and vital experiences; you are compelled to deal with the material which yields the most sugar and the most starch. It is life near the bone where it is sweetest. You are defended from being a trifler. No man loses ever on a lower level by magnanimity on a higher. Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only. Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul.

I live in the angle of a leaden wall, into whose composition was poured a little alloy of bell metal. Often, in the repose of my mid-day, there reaches my ears a confused *tintinnabulum* from without. It is the noise of my contemporaries. My neighbors tell me of their adventures with famous gentlemen and ladies, what notabilities they met at the dinner-table; but I am no more interested in such things than in the contents of the Daily Times. The interest and the conversation are about costume and manners chiefly; but a goose is a goose still, dress it as you will. They tell me of California and Texas, of England and the Indies, of the Hon. Mr. —— of Georgia or of Massachusetts, all transient and fleeting phenomena, till I am ready to leap from their court-yard like the Mameluke bey. I delight to come to my bearings,— not walk in procession with pomp and parade, in a conspicuous place, but to walk even with the Builder of the universe, if I may,— not to live in this restless, nervous, bustling, trivial Nineteenth Century, but stand or sit thoughtfully while it goes by. What are men celebrating? They are all on a committee of arrangements, and hourly expect a speech from somebody. God is only the president of the day, and Webster is his orator. I love to weigh, to settle, to gravitate toward that which most strongly and rightfully attracts me; — not hang by the beam of the scale and try to weigh less, — not suppose a case, but take the case that is; to travel the only path I can, and that on which no power can resist me. It affords me no satisfaction to commence to spring an arch before I have got a solid foundation. Let us not play at kittly-benders. There is a solid bottom everywhere. We read that the traveler asked the boy if the swamp before him had a hard bottom. The boy replied that it had. But presently the traveler's horse sank in up to the girths, and he observed to the boy, 'I thought you said that this bog had a hard bottom.' 'So it has,' answered the latter, 'but you have not got halfway to it yet.' So it is with the bogs and quicksands of society; but he is an old boy that knows it. Only what is thought, said, or done at a certain rare coincidence is good. I would not be one of those who will foolishly drive a nail into mere lath and plastering; such a deed would keep me awake nights. Give me a hammer, and let me feel for the furrowing. Do not depend on the putty. Drive a nail home and clinch it so faithfully that you can wake up in the night and think of your work with satisfaction,— a work at which you would not be ashamed to invoke the Muse. So will help you God, and so only. Every nail driven should be as another rivet in the machine of the universe, you carrying on the work.

Rather than love, than money, than fame, give me truth. I sat at a table where were rich food and wine in abundance, and obsequious attendance, but sincerity and truth were not; and I went away hungry from the inhospitable board. The hospitality was as cold as the ices. I thought that there was no need of ice to freeze them. They talked to me of the age of the wine and the fame of the

vintage; but I thought of an older, a newer, and purer wine, of a more glorious vintage, which they had not got, and could not buy. The style, the house and grounds and 'entertainment' pass for nothing with me. I called on the king, but he made me wait in his hall, and conducted like a man incapacitated for hospitality. There was a man in my neighborhood who lived in a hollow tree. His manners were truly regal. I should have done better had I called on him.

How long shall we sit in our porticoes practising idle and musty virtues, which any work would make impertinent? As if one were to begin the day with long-suffering, and hire a man to hoe his potatoes; and in the afternoon go forth to practise Christian meekness and charity with goodness aforethought! Consider the China pride and stagnant self-complacency of mankind. This generation reclines a little to congratulate itself on being the last of an illustrious line; and in Boston and London and Paris and Rome, thinking of its long descent, it speaks of its progress in art and science and literature with satisfaction. There are the Records of the Philosophical Societies, and the public Eulogies of *Great Men!* It is the good Adam contemplating his own virtue. 'Yes, we have done great deeds, and sung divine songs, which shall never die,'— that is, as long as *we* can remember them. The learned societies and great men of Assyria,— where are they? What youthful philosophers and experimentalists we are! There is not one of my readers who has yet lived a whole human life. These may be but the spring months in the life of the race. If we have had the seven-years' itch, we have not seen the seventeen-year locust yet in Concord. We are acquainted with a mere pellicle of the globe on which we live. Most have not delved six feet beneath the surface, nor leaped as many above it. We know not where we are. Beside, we are sound asleep nearly half our time. Yet we esteem ourselves wise, and have an established order on the surface. Truly, we are deep thinkers, we are ambitious spirits! As I stand over the insect crawling amid the pine needles on the forest floor, and endeavoring to conceal itself from my sight, and ask myself why it will cherish those humble thoughts, and hide its head from me who might, perhaps, be its benefactor, and impart to its race some cheering information, I am reminded of the greater Benefactor and Intelligence that stands over me, the human insect.

There is an incessant influx of novelty into the world, and yet we tolerate incredible dullness. I need only suggest what kind of sermons are still listened to in the most enlightened countries. There are such words as joy and sorrow, but they are only the burden of a psalm, sung with a nasal twang, while we believe in the ordinary and mean. We think that we can change our clothes only. It is said that the British Empire is very large and respectable, and that the United States are a first-rate power. We do not believe that a tide rises and falls behind every man which can float the British Empire like a chip, if he should ever harbor it in his mind. Who knows what sort of seventeen-year locust will next come out of the ground? The government of the world I live in was not framed, like that of Britain, in after-dinner conversations over the wine.

The life in us is like the water in the river. It may rise this year higher than man has ever known it, and flood the parched uplands; even this may be the eventful year, which will drown out all our muskrats. It was not always dry land where we dwell. I see far inland the banks which the stream anciently washed, before science began to record its freshets. Every one has heard the story which has gone the rounds of New England, of a strong and beautiful bug which came out of the dry leaf of an old table of apple-tree wood, which had stood in a farmer's kitchen for sixty years, first in Connecticut, and afterwards in Massachusetts,— from an egg deposited in the living tree many years earlier still, as appeared by counting the annual layers beyond it; which was heard gnawing out for several weeks, hatched perchance by the heat of an urn. Who does not feel his faith in a resurrection and immortality strengthened by hearing of this? Who knows what beautiful and winged life, whose egg has been buried for ages under many concentric layers of woodenness in the dead dry life of society, deposited at first in the alburnum of the green and living tree, which has been gradually converted into the semblance of its well-seasoned tomb,— heard perchance gnawing out now

for years by the astonished family of man, as they sat round the festive board,— may unexpectedly come forth from amidst society's most trivial and handselled furniture, to enjoy its perfect summer life at last!

I do not say that John or Jonathan will realize all this; but such is the character of that morrow which mere lapse of time can never make to dawn. The light which puts out our eyes is darkness to us. Only that day dawns to which we are awake. There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

From *Walden,* 1854.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819–1891)

Though by far the youngest of the mid-century American writers, Lowell may be called the Dr. Johnson of the period. From 1857, when he assumed the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, he was our literary dictator. He revised the manuscript of Thoreau until that individual genius refused longer to contribute to the magazine, he reproved Holmes who was ten years his senior, he wrote Whittier, 'I shall not let you rest until I have got a New England pastoral out of you,' he labeled and dismissed many of his contemporaries with almost brutal harshness, and he trained with dogmatic authority the new group of poets and novelists that was beginning to appear.

Lowell's ancestors, like those of Emerson and Holmes, were New England 'Brahmins': he was of a long line of Puritan ministers. His father was stationed at Cambridge when Lowell was born and this house of his birth was the home of the poet — rare circumstance in America — during his whole life. Naturally he entered Harvard, and quite as naturally, since his temperament was not at all ministerial, he entered the legal course, actually finishing it and entering upon the practice of law, at least to the extent of producing a volume of poems — *A Year's Life*, 1841. But law had no charms for the wayward young genius: like the youthful Longfellow, he dreamed of a literary career, and America as yet had not made literature a profession by which one might win a respectable livelihood. He tried editorial work, edited in New York a literary magazine, *The Pioneer*, which died after its third issue. In 1844 he launched another volume of poems which sold eleven hundred copies in three months. Emboldened by this unexpected income, he immediately was married to a poetess of real inspiration, Miss Maria White,— a marriage as perfect as that of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Both had become ardent abolitionists, and at once they started for Philadelphia where Lowell had secured a position as editorial writer for the *Pennsylvania Freeman*, which earlier had been edited by Whittier. The salary of ten dollars a month proved inadequate, and after four months they were again back in Cambridge. With the inspiration of his new home life upon him, there began now the creative period of his literary career. He wrote eagerly, copiously. In 1847 he began *The Biglow Papers*, his protest against the Mexican war. The next year, 1848, was the wonder year of his life. He issued a new edition of his poems, *A Fable for Critics*, *The Biglow Papers*, *The Vision of Sir Launfal*, and some twenty other articles and poems for the magazines. In 1851 with his family he went for a year to Europe. In 1853 Mrs. Lowell died, and his poetic period abruptly ended:

'My moon is set; my vision set with her.'

Save for the flashing up of his poetic soul at the time of the Civil War which produced his inspired improvisation, *The Commemoration Ode*, the rest of his life produced only prose. He became professor of French and Spanish at Harvard in 1855, entering upon his duties after a year in Europe and holding his chair until 1877. In 1857 he added the editorship of the *Atlantic* to his professional duties, and, resigning in 1861, became joint editor with Charles Eliot Norton of *The North American Review*, a position which he held until 1872. From 1877 to 1885 he was abroad, first as Minister to Spain, then as Minister to the Court of St. James, England. His writings during the whole period are significant. They touch a broad variety of subjects: literary criticism, statesmanship, international politics, 'mere literature,' social problems. His pregnant studies of our American democracy were especially noteworthy. As a critic he has been in many respects overrated. His greatest work for American letters, undoubtedly, was his influence and guidance during a critical era. He stood ever for originality and 'native wood notes wild.' More than any one else, perhaps, he was instrumental in freeing American literature from the slavery of English and continental influences.

TO THE DANDELION

Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May,
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they
An Eldorado in the grass have found,
Which not the rich earth's ample round
May match in wealth, thou art more dear to me
Than all the prouder summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,
Nor wrinkled the lean brow
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;
'T is the Spring's largess, which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;
The eyes thou givest me
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time:
Not in mid June the golden-cuirassed bee
Feels a more summer-like warm ravishment
In the white lily's breezy tent,
His fragrant Sybaris, than I, when first
From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

Then think I of deep shadows on the grass,
Of meadows where in sun the cattle graze,
Where, as the breezes pass,
The gleaming rushes lean a thousand ways,
Of leaves that slumber in a cloudy mass,
Or whiten in the wind, of waters blue
That from the distance sparkle through
Some woodland gap, and of a sky above,
Where one white cloud like a stray lamb doth move.

My childhood's earliest thoughts are linked with thee;
The sight of thee calls back the robin's song,
Who, from the dark old tree
Beside the door, sang clearly all day long,
And I, secure in childish piety,
Listened as if I heard an angel sing
With news from heaven, which he could bring
Fresh every day to my untainted ears
When birds and flowers and I were happy peers.

How like a prodigal doth nature seem,
When thou, for all thy gold, so common art!
Thou teachest me to deem
More sacredly of every human heart,
Since each reflects in joy its scanty gleam
Of heaven, and could some wondrous secret show,
Did we but pay the love we owe,
And with a child's undoubting wisdom look
On all these living pages of God's book.

Graham's Magazine, Jan., 1845.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS, FIRST SERIES

No. III

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

[A few remarks on the following verses will not be out of place. The satire in them was not meant to have any personal, but only a general, application. Of the gentleman upon whose letter they were intended as a commentary Mr. Biglow had never heard, till he saw the letter itself. The position of the satirist is oftentimes one which he would not have chosen, had the election been left to himself. In attacking bad principles, he is obliged to select some individual who has made himself their exponent, and in whom they are impersonate, to the end that what he says may not, through ambiguity, be dissipated *tenues in auras*. For what says Seneca? *Longum iter per proecepta, breve et efficace per exempla.* A bad principle is comparatively harmless while it continues to be an abstraction, nor can the general mind comprehend it fully till it is printed in that large type which all men can read at sight, namely, the life and character, the sayings and doings, of particular persons. It is one of the cunningest fetches of Satan, that he never exposes himself directly to our arrows, but, still dodging behind this neighbor or that acquaintance, compels us to wound him through them, if at all. He holds our affections as hostages, the while he patches up a truce with our conscience.

Meanwhile, let us not forget that the aim of the true satirist is not to be severe upon persons, but only upon falsehood, and, as Truth and Falsehood start from the same point, and sometimes even go along together for a little way, his business is to follow the path of the latter after it diverges, and to show her floundering in the bog at the end of it. Truth is quite beyond the reach of satire. There is so brave a simplicity in her, that she can no more be made ridiculous than an oak or a pine. The danger of the satirist is, that continual use may deaden his sensibility to the force of lan-

guage. He becomes more and more liable to strike harder than he knows or intends. He may be careful to put on his boxing-gloves, and yet forget that, the older they grow, the more plainly may the knuckles inside be felt. Moreover, in the heat of contest, the eye is insensibly drawn to the crown of victory, whose tawdry tinsel glitters through that dust of the ring which obscures Truth's wreath of simple leaves. I have sometimes thought that my young friend, Mr. Biglow, needed a monitory hand laid on his arm, — *aliquid sufflaminandus erat.* I have never thought it good husbandry to water the tender plants of reform with *aqua fortis,* yet, where so much is to do in the beds, he were a sorry gardener who should wage a whole day's war with an iron scuffle on those ill weeds that make the garden-walks of life unsightly, when a sprinkle of Attic salt will wither them up. *Est ars etiam maledicendi,* says Scaliger, and truly it is a hard thing to say where the graceful gentleness of the lamb merges in downright sheepishness. We may conclude with worthy and wise Dr. Fuller, that 'one may be a lamb in private wrongs, but in hearing general affronts to goodness they are asses which are not lions.' — H. W.]

Guvener B. is a sensible man;
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

My! ain't it terrible? Wut shall we du?
We can't never choose him o' course,— thet 's flat;
Guess we shall hev to come round, (don't you?)
An' go in fer thunder an' guns, an' all that;
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez he wunt vote fer Guvener B.

Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man;
He 's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He 's ben true to *one* party,— an' thet is himself; —
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

Gineral C. he goes in fer the war;
He don't vally princerple more 'n an old cud;
Wut did God make us raytional creeturs fer,
But glory an' gunpowder, plunder an' blood?
So John P.
Robinson he
Sez he shall vote fer Gineral C.

We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut 's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts wor n't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

The side of our country must ollers be took,
An' Presidunt Polk, you know, *he* is our country.
An' the angel thet writes all our sins in a book
Puts the debit to him, an' to us the *per contry;*
An' John P.
Robinson he
Sez this is his view o' the thing to a T.

Parson Wilbur he calls all these argimunts lies;
Sez they 're nothin' on airth but jest *fee, faw, fum;*
An' thet all this big talk of our destinies
Is half on it ign'ance, an' t' other half rum;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez it ain't no sech thing; an', of course, so must we.

Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee.

Wal, it 's a marcy we 've gut folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow,—
God sends country lawyers, an' other wise fellers,
To start the world's team wen it gits in a slough;
Fer John P. Robinson he
Sez the world 'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!

[The attentive reader will doubtless have perceived in the foregoing poem an allusion to that pernicious sentiment,—'Our country, right or wrong.' It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land, much more, certain personages, elevated for the time being to high station, our country. I would not sever nor loosen a single one of those ties by which we are united to the spot of our birth, nor minish by a little the respect due to the Magistrate. I love our own Bay State too well to do the one, and as for the other, I have myself for nigh forty years exercised, however unworthily, the function of Justice of the Peace, having been called thereto by the unsolicited kindness of that most excellent man and upright patriot, Caleb Strong. *Patriae fumus igne alieno luculentior* is best qualified with this,—*Ubi libertas, ibi patria.* We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double, but not a divided, allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent to ourselves under the names of religion, duty, and the like. Our terrestrial organizations are but far-off approaches to so fair a model, and all they are verily traitors who resist not any attempt to divert them from this their original intendment. When, therefore, one would have us fling up our caps and shout with the multitude,—'*Our country, however bounded!*' he demands of us that we sacrifice the larger to the less, the higher to the lower, and that we yield to the imaginary claims of a few acres of soil our duty and privilege as liegemen of Truth. Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's-breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi noverca.* That is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points us to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarius and Ulysses. Veiling our face, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her.]

Boston Courier, 1847.

THE COURTIN'.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'ith no one nigh to hender.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle fires danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm, frum floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekle,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
Ez though she wished him furder,
An' on her apples kep' to work,
Parin' away like murder.

'You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?'
'Wal, no; I come designin'—
'To see my Ma? She 's sprinklin clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'.'

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t' other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye, nuther.

Says he, 'I 'd better call agin';
  Says she, 'Think likely, *Mister*':
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
  An' . . . wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
  Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily round the lips
  An' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
  Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
  In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

The Biglow Papers,
(1848) 1848.

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL IN ITALY AND ELSEWHERE

AT SEA

The sea was meant to be looked at from shore, as mountains are from the plain. Lucretius made this discovery long ago, and was blunt enough to blurt it forth, romance and sentiment — in other words, the pretense of feeling what we do not feel — being inventions of a later day. To be sure, Cicero used to twaddle about Greek literature and philosophy, much as people do about ancient art nowadays; but I rather sympathize with those stout old Romans who despised both, and believed that to found an empire was as grand an achievement as to build an epic or to carve a statue. But though there might have been twaddle (as why not, since there was a Senate?) I rather think Petrarch was the first choragus of that sentimental dance which so long led young folks away from the realities of life like the piper of Hamelin, and whose succession ended, let us hope, with Chateaubriand. But for them, Byron, whose real strength lay in his sincerity, would never have talked about the 'sea bounding beneath him like a steed that knows his rider,' and all that sort of thing. Even if it had been true, steam has been as fatal to that part of the romance of the sea as to hand-loom weaving. But what say you to a twelve days' calm such as we dozed through in mid-Atlantic and in mid-August? I know nothing so tedious at once and exasperating as that regular slap of the wilted sails when the ship rises and falls with the slow breathing of the sleeping sea, one greasy, brassy swell following another, slow, smooth, immitigable as the series of Wordsworth's 'Ecclesiastical Sonnets.' Even at his best, Neptune, in a *tête-à-tête,* has a way of repeating himself, an obtuseness to the *ne quid nimis,* that is stupefying. It reminds me of organ-music and my good friend Sebastian Bach. A fugue or two will do very well; but a concert made up of nothing else is altogether too epic for me. There is nothing so desperately monotonous as the sea, and I no longer wonder at the cruelty of pirates. Fancy an existence in which the coming up of a clumsy finback whale, who says *Pooh!* to you solemnly as you lean over the taffrail, is an event as exciting as an election on shore! The dampness seems to strike into the wits as into the lucifer-matches, so that one may scratch a thought half a dozen times and get nothing at last but a faint sputter, the forlorn hope of fire, which only goes far enough to leave a sense of suffocation behind it. Even smoking becomes an employment instead of a solace. Who less likely to come to their wit's end than W. M. T. and A. H. C.? Yet I have seen them driven to five meals a day for mental occupation. I sometimes sit and pity Noah; but even he had this advantage over all succeeding navigators, that, wherever he landed, he was sure to get no ill news from home. He should be canonized as the patron-saint of newspaper correspondents, being the only man who ever had the very last authentic intelligence from everywhere.

The finback whale recorded just above has much the look of a brown-paper parcel,— the whitish stripes that run across him answering for the pack-thread. He has a kind of accidental hole in the top of his head, through which he *pooh-poohs* the rest of creation, and which looks as if it had been made by the chance thrust of a chestnut rail. He was our first event. Our second was harpooning a sunfish, which basked dozing on the lap of the sea, looking so much like the giant turtle of an alderman's dream, that I am persuaded he would have made mock-turtle soup rather than acknowledge his imposture. But he broke away just as they were hauling him over the side, and sank placidly through the clear water,

leaving behind him a crimson trail that wavered a moment and was gone.

The sea, though, has better sights than these. When we were up with the Azores, we began to meet flying-fish and Portuguese men-of-war beautiful as the galley of Cleopatra, tiny craft that dared these seas before Columbus. I have seen one of the former rise from the crest of a wave, and, glancing from another some two hundred feet beyond, take a fresh flight of perhaps as long. How Calderon would have similized this pretty creature had he ever seen it! How would he have run him up and down the gamut of simile! If a fish, then a fish with wings; if a bird, then a bird, with fins; and so on, keeping up the light shuttle-cock of a conceit as is his wont. Indeed, the poor thing is the most killing bait for a comparison, and I assure you I have three or four in my inkstand; — but be calm, they shall stay there. Moore, who looked on all nature as a kind of *Gradus ad Parnassum*, a *thesaurus* of similitude, and spent his life in a game of What is my thought like? with himself, *did* the flying-fish on his way to Bermuda. So I leave him in peace.

The most beautiful thing I have seen at sea, all the more so that I had never heard of it, is the trail of a shoal of fish through the phosphorescent water. It is like a flight of silver rockets, or the streaming of northern lights through that silent nether heaven. I thought nothing could go beyond that rustling star-foam which was churned up by our ship's bows, or those eddies and disks of dreamy flame that rose and wandered out of sight behind us.

'T was fire our ship was plunging through,
Cold fire that o'er the quarter flew;
And wandering moons of idle flame
Grew full and waned, and went and came,
Dappling with light the huge sea-snake
That slid behind us in the wake.

But there was something even more delicately rare in the apparition of the fish, as they turned up in gleaming furrows the latent moonshine which the ocean seemed to have hoarded against these vacant interlunar nights. In the Mediterranean one day, as we were lying becalmed, I observed the water freckled with dingy specks, which at last gathered to a pinkish scum on the surface. The sea had been so phosphorescent for some nights, that when the Captain gave me my bath, by dousing me with buckets from the house on deck, the spray flew off my head and shoulders in sparks. It occurred to me that this dirty-looking scum might be the luminous matter, and I had a pailful dipped up to keep till after dark. When I went to look at it after nightfall, it seemed at first perfectly dead; but when I shook it, the whole broke out into what I can only liken to milky flames, whose lambent silence was strangely beautiful, and startled me almost as actual projection might an alchemist. I could not bear to be the death of so much beauty; so I poured it all overboard again.

Another sight worth taking a voyage for is that of the sails by moonlight. Our course was 'south and by east, half south,' so that we seemed bound for the full moon as she rolled up over our wavering horizon. Then I used to go forward to the bowsprit and look back. Our ship was a clipper, with every rag set, stunsails, sky-scrapers, and all; nor was it easy to believe that such a wonder could be built of canvas as that white many-storied pile of cloud that stooped over me or drew back as we rose and fell with the waves.

These are all the wonders I can recall of my five weeks at sea, except the sun. Were you ever alone with the sun? You think it a very simple question; but I never was, in the full sense of the word, till I was held up to him one cloudless day on the broad buckler of the ocean. I suppose one might have the same feeling in the desert. I remember getting something like it years ago, when I climbed alone to the top of a mountain, and lay face up on the hot gray moss, striving to get a notion of how an Arab might feel. It was my American commentary of the Koran, and not a bad one. In a New England winter, too, when everything is gagged with snow, as if some gigantic physical geographer were taking a cast of the earth's face in plaster, the bare knob of a hill will introduce you to the sun as a comparative stranger. But at sea you may be alone with him day after day, and almost all day long. I never understood before that nothing short of full daylight can give the suprem-

est sense of solitude. Darkness will not do so, for the imagination peoples it with more shapes than ever were poured from the frozen loins of the populous North. The sun, I sometimes think, is a little *grouty* at sea, especially at high noon, feeling that he wastes his beams on those fruitless furrows. It is otherwise with the moon. She 'comforts the night,' as Chapman finely says, and I always found her a companionable creature.

In the ocean-horizon I took untiring delight. It is the true magic-circle of expectation and conjecture,— almost as good as a wishing-ring. What will rise over that edge we sail towards daily and never overtake? A sail? an island? the new shore of the Old World? Something rose every day, which I need not have gone so far to see, but at whose levee I was a much more faithful courtier than on shore. A cloudless sunrise in mid-ocean is beyond comparison for simple grandeur. It is like Dante's style, bare and perfect. Naked sun meets naked sea, the true classic of nature. There may be more sentiment in morning on shore,— the shivering fairy-jewelry of dew, the silver point-lace of sparkling hoar-frost, — but there is also more complexity, more of the romantic. The one savors of the elder Edda, the other of the Minnesingers.

And I thus floating, lonely elf,
A kind of planet by myself,
The mists draw up and furl away,
And in the east a warming gray,
Faint as the tint of oaken woods
When o'er their buds May breathes and broods,
Tells that the golden sunrise-tide
Is lapsing up earth's thirsty side,
Each moment purpling on the crest
Of some stark billow farther west:
And as the sea-moss droops and hears
The gurgling flood that nears and nears,
And then with tremulous content
Floats out each thankful filament,
So waited I until it came,
God's daily miracle,— O shame
That I had seen so many days
Unthankful, without wondering praise,
Not recking more this bliss of earth
Than the cheap fire that lights my hearth!
But now glad thoughts and holy pour
Into my heart, as once a year
To San Miniato's open door,
In long procession, chanting clear,
Through slopes of sun, through shadows hoar,
The coupled monks show-climbing sing,
And like a golden censer swing
From rear to front, from front to rear
Their alternating bursts of praise,
Till the roof's fading seraphs gaze
Down through an odorous mist, that crawls
Lingeringly up the darkened walls,
And the dim arches, silent long,
Are startled with triumphant song.

I wrote yesterday that the sea still rimmed our prosy lives with mystery and conjecture. But one is shut up on shipboard like Montaigne in his tower, with nothing to do but to review his own thoughts and contradict himself. *Dire, redire, et me contredire,* will be the staple of my journal till I see land. I say nothing of such matters as the *montagna bruna* on which Ulysses wrecked; but since the sixteenth century could any man reasonably hope to stumble on one of those wonders which were cheap as dirt in the days of St. Saga? Faustus, Don Juan, and Tanhäuser are the last ghosts of legend, that lingered almost till the Gallic cockcrow of universal enlightenment and disillusion. The Public School has done for Imagination. What shall I see in Outre-Mer, or on the way thither, but what can be seen with eyes? To be sure, I stick by the sea-serpent, and would fain believe that science has scotched, not killed, him. Nor is he to be lightly given up, for, like the old Scandinavian snake, he binds together for us the two hemispheres of Past and Present, of Belief and Science. He is the link which knits us seaboard Yankees with our Norse progenitors, interpreting between the age of the dragon and that of the railroad-train. We have made ducks and drakes of that large estate of wonder and delight bequeathed to us by ancestral vikings, and this alone remains to us unthrift Heirs of Linn.

I feel an undefined respect for a man who has seen the sea-serpent. He is to his brother-fishers what the poet is to his fellow-men. Where they have seen nothing better than a school of horse-mackerel, or the idle coils of ocean round Half-way Rock, he has caught authentic glimpses of the withdrawing mantle-hem of the Edda age. I care not for the monster himself. It is not the thing, but

the belief in the thing, that is dear to me. May it be long before Professor Owen is comforted with the sight of his unfleshed vertebrae, long before they stretch many a rood behind Kimball's or Barnum's glass, reflected in the shallow orbs of Mr. and Mrs. Public, which stare, but see not! When we read that Captain Spalding, of the pink-stern *Three Pollies,* has beheld him rushing through the brine like an infinite series of bewitched mackerel-casks, we feel that the mystery of old Ocean, at least, has not yet been sounded,— that Faith and Awe survive there unevaporate. I once ventured the horse-mackerel theory to an old fisherman, browner than a tomcod. 'Hosmackril!' he exclaimed indignantly, 'hosmackril be—' (here he used a phrase commonly indicated in laical literature by the same sign which served for Doctorate in Divinity), 'don't yer spose *I* know a hos-mackril?' The intonation of that 'I' would have silenced Professor Monkbarns Owen with his provoking *phoca* forever. What if one should ask *him* if he knew a trilobite?

The fault of modern travelers is, that they see nothing out of sight. They talk of eocene periods and tertiary formations, and tell us how the world looked to the plesiosaur. They take science (or nescience) with them, instead of that soul of generous trust their elders had. All their senses are skeptics and doubters, materialists reporting things for other skeptics to doubt still further upon. Nature becomes a reluctant witness upon the stand, badgered with geologist hammers and phials of acid. There have been no travelers since those included in Hakluyt and Purchas, except Martin, perhaps, who saw an inch or two into the invisible at the Orkneys. We have peripatetic lecturers, but no more travelers. Travelers' stories are no longer proverbial. We have picked nearly every apple (wormy or otherwise) from the world's tree of knowledge, and that without an Eve to tempt us. Two or three have hitherto hung luckily beyond reach on a lofty bough shadowing the interior of Africa, but here is a German Doctor at this very moment pelting at them with sticks and stones. It may be only next week, and these too, bitten by geographers and geologists, will be thrown away.

Analysis is carried into everything. Even Deity is subjected to chemic tests. We must have exact knowledge, a cabinet stuck full of facts pressed, dried, or preserved in spirits, instead of the large, vague world our fathers had. With them science was poetry; with us, poetry is science. Our modern Eden is a *hortus siccus.* Tourists defraud rather than enrich us. They have not that sense of æsthetic proportion which characterized the elder traveler. Earth is no longer the fine work of art it was, for nothing is left to the imagination. Job Hortop, arrived at the height of the Bermudas, thinks it full time to indulge us in a merman. Nay, there is a story told by Webster, in his *Witchcraft,* of a merman with a miter, who, on being sent back to his watery diocese of finland, made what advances he could toward an episcopal benediction by bowing his head thrice. Doubtless he had been consecrated by St. Antony of Padua. A dumb bishop would be sometimes no unpleasant phenomenon, by the way. Sir John Hawkins is not satisfied with telling us about the merely sensual Canaries, but is generous enough to throw us in a handful of 'certain flitting islands' to boot. Henry Hawkes describes the visible Mexican cities, and then is not so frugal but that he can give us a few invisible ones. Thus do these generous ancient mariners make children of us again. Their successors show us an earth effete and past bearing, tracing out with the eyes of industrious fleas every wrinkle and crowfoot.

The journals of the elder navigators are prose Odysseys. The geographies of our ancestors were works of fancy and imagination. They read poems where we yawn over items. Their world was a huge wonder-horn, exhaustless as that which Thor strove to drain. Ours would scarce quench the small thirst of a bee. No modern voyager brings back the magical foundation-stones of a Tempest. No Marco Polo, traversing the desert beyond the city of Lok, would tell of things able to inspire the mind of Milton with

> 'Calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
> And airy tongues that syllable men's names
> On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.'

It was easy enough to believe the story of Dante, when two-thirds of even the

upper-world were yet untraversed and unmapped. With every step of the recent traveler our inheritance of the wonderful is diminished. Those beautifully pictured notes of the Possible are redeemed at a ruinous discount in the hard and cumbrous coin of the Actual. How are we not defrauded and impoverished? Does California vie with El Dorado? or are Bruce's Abyssinian kings a set-off for Prester John? A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand. And if the philosophers have not even yet been able to agree whether the world has an existence independent of ourselves, how do we not gain a loss in every addition to the catalogue of Vulgar Errors? Where are the fishes which nidificated in trees? Where the monopodes sheltering themselves from the sun beneath their single umbrella-like foot,— umbrella-like in everything but the fatal necessity of being borrowed? Where the Acephali, with whom Herodotus, in a kind of ecstasy, wound up his climax of men with abnormal top-pieces? Where the Roc whose eggs are possibly boulders, needing no far-fetched theory of glacier or iceberg to account for them? Where the tails of the men of Kent? Where the no legs of the bird of paradise? Where the Unicorn, with that single horn of his, sovereign against all manner of poisons? Where the Fountain of Youth? Where that Thessalian spring, which, without cost to the country, convicted and punished perjurers? Where the Amazons of Orellana? All these, and a thousand other varieties, we have lost, and have got nothing instead of them. And those who have robbed us of them have stolen that which not enriches themselves. It is so much wealth cast into the sea beyond all approach of diving-bells. We owe no thanks to Mr. J. E. Worcester, whose Geography we studied enforcedly at school. Yet even he had his relentings, and in some softer moment vouchsafed us a fine, inspiring print of the Maelstrom, answerable to the twenty-four mile diameter of its suction. Year by year, more and more of the world gets disenchanted. Even the icy privacy of the arctic and antarctic circles is invaded. Our youth are no longer ingenious, as indeed no ingenuity is demanded of them. Everything is accounted for, everything cut and dried, and the world may be put together as easily as the fragments of a dissected map. The Mysterious bounds nothing now on the North, South, East, or West. We have played Jack Horner with our earth, till there is never a plum left in it.

From *Fireside Travels,* 1864.

REVIEW OF WHITTIER'S HOME BALLADS AND POEMS

The natural product of a creed which ignores the æsthetical part of man and reduces Nature to a uniform drab would seem to have been Bernard Barton. *His* verse certainly infringed none of the superstitions of the sect; for from title-page to colophon there was no sin either in the way of music or color. There was, indeed, a frugal and housewifely Muse, that brewed a cup, neither cheering unduly nor inebriating, out of the emptyings of Wordsworth's teapot. How that little busy B. improved each shining hour, how neatly he laid his wax, it gives us a cold shiver to think of,— *ancora ci raccappriccia!* Against a copy of verses signed 'B. B.,' as we remember them in the hardy Annuals that went to seed so many years ago, we should warm our incautious offspring as an experienced duck might her brood against a charge of B. B. shot. It behooves men to be careful; for one may chance to suffer lifelong from these intrusions of cold lead in early life, as duellists sometimes carry all their days a bullet from which no surgery can relieve them. Memory avenges our abuses of her, and, as an awful example, we mention the fact that we have never been able to forget certain stanzas of another B. B., who, under the title of Boston Bard, whilom obtained from newspaper-columns that concession which gods and men would unanimously have denied him.

George Fox, utterly ignoring the immense stress which Nature lays on established order and precedent, got hold of a half-truth which made him crazy, as half-truths are wont. But the inward light, whatever else it might be, was surely not of that kind 'that never was on land or sea.' There has been much that was poetical in the lives of Quakers, little in the men themselves. Poetry demands a richer and more various culture, and,

however good we may find such men as John Woolman and Elias Boudinot, they make us feel painfully that the Salt of the Earth is something very different, to say the least, from the Attic variety of the same mineral. Let Armstrong and Whitworth and James experiment as they will, they shall never hit on a size of bore so precisely adequate for the waste of human life as the journal of an ordinary Quaker. Compared with it, the sandy intervals of Swedenborg gush with singing springs, and Cotton Mather is a very Lucian for liveliness.

Yet this dry Quaker stem has fairly blossomed at last, and Nature, who can never be long kept under, has made a poet of Mr. Whittier as she made a General of Greene. To make a New England poet, she had her choice between Puritan and Quaker, and she took the Quaker. He is, on the whole, the most representative poet that New England has produced. He sings her thoughts, her prejudices, her scenery. He has not forgiven the Puritans for hanging two or three of his co-sectaries, but he admires them for all that, calls on his countrymen as

> 'Sons of men who sat in council with their Bibles round the board,
> Answering Charles's royal mandate with a stern "Thus saith the Lord,"'

and at heart, we suspect, has more sympathy with Miles Standish than with Mary Dyer. Indeed,

> 'Sons of men who sat in meeting with their broadbrims o'er their brow,
> Answering Charles's royal mandate with a *thee* instead of *thou*,'

would hardly do. Whatever Mr. Whittier may lack, he has the prime merit that he smacks of the soil. It is a New England heart he buttons his strait-breasted coat over, and it gives the buttons a sharp strain now and then. Even the native idiom crops out here and there in his verses. He makes *abroad* rime with *God, law* with *war, us* with *curse, scorner* with *honor, been* with *men, beard* with *shared.* For the last two we have a certain sympathy as archaisms, but with the rest we can make no terms whatever,—they must march out with no honors of war. The Yankee lingo is insoluble in poetry, and the accent would give a flavor of *essence-pennyr'y'l* to the very Beatitudes. It differs from Lowland Scotch as a *patois* from a dialect.

But criticism is not a game of jerk-straws, and Mr. Whittier has other and better claims on us than as a stylist. There is true fire in the heart of the man, and his eye is the eye of a poet. A more juicy soil might have made him a Burns or a Béranger for us. New England is dry and hard, though she have a warm nook in her, here and there, where the magnolia grows after a fashion. It is all very nice to say to our poets, 'You have sky and wood and waterfall and men and women,—in short, the entire outfit of Shakespeare; Nature is the same here as elsewhere'; and when the popular lecturer says it, the popular audience gives a stir of approval. But it is all *bosh,* nevertheless. Nature is *not* the same here, and perhaps never will be, as in lands where man has mingled his being with hers for countless centuries, where every field is steeped in history, every crag is ivied with legend, and the whole atmosphere of thought is hazy with the Indian summer of tradition. Nature without an ideal background is nothing.

We may claim whatever merits we like (and our orators are not too bashful), we may be as free and enlightened as we choose, but we are certainly not interesting or picturesque. We may be as beautiful to the statistician as a column of figures, and dear to the political economist as a social phenomenon; but our hive has little of that marvelous bee-bread that can transmute the brain to finer issues than a gregarious activity in hoarding. The Puritans left us a fine estate in conscience, energy, and respect for learning; but they disinherited us of the past. Not a single stage-property of poetry did they bring with them but the good old Devil, with his graminivorous attributes, and even he could not stand the climate Neither horn nor hoof nor tail of him has been seen for a century. He is as dead as the goat-footed Pan, whom he succeeded, and we tenderly regret him.

Mr. Whittier himself complains somewhere of

> 'The rigor of our frozen sky,'

and he seems to have been thinking of our clear, thin, intellectual atmosphere, the counterpart of our physical one, of which artists complain that it rounds no edges. We have sometimes thought that his verses suffered from a New England taint in a too great tendency to metaphysics and morals, which may be the bases on which poetry rests, but should not be carried too high above-ground. Without this, however, he would not have been the typical New England poet that he is. In the present volume there is little of it. It is more purely objective than any of its forerunners, and is full of the most charming rural pictures and glimpses, in which every sight and sound, every flower, bird, and tree, is neighborly and homely. He makes us see

'The old swallow-haunted barns,
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight streams,
And winds blow freshly in to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks,'—

'The cattle-yard
With the white horns tossing above the wall,'—

the spring-blossoms that drooped over the river,

'Lighting up the swarming shad,'—

and

'the bulged nets sweeping shoreward
With their silver-sided haul.'

Every picture is full of color, and shows that true eye for Nature which sees only what it ought, and that artistic memory which brings home compositions and not catalogues. There is hardly a hill, rock, stream, or sea-fronting headland in the neighborhood of his home that he has not fondly remembered. Sometimes, we think, there is too much description, the besetting sin of modern verse, which has substituted what should be called wordy-painting for the old art of painting in a single word. The essential character of Mr. Whittier's poetry is lyrical, and the rush of the lyric, like that of a brook, allows few pictures. Now and then there may be an eddy where the feeling lingers and reflects a bit of scenery, but for the most part it can only catch gleams of color that mingle with the prevailing tone and enrich without usurping on it. This volume contains some of the best of Mr. Whittier's productions in this kind. 'Skipper Ireson's Ride' we hold to be by long odds the best of modern ballads. There are others nearly as good in their way, and all, with a single exception, embodying native legends. In 'Telling the Bees,' Mr. Whittier has enshrined a country superstition in a poem of exquisite grace and feeling. 'The Garrison of Cape Ann' would have been a fine poem, but it has too much of the author in it, and to put a moral at the end of a ballad is like sticking a cork on the point of a sword. It is pleasant to see how much our Quaker is indebted for his themes to Cotton Mather, who belabored his un-Friends of former days with so much bad English and worse Latin. With all his faults, that conceited old pedant contrived to make one of the most entertaining books ever written on this side the water, and we wonder that no one should take the trouble to give us a tolerably correct edition of it. Absurdity is common enough, but such a genius for it as Mather had is a rare and delightful gift.

This last volume has given us a higher conception of Mr. Whittier's powers. We already valued as they deserved his force of faith, his earnestness, the glow and hurry of his thought, and the (if every third stump-speaker among us were not a Demosthenes, we should have said Demosthenean), eloquence of his verse: but here we meet him in a softer and more meditative mood. He seems a Berserker turned Carthusian. The half-mystic tone of 'The Shadow and the Light' contrasts strangely, and, we think, pleasantly, with the warlike clang of 'From Perugia.' The years deal kindly with good men, and we find a clearer and richer quality in these verses where the ferment is over and the *rile* has quietly settled. We have had no more purely American poet than Mr. Whittier, none in whom the popular thought found such ready and vigorous expression. The future will not fail to do justice to a man who has been so true to the present.

The Atlantic Monthly, Nov., 1860.

THE BIGLOW PAPERS, SECOND SERIES

II

MASON AND SLIDELL: A YANKEE IDYLL

I love to start out arter night 's begun,
An' all the chores about the farm are done,
The critters milked an' foddered, gates shet fast,
Tools cleaned aginst to-morrer, supper past,
An' Nancy darnin' by her ker'sene lamp,—
I love, I say, to start upon a tramp,
To shake the kinkles out o' back an' legs,
An' kind o' rack my life off from the dregs
Thet 's apt to settle in the buttery-hutch
Of folks thet foller in one rut too much:
Hard work is good an' wholesome, past all doubt;
But 't ain't so, ef the mind gits tuckered out.
Now, bein' born in Middlesex, you know,
There 's certin spots where I like best to go:
The Concord road, for instance, (I, for one,
Most gin'lly ollers call it *John Bull's Run*)
The field o' Lexin'ton, where England tried
The fastest colors thet she even dyed,
An' Concord Bridge, thet Davis, when he came,
Found was the bee-line track to heaven an' fame,
Ez all roads be by natur', ef your soul
Don't sneak thru shun-pikes so 's to save the toll.

They 're 'most too fur away, take too much time
To visit of'en, ef it ain't in rime;
But the' 's a walk thet 's hendier, a sight,—
An' suits me fust-rate of a winter's night,—
I mean the round whale's-back o' Prospect Hill.
I love to l'iter there while night grows still,
An' in the twinklin' villages about,
Fust here, then there, the well-saved lights goes out,
An' nary sound but watch-dogs' false alarms,
Or muffled cock-crows from the drowsy farms,
Where some wise rooster (men act jest thet way)
Stands to 't thet moon-rise is the break o' day:
(So Mister Seward sticks a three-months pin
Where the war 'd oughto eend, then tries agin;
My gran'ther's rule was safer 'n 't is to crow:
Don't never prophesy,— onless ye know.)
I love to muse there till it kind o' seems
Ez ef the world went eddyin' off in dreams;
The Northwest wind thet twitches at my baird
Blows out o' sturdier days not easy scared,
An' the same moon thet this December shines
Starts out the tents and booths o' Putnam's lines;
The rail-fence posts, acrost the hill thet runs,
Turn ghosts o' sogers should'rin ghosts o' guns;
Ez wheels the sentry, glints a flash o' light
Along the firelock won at Concord Fight,
An' 'twixt the silences, now fur, now nigh,
Rings the sharp chellenge, hums the low reply.

Ez I was settin' so, it war n't long sence,
Mixin' the puffict with the present tense,
I heerd two voices som'ers in the air,
Though, ef I was to die, I can't tell where:
Voices I call 'em: 't was a kind o' sough
Like pine-trees thet the wind 's ageth'rin' through;
An', fact, I thought it *was* the wind a spell,
Then some misdoubted, could n't fairly tell,
Fust sure, then not, jest as you hold an eel,
I knowed, an' did n't,— fin'lly seemed to feel
'T was Concord Bridge a-talkin' off to kill
With the Stone Spike thet 's druv thru Bunker Hill:
Whether 't was so, or ef I on'y dreamed,
I could n't say; I tell it ez it seemed.

THE BRIDGE

Wal, neighbor, tell us, wut 's turned up thet 's new?
You 're younger 'n I be,— nigher Boston, tu:
An' down to Boston, ef you take their showin',
Wut they don't know ain't hardly wuth the knowin'.
There 's *sunthin'* goin' on, I know: las' night
The British sogers killed in our gret fight
(Nigh fifty years they hed n't stirred nor spoke)
Made sech a coil you 'd thought a dam hed broke:
Why, one he up an' beat a revellee
With his own cross bones on a holler tree,
Till all the graveyards swarmed out like a hive
With faces I hain't seen sence Seventy-five.

Wut *is* the news? 'T ain't good, or they 'd be cheerin'.
Speak slow an' clear, for I 'm some hard o' hearin'.

THE MONIMENT

I don't know hardly ef it 's good or bad,—

THE BRIDGE

At wust, it can't be wus than wut we 've had.

THE MONIMENT

You know them envys thet the Rebbles sent,
An' Cap'n Wilkes he borried o' the Trent?

THE BRIDGE

Wut! they ha'n't hanged 'em? Then their wits is gone!
Thet 's the sure way to make a goose a swan!

THE MONIMENT

No: England she *would* hev 'em, *Fee, Faw, Fum!*
(Ez though she hed n't fools enough to home,)
So they 've returned 'em —

THE BRIDGE

Hev they? Wal, by heaven,
Thet 's the wust news I 've heerd sence Seventy-seven!
By George, I meant to say, though I declare
It 's 'most enough to make a deacon swear.

THE MONIMENT

Now don't go off half-cock; folks never gains
By usin' pepper-sarse instid o' brains.
Come, neighbor, you don't understand —

THE BRIDGE

How? Hey?
Not understand? Why, wut 's to hender, pray?
Must I go huntin' round to find a chap
To tell me when my face hez hed a slap?

THE MONIMENT

See here: the British they found out a flaw
In Cap'n Wilkes's readin' o' the law:
(They *make* all laws, you know, an' so, o' course,
It 's nateral they should understan' their force:)
He 'd oughto took the vessel into port,
An' hed her sot on by a reg'lar court;
She was a mail-ship, an' a steamer, tu,
An' thet, they say, hez changed the pint o' view,
Coz the old practice, bein' meant for sails,
Ef tried upon a steamer, kind o' fails;
You *may* take out despatches, but you mus' n't
Take nary man —

THE BRIDGE

You mean to say, you dus' n't!
Changed pint o' view! No, no,— it 's overboard
With law an' gospel, when their ox is gored!
I tell ye, England's law, on sea an' land,
Hez ollers ben, *'I've gut the heaviest hand.'*
Take nary man? Fine preachin' from *her* lips!
Why, she hez taken hundreds from our ships,
An' would agin, an' swear she had a right to,
Ef we war n't strong enough to be perlite to,
Of all the sarse thet I can call to mind,
England *doos* make the most onpleasant kind.
It 's you 're the sinner ollers, she 's the saint;
Wut 's good 's all English, all thet is n't ain't;
Wut profits her is ollers right an' just,
An' ef you don't read Scriptur so, you must;
She 's praised herself ontil she fairly thinks
There ain't no light in Natur when she winks;
Hain't she the Ten Comman'ments in her pus?
Could the world stir 'thout she went, tu, ez nus?
She ain't like other mortals, thet 's a fact:
She never stopped the habus-corpus act.
Nor specie payments, nor she never yet
Cut down the int'rest on her public debt;
She don't put down rebellions, lets 'em breed,
An' 's ollers willin' Ireland should secede;
She 's all thet 's honest, honnable, an' fair,
An' when the vartoos died they made her heir.

THE MONIMENT

Wal, wal, two wrongs don't never make a right;
Ef we 're mistaken, own up, an' don't fight:
For gracious' sake, ha'n't we enough to du

'Thout gettin' up a fight with England, tu?
She thinks we're rabble-rid—

THE BRIDGE

An' so we can't
Distinguish 'twixt *You ought n't an' You sha'n't!*
She jedges by herself; she's no idear
How 't stiddies folks to give 'em their fair sheer:
The odds 'twixt her an' us is plain's a steeple,—
Her People's turned to Mob, our Mob's turned People.

THE MONIMENT

She's riled jes' now—

THE BRIDGE

Plain proof her cause ain't strong,—
The one thet fust gits mad's most ollers wrong.
Why, sence she helped in lickin' Nap the Fust,
An' pricked a bubble jest agoin' to bust,
With Rooshy, Prooshy, Austry, all asistin',
Th' ain't nut a face but wut she's shook her fist in,
Ez though she done it all, an' ten times more,
An' nothin' never hed gut done afore,
Nor never could agin', 'thout she wuz spliced
On to one eend an' gin th' old airth a hoist.
She *is* some punkins, thet I won't deny,
(For ain't she some related to you 'n' I?)
But there's a few small intrists here below
Outside the counter o' John Bull an' Co,
An', though they can't conceit how 't should be so,
I guess the Lord druv down Creation's spiles
'Thout no *gret* helpin' from the British Isles,
An' could contrive to keep things pooty stiff
Ef they withdrawed from business in a miff;
I ha'n't no patience with sech swellin' fellers ez
Think God can't forge 'thout them to blow the bellerses.

THE MONIMENT

You're ollers quick to set your back aridge,—
Though 't suits a tom-cat more 'n a sober bridge:
Don't you git het: they thought the thing was planned;
They 'll cool off when they come to understand.

THE BRIDGE

Ef *thet's* wut you expect, you 'll *hev* to wait:
Folks never understand the folks they hate:
She 'll fin' some other grievance jest ez good,
'Fore the month 's out, to git misunderstood.
England cool off! She 'll do it, ef she sees
She 's run her head into a swarm o' bees.
I ain't so prejudiced ez wut you spose:
I hev thought England was the best thet goes;
Remember, (no, you can't,) when *I* was reared,
God save the King was all the tune you heerd:
But it 's enough to turn Wachuset roun',
This stumpin' fellers when you think they 're down.

THE MONIMENT

But, neighbor, ef they prove their claim at law,
The best way is to settle, an' not jaw.
An' don't le' 's mutter 'bout the awfle bricks
We 'll give 'em, ef we ketch 'em in a fix:
That 'ere 's most frequently the kin' o' talk
Of critters can't be kicked to toe the chalk;
Your 'You 'll see *nex'* time!' an' 'Look out bumby!'
Most ollers ends in eatin' umble-pie.
'T wun't pay to scringe to England: will it pay
To fear thet meaner bully, old 'They 'll say'?
Suppose they *du* say: words are dreffle bores,
But they ain't quite so bad ez seventy-fours.
Wut England wants is jest a wedge to fit
Where it 'll help to widen out our split:
She 's found her wedge, an' 't ain't for us to come
An' lend the beetle thet 's to drive it home.
For growed-up folks like us 't would be a scandle,
When we git sarsed, to fly right off the handle.
England ain't *all* bad, coz she thinks us blind:
Ef she can't change her skin, she can her mind;
An' we shall see her change it, double-quick,

Soon ez we 've proved thet we 're a-goin' to lick.
She an' Columby 's gut to be fas' friends;
For the world prospers by their privit ends:
'T would put the clock back all o' fifty years,
Ef they should fall together by the ears.

THE BRIDGE

I 'gree to thet; she 's nigh us to wut France is;
But then she 'll hev to make the fust advances;
We 've gut pride, tu, an' gut it by good rights,
An' ketch *me* stoopin' to pick up the mites
O' condescension she 'll be lettin' fall
When she finds out we ain't dead arter all!
I tell ye wut, it takes more 'n one good week
Afore *my* nose forgits it 's hed a tweak.

THE MONIMENT

She 'll come out right bumby, thet I 'll engage,
Soon ez she gits to seein' we 're of age;
This talkin' down o' hers ain't wuth a fuss;
It 's nat'ral ez nut likin' 't is to us;
Ef we 're agoin' to prove we *be* growed-up,
'T wun't be by barkin' like a tarrier pup,
But turnin' to an' makin' things ez good
Ez wut we 're ollers braggin' that we could;
We 're bound to be good friends, an' so we 'd oughto,
In spite of all the fools both sides the water.

THE BRIDGE

I b'lieve thet 's so; but hearken in your ear,—
I 'm older 'n you,— Peace wun't keep house with Fear:
Ef you want peace, the thing you 've gut to du
Is jes' to show you 're up to fightin', tu.
I recollect how sailors' rights was won
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin' gun:
Why, afore thet, John Bull sot up thet he
Hed gut a kind o' mortgage on the sea;
You 'd thought he held by Gran'ther Adam's will,
An' ef you knuckle down, *he 'll* think so still.
Better thet all our ships an' all their crews
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze,
Each torn flag wavin' chellenge ez it went,
An' each dumb gun a brave man's monument,
Than seek sech peace ez only cowards crave:
Give *me* the peace of dead men or o brave!

THE MONIMENT

I say, ole boy, it ain't the Glorious Fourth
You 'd oughto larned 'fore this wut talk wu worth.
It ain't *our* nose thet gits put out o' jint
It 's England thet gives up her dearest pint
We 've gut, I tell ye now, enough to du
In our own fem'ly fight, afore we 're thru
I hoped, las' spring, jest arter Sumter' shame,
When every flag-staff flapped its tethere flame,
An' all the people, startled from their doubt
Come must'rin' to the flag with sech shout,—
I hoped to see things settled 'fore this fall
The Rebbles licked, Jeff Davis hanged, an all;
Then come Bull Run, an' *sence* then I 've ben waitin'.
Like boys in Jennooary thaw for skatin',
Nothin' to du but watch my shadder's trace
Swing, like a ship at anchor, roun' my base,
With daylight's flood an' ebb: it 's gittin' slow,
An' I 'most think we 'd better let 'em go.
I tell ye wut, this war 's a-goin to cost —

THE BRIDGE

An' I tell *you* it wun't be money lost;
Taxes milks dry, but, neighbor, you 'll allow
Thet havin' things onsettled kills the cow:
We 've gut to fix this thing for good an' all;
It 's no use buildin' wut 's a-goin' to fall.
I 'm older 'n you, an' I 've seen things an' men,
An' *my* experunce,— tell ye wut it 's ben:
Folks thet worked thorough was the ones thet thriv,
But bad work follers ye ez long 's ye live;
You can't git red on't; jest ez sure ez sin,
It 's ollers askin' to be done agin:
Ef we should part, it would n't be a week
'Fore your soft-soddered peace would spring aleak.
We 've turned our cuffs up, but, to put her thru,
We must git mad an' off with jackets, tu;
'T wun't du to think thet killin' ain't perlite,—
You 've gut to be in airnest, ef you fight;
Why, two-thirds o' the Rebbles 'ould cut dirt,

Ef they once thought thet Guv'ment meant
to hurt;
An' I *du* wish our Gin'rals hed in mind
The folks in front more than the folks be-
hind;
You wun't do much ontil you think it 's God,
An' not constitoounts, thet holds the rod;
We want some more o' Gideon's sword, I
jedge,
For proclamations ha'n't no gret of edge;
There 's nothin' for a cancer but the knife,
Onless you set by 't more than by your life.
I 've seen hard times; I see a war begun
Thet folks thet love their bellies never 'd
won;
Pharo's lean kine hung on for seven long
year;
But when 't was done, we did n't count it
dear.
Why, law an' order, honor, civil right,
Ef they *ain't* wuth it, wut *is* wuth a fight?
I 'm older 'n you: the plow, the ax, the mill,
All kin's o' labor an' all kin's o' skill,
Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,
Ef 't war n't for thet slow critter, 'stablished
law;
Onsettle *thet,* an' all the world goes whiz,
A screw 's gut loose in everythin' there is:
Good buttresses once settled, don't you fret
An' stir 'em: take a bridge's word for
thet!
Young folks are smart, but all ain't good
thet 's new;
I guess the gran'thers they knowed sunthin',
tu.

THE MONIMENT

Amen to thet! build sure in the beginnin',
An' then don't never tech the underpinnin':
Th' older a Guv'ment is, the better 't suit;
New ones hunt folk's corns out like new
boots:
Change jes' for change, is like them big
hotels
Where they shift plates, an' let ye live on
smells.

THE BRIDGE

Wal, don't give up afore the ship goes down:
It 's a stiff gale, but Providence wun't
drown;
An' God wun't leave us yit to sink or swim,
Ef we don't fail to du wut 's right by Him.
This land o' ourn, I tell ye, 's gut to be
A better country than man ever see.
I feel my sperit swellin' with a cry
Thet seems to say, 'Break forth an'
prophesy!'

O strange New World, thet yit wast never
young,
Whose youth from thee by gripin' need was
wrung,
Brown foundlin' o' the woods, whose baby-
bed
Was prowled roun' by the Injuns cracklin'
tread,
An' who grew'st strong thru shifts an'
wants an' pains,
Nussed by stern men with empires in their
brains,
Who saw in vision their young Ishmel strain
With each hard hand a vassal ocean's mane,
Thou, skilled by Freedom an' by gret
events
To pitch new States ez Old-World men
pitch tents,
Thou, taught by Fate to know Jehovah's
plan
Thet man's devices can't unmake a man,
An' whose free latch-string never was drawed
in
Against the poorest child of Adam's
kin,—
The grave 's not dug where traitor hands
shall lay
In fearful haste thy murdered corse away!
I see —

Jest here some dogs begun to bark,
So thet I lost old Concord's last remark:
I listened long, but all I seemed to hear
Was dead leaves goss'pin' on some birch-
trees near;
But ez they hed n't no gret things to say,
An' sed 'em often, I come right away,
An', walkin' home'ards, jest to pass the
time,
I put some thoughts thet bothered me in
rime:
I hain't hed time to fairly try 'em on,
But here they be — it 's

JONATHAN TO JOHN

It don't seem hardly right, John,
When both my hands was full,
To stump me to a fight, John,—
Your cousin, tu, John Bull!
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
We know it now,' sez he,
'The lion's paw is all the law,
Accordin' to J. B.,
Thet 's fit for you an' me!'

You wonder why we 're hot, John?
Your mark wuz on the guns,

The neutral guns, thet shot, John,
Our brothers an' our sons:
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
There 's human blood,' sez he,
'By fits an' starts, in Yankee hearts,
Though 't may surprise J. B.
More 'n it would you an' me.'

Ef *I* turned mad dogs loose, John,
On *your* front-parlor stairs,
Would it jest meet your views, John,
To wait an' sue their heirs?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
I on'y guess,' sez he,
'Thet, ef Vattel on *his* toes fell,
'T would kind o' rile J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!'

Who made the law thet hurts, John.
Heads I win,—ditto tails?
'*J. B.*' was on his shirts, John,
Onless my memory fails.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
(I 'm good at thet,)' sez he,
'Thet sauce for goose ain't *jest* the juice
For ganders with J. B.,
No more than you or me!'

When your rights was our wrongs, John,
You did n't stop for fuss,—
Britanny's trident prongs, John,
Was good 'nough law for us.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
Though physic 's good,' sez he,
'It does n't foller thet he can swaller
Prescriptions signed "*J. B.*,"
Put up by you an' me!'

We own the ocean, tu, John:
You mus' n' take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
It 's jest your own back-yard.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
Ef *thet 's* his claim,' sez he,
'The fencin'-stuff 'll cost enough
To bust up friend J. B.
Ez well ez you an' me!'

Why talk so dreffle big, John,
Of honor, when it meant
You did n't care a fig, John,
But jest for *ten per cent?*
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
He 's like the rest,' sez he:
'When all is done, it 's number one
Thet 's nearest to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!'

We give the critters back, John,
Cos Abram thought 't was right;
It war n't your bullyin' clack, John,
Provokin' us to fight.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
We 've a hard row,' sez he,
'To hoe jest now; but thet, somehow,
May happen to J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!'

We ain't so weak an' poor, John,
With twenty million people,
An' close to every door, John,
A schcol-house an' a steeple.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
It is a fact,' sez he,
'The surest plan to make a Man
Is, think him so, J. B.,
Ez much ez you or me!'

Our folks believe in Law, John;
An' it 's for her sake, now,
They 've left the ax an' saw, John,
The anvil an' the plow.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
Ef 't war n't for law,' sez he,
'There 'd be one shindy from here to Indy;
An' thet don't suit J. B.
(When 't ain't 'twixt you 'an me!)'

We know we 've gut a cause, John,
Thet 's honest, just, an' true,
We thought 't would win applause, John,
Ef nowheres else, from you.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
His love of right,' sez he,
'Hangs by a rotten fiber o' cotton:
There 's natur' in J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!'

The South says, '*Poor folks down!*' John,
An'.'*All men up!*' say we,—
White, yaller, black, an' brown, John:
Now which is your idee?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
John preaches wal,' sez he;
'But, sermon thru, an' come to *du,*
Why, there 's the old J. B.
A crowdin' you an' me!'

Shall it be love, or hate, John?
It 's you thet 's to decide;
Ain't *your* bonds held by Fate, John,
Like all the world's beside?
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess
Wise men forgive,' sez he,
'But not forget; an' some time yet
Thet truth may strike J. B.,
Ez wal ez you an' me!'

God means to make this land, John,
Clear thru, from sea to sea,
Believe an' understand, John,
The *wuth* o' bein' free.
Ole Uncle S. sez he, 'I guess,
God's price is high,' sez he;
'But nothin' else than wut He sells
Wears long, an' thet J. B.
May larn, like you an' me!'
Atlantic Monthly, February, 1862.

VI

SUNTHIN' IN THE PASTORAL LINE

Once git a smell o' musk into a draw,
An' it clings hold like precerdents in law:
Your gra'ma'am put it there,— when, goodness knows,—
To jes' this-worldify her Sunday-clo'es;
But the old chist wun't sarve her gran'son's wife,
(For, 'thout new funnitoor, wut good in life?)
An' so ole clawfoot, from the precinks dread
O' the spare chamber, slinks into the shed,
Where, dim with dust, it fust or last subsides
To holdin' seeds an' fifty things besides;
But better days stick fast in heart an' husk,
An' all you keep in't gits a scent o' musk.

Jes' so with poets: wut they've airly read
Gits kind o' worked into their heart an' head,
So's 't they can't seem to write but jest on sheers
With furrin countries or played-out ideers,
Nor hev a feelin', ef it dooesn't smack
O' wut some critter chose to feel 'way back:
This makes 'em talk o' daisies, larks, an' things,
Ez though we'd nothin' here that blows an' sings,—
(Why, I'd give more for one live bobolink
Than a square mile o' larks in printer's ink,)—
This makes 'em think our fust o' May is May,
Which 't ain't, for all the almanicks can say.

O little city-gals, don't never go it
Blind on the word o' noospaper or poet!
They're apt to puff, an' May-day seldom looks
Up in the country ez it doos in books;
They're no more like that hornets'-nests an' hives,
Or printed sarmons be to holy lives.
I, with my trouses perched on cow-hide boots,
Tuggin' my foundered feet out by the roots,
Hev seen ye come to fling on April's hearse
Your muslin nosegays from the milliner's,
Puzzlin' to find dry ground your queen to choose,
An' dance your throats sore in morocker shoes:
I've seen ye an' felt proud, thet, come wut would,
Our Pilgrim stock wuz pithed with hardihood.
Pleasure doos make us Yankees kind o' winch,
Ez though 't wuz sunthin' paid for by the inch;
But yit we du contrive to worry thru,
Ef Dooty tells us thet the thing's to du,
An' kerry a hollerday, ef we set out,
Ez stiddily ez though 't wuz a redoubt.

I, country-born an' bred, know where to find
Some blooms thet make the season suit the mind,
An' seem to metch the doubtin' bluebird's notes,—
Half-vent'rin' liverworts in furry coats,
Bloodroots, whose rolled-up leaves ef you oncurl,
Each on 'em's cradle to a baby-pearl,—
But these are jes' Spring's pickets; sure ez sin,
The rebble frosts'll try to drive 'em in;
For half our May's so awfully like May n't,
'T would rile a Shaker or an evrige saint;
Though I own up I like our back'ard springs
Thet kind o' haggle with their greens an' things,
An' when you most give up, 'ithout more words
Toss the fields full o' blossoms, leaves, an' birds:
Thet's Northun natur', slow an' apt to doubt,
But when it *doos* git stirred, ther's no gin-out!

Fust come the blackbirds clatt'rin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy Congresses,—
Queer politicians, though, for I'll be skinned
Ef all on 'em don't head against the wind.

'Fore long the trees begin to show belief,—
The maple crimsons to a coral-reef,
Then saffern swarms swing off from all the willers
So plump they look like yaller caterpillars,
Then gray hosscheś'nuts leetle hands unfold
Softer 'n a baby's be at three days old:
Thet 's robin-redbreast's almanick; he knows
Thet arter this there 's only blossom-snows:
So, choosin' out a handy crotch an' spouse,
He goes to plast'rin' his adobë house.

Then seems to come a hitch,—things lag behind,
Till some fine mornin' Spring makes up her mind,
An' ez, when snow-swelled rivers cresh their dams
Heaped-up with ice thet dovetails in an' jams,
A leak comes spirtin' thru some pin-hole cleft,
Grows stronger, fiercer, tears out right an' left,
Then all the waters bow themselves an' come,
Suddin, in one gret slope o' shedderin' foam,
Jes' so our Spring gits everythin' in tune
An' gives one leap from April into June:
Then all comes crowdin' in; afore you think,
Young oak-leaves mist the side-hill woods with pink;
The catbird in the laylock-bush is loud;
The orchards turn to heaps o' rosy cloud;
Red-cedars blossom tu, though few folks know it,
An' look all dipt in sunshine like a poet;
The lime-trees pile their solid stacks o' shade
An' drows'ly simmer with the bees' sweet trade;
In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hangbird clings
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock slings;
All down the loose-walled lanes in archin' bowers
The barb'ry droops its strings o' golden flowers,
Whose shrinkin' hearts the school-gals love to try
With pins,—they 'll worry yourn so, boys, bimeby!
But I don't love your cat'logue style,—do you?—
Ez as if to sell off Natur' by vendoo;
One word with blood in 't 's twice ez good ez two.
'Nuff sed, June's bridesman, poet o' the year,
Gladness on wings, the bobolink, is here;
Half hid in tip-top apple-blooms he swings,
Or climbs aginst the breeze with quiverin' wings,
Or, givin' way to 't in a mock despair,
Runs down, a brook o' laughter, thru the air.

. . . . . .

Atlantic Monthly, June, 1862.

ODE RECITED AT THE HARVARD COMMEMORATION, July 21, 1865

I

Weak-winged is song,
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height
Whither the brave deed climbs for light:
We seem to do them wrong,
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,
Our trivial song to honor those who come
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire:
Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,
A gracious memory to buoy up and save
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave
Of the unventurous throng.

. . . . . .

III

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness:
Their higher instinct knew

Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of dare to do;
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

V

. . . . . .

Life may be given in many ways,
And loyalty to Truth be sealed
As bravely in the closet as the field,
So bountiful is Fate;
But then to stand beside her,
When craven churls deride her,
To front a lie in arms and not to yield,
This shows, methinks, God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stand self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.

VI

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,
Whom late the Nation he had led,
With ashes on her head,
Wept with the passion of an angry grief:
Forgive me, if from present things I turn
To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,
And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.
Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him her Old-World molds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
How beautiful to see
Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
Not lured by any cheat of birth,
But by his clear-grained human worth,
And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
They knew that outward grace is dust;
They could not choose but trust
In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
And supple-tempered will
That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.
Nothing of Europe here,
Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,
Ere any names of Serf and Peer
Could Nature's equal scheme deface;
Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
I praise him not; it were too late;
And some innative weakness there must be
In him who condescends to victory
Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,
Safe in himself as in a fate.
So always firmly he:
He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains, with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes:
These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

. . . . . .

VIII

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our best;—
Ah, me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!

I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear;
I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane
Again and yet again
Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain:
Fitlier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not.— Say not so!
'T is not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack:
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

X

Who now shall sneer?
Who dare again to say we trace
Our lines to a plebeian race?
Roundhead and Cavalier!
Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud;
Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,
They flit across the ear:
That is best blood that hath most iron in 't,
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
For what makes manhood dear.
Tell us not of Plantagenets,
Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl
Down from some victor in a border-brawl!
How poor their outworn coronets,
Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath
Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,
Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets
Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears
Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears
With vain resentments and more vain regrets!

. . . . . .

XI

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release!
Thy God, in these distempered days,
Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,
And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace!
Bow down in prayer and praise!
No poorest in thy borders but may now
Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow.
O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
Smoothing thy gold of war-disheveled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare?
What were our lives without thee?
What all our lives to save thee?
We reck not what we gave thee;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

Atlantic Monthly, September, 1865.

HERMAN MELVILLE (1819–1891)

Dana had voyaged to the Pacific at the advice of his physician; Herman Melville went to sea from pure love of adventure. Though of New England descent, he was born in New York. He lived there during his boyhood, and after 1860 he made it his home. College had no attractions for him. Before he was twenty he had become a sailor, and at twenty-two he had joined the crew of a whaler bound for the Pacific. Never was voyage more full of adventure. During eighteen months he experienced all the hardships and excitements of the sperm whale fishery; he found brutality equal to that which Dana had experienced; he deserted the ship and with a single companion lived for four months among the Marquesas cannibals, was rescued after a sharp fight by an Australian whaler, and after two more years of wandering came home on an American man of war.

His experiences he recorded first in *Typee: a Peep at Polynesian Life During a Four-Months' Residence in a Valley of the Marquesas*, 1846, and then in *Omoo*, 1847. These books, which purport to be plain narrative of facts, he followed with *Mardi: and a Voyage Thither*, 1849, 'a romance of Polynesian Adventure' as he termed it, and by *Redburn: His First Voyage*, 1849, a story undoubtedly based upon his own first voyage to Liverpool. These he followed with *White-Jacket; or, the World in a Man of War*, 1850, and *Moby Dick; or, the Whale*, 1851, the latter a wild mélange of adventure and of Gothic romance which he dedicated to Nathaniel Hawthorne. As a novelist Melville was a failure. He was strong, however, in his pictures of life on the ocean. In some chapters of stirring action few have surpassed him. In descriptions of life in the forecastle and of all that pertains to nautical adventure he was a realist, and his pictures are first-hand documents for the history of a vanished epoch.

THE SOCIAL CONDITION AND GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE TYPEES

There seemed to be no rogues of any kind in Typee. In the darkest nights the natives slept securely, with all their worldly wealth around them, in houses the doors of which were never fastened. The disquieting ideas of theft or assassination never disturbed them. Each islander reposed beneath his own palmetto thatching, or sat under his own bread-fruit tree, with none to molest or alarm him. There was not a padlock in the valley, nor anything that answered the purpose of one; still there was no community of goods. This long spear, so elegantly carved and highly polished, belongs to Warmoonoo; it is far handsomer than the one Marheyo so greatly prizes; it is the most valuable article belonging to its owner. And yet I have seen it leaning against a cocoa-nut tree in the grove, and there it was found when sought for. Here is a sperm-whale tooth, graven all over with cunning devices: it is the property of Karluna: it is the most precious of the damsel's ornaments. In her estimation its price is far above rubies — and yet there hangs the dental jewel by its cord of braided bark, in the girl's house, which is far back in the valley; the door is left open, and all the inmates have gone off to bathe in the stream.

So much for the respect in which such matters are held in Typee. As to the land of the valley, whether it was the joint property of its inhabitants, or whether it was parceled out among a certain number of landed proprietors who allowed everybody to roam over it as much as they pleased, I never could ascertain. At any rate, musty parchments and title-deeds there were none in the island; and I am half inclined to believe that its inhabitants hold their broad valleys in fee simple from nature herself.

Yesterday I saw Kory-Kory hie him away, armed with a long pole, with which, standing on the ground, he knocked down the fruit from the topmost boughs of the trees, and brought them home in his basket of cocoa-nut leaves. To-day I see an islander, whom I know to reside in a distant part of the valley, doing the self-

same thing. On the sloping bank of the stream are a number of banana-trees. I have often seen a score or two of young people making a merry foray on the great golden clusters, and bearing them off, one after another, to different parts of the vale, shouting and tramping as they went. No churlish old curmudgeon could have been the owner of that grove of bread-fruit trees, or of these glorious yellow bunches of bananas.

From what I have said it will be perceived that there is a vast difference between 'personal property' and 'real estate' in the valley of Typee. Some individuals, of course, are more wealthy than others. For example: the ridge-pole of Marheyo's house bends under the weight of many a huge packet of tappa; his long couch is laid with mats placed one upon the other seven deep. Outside, Tinor has ranged along in her bamboo cupboard — or whatever the place may be called — a goodly array of calabashes and wooden trenchers. Now, the house just beyond the grove, and next to Marheyo's, occupied by Ruaruga, is not quite so well furnished. There are only three moderate-sized packages swinging overhead: there are only two layers of mats beneath; and the calabashes and trenchers are not so numerous, nor so tastefully stained and carved. But then, Ruaruga has a house — not so pretty a one, to be sure — but just as commodious as Marheyo's; and, I suppose, if he wished to vie with his neighbor's establishment, he could do so with very little trouble. These, in short, constitute the chief differences perceivable in the relative wealth of the people in Typee.

They lived in great harmony with each other. I will give an instance of their fraternal feeling.

One day, in returning with Kory-Kory from my accustomed visit to the Ti, we passed by a little opening in the grove; on one side of which, my attendant informed me, was that afternoon to be built a dwelling of bamboo. At least a hundred of the natives were bringing materials to the ground, some carrying in their hands one or two of the canes which were to form the sides, others slender rods of the habiscus, strung with palmetto leaves, for the roof. Every one contributed something to the work; and by the united, but easy, and even indolent, labors of all, the entire work was completed before sunset. The islanders, while employed in erecting this tenement, reminded me of a colony of beavers at work. To be sure, they were hardly as silent and demure as those wonderful creatures, nor were they by any means as diligent. To tell the truth, they were somewhat inclined to be lazy, but a perfect tumult of hilarity prevailed; and they worked together so unitedly, and seemed actuated by such an instinct of friendliness, that it was truly beautiful to behold.

Not a single female took part in this employment: and if the degree of consideration in which the ever-adorable sex is held by the men be — as the philosophers affirm — a just criterion of the degree of refinement among a people, then I may truly pronounce the Typees to be as polished a community as ever the sun shone upon. The religious restrictions of the taboo alone excepted, the women of the valley were allowed every possible indulgence. Nowhere are the ladies more assiduously courted; nowhere are they better appreciated as the contributors to our highest enjoyments; and nowhere are they more sensible of their power. Far different from their condition among many rude nations, where the women are made to perform all the work while their ungallant lords and masters lie buried in sloth, the gentle sex in the valley of Typee were exempt from toil, if toil it might be called that, even in that tropical climate, never distilled one drop of perspiration. Their light household occupations, together with the manufacture of tappa, the platting of mats, and the polishing of drinking-vessels, were the only employments pertaining to the women. And even these resembled those pleasant avocations which fill up the elegant morning leisure of our fashionable ladies at home. But in these occupations, slight and agreeable though they were, the giddy young girls very seldom engaged. Indeed these wilful, care-killing damsels were averse to all useful employment. Like so many spoiled beauties, they ranged through the groves — bathed in the stream — danced — flirted — played all manner of mischievous pranks, and passed their days in one merry round of thoughtless happiness.

During my whole stay on the island I never witnessed a single quarrel, nor any-

thing that in the slightest degree approached even to a dispute. The natives appeared to form one household, whose members were bound together by the ties of strong affection. The love of kindred I did not so much perceive, for it seemed blended in the general love; and where all were treated as brothers and sisters, it was hard to tell who were actually related to each other by blood.

Let it not be supposed that I have overdrawn this picture. I have not done so. Nor let it be urged, that the hostility of this tribe to foreigners, and the hereditary feuds they carry on against their fellow-islanders beyond the mountains, are facts which contradict me. Not so; these apparent discrepancies are easily reconciled. By many a legendary tale of violence and wrong, as well as by events which have passed before their eyes, these people have been taught to look upon white men with abhorrence. The cruel invasion of their country by Porter has alone furnished them with ample provocation; and I can sympathize in the spirit which prompts the Typee warrior to guard all the passes to his valley with the point of his leveled spear, and, standing upon the beach, with his back turned upon his green home, to hold at bay the intruding European.

As to the origin of the enmity of this particular clan towards the neighboring tribes, I cannot so confidently speak. I will not say that their foes are the aggressors, nor will I endeavor to palliate their conduct. But surely, if our evil passions must find vent, it is far better to expend them on strangers and aliens, than in the bosom of the community in which we dwell. In many polished countries civil contentions, as well as domestic enmities, are prevalent, at the same time that the most atrocious foreign wars are waged. How much less guilty, then, are our islanders, who of these three sins are only chargeable with one, and that the least criminal!

The reader will erelong have reason to suspect that the Typees are not free from the guilt of cannibalism; and he will then, perhaps, charge me with admiring a people against whom so odious a crime is chargeable. But this only enormity in their character is not half so horrible as it is usually described. According to the popular fictions, the crews of vessels, shipwrecked on some barbarous coast, are eaten alive like so many dainty joints by the uncivil inhabitants; and unfortunate voyagers are lured into smiling and treacherous bays; knocked on the head with outlandish war-clubs; and served up without any preliminary dressing. In truth, so horrific and improbable are these accounts, that many sensible and well-informed people will not believe that any cannibals exist; and place every book of voyages which purports to give any account of them, on the same shelf with Blue Beard and Jack the Giant-Killer. While others, implicitly crediting the most extravagant fictions, firmly believe that there are people in the world with tastes so depraved that they would infinitely prefer a single mouthful of material humanity to a good dinner of roast beef and plum pudding. But here, Truth, who loves to be centrally located, is again found between the two extremes; for cannibalism to a certain moderate extent is practiced among several of the primitive tribes in the Pacific, but it is upon the bodies of slain enemies alone; and horrible and fearful as the custom is, immeasurably as it is to be abhorred and condemned, still I assert that those who indulge in it are in other respects humane and virtuous.

Typee, Chapter xxvi, 1846.

THE FIRST LOWERING

Thus were we weaving and weaving away when I started at a sound so strange, long drawn, and musically wild and unearthly, that the ball of free will dropped from my hand, and I stood gazing up at the clouds whence that voice dropped like a wing. High aloft in the cross-trees was that mad Gay-Header, Tashtego. His body was reaching eagerly forward, his hand stretched out like a wand, and at brief sudden intervals he continued his cries. To be sure the same sound was that very moment perhaps being heard all over the seas, from hundreds of whalemen's lookouts perched as high in the air; but from few of those lungs could that accustomed old cry have derived such a marvelous cadence as from Tashtego, the Indian's.

As he stood hovering over you half suspended in air, so wildly and eagerly peering toward the horizon, you would

have thought him some prophet or seer beholding the shadows of Fate, and by those wild cries announcing their coming.

'There she blows! there! there! there! she blows! she blows!'

'Where-away?'

'On the lee-beam, about two miles off! a school of them!'

Instantly all was commotion.

The sperm whale blows as a clock ticks, with the same undeviating and reliable uniformity. And thereby whalemen distinguish this fish from other tribes of his genus.

'There go flukes! was now the cry from Tashtego; and the whales disappeared.

'Quick, steward!' cried Ahab. 'Time! Time!'

Dough-Boy hurried below, glanced at the watch, and reported the exact minute to Ahab.

The ship was now kept away from the wind, and she went gently rolling before it. Tashtego reporting that the whales had gone down heading to leeward, we confidently looked to see them again directly in advance of our bows. For that singular craft at times evinced by the sperm whale when, sounding with his head in one direction, he nevertheless, while concealed beneath the surface, mills round, and swiftly swims off in the opposite quarter — this deceitfulness of his could not now be in action; for there was no reason to suppose that the fish seen by Tashtego had been in any way alarmed, or indeed knew at all of our vicinity. One of the men selected for shipkeepers — that is those not appointed to the boats by this time, relieved the Indian at the mast-head. The sailors at the fore and mizzen had come down; the line tubs were fixed in their places; the cranes were thrust out; the mainyard was backed, and the three boats swung over the sea like three samphire baskets over high cliffs. Outside of the bulwarks their eager crews with one hand clung to the rail, while one foot was expectantly poised on the gunwale. So look the long line of man-of-war's men about to throw themselves on board an enemy's ship. . . .

'All ready there, Fedallah?'

'Ready,' was the half-hissed reply.

'Lower away there; d'ye hear,' shouting across the deck. 'Lower away there I say.'

The men sprang over the rail; the sheaves whirled round in the blocks; with a wallow, the three boats dropped into the sea; while, with a dextrous, off-handed daring, unknown in any other vocation, the sailors, goat-like, leaped down the rolling ship's side into the tossed boats below. . . .

Meantime, Ahab, out of hearing of his officers, having sided furtherest to windward, was still ranging ahead of the other boats; a circumstance bespeaking how potent a crew was pulling him. Those tiger yellow creatures of his seemed all steel and whalebone; like five trip-hammers they rose and fell with regular strokes of strength, which periodically started the boat along the water like a horizontal burst boiler out of a Mississippi steamer. As for Fedallah, who was seen pulling the harpooneer oar, he had thrown aside his black jacket, and displayed his naked chest with the whole part of his body above the gunwale, clearly cut against the alternating depressions of the watery horizon; while at the other end of the boat Ahab, with one arm, like a fencer's, thrown half backward into the air, as if to counterbalance any tendency to trip; Ahab was seen steadily managing his steering oar as in a thousand lowerings ere the White Whale had town him. All at once the outstretched arm gave a peculiar motion and then remained fixed, while the boat's five oars were seen simultaneously peaked. Boat and crew sat motionless on the sea. Instantly the three spread boats in the rear paused on their way. The whales had irregularly settled bodily down into the blue, thus giving no distantly discernible token of the movement, though from his closer vicinity Ahab had observed it.

'Every man look out along his oars!' cried Starbuck. 'Thou, Queequeg, stand up!'

Nimbly springing up on the triangular raised box in the bow, the savage stood erect there, and with intensely eager eyes gazed off towards the spot where the chase had last been descried. Likewise upon the extreme stern of the boat where it was also triangularly platformed level with the gunwale, Starbuck himself was seen coolly and adroitly balancing himself to the jerking tossings of his chip of a craft, and silently eyeing the vast blue eye of the sea.

Not very far distant Flask's boat was

also lying breathlessly still; its commander recklessly standing upon the top of the loggerhead, a stout sort of post rooted in the keel, and rising some two feet above the level of the stern platform. It is used for catching turns with the whale line. Its top is not more spacious than a man's hand, and standing upon such a base as that, Flask seemed perched at the mast-head of some ship which had sunk to all but her trucks. But little King-Post was small and short, and at the same time little King-Post was full of a large and tall ambition, so that this logger-head stand-point of his did by no means satisfy King-Post.

'I can't see three seas off; tip us up an oar there, and let me on to that.'

Upon this, Daggoo, with either hand upon the gunwale to steady his way, swiftly slid aft, and then erecting himself volunteered his lofty shoulders for a pedestal.

'Good a mast-head as any, sir. Will you mount?'

'That I will, and thank ye very much, my fine fellow; only I wish you fifty feet taller.'

Whereupon planting his feet firmly against two opposite planks of the boat, the gigantic negro, stooping a little, presented his flat palm to Flask's foot, and then putting Flask's hand on his hearse-plumed head and bidding him spring as he himself should toss, with one dexterous fling landed the little man high and dry on his shoulders. And here was Flask now standing, Daggoo with one lifted arm furnishing him with a breast-band to lean against and steady himself by.

At any time it is a strange sight to the tyro to see with what wondrous habitude of unconscious skill the whaleman will maintain an erect posture in his boat, even when pitched about by the most riotously perverse and cross-running seas. Still more strange to see him giddily perched upon the loggerhead itself, under such circumstances. But the sight of little Flask mounted upon gigantic Daggoo was yet more curious; for sustaining himself with a cool, indifferent, easy, unthought of, barbaric majesty, the noble negro to every roll of the sea harmoniously rolled his fine form. On his broad back, flaxen-haired Flask seemed a snow-flake. The bearer looked nobler than the rider. Though truly vivacious, tumultuous, ostentatious little Flask would now and then stamp with impatience; but not one added heave did he thereby give to the negro's lordly chest. So have I seen Passion and Vanity stamping the living magnaminous earth, but the earth did not alter her tides and her seasons for that.

Meanwhile Stubb, the third mate, betrayed no such far-gazing solicitudes. The whales might have made one of their regular soundings, not a temporary dive from mere fright; and if that were the case, Stubb, as his wont in such cases, it seems, was resolved to solace the languishing interval with his pipe. He withdrew it from his hatband where he always wore it aslant like a feather. He loaded it, and rammed home the loading with his thumb-end; but hardly had he ignited his match across the rough sand-paper of his hand, when Tashtego, his harpooneer, whose eyes had been setting to windward like two fixed stars, suddenly dropped light from his erect attitude to his seat, crying out in a quick frenzy of hurry, 'Down, down all, and give way! — there they are!'

To a landsman, no whale, nor any sign of a herring, would have been visible at that moment; nothing but a troubled bit of greenish white water, and thin scattered puffs of vapor hovering over it, and suffusingly blowing off to leeward, like the confused scud from white rolling billows. The air around suddenly vibrated and tingled, as it were, like the air over intensely heated plates of iron. Beneath this atmospheric waving and curling, and partially beneath a thin layer of water, also, the whales were swimming. Seen in advance of all the other indications, the puffs of vapor they spouted, seemed their forerunning couriers and detached flying outriders.

All four boats were now in keen pursuit of that one spot of troubled water and air. But it bade far to outstrip them; it flew on and on, as a mass of interblending bubbles borne down a rapid stream from the hills.

'Pull, pull, my good boys,' said Starbuck, in the lowest possible but intensest concentrated whisper to his men; while the sharp fixed glance from his eyes darted straight ahead of the bow, almost seemed as two visible needles in two unerring binnacle compasses. He did not say much to his crew, though, nor did his

crew say anything to him. Only the silence of the boat was at intervals startlingly pierced by one of his peculiar whispers, now harsh with command, now soft with intreaty. . . .

Meanwhile, all the boats tore on. The repeated specific allusions of Flask to 'that whale,' as he called the fictitious monster which he declared to be incessantly tantalizing his boat's bow with its tail — these allusions of his were at times so vivid and life-like, that they would cause some one or two of his men to snatch a fearful look over the shoulder. But this was against all rule; for the oarsmen must put out their eyes, and ram a skewer through their necks; usage pronouncing that they must have no organs but ears, and no limbs but arms, in these critical moments.

It was a sight full of quick wonder and awe! The vast swell of the omnipotent sea; the surging, hollow roar they made, as they rolled along the eight gunwales, like gigantic bowls in a boundless bowling-green; the brief and suspended agony of the boat, as it would tip for an instant on the knife-like edge of the sharper waves, that almost seemed threatening to cut it in two; the sudden profound dip into the watery glens and hollows; the keen spurrings and goadings to gain the top of the opposite hill; the headlong, sled-like slide down its other side; — all these, with the cries of the headsman and harpooneers, and the shuddering gasps of the oarsmen, with the wondrous sight of the Ivory Pequod bearing down upon her boats with outstretched sails, like a wild hen after her screaming brood; — all this was thrilling. Not the raw recruit, marching from the bosom of his wife into the fever heat of his first battle; not the dead man's ghost encountering the first unknown phantom in the other world; — neither of these can feel stranger and stronger emotions than that man does, who for the first time finds himself pulling into the charmed, churned circle of the hunted sperm whale.

The dancing white water made by the chase was now becoming more and more visible, owning to the increasing darkness of the dun cloud-shadows flung upon the sea. The jets of vapor no longer blended, but tilted everywhere to right and left; the whales seemed separating their wakes. The boats were pulled more apart; Starbuck giving chase to three whales running dead to leeward. Our sail was now set, and, with the still rising wind, we rushed along; the boat going with such madness through the water, that the lee oars could scarcely be worked rapidly enough to escape being torn from the row-locks.

Soon we were running through a suffusing wide veil of mist; neither ship nor boat to be seen.

'Give way, men,' whispered Starbuck, drawing still further aft the sheet of his sail; 'there is time to kill a fish yet before the squall comes. There 's white water again! — close to! Spring!'

Soon after, two cries in quick succession on each side of us denoted that the other boats had got fast; but hardly were they overheard, when with a lightning-like hurtling whisper Starbuck said: 'Stand up!' and Queequeg, harpoon in hand, sprang to his feet.

Though not one of the oarsmen was then facing the life and death peril so close to them ahead, yet with their eyes on the intense countenance of the mate in the stern of the boat, they knew that the imminent instant had come; they heard, too, an enormous wallow-sound as of fifty elephants stirring in their litter. Meanwhile the boat was still booming through the mist, the waves curling and hissing around us like the erected crests of enraged serpents.

'That 's his hump. *There, there,* give it to him!' whispered Starbuck.

A short rushing sound leaped out of the boat; it was the darted iron of Queequeg. Then all in one welded commotion came an invisible push from astern, while foreward the boat seemed striking on a ledge; the sail collapsed and exploded; a gush of scalding vapor shot up near by; something rolled and tumbled like an earthquake beneath us. The whole crew were half suffocated as they were tossed helter-skelter into the white curdling cream of the squall. Squall, whale, and harpoon had all blended together; and the whale, merely grazed by the iron, escaped.

Though completely swamped, the boat was nearly unharmed. Swimming round it we picked up the floating oars, and lashing them across the gunwale, tumbled back to our places. There we sat up to our knees in the sea, the water covering

every rib and plank, so that to our downward gazing eyes the suspended craft seemed a coral boat grown up to us from the bottom of the ocean.

The wind increased to a howl; the waves dashed their bucklers together; the whole squall roared, forked, and crackled around us like a white fire upon the prairie, in which, unconsumed, we were burning; immortal in these jaws of death! In vain we hailed the other boats; as well roar to the live coals down the chimney of a flaming furnace as hail those boats in that storm. Meanwhile the driving scud, rack, and mist grew darker with the shadows of night; no sign of the ship could be seen. The rising sea forbade all attempts to bale out the boat. Their oars were useless as propellers, performing now the office of life-preservers. So, cutting the lashing of the waterproof match keg, after many failures Starbuck contrived to ignite the lamp in the lantern, then stretching it on a waif pole, handed it to Queequeg as the standard-bearer of this forlorn hope. There, then, he sat, holding up that imbecile candle in the heart of that almighty forlornness. There, then, he sat, the sign and symbol of a man without faith, hopelessly holding up hope in the midst of despair.

Wet, drenched through, and shivering cold, despairing of ship or boat, we lifted up our eyes as the dawn came on. The mist still spread over the sea, the empty lantern lay crushed in the bottom of the boat. Suddenly Queequeg started to his feet, hollowing his hand to his ear. We all heard a faint creaking, as of ropes and yards to hitherto muffled by the storm. The sound came nearer and nearer; the thick mists were dimly parted by a huge, vague form. Affrighted, we all sprang into the sea as the ship at last loomed into view, bearing right down upon us within a distance of not much more than its length.

Floating on the waves we saw the abandoned boat, as for one instant it tossed and gaped beneath the ship's bows like a chip at the base of a cataract; and then the vast hull rolled over it, and it was seen no more till it came up weltering astern. Again we swam for it, were dashed against it by the seas, and were at last taken up and safely landed on board. Ere the squall came close to, the other boats had cut loose from their fish and returned to the ship in good time. The ship had given us up, but was still cruising, if haply it might light upon some token of our perishing,—an oar or a lance pole.

Moby Dick, Chapter XLVII, 1851.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL (1822–1908)

Donald G. Mitchell, or 'Ik Marvel' as he was known to his contemporaries, was a Connecticut writer, a graduate of Yale, who all his life long, save for the period of a consulship at Venice, was a resident of New Haven, on the farm which he has made so well known with such books as *My Farm of Edgewood* and *Wet Days at Edgewood*. He wrote much in many literary fields, — satirical essays, travels, popular papers on farm life, a novel, *Dr. Johns*, 1866, literary criticism, and history, *English Lands, Letters, and Kings*, 1889. It was, however, his two early books, *Reveries of a Bachelor*, 1850, and *Dream Life*, 1851, that first made him widely known, and it is these two that must keep his fame alive if it is not to perish. The dreamy, genial sentimentalism of these books captivated the readers of the mid-nineteenth century, and one must read them to understand fully the period, but even to-day they have not lost their power over readers. There is a delicacy of treatment, a genuineness of feeling, and an atmosphere of leisurely culture that one looks for in vain in our later writers.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR

FIRST REVERIE

Over a Wood-Fire

I have got a quiet farm-house in the country, a very humble place to be sure, tenanted by a worthy enough man, of the old New-England stamp, where I sometimes go for a day or two in the winter, to look over the farm accounts, and to see how the stock is thriving on the winter's keep.

One side the door, as you enter from the porch, is a little parlor, scarce twelve feet by ten, with a cosy-looking fireplace, a heavy oak floor, a couple of arm-chairs, and a brown table with carved lions' feet. Out of this room opens a little cabinet, only big enough for a broad bachelor bedstead, where I sleep upon feathers, and wake in the morning with my eye upon a saucy colored lithographic print of some fancy 'Bessie.'

It happens to be the only house in the world of which I am *bona-fide* owner; and I take a vast deal of comfort in treating it just as I choose. I manage to break some article of furniture, almost every time I pay it a visit: and if I cannot open the window readily of a morning, to breathe the fresh air, I knock out a pane or two of glass with my boot. I lean against the walls in a very old arm-chair there is on the premises, and scarce ever fail to worry such a hole in the plastering as would set me down for a round charge for damages in town, or make a prim housewife fret herself into a raging fever. I laugh out loud with myself, in my big arm-chair, when I think that I am neither afraid of one nor the other.

As for the fire, I keep the little hearth so hot as to warm half the cellar below, and the whole space between the jambs roars for hours together with white flame. To be sure, the windows are not very tight, between broken panes and bad joints, so that the fire, large as it is, is by no means an extravagant comfort.

As night approaches, I have a huge pile of oak and hickory placed beside the hearth; I put out the tallow candle on the mantel (using the family snuffers, with one leg broke), then, drawing my chair directly in front of the blazing wood, and setting one foot on each of the old iron fire-dogs (until they grow too warm), I dispose myself for an evening of such sober and thoughtful quietude, as I believe, on my soul, that very few of my fellow-men have the good fortune to enjoy.

My tenant, meantime, in the other room, I can hear now and then, though there is a thick stone chimney and broad entry between, multiplying contrivances with his wife to put two babies to sleep. This occupies them, I should say, usually an hour; though my only measure of time (for I never carry a watch into the

country) is the blaze of my fire. By ten, or thereabouts, my stock of wood is nearly exhausted; I pile upon the hot coals what remains, and sit watching how it kindles, and blazes, and goes out,— even like our joys! — and then slip by the light of the embers into my bed, where I luxuriate in such sound and healthful slumber as only such rattling window-frames, and country air, can supply.

But to return. The other evening,— it happened to be on my last visit to my farm-house,— when I had exhausted all the ordinary rural topics of thought, had formed all sorts of conjectures as to the income of the year; had planned a new wall around one lot, and the clearing up of another, now covered with patriarchal wood; and wondered if the little rickety house would not be after all a snug enough box to live and to die in,— I fell on a sudden into such an unprecedented line of thought, which took such deep hold of my sympathies — sometimes even starting tears — that I determined, the next day, to set as much of it as I could recall, on paper.

Something — it may have been the home-looking blaze (I am a bachelor of — say six and twenty), or possibly a plaintive cry of the baby in my tenant's room — had suggested to me the thought of — Marriage.

I piled upon the heated fire-dogs the last armful of my wood; and now, said I, bracing myself courageously between the arms of my chair, I 'll not flinch; I 'll pursue the thought wherever it leads, though it lead me to the d —— (I am apt to be hasty),— at least, continued I, softening, until my fire is out.

The wood was green, and at first showed no disposition to blaze. It smoked furiously. Smoke, thought I, always goes before Blaze; and so does doubt go before decision: and my Reverie, from that very starting point, slipped into this shape: —

I

SMOKE — SIGNIFYING DOUBT

A WIFE? — thought I; — yes, a wife! And why?

And pray, my dear sir, why not — why? Why not doubt; why not hesitate; why not tremble?

Does a man buy a ticket in a lottery — a poor man, whose whole earnings go in to secure the ticket — without trembling, hesitating, and doubting?

Can a man stake his bachelor respectability, his independence and comfort, upon the die of absorbing, unchanging, relentless marriage, without trembling at the venture?

Shall a man who has been free to chase his fancies over the wide world, without let or hindrance, shut himself up to marriage-ship, within four walls called Home, that are to claim him, his time, his trouble, and his thought, thenceforward forevermore, without doubts thick, and thick-coming as Smoke?

Shall he who has been hitherto a mere observer of other men's cares and business,— moving off where they made him sick of heart, approaching whenever and wherever they made him gleeful,— shall he now undertake administration of just such cares and business, without qualms? Shall he, whose whole life has been but a nimble succession of escapes from trifling difficulties, now broach without doubtings — that Matrimony, where if difficulty beset him, there is no escape? Shall this brain of mine, careless-working, never tired with idleness, feeding on long vagaries and high gigantic castles, dreaming out beatitudes hour by hour,— turn itself at length to such dull task-work, as thinking out a livelihood for wife and children?

Where thenceforward will be those sunny dreams in which I have warmed my fancies and my heart, and lighted my eye with crystal? This very marriage, which a brilliant working imagination has invested time and again with brightness and delight, can serve no longer as a mine for teeming fancy: all, alas! will be gone — reduced to the dull standard of the actual! No more room for intrepid forays of imagination — no more gorgeous realm-making — all will be over!

Why not, I thought, go on dreaming?

Can any wife be prettier than an after-dinner fancy, idle and yet vivid, can paint for you? Can any children make less noise than the little, rosy-cheeked ones, who have no existence except in the *omnium gatherum* of your own brain? Can any housewife be more unexceptional than she who goes sweeping daintily the cobwebs that gather in your dreams?

Can any domestic larder be better stocked than the private larder of your head dozing on a cushioned chair-back at Delmonico's? Can any family purse be better filled than the exceeding plump one you dream of, after reading such pleasant books as Münchhausen, or Typee?

But if, after all, it must be,— duty, or what-not, making provocation,— what then? And I clapped my feet hard against the fire-dogs, and leaned back, and turned my face to the ceiling, as much as to say, — And where on earth, then, shall a poor devil look for a wife?

Somebody says,— Lyttleton or Shaftesbury I think, that 'marriages would be happier if they were all arranged by the Lord Chancellor.' Unfortunately, we have no Lord Chancellor to make this commutation of our misery.

Shall a man then scour the country on a mule's back, like Honest Gil Blas of Santillane; or shall he make application to some such intervening providence as Madame St. Marc, who, as I see by the *Presse*, manages these matters to one's hand for some five per cent. on the fortunes of the parties?

I have trouted, when the brook was so low, and the sky so hot, that I might as well have thrown my fly upon the turnpike; and I have hunted hare at noon, and woodcock in snow-time, never despairing, scarce doubting; but for a poor hunter of his kind, without traps or snares, or any aid of police or constabulary, to traverse the world, where are swarming, on a moderate computation, some three hundred and odd millions of unmarried women, for a single capture — irremediable, unchangeable — and yet a capture which, by strange metonymy not laid down in the books, is very apt to turn captor into captive, and make game of hunter,— all this, surely, surely may make a man shrug with doubt!

Then, again,— there are the plaguey wife's relations. Who knows how many third, fourth, or fifth cousins will appear at careless complimentary intervals, long after you had settled into the placid belief that all congratulatory visits were at an end? How many twisted-headed brothers will be putting in their advice, as a friend to Peggy?

How many maiden aunts will come to spend a month or two with their 'dear Peggy,' and want to know every teatime 'if she is n't a dear love of a wife?' Then, dear father-in-law will beg (taking dear Peggy's hand in his), to give a little wholesome counsel; and will be very sure to advise just the contrary of what you had determined to undertake. And dear mama-in-law must set her nose into Peggy's cupboard, and insist upon having the key to your own private locker in the wainscot.

Then, perhaps, there is a little bevy of dirty-nosed nephews who come to spend the holidays, and eat up your East India sweetmeats; and who are forever tramping over your head, or raising the old Harry below, while you are busy with your clients. Last, and worse, is some fidgety old uncle, forever too cold or too hot, who vexes you with his patronizing airs, and impudently kisses his little Peggy!

— That could be borne, however; for perhaps he has promised his fortune to Peggy. Peggy, then, will be rich: (and the thought made me rub my shins, which were now getting comfortably warm upon the fire-dogs). Then, she will be forever talking of *her* fortune; and pleasantly reminding you, on occasion of a favorite purchase,— how lucky that *she* had the means; and dropping hints about economy; and buying very extravagant Paisleys.

She will annoy you by looking over the stock-list at breakfast-time; and mention quite carelessly to your clients that she is interested in *such* or such a speculation.

She will be provokingly silent when you hint to a tradesman that you have not the money by you for his small bill; in short, she will tear the life out of you, making you pay in righteous retribution of annoyance, grief, vexation, shame, and sickness of heart, for the superlative folly of 'marrying rich.'

— But if not rich, then poor. Bah! the thought made me stir the coals; but there was still no blaze. The paltry earnings you are able to wring out of clients by the sweat of your brow, will now be all *our* income; you will be pestered for pin-money, and pestered with your poor wife's relations. Ten to one, she will stickle about taste,— 'Sir Visto's,'— and want to make this so pretty, and that so charming, if she *only* had the means; and is sure Paul (a kiss) can't deny his little Peggy

such a trifling sum, and all for the common benefit.

Then she, for one, means that *her* children shan't go a-begging for clothes,— and another pull at the purse. Trust a poor mother to dress her children in finery!

Perhaps she is ugly; not noticeable at first, but growing on her, and (what is worse) growing faster on you. You wonder why you did n't see that vulgar nose long ago; and that lip — it is very strange, you think, that you ever thought it pretty. And then, to come to breakfast, with her hair looking as it does, and you not so much as daring to say, 'Peggy, *do* brush your hair!' Her foot too — not very bad when decently *chaussèe* — but now since she 's married she does wear such infernal slippers! And yet for all this, to be prigging up for an hour when any of my old chums come to dine with me!

'Bless your kind hearts! my dear fellows,' said I, thrusting the tongs into the coals, and speaking out loud, as if my voice could reach from Virginia to Paris: 'not married yet!'

Perhaps Peggy is pretty enough, only shrewish.

No matter for cold coffee; you should have been up before.

What sad, thin, poorly cooked chops, to eat with your rolls! — she thinks they are very good, and wonders how you can set such an example to your children.

The butter is nauseating.

She had not other, and hopes you 'll not raise a storm about butter a little turned. I think I see myself, ruminated I, sitting meekly at table, scarce daring to lift up my eyes, utterly fagged out with some quarrel of yesterday, choking down detestably sour muffins, that my wife thinks are 'delicious,' slipping in dried mouthfuls of burnt ham off the side of my fork tines, slipping off my chair sideways at the end, and slipping out, with my hat between my knees, to business, and never feeling myself a competent, sound-minded man, till the oak door is between me and Peggy.

'Ha, ha! not yet!' said I; and in so earnest a tone that my dog started to his feet, cocked his eye to have a good look into my face, met my smile of triumph with an amiable wag of the tail, and curled up again in the corner.

Again, Peggy is rich enough, well enough, mild enough, only she does n't care a fig for you. She has married you because father or grandfather thought the match eligible, and because she did n't wish to disoblige them. Besides, she did n't positively hate you, and thought you were a respectable enough young person; she has told you so repeatedly at dinner. She wonders you like to read poetry; she wishes you would buy her a good cook-book, and insists upon your making your will at the birth of the first baby.

She thinks Captain So-and-So a splendid-looking fellow, and wishes you would trim up a little, were it only for appearance's sake.

You need not hurry up from the office so early at night: she, bless her dear heart! does not feel lonely. You read to her a love-tale; she interrupts the pathetic parts with directions to her seamstress. You read of marriages: she sighs, and asks if Captain So-and-So has left town? She hates to be mewed up in a cottage, or between brick walls; she does *so* love the Springs!

But, again, Peggy loves you; at least she swears it, with her hand on the *Sorrows of Werther*. She has pin-money which she spends for the *Literary World* and the *Friends in Council*. She is not bad-looking, save a bit too much of forehead; nor is she sluttish, unless a *negligé* till three o'clock, and an ink-stain on the forefinger be sluttish; but then she is such a sad blue!

You never fancied, when you saw her buried in a three-volume novel, that it was anything more than a girlish vagary; and when she quoted Latin, you thought innocently that she had a capital memory for her samplers.

But to be bored eternally about divine Dante and funny Goldoni, is too bad. Your copy of Tasso, a treasure print of 1680, is all bethumbed, and dogs-eared, and spotted with baby-gruel. Even your Seneca — an Elzevir — is all sweaty with handling. She adores La Fontaine, reads Balzac with a kind of artist-scowl, and will not let Greek alone.

You hint at broken rest and an aching head at breakfast, and she will fling you a scrap of Anthology, in lieu of the camphor-bottle, or chant the *aiāi* of tragic chorus.

The nurse is getting dinner; you are

holding the baby; Peggy is reading Bruyère.

The fire smoked thick as pitch, and puffed out little clouds over the chimney-piece. I gave the fore-stick a kick, at the thought of Peggy, baby and Bruyère.

Suddenly the flame flickered bluely athwart the smoke, caught at a twig below, rolled round the mossy oak stick, twined among the crackling tree-limbs, mounted, lit up the whole body of smoke, and blazed out cheerily and bright. Doubt vanished with Smoke, and Hope began with Flame.

II

Blaze — Signifying Cheer

I pushed my chair back; drew up another; stretched out my feet cosily upon it, rested my elbows on the chair-arms, leaned my head on one hand, and looked straight into the leaping and dancing flame.

Love is a flame, ruminated I; and (glancing round the room), how a flame brightens up a man's habitation.

'Carlo,' said I, calling up my dog into the light; 'good fellow, Carlo!' and I patted him kindly; and he wagged his tail, and laid his nose across my knee, and looked wistfully up in my face; then strode away, turned to look again, and lay down to sleep.

'Pho, the brute!' said I; 'it is not enough, after all, to like a dog.'

If now in that chair yonder, not the one your feet lie upon, but the other, beside you,— closer yet,— were seated a sweet-faced girl, with a pretty little foot lying out upon the hearth, a bit of lace running round the swelling throat, the hair parted to a charm over a forehead fair as any of your dreams, and if you could reach an arm round that chair-back, without fear of giving offense, and suffer your fingers to play idly with those curls that escape down the neck,— and if you could clasp with your other hand those little, white, taper fingers of hers, which lie so temptingly within reach, and so, talk softly and low in presence of the blaze, while the hours slip without knowledge, and the winter winds whistle uncared for,— if, in short, you were no bachelor, but the husband of some such sweet image (dream, call it rather), would it not be far pleasanter than this cold, single, night-sitting, counting the sticks, reckoning the length of the blaze, and the height of the falling snow?

And if, some or all of those wild vagaries that grow on your fancy at such hour, you could whisper into listening because loving ears,— ears not tired with listening, because it is you who whisper,— ears ever indulgent, because eager to praise,— and if your darkest fancies were lit up, not merely with bright wood-fire, but with a ringing laugh of that sweet face turned up in fond rebuke,— how far better, than to be waxing black and sour over pestilential humors, alone,— your very dog asleep?

And if, when a glowing thought comes into your brain, quick and sudden, you could tell it over as to a second self, to that sweet creature, who is not away, because she loves to be there; and if you could watch the thought catching that girlish mind, illuming that fair brow, sparkling in those pleasantest of eyes,— how far better than to feel it slumbering, and going out, heavy, lifeless, and dead, in your own selfish fancy. And if a generous emotion steals over you, coming you know not whither, would there not be a richer charm in lavishing it in caress, or endearing word, upon that fondest and most cherished one, than in patting your glossy coated dog, or sinking lonely to smiling slumbers?

How would not benevolence ripen with such monitor to task it! How would not selfishness grow faint and dull, leaning ever to that second self, which is the loved one! How would not guile shiver, and grow weak, before that girl-brow, and eye of innocence! How would not all that boyhood prized of enthusiasm, and quick blood, and life, renew itself in such presence?

The fire was getting hotter, and I moved into the middle of the room. The shadows the flames made were playing like fairy forms over floor, and wall, and ceiling.

My fancy would surely quicken, thought I, if such being were in attendance. Surely imagination would be stronger and purer, if it could have the playful fancies of dawning womanhood to delight it. All toil would be torn from mind-labor, if but another heart grew into this present soul, quickening it, warming it, cheering it, bidding it ever God speed!

Her face would make a halo, rich as a rainbow, atop of all such noisome things

as we lonely souls call trouble. Her smile would illumine the blackest of crowding cares; and darkness that now seats you despondent in your solitary chair for days together, weaving bitter fancies, dreaming bitter dreams, would grow light and thin, and spread and float away, chased by that beloved smile.

Your friend — poor fellow! — dies: never mind, that gentle clasp of *her* fingers, as she steals behind you, telling you not to weep,— it is worth ten friends!

Your sister, sweet one, is dead — buried. The worms are busy with all her fairness. How it makes you think earth nothing but a spot to dig graves upon!

It is more. *She,* she says, will be a sister; and the waving curls, as she leans upon your shoulder, touch your cheek, and your wet eye turns to meet those other eyes — God has sent his angel, surely!

Your mother, alas for it, she is gone! Is there any bitterness to a youth, alone and homeless, like this!

But you are not homeless; you are not alone: *she* is there; her tears softening yours, her smile lighting yours, her grief killing yours; and you live again, to assuage that kind sorrow of hers.

Then, those children, rosy, fair-haired; no, they do not disturb you with their prattle now; they are yours! Toss away there on the greensward; never mind the hyacinths, the snowdrops, the violets, if so be any are there; the perfume of their healthful lips is worth all the flowers of the world. No need now to gather wild bouquets to love and cherish: flower, tree, gun, are all dead things; things livelier hold your soul.

And she, the mother, sweetest and fairest of all, watching, tending, caressing, loving, till your own heart grows pained with tenderest jealousy, and cures itself with loving.

You have no need now of any cold lecture to teach thankfulness; your heart is full of it. No need now, as once, of bursting blossoms, of trees taking leaf and greenness, to turn thought kindly and thankfully; for ever beside you there is bloom, and ever beside you there is fruit, for which eye, heart, and soul are full of unknown and unspoken, because unspeakable thank-offering.

And if sickness catches you, binds you, lays you down: no lonely moanings, and wicked curses at careless stepping nurses. *The* step is noiseless, and yet distinct beside you. The white curtains are drawn, or withdrawn, by the magic of that other presence; and the soft, cool hand is upon your brow.

No cold comfortings of friend-watchers, merely come in to steal a word away from that outer world which is pulling at their skirts; but, ever, the sad, shaded brow of her, whose lightest sorrow for your sake is your greatest grief, if it were not a greater joy.

The blaze was leaping light and high, and the wood falling under the glowing heat.

So, continued I, this heart would be at length itself; striving with everything gross, even now as it clings to grossness. Love would make its strength native and progressive. Earth's cares would fly. Joys would double. Susceptibilities be quickened; Love master self; and having made the mastery, stretch onward, and upward toward Infinitude. And if the end came, and sickness brought that follower — Great Follower — which sooner or later is sure to come after, then the heart, and the hand of Love, ever near, are giving to your tired soul, daily and hourly, lessons of that love which consoles, which triumphs, which circleth all, and centereth in all,— Love Infinite and Divine!

Kind hands — none but *hers* — will smooth the hair upon your brow as the chill grows damp and heavy on it; and her fingers — none but hers — will lie in yours as the wasted flesh stiffens, and hardens for the ground. *Her* tears — you could feel no others, if oceans fell — will warm your drooping features once more to life; once more your eye, lighted in joyous triumph, kindle in her smile, and then —

The fire fell upon the hearth; the blaze gave a last leap, a flicker, then another, caught a little remaining twig, flashed up, wavered, went out.

There was nothing but a bed of glowing embers, over which the white ashes gathered fast. I was alone, with only my dog for company.

III

Ashes — Signifying Desolation

After all, thought I, ashes follow blaze, inevitably as Death follows Life. Misery treads on the heels of Joy; Anguish rides swift after Pleasure.

'Come to me again, Carlo,' said I to my dog; and I patted him fondly once more, but now only by the light of the dying embers.

It is very little pleasure one takes in fondling brute favorites; but it is a pleasure that when it passes leaves no void. It is only a little alleviating redundance in your solitary heart-life, which, if lost, another can be supplied.

But if your heart — not solitary, not quieting its humors with mere love of chase or dog, not repressing year after year its earnest yearnings after something better and more spiritual — has fairly linked itself by bonds strong as life to another heart, is the casting off easy, then?

Is it then only a little heart-redundancy cut off which the next bright sunset will fill up?

And my fancy, as it had painted doubt under the smoke, and cheer under warmth of the blaze, so now it began, under the faint light of the smoldering embers, to picture heart-desolation.

What kind, congratulatory letters, hosts of them, coming from old and half-forgotten friends, now that your happiness is a year, or two years old!

'Beautiful.'

Aye, to be sure, beautiful!

'Rich.'

Pho, the dawdler! how little he knows of heart-treasure who speaks of wealth to a man who loves his wife as a wife only should be loved!

'Young.'

Young, indeed; guileless as infancy; charming as the morning.

Ah, these letters bear a sting; they bring to mind, with new and newer freshness, if it be possible, the value of that which you tremble lest you lose.

How anxiously you watch that step, if it lose not its buoyancy; how you study the color on that cheek, if it grow not fainter; how you tremble at the luster in those eyes, if it be not the luster of Death; how you totter under the weight of that muslin sleeve — a phantom weight! How you fear to do it, and yet press forward, to note if that breathing be quickened, as you ascend the home-heights, to look off on sunset lighting the plain.

Is your sleep quiet sleep, after that she has whispered to you her fears, and in the same breath — soft as a sigh, sharp as an arrow — bid you bear it bravely?

Perhaps — the embers were now glowing fresher, a little kindling, before the ashes — she triumphs over disease.

But Poverty, the world's almoner, has come to you with ready, spare hand.

Alone, with your dog living on bones, and you on hope — kindling each morning, dying slowly each night,— this could be borne. Philosophy would bring home its stores to the lone man. Money is not in his hand, but Knowledge is in his brain! and from that brain he draws out faster, as he draws slower from his pocket. He remembers: and on remembrance he can live for days and weeks. The garret, if a garret covers him, is rich in fancies. The rain, if it pelts, pelts only him used to rain-peltings. And his dog crouches not in dread, but in companionship. His crust he divides with him, and laughs. He crowns himself with glorious memories of Cervantes, though he begs: if he nights it under the stars, he dreams heaven-sent dreams of the prisoned and homeless Galileo.

He hums old sonnets, and snatches of poor Jonson's plays. He chants Dryden's odes, and dwells on Otway's rime. He reasons with Bolingbroke or Diogenes, as the humor takes him; and laughs at the world: for the world, thank Heaven, has left him alone.

Keep your money, old misers, and your palaces, old princes,— the world is mine!

'I care not, Fortune, what you me deny.
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace,
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living streams, at eve.
Let health my nerves and finer fibers brace,
And I their toys to the great children leave:
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue, naught can me bereave!'

But — if not alone?

If *she* is clinging to you for support, for consolation, for home, for life,— she, reared in luxury perhaps, is faint for bread?

Then, the iron enters the soul: then the nights darken under any sky-light. Then the days grow long, even in the solstice of winter.

She may not complain; what then?

Will your heart grow strong, if the strength of her love can dam up the fountains of tears, and the tied tongue not tell of bereavement? Will it solace you to find her parting the poor treasure of food you have stolen for her, with begging, foodless children?

But this ill, strong hands, and Heaven's help, will put down. Wealth again; Flowers again; Patrimonial acres again; Brightness again. But your little Bessy, your favorite child, is pining.

Would to God! you say in agony, that wealth could bring fullness again into that blanched cheek, or round those little thin lips once more; but it cannot. Thinner and thinner they grow; plaintive and more plaintive her sweet voice.

'Dear Bessy'— and your tones tremble; you feel that she is on the edge of the grave? Can you pluck her back? Can endearments stay her? Business is heavy, away from the loved child; home you go, to fondle while yet time is left; but *this* time you are too late. She is gone. She cannot hear you: she cannot thank you for the violets you put within her stiff white hand.

And then — the grassy mound — the cold shadow of the headstone!

The wind, growing with the night, is rattling at the window-panes, and whistles dismally. I wipe a tear, and, in the interval of my Reverie, I thank God that I am no such mourner.

But gaiety, snail-footed, creeps back to the household. All is bright again; —

> the violet bed's not sweeter
> Than the delicious breath marriage sends forth.

Her lip is rich and full; her cheek delicate as a flower. Her frailty doubles your love.

And the little one she clasps — frail too — too frail: the boy you had set your hopes and heart on. You have watched him growing, ever prettier, ever winning more and more upon your soul. The love you bore to him when he first lisped names — your name and hers — has doubled in strength, now that he asks innocently to be taught of this or that, and promises you, by that quick curiosity that flashes in his eye, a mind full of intelligence.

And some hair-breadth escape by sea or flood, that he perhaps may have had,— which unstrung your soul to such tears as you pray God may be spared you again,— has endeared the little fellow to your heart a thousand-fold.

And now, with his pale sister in the grave, all *that* love has come away from the mound, where worms feast, and centers on the boy.

How you watch the storms lest they harm him! How often you steal to his bed late at night, and lay your hand lightly upon the brow, where the curls cluster thick, rising and falling with the throbbing temples, and watch, for minutes together, the little lips half parted, and listen — your ear close to them — if the breathing be regular and sweet.

But the day comes — the night rather — when you can catch no breathing.

Aye, put your hair away; compose yourself; listen again.

No, there is nothing!

Put your hand now to his brow,— damp, indeed but not with healthful night-sleep; it is not your hand,— no, do not deceive yourself,— it is your loved boy's forehead that is so cold; and your loved boy will never speak to you again — never play again — he is dead!

Ah, the tears — the tears; what blessed things are tears! Never fear now to let them fall on his forehead, or his lip, lest you waken him. Clasp him — clasp him harder; you cannot hurt, you cannot waken him. Lay him down, gently or not, it is the same; he is stiff; he is stark and cold.

But courage is elastic; it is our pride. It recovers itself easier, thought I, than these embers will get into blaze again.

But courage, and patience, and faith, and hope have their limit. Blessed be the man who escapes such trial as will determine limit!

To a lone man it comes not near; for how can trial take hold where there is nothing by which to try?

A funeral? You reason with philosophy. A grave-yard? You read Hervey, and muse upon the wall. A friend dies? You sigh, you pat your dog; it is over. Losses? You retrench; you light your pipe; it is forgotten. Calumny? You laugh — you sleep.

But with that childless wife clinging to you in love and sorrow — what then?

Can you take down Seneca now, and coolly blow the dust from the leaf-tops?

Can you crimp your lip with Voltaire? Can you smoke idly, your feet dangling with the ivies, your thoughts all waving fancies upon a church-yard wall,— a wall that borders the grave of your boy?

Can you amuse yourself by turning stinging Marital into rime? Can you pat your dog, and seeing him wakeful and kind, say 'It is enough'? Can you sneer at calumny, and sit by your fire dozing?

Blessed, thought I again, is the man who escapes such trial as will measure the limit of patience and the limit of courage!

But the trial comes: colder and colder were growing the embers.

That wife, over whom your love broods, is fading. Not beauty fading; that, now that your heart is wrapped in her being, would be nothing.

She sees with quick eye your dawning apprehension, and she tries hard to make that step of hers elastic.

Your trials and your loves together have centered your affections. They are not now as when you were a lone man, wide-spread and superficial. They have caught from domestic attachments a finer tone and touch. They cannot shoot out tendrils into barren world-soil, and suck up thence strengthening nourishment. They have grown under the forcing-glass of home-roof; they will not now bear exposure.

You do not now look men in the face as if a heart-bond was linking you — as if a community of feeling lay between. There is a heart-bond that absorbs all others; there is a community that monopolizes your feeling. When the heart lay wide open, before it had grown upon and closed around particular objects, it could take strength and cheer from a hundred connections that now seem colder than ice.

And now those particular objects, alas for you! are failing.

What anxiety pursues you! How you struggle to fancy there is no danger; how she struggles to persuade you there is no danger!

How it grates now on your ear — the toil and turmoil of the city! It was music when you were alone; it was pleasant even when from the din you were elaborating comforts for the cherished objects,— when you had such sweet escape as evening drew on.

Now it maddens you to see the world careless while you are steeped in care. They hustle you in the street; they smile at you across the table; they bow carelessly over the way; they do not know what canker is at your heart.

The undertaker comes with his bill for the dead boy's funeral. He knows your grief; he is respectful. You bless him in your soul. You wish the laughing street-goers were all undertakers.

Your eye follows the physician as he leaves your house: is he wise? you ask yourself; is he prudent? is he the best? Did he never fail; is he never forgetful?

And now the hand that touches yours — is it no thinner, no whiter than yesterday? Sunny days come when she revives; color comes back; she breathes freer; she picks flowers; she meets you with a smile: hope lives again.

But the next day of storm she is fallen. She cannot talk even; she presses your hand.

You hurry away from business before your time. What matter for clients; who is to reap the rewards? What matter for fame; whose eye will it brighten? What matter for riches; whose is the inheritance?

You find her propped with pillows; she is looking over a little picture-book bethumbed by the dear boy she has lost. She hides it in her chair; she has pity on you.

Another day of revival, when the spring sun shines, and flowers open out-of-doors; she leans on your arm, and strolls into the garden where the first birds are singing. Listen to them with her; what memories are in bird-songs! You need not shudder at her tears; they are tears of Thanksgiving. Press the hand that lies light upon your arm, and you, too, thank God, while yet you may!

You are early home — mid-afternoon. Your step is not light; it is heavy, terrible.

They have sent for you.

She is lying down, her eyes half closed, her breathing long and interrupted.

She hears you; her eye opens; you put your hand in hers; yours trembles; hers does not. Her lips move: it is your name.

'Be strong,' she says; 'God will help you.'

She presses harder your hand: 'Adieu!'

A long breath,— another; you are alone

again. No tears now; poor man! you cannot find them.

Again home early. There is a smell of varnish in your house. A coffin is there; they have clothed the body in decent grave-clothes, and the undertaker is screwing down the lid, slipping round on tiptoe. Does he fear to waken her?

He asks you a simple question about the inscription upon the plate, rubbing it with his coat-cuff. You look him straight in the eye; you motion to the door; you dare not speak.

He takes up his hat, and glides out stealthful as a cat.

The man has done his work well for all. It is a nice coffin, a very nice coffin. Pass your hand over it; how smooth!

Some sprigs of mignonette are lying carelessly in a little gilt-edged saucer. She loved mignonette.

It is a good stanch table the coffin rests on; it is your table; you are a housekeeper, a man of family.

Aye, of family! keep down outcry, or the nurse will be in. Look over at the pinched features; is this all that is left of her? And where is your heart now? No, don't thrust your nails into your hands, nor mangle your lip, nor grate your teeth together. If you could only weep!

Another day. The coffin is gone out. The stupid mourners have wept — what idle tears! She, with your crushed heart, has gone out.

Will you have pleasant evenings at your home now?

Go into your parlor that your prim housekeeper has made comfortable with clean hearth and blaze of sticks.

Sit down in your chair; there is another velvet-cushioned one, over against yours, empty. You press your fingers on your eyeballs, as if you would press out something that hurt the brain; but you cannot. Your head leans upon your hand; your eye rests upon the flashing blaze.

Ashes always come after blaze.

Go now into the room where she was sick,— softly, lest the prim housekeeper come after.

They have put new dimity upon her chair; they have hung new curtains over the bed. They have removed from the stand its phials, and silver bell, they have put a little vase of flowers in their place; the perfume will not offend the sick sense now. They have half opened the window, that the room so long closed may have air. It will not be too cold.

She is not there.

Oh, God! thou who dost temper the wind to the shorn lamb, be kind!

The embers were dark: I stirred them; there was no sign of life. My dog was asleep. The clock in my tenant's chamber had struck one.

I dashed a tear or two from my eyes; how they came there I know not. I half ejaculated a prayer of thanks that such desolation had not yet come nigh me, and a prayer of hope that it might never come.

In a half hour more I was sleeping soundly. My Reverie was ended.

Harper's Magazine, October, 1850.

FRANCIS PARKMAN (1823–1893)

The early life of Parkman was much like Lowell's: he was born at Boston, the son of a minister, he completed his course at Harvard and entered upon the study of law, and he soon turned from it into occupations to him more congenial. A love of out-of-doors life seems to have directed him to his life-work. Even as a college student he had delighted in making excursions into the wilderness, especially to historic places like the northern battle-fields of the Revolution. Later he explored the historic places of New York and Pennsylvania, visiting all the remnants of Indian tribes, and collecting all possible material that might later be of value, and in one of his excursions he penetrated as far west as St. Louis. In 1846 he made his well-known trip among the Indian tribes of the north-west, lived for a whole summer in Indian lodges, and on his return published an account of his adventures in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, 1847, later collecting the papers for his first book: *The California and Oregon Trail*, 1849. He followed it in 1851 with *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, and then began systematically upon his study of the period to which he was to devote his life, the period of the struggle of France and England for North America.

The rest of Parkman's biography is chiefly a record of his heroic struggles with impaired eyesight and ill health, a list of his books, and an account of his excursions to regions that were to figure in his narrative. At times he found it impossible even to look at a newspaper, and for a long period he devoted himself solely to horticulture. There were years when he could do only a few moments of work each day, but with a tenacity and a courage rarely paralleled in the history of literature he kept on and the year before his death completed the work he had set out to do,— a history of France in America in seven volumes.

As a historian he ranks high. To accuracy and fullness of material he added a narrative style as compelling and as fascinating as the best of Cooper's. His material is picturesque in the extreme: chapter after chapter read like historical romance. He added to his narrative power another quality: he worked more fully from first-hand observation than it will ever be possible to do again. The Indian that he studied so carefully in his remote fastnesses was the primitive Indian of the French wars, and to-day he has disappeared forever.

THE CONSPIRACY OF PONTIAC

CHAPTER VIII

1763

Indian Preparation

I interrupt the progress of the narrative to glance for a moment at the Indians in their military capacity, and observe how far they were qualified to prosecute the formidable war into which they were about to plunge.

A people living chiefly by the chase, and therefore, of necessity, thinly and widely scattered; divided into numerous tribes, held together by no strong principles of cohesion, and with no central government to combine their strength, could act with little efficiency against such an enemy as was now opposed to them. Loose and disjointed as a whole, the government even of individual tribes, and of their smallest separate communities, was too feeble to deserve the name. There were, it is true, chiefs whose office was in a manner hereditary; but their authority was wholly of a moral nature, and enforced by no compulsory law. Their province was to advise, and not to command. Their influence, such as it was, is chiefly to be ascribed to the principle of hero-worship, natural to the Indian character, and to the reverence for age, which belongs to a state of society where a patriarchal element largely prevails. It was their office to declare war and make peace; but when war was declared, they had no power to carry the declaration into effect. The warriors fought if they chose to do so; but if, on the contrary, they preferred to remain quiet, no man could force them to raise the hatchet. The war-chief, whose part it was to lead them to battle, was a mere partisan, whom his bravery and exploits had led to distinction. If he thought

proper, he sang his war-song and danced his war-dance; and as many of the young men as were disposed to follow him, gathered around and enlisted themselves under him. Over these volunteers he had no legal authority, and they could desert him at any moment, with no other penalty than disgrace. When several war parties, of different bands or tribes, were united in a common enterprise, their chiefs elected a leader, who was nominally to command the whole; but unless this leader was a man of uncommon reputation and ability, his commands were disregarded, and his authority was a cipher. Among his followers, every latent element of discord, pride, jealousy, and ancient half-smothered feuds, were ready at any moment to break out, and tear the whole asunder. His warriors would often desert in bodies; and many an Indian army, before reaching the enemy's country, has been known to dwindle away until it was reduced to a mere scalping party.

To twist a rope of sand would be as easy a task as to form a permanent and effective army of such materials. The wild love of freedom, and impatience of all control, which mark the Indian race, render them utterly intolerant of military discipline. Partly from their individual character, and partly from this absence of subordination, spring results highly unfavorable to continued and extended military operations. Indian warriors, when acting in large masses, are to the last degree wayward, capricious, and unstable; infirm of purpose as a mob of children, and devoid of providence and foresight. To provide supplies for a campaign forms no part of their system. Hence the blow must be struck at once, or not struck at all; and to postpone victory is to insure defeat. It is when acting in small, detached parties, that the Indian warrior puts forth his energies, and displays his admirable address, endurance, and intrepidity. It is then that he becomes a truly formidable enemy. Fired with the hope of winning scalps, he is stanch as a bloodhound. No hardship can divert him from his purpose, and no danger subdue his patient and cautious courage.

From their inveterate passion for war, the Indians are always prompt enough to engage in it; and on the present occasion, the prevailing irritation gave ample assurance that they would not remain idle. While there was little risk that they would capture any strong and well-defended fort, or carry any important position, there was, on the other hand, every reason to apprehend wide-spread havoc, and a destructive war of detail. That the war might be carried on with effect, it was the part of the Indian leaders to work upon the passions of their people, and keep alive their irritation; to whet their native appetite for blood and glory, and cheer them on to the attack; to guard against all that might quench their ardor, or cool their fierceness; to avoid pitched battles; never to fight except under advantage; and to avail themselves of all the aid which craft and treachery could afford. The very circumstances which unfitted the Indians for continued and concentrated attack were, in another view, highly advantageous, by preventing the enemy from assailing them with vital effect. It was no easy task to penetrate tangled woods in search of a foe, alert and active as a lynx, who would seldom stand and fight, whose deadly shot and triumphant whoop were the first and often the last tokens of his presence, and who, at the approach of a hostile force, would vanish into the black recesses of forests and pine swamps, only to renew his attacks with unabated ardor. There were no forts to capture, no magazines to destroy, and little property to seize upon. No warfare could be more perilous and harassing in its prosecution, or less satisfactory in its results.

The English colonies at this time were but ill-fitted to bear the brunt of the impending war. The army which had conquered Canada was broken up and dissolved; the provincials were disbanded, and most of the regulars sent home. A few fragments of regiments, miserably wasted by war and sickness, had just arrived from the West Indies; and of these, several were already ordered to England, to be disbanded. There remained barely troops enough to furnish feeble garrisons for the various forts on the frontier and in the Indian country. At the head of this dilapidated army was Sir Jeffrey Amherst, who had achieved the reduction of Canada, and clinched the nail which Wolfe had driven. In some respects he was well-fitted for the emergency; but, on the other hand, he held the Indians in supreme contempt, and his arbitrary treatment of them and total want of every quality of con-

ciliation where they were concerned, had had no little share in exciting them to war.

While the war was on the eve of breaking out, an event occurred which had afterwards an important effect upon its progress,— the signing of the treaty of peace at Paris, on the tenth of February, 1763. By this treaty France resigned her claims to the territories east of the Mississippi, and that great river now became the western boundary of the British colonial possessions. In portioning out her new acquisitions into separate governments, England left the valley of the Ohio and the adjacent regions as an Indian domain, and by the proclamation of the seventh of October following, the intrusion of settlers upon these lands was strictly prohibited. Could these just and necessary measures have been sooner adopted, it is probable that the Indian war might have been prevented, or, at all events, rendered less general and violent, for the treaty would have made it apparent that the French could never repossess themselves of Canada, and would have proved the futility of every hope which the Indians entertained of assistance from that quarter, while, at the same time, the royal proclamation would have tended to tranquilize their minds, by removing the chief cause of irritation. But the remedy came too late, and served only to inflame the evil. While the sovereigns of France, England, and Spain, were signing the treaty at Paris, countless Indian warriors in the American forests were singing the war-song, and whetting their scalping knives.

Throughout the western wilderness, in a hundred camps and villages, were celebrated the savage rites of war. Warriors, women, and children were alike eager and excited; magicians consulted their oracles, and prepared charms to insure success; while the war-chief, his body painted black from head to foot, concealed himself in the solitude of rocks and caverns, or the dark recesses of the forest. Here, fasting and praying, he calls day and night upon the Great Spirit, consulting his dreams, to draw from them auguries of good or evil; and if, perchance, a vision of the great war-eagle seems to hover over him with expanded wings, he exults in the full conviction of triumph. When a few days have elapsed, he emerges from his retreat, and the people discover him descending from the woods, and approaching their camp, black as a demon of war, and shrunken with fasting and vigil. They flock around and listen to his wild harangue. He calls on them to avenge the blood of their slaughtered relatives; he assures them that the Great Spirit is on their side, and that victory is certain. With exulting cries they disperse to their wigwams, to array themselves in the savage decorations of the war-dress. An old man now passes through the camp, and invites the warriors to a feast in the name of the chief. They gather from all quarters to his wigwam, where they find him seated, no longer covered with black, but adorned with the startling and fantastic blazonry of the war-paint. Those who join in the feast pledge themselves, by so doing, to follow him against the enemy. The guests seat themselves on the ground, in a circle around the wigwam, and the flesh of dogs is placed in wooden dishes before them, while the chief, though goaded by the pangs of his long, unbroken fast, sits smoking his pipe with unmoved countenance, and takes no part in the feast.

Night has now closed in; and the rough clearing is illumined by the blaze of fires and burning pine-knots, casting their deep red glare upon the dusky boughs of the surrounding forest, and upon the wild multitude who, fluttering with feathers and bedaubed with paint, have gathered for the celebration of the war-dance. A painted post is driven into the ground, and the crowd form a wide circle around it. The chief leaps into the vacant space, brandishing his hatchet as if rushing upon an enemy, and, in a loud, vehement tone, chants his own exploits and those of his ancestors, enacting the deeds which he describes, yelling the war whoop, throwing himself into all the postures of actual fight, striking the post as if it were an enemy, and tearing the scalp from the head of the imaginary victim. Warrior after warrior follows his example, until the whole assembly, as if fired with sudden frenzy, rush together into the ring, leaping, stamping, and whooping, brandishing knives and hatchets in the fire-light, hacking and stabbing the air, and breaking at intervals into a burst of ferocious yells, which sounds for miles away over the lonely, midnight forest.

In the morning, the warriors prepare to depart. They leave the camp in single file, still decorated with all their finery of paint, feathers, and scalp-locks; and, as they enter the woods, the chief fires his gun, the warrior behind follows his example, and the discharges pass in slow succession from front to rear, the salute concluding with a general whoop. They encamp at no great distance from the village, and divest themselves of their much prized ornaments, which are carried back by the women, who have followed them for this purpose. The warriors pursue their journey, clad in the rough attire of hard service, and move silently and stealthily through the forest towards the hapless garrison, or defenseless settlement, which they have marked as their prey.

The woods were now filled with war-parties such as this, and soon the first tokens of the approaching tempest began to alarm the unhappy settlers of the frontier. At first, some trader or hunter, weak and emaciated, would come in from the forest, and relate that his companions had been butchered in the Indian villages, and that he alone had escaped. Next succeeded vague and uncertain rumors of forts attacked and garrisons slaughtered; and soon after, a report gained ground that every post throughout the Indian country had been taken, and every soldier killed. Close upon these tidings came the enemy himself. The Indian war-parties broke out of the woods like gangs of wolves, murdering, burning, and laying waste; while hundreds of terror-stricken families, abandoning their homes, fled for refuge towards the older settlements, and all was misery and ruin.

Passing over, for the present, this portion of the war, we will penetrate at once into the heart of the Indian country, and observe those passages of the conflict which took place under the auspices of Pontiac himself, the siege of Detroit, and the capture of the interior posts and garrisons.

CHAPTER IX

1763

THE COUNCIL AT THE RIVER ECORCES

To begin the war was reserved by Pontiac as his own peculiar privilege. With the first opening of spring his preparations were complete. His light-footed messengers, with their wampum belts and gifts of tobacco, visited many a lonely hunting camp in the gloom of the northern woods, and called chiefs and warriors to attend the general meeting. The appointed spot was on the banks of the little River Ecorces, not far from Detroit. Thither went Pontiac himself, with his squaws and his children. Band after band came straggling in from every side, until the meadow was thickly dotted with their frail wigwams. Here were idle warriors smoking and laughing in groups, or beguiling the lazy hours with gambling, feasting, or doubtful stories of their own martial exploits. Here were youthful gallants, be-dizened with all the foppery of beads, feathers, and hawks' bells, but held as yet in light esteem since they had slain no enemy, and taken no scalp. Here too were young damsels, radiant with bear's oil, ruddy with vermilion, and versed in all the arts of forest coquetry; shriveled hags, with limbs of wire, and voices of screech-owls; and troops of naked children, with small, black, mischievous eyes, roaming along the outskirts of the woods.

The great Roman historian observes of the ancient Germans, that when summoned to a public meeting, they would lag behind the appointed time in order to show their independence. The remark holds true, and perhaps with great emphasis, of the American Indians; and thus it happened, that several days elapsed before the assembly was complete. In such a motley concourse of barbarians, where different bands and different tribes were mustered on one common camp ground, it would need all the art of a prudent leader to prevent their dormant jealousies from starting into open strife. No people are more prompt to quarrel, and none more prone, in the fierce excitement of the present, to forget the purpose of the future; yet, through good fortune, or the wisdom of Pontiac, no rupture occurred; and at length the last loiterer appeared, and farther delay was needless.

The council took place on the twenty-seventh of April. On that morning, several old men, the heralds of the camp, passed to and fro among the lodges, calling to the warriors, in a loud voice, to attend the meeting.

In accordance with the summons, they

issued from their cabins: the tall, naked figures of the wild Ojibways, with quivers slung at their backs, and light war-clubs resting in the hollow of their arms; Ottawas, wrapped close in their gaudy blankets; Wyandots, fluttering in painted shirts, their heads adorned with feathers, and their leggins garnished with bells. All were soon seated in a wide circle upon the grass, row within row, a grave and silent assembly. Each savage countenance seemed carved in wood, and none could have detected the ferocious passions hidden beneath that immovable mask. Pipes with ornamented stems were lighted, and passed from hand to hand.

Then Pontiac rose, and walked forward into the midst of the council. According to Canadian tradition, he was not above the middle height, though his muscular figure was cast in a mold of remarkable symmetry and vigor. His complexion was darker than is usual with his race, and his features, though by no means regular, had a bold and stern expression; while his habitual bearing was imperious and peremptory, like that of a man accustomed to sweep away all opposition by the force of his impetuous will. His ordinary attire was that of the primitive savage,— a scanty cincture girt about his loins, and his long, black hair flowing loosely at his back; but on occasions like this he was wont to appear as befitted his power and character, and he stood doubtless before the council plumed and painted in the full costume of war.

Looking round upon his wild auditors he began to speak, with fierce gesture, and a loud, impassioned voice; and at every pause, deep, guttural ejaculations of assent and approval responded to his words. He inveighed against the arrogance, rapacity, and injustice, of the English, and contrasted them with the French, whom they had driven from the soil. He declared that the British commandant had treated him with neglect and contempt; that the soldiers of the garrison had abused the Indians; and that one of them had struck a follower of his own. He represented the danger that would arise from the supremacy of the English. They had expelled the French, and now they only waited for a pretext to turn upon the Indians and destroy them. Then, holding out a broad belt of wampum, he told the council that he had received it from their great father the King of France, in token that he had heard the voice of his red children; that his sleep was at an end; and that his great war canoes would soon sail up the St. Lawrence, to win back Canada, and wreak vengeance on his enemies. The Indians and their French brethren would fight once more side by side, as they had always fought; they would strike the English as they had struck them many moons ago, when their great army marched down the Monongahela, and they had shot them from their ambush, like a flock of pigeons in the woods.

Having roused in his warlike listeners their native thirst for blood and vengeance, he next addressed himself to their superstition, and told the following tale. Its precise origin is not easy to determine. It is possible that the Delaware prophet, mentioned in a former chapter, may have had some part in it; or it might have been the offspring of Pontiac's heated imagination, during his period of fasting and dreaming. That he deliberately invented it for the sake of the effect it would produce, is the last probable conclusion of all; for it evidently proceeds from the superstitious mind of an Indian, brooding upon the evil days in which his lot was cast, and turning for relief to the mysterious Author of his being. It is, at all events, a characteristic specimen of the Indian legendary tales, and, like many of them bears an allegoric significancy. Yet he who endeavors to interpret an Indian allegory through all its erratic windings and puerile inconsistencies, has undertaken no enviable task.

'A Delaware Indian,' said Pontiac, 'conceived an eager desire to learn wisdom from the Master of Life; but, being ignorant where to find him, he had recourse to fasting, dreaming, and magical incantations. By these means it was revealed to him, that, by moving forward in a straight, undeviating course, he would reach the abode of the Great Spirit. He told his purpose to no one, and having provided the equipments of a hunter,— gun, powder-horn, ammunitions, and a kettle for preparing his food,— he set out on his errand. For some time he journeyed on in high hope and confidence. On the evening of the eighth day, he stopped by the side of a brook at the edge

of a meadow, where he began to make ready his evening meal, when, looking up, he saw three large openings in the woods before him, and three well-beaten paths which entered them. He was much surprised; but his wonder increased, when, after it had grown dark, the three paths were more clearly visible than ever. Remembering the important object of his journey, he could neither rest nor sleep; and, leaving his fire, he crossed the meadow, and entered the largest of the three openings. He had advanced but a short distance into the forest, when a bright flame sprang out of the ground before him, and arrested his steps. In great amazement, he turned back, and entered the second path, where the same wonderful phenomenon again encountered him; and now, in terror and bewilderment, yet still resolved to persevere, he took the last of the three paths. On this he journeyed a whole day without interruption, when at length, emerging from the forest, he saw before him a vast mountain, of dazzling whiteness. So precipitous was the ascent, that the Indian thought it hopeless to go farther, and looked around him in despair; at that moment, he saw, seated at some distance above, the figure of a beautiful woman arrayed in white, who arose as he looked upon her, and thus accosted him: "How can you hope, encumbered as you are, to succeed in your design? Go down to the foot of the mountain, throw away your gun, your ammunition, your provisions, and your clothing; wash yourself in the stream which flows there, and you will then be prepared to stand before the Master of Life." The Indian obeyed and again began to ascend among the rocks, while the woman, seeing him still discouraged, laughed at his faintness of heart, and told him that, if he wished for success, he must climb by the aid of one hand and one foot only. After great toil and suffering, he at length found himself at the summit. The woman had disappeared, and he was left alone. A rich and beautiful plain lay before him, and at a little distance he saw three great villages, far superior to the squalid wigwams of the Delawares. As he approached the largest, and stood hesitating whether he should enter, a man gorgeously attired stepped forth, and, taking him by the hand, welcomed him to the celestial abode. He then conducted him into the presence of the Great Spirit, where the Indian stood confounded at the unspeakable splendor which surrounded him. The Great Spirit bade him be seated, and thus addressed him: —

'"I am the Maker of heaven and earth, the trees, lakes, rivers, and all things else. I am the Maker of mankind; and because I love you, you must do my will. The land on which you live I have made for you, and not for others. Why do you suffer the white men to dwell among you? My children, you have forgotten the customs and traditions of your forefathers. Why do you not clothe yourselves in skins, as they did, and use the bows and arrows, and the stone-pointed lances, which they used? You have bought guns, knives, kettles, and blankets, from the white men, until you can no longer do without them; and, what is worse, you have drunk the poison fire-water, which turns you into fools. Fling all these things away; live as your wise forefathers lived before you. And as for these English,— these dogs dressed in red, who have come to rob you of your hunting-grounds, and drive away the game,— you must lift the hatchet against them. Wipe them from the face of the earth, and then you will win my favor back again, and once more be happy and prosperous. The children of your great father, the King of France, are not like the English. Never forget that they are your brethren. They are very dear to me, for they love the red men, and understand the true mode of worshiping me."'

The Great Spirit next gave his hearer various precepts of morality and religion, such as the prohibition to marry more than one wife; and a warning against the practice of magic, which is worshiping the devil. A prayer, embodying the substance of all that he had heard, was then presented to the Delaware. It was cut in hieroglyphics upon a wooden stick, after the custom of his people; and he was directed to send copies of it to all the Indian villages.

The adventurer now departed, and, returning to the earth, reported all the wonders he had seen in the celestial regions. Such was the tale told by Pontiac to the council; and it is worthy of notice, that not he alone, but many of the most notable men who have arisen among the

Indians, have been opponents of civilization, and stanch advocates of primitive barbarism. Red Jacket and Tecumseh would gladly have brought back their people to the rude simplicity of their original condition. There is nothing progressive in the rigid, inflexible nature of an Indian. He will not open his mind to the idea of improvement; and nearly every change that has been forced upon him has been a change for the worse.

Many other speeches were doubtless made in the council, but no record of them has been preserved. All present were eager to attack the British fort; and Pontiac told them, in conclusion, that on the second of May he would gain admittance, with a party of his warriors, on pretense of dancing the calumet dance before the garrison; that they would take note of the strength of the fortification; and that he would then summon another council to determine the mode of attack.

The assembly now dissolved, and all the evening the women were employed in loading the canoes, which were drawn up on the bank of the stream. The encampments broke up at so early an hour, that when the sun rose, the savage swarm had melted away; the secluded scene was restored to its wonted silence and solitude, and nothing remained but the slender framework of several hundred cabins, with fragments of broken utensils, pieces of cloth, and scraps of hide, scattered over the trampled grass; while the smoldering embers of numberless fires mingled their dark smoke with the white mist which rose from the little river.

Every spring, after the winter hunt was over, the Indians were accustomed to return to their villages, or permanent encampments, in the vicinity of Detroit; and, accordingly, after the council had broken up, they made their appearance as usual about the fort. On the first of May, Pontiac came to the gate with forty men of the Ottawa tribe, and asked permission to enter and dance the calumet dance, before the officers of the garrison. After some hesitation, he was admitted; and proceeding to the corner of the street, where stood the house of the commandant, Major Gladwyn, he and thirty of his warriors began their dance, each recounting his own exploits, and boasting himself the bravest of mankind. The officers and men gathered around them; while, in the mean time, the remaining ten of the Ottawas strolled about the fort, observing everything it contained. When the dance was over, they all quietly withdrew, not a suspicion of their designs having arisen in the minds of the English.

After a few days had elapsed, Pontiac's messengers again passed among the Indian cabins, calling the principal chiefs to another council, in the Pottawattamie village. Here there was a large structure of bark, erected for the public use on occasions like the present. A hundred chiefs were seated around this dusky council-house, the fire in the center shedding its fitful light upon their dark, naked forms, while the pipe passed from hand to hand. To prevent interruption, Pontiac had stationed young men as sentinels, near the house. He once more addressed the chiefs; inciting them to hostility against the English, and concluding by the proposal of his plan for destroying Detroit. It was as follows: Pontiac would demand a council with the commandant concerning matters of great importance; and on this pretext he flattered himself that he and his principal chiefs would gain ready admittance within the fort. They were all to carry weapons concealed beneath their blankets. While in the act of addressing the commandant in the council-room, Pontiac was to make a certain signal, upon which the chiefs were to raise the war-whoop, rush upon the officers present, and strike them down. The other Indians, waiting meanwhile at the gate, or loitering among the houses, on hearing the yells and firing within the building, were to assail the astonished and half-armed soldiers; and thus Detroit would fall an easy prey.

In opening this plan of treachery, Pontiac spoke rather as a counselor than as a commander. Haughty as he was, he had too much sagacity to wound the pride of a body of men over whom he had no other control than that derived from his personal character and influence. No one was hardy enough to venture opposition to the proposal of their great leader. His plan was eagerly adopted. Hoarse ejaculations of applause echoed his speech; and, gathering their blankets around them, the chiefs withdrew to their respective villages, to prepare for the destruction of the unsuspecting garrison.

CHAPTER X

1763

DETROIT

To the credulity of mankind each great calamity has its dire prognostics. Signs and portents in the heavens, the vision of an Indian bow, and the figure of a scalp imprinted on the disk of the moon, warned the New England Puritans of impending war. The apparitions passed away, and Philip of Mount Hope burst from the forest with his Narragansett warriors. In October, 1762, thick clouds of inky blackness gathered above the fort and settlement of Detroit. The river darkened beneath the awful shadows, and the forest was wrapped in double gloom. Drops of rain began to fall, of strong, sulphurous odor, and so deeply colored that the people, it is said, collected them and used them for writing. A literary and philosophical journal of the times seeks to explain this strange phenomenon on some principle of physical science; but the simple Canadians held a different faith. Throughout the winter, the shower of black rain was the foremost topic of the fireside talk; and forebodings of impending evil disturbed the breast of many a timorous matron.

La Motte-Cadillac was the founder of Detroit. In the year 1701, he planted the little military colony, which time has transformed into a thriving American city. At an earlier date, some feeble efforts had been made to secure the possession of this important pass; and when La Hontan visited the lakes, a small post, called Fort St. Joseph, was standing near the present site of Fort Gratiot. The wandering Jesuits, too, made frequent sojourns upon the borders of the Detroit, and baptized the savage children whom they found there.

Fort St. Joseph was abandoned in the year 1688. The establishment of Cadillac was destined to a better fate, and soon rose to distinguished importance among the western outposts of Canada. Indeed, the site was formed by nature for prosperity; and a bad government and a thriftless people could not prevent the increase of the colony. At the close of the French war, as Major Rogers tells us, the place contained twenty-five hundred inhabitants. The center of the settlement was the fortified town, currently called the Fort, to distinguish it from the straggling dwellings along the river banks. It stood on the western margin of the river, covering a small part of the ground now occupied by the city of Detroit, and contained about a hundred houses, compactly pressed together, and surrounded by a palisade. Both above and below the fort, the banks of the stream were lined on both sides with small Canadian dwellings, extending at various intervals for nearly eight miles. Each had its garden and its orchard, and each was enclosed by a fence of rounded pickets. To the soldier or the trader, fresh from the harsh scenery and ambushed perils of the surrounding wilds, the secluded settlement was welcome as an oasis in the desert.

The Canadian is usually a happy man. Life sits lightly upon him; he laughs at its hardships, and soon forgets its sorrows. A lover of roving and adventure, of the frolic and the dance, he is little troubled with thoughts of the past or the future, and little plagued with avarice or ambition. At Detroit, all his propensities found ample scope. Aloof from the world, the simple colonists shared none of its pleasures and excitements, and were free from many of its cares. Nor were luxuries wanting which civilization might have envied them. The forest teemed with game, the marshes with wild fowl, and the rivers with fish. The apples and pears of the old Canadian orchards are even to this day held in esteem. The poorer inhabitants made wine from the fruit of the wild grape, which grew profusely in the woods, while the wealthier class procured a better quality from Montreal, in exchange for the canoe loads of furs which they sent down with every year. Here, as elsewhere in Canada, the long winter was a season of social enjoyment; and when, in summer and autumn, the traders and voyageurs, the *coureurs de bois,* and half-breeds, gathered from the distant forests of the northwest, the whole settlement was alive with dancing and feasting, drinking, gaming, and carousing.

Within the limits of the settlement were three large Indian villages. On the western shore, a little below the fort, were the lodges of the Pottawattamies; nearly opposite, on the eastern side, was the village

of the Wyandots; and on the same side, five miles higher up, Pontiac's band of Ottawas had fixed their abode. The settlers had always maintained the best terms with their savage neighbors. In truth, there was much congeniality between the red man and the Canadian. Their harmony was seldom broken; and among the woods and wilds of the northern lakes roamed many a lawless half-breed, the mongrel offspring of the colonists of Detroit and the Indian squaws.

We have already seen how, in an evil hour for the Canadians, a party of British troops took possession of Detroit, towards the close of the year 1760. The British garrison, consisting partly of regulars and partly of provincial rangers, was now quartered in a well-built range of barracks within the town or fort. The latter, as already mentioned, contained about a hundred small houses. Its form was nearly square, and the palisade which surrounded it was about twenty-five feet high. At each corner was a wooden bastion, and a block-house was erected over each gateway. The houses were small, chiefly built of wood, and roofed with bark or a thatch of straw. The streets also were extremely narrow, though a wide passage way, known as the *chemin du ronde,* surrounded the town, between the houses and the palisade. Besides the barracks, the only public buildings were a council-house and a rude little church.

The garrison consisted of a hundred and twenty soldiers, with about forty fur-traders and *engagés;* but the latter, as well as the Canadian inhabitants of the place, could little be trusted, in the event of an Indian outbreak. Two small, armed schooners, the *Beaver* and the *Gladwyn,* lay anchored in the stream, and several light pieces of artillery were mounted on the bastions.

Such was Detroit,— a place whose defenses could have opposed no resistance to a civilized enemy; and yet, far removed as it was from the hope of speedy succor, it could only rely, in the terrible struggles that awaited it, upon its own slight strength and feeble resources.

Standing on the water bastion of Detroit, a pleasant landscape spread before the eye. The river, about half a mile wide, almost washed the foot of the stockade; and either bank was lined with the white Canadian cottages. The joyous sparkling of the bright blue water; the green luxuriance of the woods; the white dwellings, looking out from the foliage; and, in the distance, the Indian wigwams curling their smoke against the sky,— all were mingled in one broad scene of wild and rural beauty.

Pontiac, the Satan of this forest paradise, was accustomed to spend the early part of the summer upon a small island at the opening of the Lake St. Clair, hidden from view by the high woods that covered the intervening Isle au Cochon. 'The king and lord of all this country,' as Rogers calls him, lived in no royal state. His cabin was a small, oven-shaped structure of bark and rushes. Here he dwelt, with his squaws and children; and here, doubtless, he might often have been seen, lounging, half-naked, on a rush mat, or a bear-skin, like any ordinary warrior. We may fancy the current of his thoughts, the turmoil of his uncurbed passions, as he revolved the treacheries which, to his savage mind, seemed fair and honorable. At one moment, his fierce heart would burn with the anticipation of vengeance on the detested English; at another, he would meditate how he best might turn the approaching tumults to the furtherance of his own ambitious schemes. Yet we may believe that Pontiac was not a stranger to the high emotion of the patriot hero, the champion not merely of his nation's rights, but of the very existence of his race. He did not dream how desperate a game he was about to play. He hourly flattered himself with the futile hope of aid from France, and thought in his ignorance that the British colonies must give way before the rush of his savage warriors; when, in truth, all the combined tribes of the forest might have chafed in vain rage against the rock-like strength of the Anglo-Saxon.

Looking across an intervening arm of the river, Pontiac could see on its eastern bank the numerous lodges of his Ottawa tribesmen, half hidden among the ragged growth of trees and bushes. On the afternoon of the fifth of May, a Canadian woman, wife of St. Aubin, one of the principal settlers, crossed over from the western side, and visited the Ottawa village, to obtain from the Indians a supply of maple sugar and venison. She was surprised at finding several of the warriors engaged in filing off the muzzles of

their guns, so as to reduce them, stock and all, to the length of about a yard. Returning home in the evening, she mentioned what she had seen to several of her neighbors. Upon this, one of them, the blacksmith of the village, remarked that many of the Indians had lately visited his shop, and attempted to borrow files and saws for a purpose which they would not explain. These circumstances excited the suspicion of the experienced Canadians. Doubtless there were many in the settlement who might, had they chosen, have revealed the plot; but it is no less certain that the more numerous and respectable class in the little community had too deep an interest in the preservation of peace, to countenance the designs of Pontiac. M. Gouin, an old and wealthy settler, went to the commandant, and conjured him to stand upon his guard; but Gladwyn, a man of fearless temper, gave no heed to the friendly advice.

In the Pottawattamie village, if there be truth in tradition, lived an Ojibwa girl, who could boast a larger share of beauty than is common in the wigwam. She had attracted the eye of Gladwyn. He had formed a connection with her, and she had become much attached to him. On the afternoon of the sixth, Catharine — for so the officers called her — came to the fort, and repaired to Gladwyn's quarters, bringing with her a pair of elk-skin moccasins, ornamented with porcupine work, which he had requested her to make. There was something unusual in her look and manner. Her face was sad and downcast. She said little, and soon left the room; but the sentinel at the door saw her still lingering at the street corner, though the hour for closing the gates was nearly come. At length she attracted the notice of Gladwyn himself; and calling her to him, he pressed her to declare what was weighing upon her mind. Still she remained for a long time silent, and it was only after much urgency and many promises not to betray her, that she revealed her momentous secret.

To-morrow, she said, Pontiac will come to the fort with sixty of his chiefs. Each will be armed with a gun, cut short, and hidden under his blanket. Pontiac will demand to hold a council; and after he has delivered his speech, he will offer a peace-belt of wampum, holding it in a reversed position. This will be the signal of attack. The chiefs will spring up and fire upon the officers, and the Indians in the street will fall upon the garrison. Every Englishman will be killed, but not the scalp of a single Frenchman will be touched.

Such is the story told in 1768 to the traveler Carver at Detroit, and preserved in local tradition, but not sustained by contemporary letters or diaries. What is certain is, that Gladwyn received secret information, on the night of the sixth of May, that an attempt would be made on the morrow to capture the fort by treachery. He called some of his officers, and told them what he had heard. The defenses of the place were feeble and extensive, and the garrison by far too weak to repel a general assault. The force of the Indians at this time is variously estimated at from six hundred to two thousand; and the commandant greatly feared that some wild impulse might precipitate their plan, and that they would storm the fort before the morning. Every preparation was made to meet the sudden emergency. Half the garrison were ordered under arms, and all the officers prepared to spend the night upon the ramparts.

The day closed, and the hues of sunset faded. Only a dusky redness lingered in the west, and the darkening earth seemed her dull self again. Then night descended, heavy and black, on the fierce Indians and the sleepless English. From sunset till dawn, an anxious watch was kept from the slender palisades of Detroit. The soldiers were still ignorant of the danger; and the sentinels did not know why their numbers were doubled, or why, with such unwonted vigilance, their officers repeatedly visited their posts. Again and again Gladwyn mounted his wooden ramparts, and looked forth into the gloom. There seemed nothing but repose and peace in the soft, moist air of the warm spring evening, with the piping of frogs along the river bank, just roused from their torpor by the genial influence of May. But, at intervals, as the night wind swept across the bastion, it bore sounds of fearful portent to the ear, the sullen booming of the Indian drum and the wild chorus of quavering yells, as the warriors, around their distant camp-fires, danced the war-dance, in preparation for the morrow's work.

CHAPTER XI

1763

TREACHERY OF PONTIAC

The night passed without alarm. The sun rose upon fresh fields and newly budding woods, and scarcely had the morning mists dissolved, when the garrison could see a fleet of birch canoes crossing the river from the eastern shore, within range of cannon shot above the fort. Only two or three warriors appeared in each, but all moved slowly, and seemed deeply laden. In truth, they were full of savages, lying flat on their faces, that their numbers might not excite the suspicion of the English.

At an early hour the open common behind the fort was thronged with squaws, children, and warriors, some naked, and others fantastically arrayed in their barbarous finery. All seemed restless and uneasy, moving hither and thither, in apparent preparation for a general game of ball. Many tall warriors, wrapped in their blankets, were seen stalking toward the fort, and casting malignant, furtive glances upward at the palisades. Then with an air of assumed indifference, they would move towards the gate. They were all admitted; for Gladwyn, who, in this instance at least, showed some knowledge of Indian character, chose to convince his crafty foe that, though their plot was detected, their hostility was despised.

The whole garrison was ordered under arms. Sterling, and the other English fur-traders, closed their storehouses and armed their men, and all in cool confidence stood waiting the result.

Meanwhile, Pontiac, who had crossed with the canoes from the eastern shore, was approaching along the river road, at the head of his sixty chiefs, all gravely marching in Indian file. A Canadian settler, named Beaufait, had been that morning to the fort. He was now returning homewards, and as he reached the bridge which led over the stream then called Parent's Creek, he saw the chiefs in the act of crossing from the farther bank. He stood aside to give them room. As the last Indian passed, Beaufait recognized him as an old friend and associate. The savage greeted him with the usual ejaculation, opened for an instant the folds of his blanket, disclosed the hidden gun, and, with an emphatic gesture towards the fort, indicated the purpose to which he meant to apply it.

At ten o'clock, the great war-chief, with his treacherous followers, reached the fort, and the gateway was thronged with their savage faces. All were wrapped to the throat in colored blankets. Some were crested with hawk, eagle, or raven plumes; others had shaved their heads, leaving only the fluttering scalp-lock on the crown; while others, again, wore their long, black hair flowing loosely at their backs, or wildly hanging about their brows like a lion's mane. Their bold yet crafty features, their cheeks besmeared with ocher and vermilion, white lead and soot, their keen, deep-set eyes gleaming in their sockets, like those of rattlesnakes, gave them an aspect grim, uncouth, and horrible. For the most part, they were tall, strong men, and all had a gait and bearing of peculiar stateliness.

As Pontiac entered, it is said that he started, and that a deep ejaculation half escaped from his breast. Well might his stoicism fail, for at a glance he read the ruin of his plot. On either hand, within the gateway, stood ranks of soldiers and hedges of glittering steel. The swarthy *engagés* of the fur-traders, armed to the teeth, stood in groups at the street corners, and the measured tap of a drum fell ominously on the ear. Soon regaining his composure, Pontiac strode forward into the narrow street; and his chiefs filed after him in silence, while the scared faces of women and children looked out from the windows as they passed. Their rigid muscles betrayed no sign of emotion; yet, looking closely, one might have seen their small eyes glance from side to side with restless scrutiny.

Traversing the entire width of the little town, they reached the door of the council-house, a large building standing near the margin of the river. On entering, they saw Gladwyn, with several of his officers, seated in readiness to receive them, and the observant chiefs did not fail to remark that every Englishman wore a sword at his side, and a pair of pistols in his belt. The conspirators eyed each other with uneasy glances. 'Why,' demanded Pontiac, 'do I see so many of my father's young men standing in the street with their guns?' Gladwyn replied through his interpreter, La Butte.

that he had ordered the soldiers under arms for the sake of exercise and discipline. With much delay and many signs of distrust, the chiefs at length sat down on the mats prepared for them; and, after the customary pause, Pontiac rose to speak. Holding in his hand the wampum belt which was to have given the fatal signal, he addressed the commandant, professing strong attachment to the English, and declaring, in Indian phrase, that he had come to smoke the pipe of peace, and brighten the chain of friendship. The officers watched him keenly as he uttered these hollow words, fearing lest, though conscious that his designs were suspected, he might still attempt to accomplish them. And once, it is said, he raised the wampum belt as if about to give the signal of attack. But at that instant Gladwyn signed slightly with his hand. The sudden clash of arms sounded from the passage without, and a drum rolling the charge filled the council-room with its stunning din. At this, Pontiac stood like one confounded. Some writers will have it, that Gladwyn, rising from his seat, drew the chief's blanket aside, exposed the hidden gun, and sternly rebuked him for his treachery. But the commandant wished only to prevent the consummation of the plot, without bringing on an open rupture. His own letters affirm that he and his officers remained seated as before. Pontiac, seeing his unruffled brow and his calm eye fixed steadfastly upon him, knew not what to think, and soon sat down in amazement and perplexity. Another pause ensued, and Gladwyn commenced a brief reply. He assured the chiefs that friendship and protection should be extended towards them as long as they continued to deserve it, but threatened ample vengeance for the first act of aggression. The council then broke up; but, before leaving the room, Pontiac told the officers that he would return in a few days, with his squaws and children, for he wished that they should all shake hands with their fathers the English. To this new piece of treachery Gladwyn deigned no reply. The gates of the fort, which had been closed during the conference, were again flung open, and the baffled savages were suffered to depart, rejoiced, no doubt, to breathe once more the free air of the open fields.

(1851)

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS (1824–1892)

With Curtis we have, as in the case of Bryant, a New Englander transplanted to New York. He was born in Providence, R. I., and lived there until he was fifteen. Moving then with his parents to New York City, he served for a time as a clerk in a mercantile establishment, entered at the age of eighteen the Brook Farm Community in the capacity of a pupil, experienced every part of the famous experiment, and after its failure lingered about Concord for a time to be near Emerson, and then in 1846 went abroad to be gone four years. Returning in 1850, he published *Nile Notes of a Howadji*, 1851, *The Howadji in Syria*, 1852, and settled into what was to be his life-work. He was connected editorially first with *The Tribune*, then with *Putnam's Magazine*, and finally with the Harper's publications. In 1854 he took charge of 'The Easy Chair' Department which had been started four years earlier by D. G. Mitchell in *Harper's Magazine*, and during the next forty years made it a running commentary on American manners and American thought and life. After his death the department was suspended for eight years, but in 1900 was reëstablished by William Dean Howells. Curtis wrote much and in many varieties. His Thackeray-like sketches, the *Potiphar Papers*, 1853, and *Prue and I*, 1856, are still readable, but the literary product that will preserve his name the longest is to be found in those easy, gossipy, delightful papers, the best of which have been republished in three series as Essays from the Easy Chair.

In his later years Curtis became widely known as a finished orator and was greatly in demand. He became, too, a force in the political life of the times. His editorship of *Harper's Weekly* was distinctive and influential. Always was he in the forefront of all reforms and always was he a molder of public opinion in the direction of the highest ideals.

DICKENS READING [1867] [1]

When, hereafter, some chance traveler picks up this odd number of an old magazine and opens to this very page, let him know that the evening of Dicken's first reading in New York was bright with moonlight veiled in a soft gray snow-cloud. The crowd at the entrance was not large. The speculators in tickets were not troublesome, because all the tickets had been long sold. The police, as usual, were polite and efficient; and going up the steep staircase, and passing through the single door, we were all quietly and pleasantly seated by eight o'clock. The floor of Steinway Hall is level, so that the audience is lost to itself; but it was easy for all of us to perceive, by scanning our neighbors, that we were a very fine body of people. At least everybody who was present said so. We all remarked that the intelligence and distinction of the city were present, and that it must be extremely gratifying to Mr. Dickens to be welcomed by the most intellectual and appreciative audience that could be assembled in New York.

The details of the arrangement upon the platform, the screen behind, the hidden lights above and below, and the stiff little table with the water-bottle, are familiar. But as we all sat looking at them, and at the variously splendid toilets that rustled in, and fluttered, and finally settled, it was not possible to escape the great thought that in a few moments we should see at that queer, stiff table the creator of Sam Weller, and Oliver Twist, and Micawber, and Dick Swiveller, and the rest of the endless, marvelous company — the greatest story-teller since Scott, one of the most famous names in literature since Fielding. When he was here before Carlyle growled in *Past and Present* about 'Schnuspel, the distinguished novelist,' and there were some who laughed. But the laugh was passed by.— Look! There is a man, who looks like somebody's 'own man,' who scuffles across the stage and turns up a burner or two; and he is scarcely out of the way when — there he comes, rapidly, in full

[1] The selections from George William Curtis in this collection are published by special arrangement with Harper & Brothers, owners of the copyright.

evening dress, with a heavy watch-chain, and a nosegay in his button-hole, the world's own man.

His reception was sober. The whole audience clapped its gloved hands. Not a heel, not a cane, mingled with the sound, not a solitary voice. It was a very muffled cordiality, an enthusiasm in kid gloves. The Easy Chair, for one, longed to rise and shout. Heaven has given us voices, brethren, with which to welcome and salute our friends, and if ever a long, long cheer should have rung from the heart, it was when the man who has done so much for all of us stood before us. But it was useless. The steady clapping was prolonged, and Dickens stood calmly, bowing easily once or twice, and waiting with the air of one ready to begin business.

The instant there was silence he did begin: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I am to have the honor of reading to you this evening the trial-scene from Pickwick, and a Christmas Carol in a prelude and three scenes. Scene first, Marley's Ghost. Marley was dead, to begin with.' These words, or words very similar, were spoken in a husky voice, not remarkable in any way, and with the English cadence in articulation, a rising inflection at the end of every few words. They were spoken with perfect simplicity, and the introductory description was read with good sense, and conveyed a fine relish upon the reader's part of the things described. There was nothing formal, no effort of any kind. The left hand held the book, the right hand moved continually, slightly indicating the action described, as of putting on a muffler, or whatever it might be. But the moment Scrooge spoke the drama began.

Every character was individualized by the voice and by a slight change of expression. But the reader stood perfectly still, and the instant transition of the voice from the dramatic to the descriptive tone was unfailing and extraordinary. This was perfection of art. Nor was the evenness of the variety less striking. Every character was indicated with the same felicity. Of course the previous image in the hearer's mind must be considered in estimating the effect. The reader does not create the character, the writer has done that; and now he refreshes it into unwonted vividness, as when a wet sponge is passed over an old picture. Scrooge, and Tiny Tim, and Sam Weller and his wonderful father, and Sergeant Buzfuz, and Justice Stareleigh have an intenser reality and vitality than before. As the reading advances the spell becomes more entrancing. The mind and heart answer instantly to every tone and look of the reader. In a passionate outburst, as in Bob Cratchit's wail for his lost little boy, or in Scrooge's prayer to be allowed to repent, the whole scene lives and throbs before you. And when, in the great trial of Bardell against Pickwick, the thick, fat voice of the elder Weller wheezes from the gallery, 'Put id down with a wee, me Lerd, put id down with a wee,' you turn to look for the gallery and behold the benevolent parent.

Through all there is a striking sense of reserved power, and of absolute mastery of the art. There is no straining for points, no exaggeration, no extravagance, but an instinctive and adequate outlay of means for every effect, and a complete preservation of personal dignity throughout. The enjoyment is sincere and unique; and when the young gentleman before us remarks to the flossy young woman at his side that 'any clever actor can do the thing as well,' we congratulate him inwardly upon his experience of the theater. Perhaps, also, the flossy young woman is of opinion that any clever author can write as well as this reader.

There is a serious drawback to this first evening's enjoyment, however, and that is that fully a third of those present hear very imperfectly. Nothing can surpass the air of mingled indignation, chagrin, and disappointment with which a severe lady just behind declares that she did not hear a word, and adds, caustically, that the spectacle alone is hardly worth the money. Not worth the money? Dear Madam, the Easy Chair would willingly pay more than the price of admission merely to see him. And just as he is thinking so another friend leans forward and says, in a decided tone of utter disappointment, 'Just let me take your glass, will you? I can't hear a word, but I should like to see how the man looks.' As the Easy Chair passes out of the door he encounters Mr. and Mrs. Sealskin, sailing smoothly and silently out. 'How delightful!' exclaims the inno-

cent and unwary Chair. 'Did n't hear a word,' says Mr. Sealskin, sententiously, and without pausing in his course; and Madam upon his arm raises her eyebrows and looks emphatically 'not a word!' So the Easy Chair gradually discovers that there has been a very wide and lamentable disappointment, and that a large part of the throng has been tantalized through the evening in the vain effort to hear — catching a few words and losing the point of the joke. No wonder they are very sober, and sail out of the hall very steadily, with an air of thinking that they have been victims, but also with the plain wish to think as well of Mr. Charles Dickens as circumstances will allow. Still, they evidently hold him, upon the whole, responsible, just as an audience assembled to hear a lecture, and obliged to go unlectured away, holds the lecturer — chafing in a snow-bank upon the railroad fifty miles away — responsible for its disappointment. It is pleasant for the Sealskins to read, as the Easy Chair did the next morning, in the ever-veracious and independent press, that Mr. Dickens's voice is heard with ease in every part of the hall.

But let them feel as they may, those who did not hear are sure to go again, and if they hear the next time, again and again. Let the future reader of this odd number of a magazine learn further that such was the popular eagerness to attend these readings that people gathered before light to stand in the line of the ticket-office. One historic boy is said to have passed the night in the cold waiting for the opening of the office, and to have sold his prize for thirty dollars in gold to 'a Southerner.' Another person was offered twenty dollars for his place in the line, with merely a chance of getting a ticket when his turn came at the office.

The interest was unabated to the end, and under the personal spell of the enchanter that old ill-feeling towards the author of *American Notes* and the creator of Chuzzlewit melted away. And why not? Do we not all know our Yankee brother of whom Dickens told us, who has a huge note of interrogation in each eye, and can we blame the Englishman for using his own eyes? Is not that silent traveler whom he saw still to be seen in every train sucking the great ivory head of his cane and taking it out occasionally and looking at it to see how it is getting on? If we had been a little angry with Lemuel Gulliver or Robinson Crusoe, could our anger have survived hearing one of them tell his story of Liliput, or the other the tale of the solitary island?

After his little winter tour Dickens returned to New York to take leave of the American public. On the Saturday evening before the final reading the newspaper fraternity gave him a dinner at Delmonico's, which was then at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, formerly the hospitable house of Moses H. Grinnell. At this dinner Mr. Greeley presided, and that the bland and eccentric teetotaler, who was not supposed to be versed in what Carlyle called the 'Tea-table proprieties,' should take the chair at a dinner to so roistering a blade — within discreet limits — and so skilled an artist of all kinds of beverages as Dickens, was a stroke of extravaganza in his own way. The dinner was in every way memorable and delightful, but the enjoyment was sobered by the illness of the guest from one of the attacks which, as was known soon afterwards, foretold the speedy end. It was, indeed, doubtful if he could appear, but after an hour he came limping slowly into the room on the arm of Mr. Greeley.

In his speech, with great delicacy and feeling, Dickens alluded to some possible misunderstanding, now forever vanished, between him and his hosts, and declared his purpose of publicly recognizing that fact in future editions of his works. His words were greeted with great enthusiasm, and on the following Monday evening he read, at Steinway Hall, for the last time in this country, and sailed on Wednesday. He was still very lame, but he read with unusual vigor, and with deep feeling. As he ended, and slowly limped away, the applause was prodigious, and the whole audience rose and stood waiting. Reaching the steps of the platform he paused, and turned towards the hall; then, after a moment, he came slowly and painfully back again, and with a pale face and evidently profoundly moved, he gazed at the vast audience. The hall was hushed, and in a voice firm, but full of pathos, he spoke a few words of farewell. 'I shall never recall you,' he said,

'as a mere public audience, but rather as a host of personal friends, and ever with the greatest gratitude, tenderness, and consideration. God bless you, and God bless the land in which I leave you!' The great audience waited respectfully, wistfully watching him as he slowly withdrew. The faithful Dolby, his friend and manager, helped him down the steps. For a moment he turned and looked at the crowded hall. It was full of hearts responding to his own. There was a common consciousness that it was a last parting, and his fervid benediction was silently reciprocated.— Then the door closed behind him.

Harper's Magazine, February, 1868.

RIP VAN WINKLE

Going the other evening to see *Rip Van Winkle,* the old question of its moral naturally came up, and Portia warmly asserted that it was shameful to bring young children to see a play in which the exquisite skill of Jefferson threw a glamor upon the sorriest vice.

'See,' she said, 'the earnest, tearful interest with which these boys and girls near us hang upon the story. The charm to them of the scene and of the acting is indescribable. Do you suppose they can escape the effect? All their sympathy is kindled for the good-natured and good-for-nothing reprobate, and when Gretchen turns him out into the night and the storm, they cannot help feeling that it is she, not he, who has ruined the home, and that the drunken vagabond, who has just made his endearments the cover of deception, is really the victim of a virago. And when he returns, old and decrepit, and, we might hope, purged of that fatal appetite which has worked all the woe, it is his old victim, the woman whose youth his evil habits ruined, and who, in consequence of those habits was driven into the power of the tormentor, Derrick von Beekman, who hands him "the cup that shall be death in tasting," as if it were she, and not he, who had been properly chastened and converted from the fatal error of supposing that drunkenness is not a good thing.

'No, no,' said Portia, indignantly and eloquently, raising her voice to that degree that the Easy Chair feared to hear the appalling ''sh! 'sh!' of the disturbed neighbors; it is a grossly immoral spectacle, and the subtler and more fascinating the genius of Mr. Jefferson in the representation, the more deadly is the effect.'

The drop had just fallen, and the scene on the mountains was about to open. The house had been darkened, and as the clear, quiet, unforced tone of Rip, yielding, not remonstrating, to the doom that we all knew and he did not, fell upon the hushed audience, the eyes of men and women were full of tears; while the orchestra murmured, *mezzo voce,* during the storm within and without the house, the tenderly pathetic melody of the 'Lorelei:'

'I know not what it presages,
This heart with sadness fraught;
'T is a tale of the olden ages
That will not from my thought.'

It was not easy to find in the emotion of that moment a response to Portia's accusation of gross immorality. There was but a poetic figure in the mind — the sweet-natured, weak-willed, simple-hearted vagabond of the village and the mountain — touching the heart with pity, and, in the drunken scene, with sorrow. This figure excludes all the rest. Its symmetry and charm are the triumph of the play as acted. Now the immorality can not lie in the kindly feeling for the tippling vagabond, for that is natural and universal. Indeed, the same kind of weakness that leads to a habit of tippling belongs often to the most charming and attractive natures, and the representation of the fact upon the stage is not in itself immoral. The immorality must be found, if anywhere, as Portia insisted, in the charm with which vice is invested.

But is it so invested in this play? It used to be urged against Bulwer's early novels that they made scoundrels fascinating, and that boys after reading them would prefer rascals to honest men. If that had been the fact, the novels would have been justly open to that censure. But, tried by this standard, Rip Van Winkle, as Mr. Jefferson plays it, is far from an immoral play. The picture as he paints it is moral in the same sense that nature is moral. No man, shiftless,

idle, and drunken, afraid to go home, ashamed before his children, without self-respect or the regard of others, however gentle and sweet, and however much a favorite with the boys and girls and animals he may be, is a man whose courses those boys will wish to imitate or who will make vice more tasteful to them. The pathos of the second part of the play, in which the change of age mingled with mystery is marvelously portrayed, is largely due to the consciousness that this melancholy end is all due to that woeful beginning. The expulsion of Derrick and his nephew is nothing, the happiness of Meenie and her lover is nothing, the release of Gretchen is nothing, there is only a wasted old man, without companions, the long prime of whose life has been lost in unconsciousness, and who, suddenly awaking, looks at us pitifully from the edge of the grave.

By the most prosaic standards this should not seem to adorn vice with attraction. It is true that the spectator is more interested in Rip than in his wife, and that she is made a virago. But it is not his drunkenness that charms, and her virtue is at least severe. Indeed, if this performance is to be tried by this standard, the play must be regarded as a temperance mission. For temperance is to be inculcated upon the youthful spectators who sit near us not so much by stories and pictures of the furious brute who drives wife and children from a home made desolate by him, and who fly from him as from a demon, as by this simple, faithful showing of the kind-hearted loiterer who makes wretched a wife who yet loves him, and who denounces himself to the child that he loves. This is the fair view of it as a picture of ordinary human life.

But, as we look, the low wail of the sad music is in our ears, the scene changes to a weird world of faery, the story merges in a dream, and Rip Van Winkle smiles at us from a realm beyond the diocese of conscience. If conscience, indeed, will obtrude, conscience shall be satisfied. It is a sermon if you will, but if you will, also, it is a poem.

Harper's Magazine, April, 1875.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

'The beauty of Israel has fallen in its high place,' said the voice of Emerson's friend and neighbor, Judge Hoar, trembling and almost hushed in emotion, and everybody who heard felt the singular felicity of the words. The plain little country church was crowded, and a vast throng stood outside in the peaceful April sunshine. Before the pulpit — the eyes forever closed, the voice forever silent — lay the man whose aspect of sweet and majestic serenity Death had not touched, and which recalled his own words: 'Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the house.' It was the man who was beloved of his neighbors and honored by the world, whose modest counsel in grave affairs guided the village, and whose thought led the thought of Christendom. 'He belonged to all men, but he is peculiarly ours,' said Judge Hoar truly, speaking for the quiet historic town of which Emerson's grand-father had been the minister, and in which he lived during the larger part of his life, and to which his memory will lend an imperishable charm.

Concord when he first knew it was already famous. A hundred years ago, at the bridge over the placid river, the Middlesex farmers, hastening as minute men from all the neighboring country, had obeyed the first military summons to fire upon the king's regulars; and the red-coated regulars, turning, had begun, amid the blazing patriot volley of twenty miles, their long retreat to Yorktown and over the sea. At the point where the highway by which the soldiers marched enters the village, under the hill along whose ridge the hurrying countrymen pressed to cut off the soldiers' retreat, lived for more than forty years the scholar who belongs to Concord as Shakespeare belongs to Stratford.

'Nature,' said Emerson in his first book, written in the old Manse at Concord, which Hawthorne afterwards inhabited, and which he has so beautifully commemorated —'Nature stretcheth out her arms to embrace man: only let his thoughts be of equal greatness. Willingly does she follow his steps with the rose and the violet, and bend her lines of grandeur

and grace to the decoration of her darling child. Only let his thoughts be of equal scope, and the frame will suit the picture. A virtuous man is in unison with her works, and makes the central figure of the visible sphere. Homer, Pindar, Socrates, Phocion, associate themselves fitly in our memory with the geography and climate of Greece. The visible heavens and the earth sympathize with Jesus. And in common life whoever has seen a person of powerful character and happy genius will have remarked how easily he took all things along with him, the persons, the opinions, and the day, and nature became auxiliary to a man.' So is Emerson associated with the tranquil landscape of the old Middlesex town — the gentle hills, the long sweep of meadow-land, the winding river, the woodland, and the pastures under the ample sky. The broad horizon and rural repose were the fitting home of the lofty and beneficent genius whose life and word perpetually illustrated the supreme worth and beauty of truth, purity, and morality. Whoever saw him there or elsewhere, saw the 'sweet and virtuous soul' which George Herbert likened to seasoned timber that never gives.

The sincerity and serenity of Emerson's character were unsurpassed. The freshness and glow of his interest in life were perennial. With a sober tenderness of regret he said to a friend who congratulated him upon his seventieth birthday, 'Yet it is a little sad to me, for I count to-day the end of youth.' In no other sense than the lapse of years, however, was it true. That auroral freshness of soul which is the distinctive charm of youth lingered when even memory somewhat failed. 'How long it is since I have seen you!' he said at Longfellow's funeral to a friend whom he had accosted just before. But he said it with all that heartiness of sympathy and expectation which, in the golden prime of his life, when he was in many ways the most striking and original figure in his country, made him greet every comer as if he expected to hear from him a wiser word than had yet been spoken. A youth, fascinated by this simple graciousness of manner, declared that Emerson greeted the most ordinary persons like a King of Spain receiving an ambassador from the Great Mogul. The expectancy of his manner implied that every man had some message to deliver, and he bent himself to hear.

But his shrewdness of perception was exquisite. He did not take dross because he hoped for gold. His reproof was as sure and incisive as the stroke of a delicate Damascus blade. When a young man, hearing Emerson say that everybody ought to read Plato, followed his advice, and read, he thought, with the audacity of youth, that he detected faults in Plato, and wrote an essay to set them forth. He asked Emerson to read it, and when he returned it to the youth, Emerson said, pleasantly, 'My boy, when you strike at the king, you must kill him.' One day he sat at dinner with a distinguished company of statesmen. He was by far the most famous man at the table; but he modestly followed the conversation, turning from each guest who spoke, to the next, with the old sweet gravity of earnest expectation. When all the notable company had gone, a guest who remained said to him: 'I saw you talking with the English Minister. He is a brilliant man, and I hope that you found him agreeable.' 'A very pleasant gentleman,' replied Emerson; 'but he does not represent the England that I know.'

Despite this sharp apprehension, however, Emerson was sometimes unable to find any charm in writings which have apparently taken a permanent place in literature. He could see nothing interesting or valuable in Shelley. 'When I read Shelley,' he once said, 'I am like a man who thinks that he sees gold at the bottom of a stream. He reaches for it, but his hands come up cold, with a little common sand in them.' The waywardness and disorder of Shelley's life may have troubled him. But this would not have affected his intellectual judgment. His acute intellect was supremely independent and absolutely courageous. 'He must embrace solitude as a bride,' he said of the scholar; 'he must have his glees and his glooms alone.' When as a young man he quietly closed his pulpit door, and declined to preach any more, because he no longer felt any value in certain religious rites, there was no protest, nor ostentation, nor newspaper 'sensation.' It was simply the closing of a book that he had read, and the amazement and censure and grief of others could not possibly per-

suade him to do, or to say, or to affect, the thing that was not true. Emerson's moral and intellectual integrity was transparently simple, but it was sublime. It was not expressed in stormy self-assertion nor cynical contempt. It spoke in tranquil and beautiful affirmation, perfectly courteous, but absolutely sincere.

But no man more charitably and diligently sought to understand others, and to be just to what was obscure and foreign to him. He listened patiently to music. But it did not charm him. He was punctual in the duties of a citizen. But he had no proper political tastes. Yet for the true politics, the application of the moral law to the control of public affairs, no man was more perceptive or uncompromising. He was always on the right side of great public questions. His hospitable sympathy entertained every good cause, and in all our antislavery literature there is no nobler or more permanent work than his address upon the anniversary of West India emancipation in 1844. The only cloud that ever arose upon his regard for Carlyle was his displeasure with Carlyle's contemptuous and cynical sneers at our civil war. He was deeply impatient of doubtful and half-hearted Americans during the war. 'They call themselves gentlemen, I believe,' he said of certain persons, and in a tone which showed that his lofty and patriotic honor instinctively and utterly repudiated the pinchbeck claims of educated feebleness to bear 'the grand old name of gentleman.'

Those who recall Emerson when he was a clergyman in Boston remember a singular spiritual beauty in the man, and an indescribable charm of manner in his public speech. But apparently he impressed his earlier associates with the purity and refinement of his mind and life, his lofty intellectual tastes and sympathy, and his literary accomplishment, rather than by the peculiar force of a genius which was to give the most powerful spiritual impulse of the generation to American thought. This is the more singular because there was always something breezy and heroic in his tone, which might have led to the suspicion of the fact that he was from the first a fond reader of Plutarch, from whose 'Lives' he draws so many illustrations. As in a mountain walk the traveler is suddenly aware of wafts of perfumed air, now of the wild-grape blossom, now of the azalea or sweet-brier, so the strain of Emerson suggests his sympathy with Plutarch and Montaigne, the Oriental poets and the Platonists.

But no one could describe accurately his 'system' of philosophy, nor fit him into a 'school' of poetry. He was content to call himself a scholar, and no name was more significant and precious to him. He shunned notoriety, but he had the instinctive desire of every artist and of all genius for an audience. When a friend asked him of a young man whose literary talent had seemed to him to promise great achievement, Emerson said: 'He does nothing; and I doubted his genius when I saw that he did not seek a hearing.' When his own first slight volume, *Nature*, was published, there were but a few, a very few, who perceived in it the ripe and beautiful work of a master in literature and thought. The richness and originality and picturesque simplicity of this book, its subtle perception, its tone of jubilant power, and the soft glimmering light of lofty imagination which irradiates every page, do not lose by familiarity, and are as charming, although of course not so surprising, as when they first took captive the readers of nearly fifty years ago. With the eagerness of classification which characterizes many active minds, Emerson was immediately labeled a Berkeleyan, an idealist, and a mystic. But he eluded the precise classification as noiselessly and surely as a cloud changes its form. Astonishment, satire, indignation, contradiction, spent themselves in vain. Like a rose-tree in June, which blossoms sweetly whether the air be chilly or sunny, his thought quietly flowered into exquisite expression. You might like it or leave it. But the rose would be still a rose.

There was a fashion of calling Emerson obscure. But there is no style in literature of more poetic precision than his. It is full of surprises of beauty and aptness. His central doctrine of the identity of men, the grandeur of every man's opportunity, and the essential poetry of the circumstances of common life, was a living faith. 'The great man,' he said, 'makes the great thing.' 'In the sighing of these woods; in the quiet of these gray fields; in the cool breeze that sings out of these

Northern mountains; in the workmen, the boys, the maidens you meet; in the hopes of the morning, the ennui of noon, and sauntering of the afternoon; in the disquieting comparisons; in the regrets at want of vigor; in the great idea and the puny execution — behold Charles the Fifth's day; another, yet the same; behold Chatham's, Hampden's, Bayard's, Alfred's, Scipio's, Pericles's day — day of all that are born of women. The difference of circumstance is merely costume. I am tasting the self-same life — its sweetness, its greatness, its pain — which I so admire in other men.' The temptation to complete the splendid passage is almost irresistible. But in every page you are drawn on as in a stately symphony of winning music.

This passage is from the Dartmouth College address, and it has all the flowing cadence of a discourse written to be spoken. Yet Emerson had little of the orator's temperament save the desire of an audience, and an earnestness which was pure and not passionate. But no orator in the country has exercised a deeper or more permanent influence. His discourses were but essays, but their thought was so noble, their form so symmetrical, their tone so lofty, and they were spoken with such alluring rhythm, that they threw over young minds a spell which no other eloquence could command. Emerson himself was very susceptible to the power of fine oratory. No man ever praised more warmly the charm of Everett in his earlier day. When Webster delivered his eulogy upon Adams and Jefferson in Faneuil Hall, Emerson was teaching in Cambridge, and Richard H. Dana, Jun., was one of his pupils. The day before Webster spoke, the teacher announced that there would be no school upon the morrow, and he earnestly exhorted his pupils not to lose the memorable opportunity of hearing the great orator. Dana was of an age to prefer fishing to oratory, and strolled off with his line to the river, where he passed the day. When school was resumed, Mr. Emerson with sympathetic interest asked him if he had heard Webster. The fisher, half ashamed, reluctantly owned his absence, Emerson looked at him with regret and almost pain, and said to him, gravely: 'My boy, I am very sorry; you have lost what you can never recover, and what you will regret to the last day of your life.'

But those who heard his own Divinity School address, or the Cambridge or Dartmouth oration, or the Emancipation address, would not exchange that recollection even to have heard the Olympian orator in Faneuil Hall. 'Tell me,' said a Senator famous for his oratory, to a friend in Washington, 'what do you call eloquence? Repeat to me an eloquent passage.' The friend quoted from Emerson the unequaled passage from the Dartmouth College address in which the scholar appeals to the young men to be true to the ideals of their youth — a passage which no generous youth can read to-day without deep emotion and a thrill of high resolve. The Senator listened with an air of perplexed incredulity. 'Do you call that eloquent? Now see what I call eloquence,' and he declaimed a glowing piece of rhetoric with ardent feeling. It was a passage from Charles Sprague's Fourth-of-July oration in Boston sixty years ago. But effective as it was, his friend reminded the Senator that if the test of eloquence be glow of feeling and splendor and sincerity of expression, with an inner power of appeal which searches the heart and molds the life, no really greater results in this country could be traced to any speech than to that of Emerson, who read the greater part of his essays as addresses, and who sometimes reached a lyrical strain which not the magnificent Burke nor any other great orator surpasses.

— To talk of Emerson, even if the talker were not of the circle of his intimate friends, is to raise the flood-gate of happy and inspiring recollections. It is one of the tenderest of the thoughts that hover around his memory, as the low winds sigh through the pine-trees over his grave, that, as with Longfellow, there are no excuses to be made for grotesque eccentricities of genius, nor for a life at any point unworthy of so great a soul. He said of his friend Thoreau, who is buried near him, that he was like the Alpine climber who gathers the edelweiss, the flower that blooms at the very edge of the glacier. He too lived at those pure heights, and taught us how to tread them undazzled and undismayed. Happy teacher, whose long and lovely life illustrated the dignity and excellence of the

truth, old as the morning and as ever fresh, that fidelity to the divine law written upon the conscience is the only safe law of life for every man. Noble and beneficent preacher, who, in a sense that the pensive Goldsmith did not intend,

'Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.'

Harper's Magazine, July, 1882.

THE LECTURE LYCEUM

The Utica *Herald* in a pleasant article recently recalled the lecture lyceum of a quarter of a century ago. It was then what is called a power. It greatly influenced public opinion. Its spirit was indicated by the reply of Wendell Phillips to an invitation which asked him his terms and his subject. He answered that for a literary lecture he should expect a hundred dollars, but he would deliver an antislavery address for nothing, and pay his own expenses. The lecturers who were most sought at that time were almost without exception men of very strong convictions upon the great question which, however evaded and dexterously hidden, was the vital thought of the country; and every successive week from November to April, in the largest cities and the smallest cities, along the belt of country from the Kennebec through New England and New York westward through Ohio and the Northwest to the Mississippi, before thousands of the most intelligent American citizens, this band of lecturers advanced, like a well-ordered platoon of sharp-shooters, and delivered their destructive volley at what they felt to be the common enemy.

Edward Everett, 'the monarch of the platform,' as Mr. Edward Parker called him in his book upon American contemporary orators, during part of this same time was making a tour through much of the same region with his oration upon Washington, for the benefit of the fund for the purchase of Mount Vernon, and he was also writing the Mount Vernon papers for the *Ledger*, in one of which he gave an entertaining description of a night in a sleeping-car, when those itinerant bedchambers had but recently taken to the road. Mr. Everett's conservative temperament made his oration a kind of corrective of the influence of the great tendency of the lyceum lecture. But patriotic as his purpose undoubtedly was, his effort to stem the rapidly rising tide of public sentiment was like the protests of Governor Hutchinson and the Colonial conservatives against the fervid revolutionary appeals of Otis and Adams and Quincy. Other popular speakers of the same sympathy as that of Mr. Everett found themselves out of tune with the lyceum audience, and were but meteors flashing across the stage, whose light was lost in the steady and increasing glow of the group of men who were identified with the great day of the lyceum lecture.

These men were not all like Wendell Phillips, open leaders of a specific agitation, nor were these lectures always ostensibly upon what are called public questions. But the influence of the lecturers was unmistakable. They were all men known to be in the strongest sympathy with the most advanced feeling of the agitation. It was the plain spirit and tone and drift of those lectures, an occasional allusion and the necessary application of the remarks, however general, to the actual situation, rather than any deliberate discussion of the question itself, which characterized the lyceum of that day. There was sometimes an attempted reaction against this tendency. In Philadelphia it was discovered that colored persons were not admitted to the Musical Fund Hall, in which the lectures had been given. The leading lecturers instantly informed the committee that they declined to speak in the hall so long as the restriction continued. In Albany the reactionary sentiment in the Young Men's Association succeeded in electing a lecture committee which was resolved upon a purely 'literary' course, and which would not invite the usual lecturers. The result was an independent course, under the auspices of dissatisfied members of the association, in which the rejected lecturers spoke in the largest hall in the city, and the signal triumph of the seceders lay in the immense audience which assembled in contrast to the attenuated attendance upon the regular course.

The singular success of the lyceum lecture of that time was due, undoubtedly, to two causes — the simultaneous appearance of a remarkable group of orators, and their profound sympathy with the ques-

tion which absorbed the public mind. The weekly lecture was not merely a display of oratory, not only an amusing recreation, but it brought wit and accomplishment and eloquence to strengthen the public feeling and arouse the public conscience, and to confirm the earnest spirit which was universal, and which forecast the great events and the noble elevation of the public mind that followed. Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Gough, Beecher, Chapin, Starr King, Theodore Parker, could of themselves carry any course of lectures, and each in his own way was thoroughly in accord with the truest American life of that time. The situation and the condition of the public mind would not have availed, indeed, without the happy chance of such orators to create the lyceum, but with that chance the lyceum of that day was as remarkable a continuous display of various and effective eloquence as has been ever known.

If the faithful diary of any lecturer who went the grand rounds twenty-five years ago, from Maine to the Mississippi, could be published, it would be full of the most amusing stories. The lecturers all had them to tell, and they were all men of a singularly fine perception of humor. James T. Fields, the publisher in Boston, was the friend of all the lyceum orators, and towards the close of his life he was himself a popular and attractive lecturer upon literary subjects. His little cell or private office in the old corner bookstore in Boston was an exchange of lecturers for that neighborhood, which teemed with lyceums, and no similar space has ever heard fresher stories better told, or has ever echoed with gayer laughter.

It was the pleasant company in that little retreat which first heard, the day after it occurred, the tale of the belated lecturer who, hurrying from the cars in a carriage to the hall in Boston, long beyond the hour, dinnerless, and with no chance to dress, opened his traveling-bag, and proceeded, to the consternation of the lady who had taken a seat in the same carriage, and whose pardon he politely and briefly invoked, to change his collar and his coat. As he began to pull off his coat, having pulled off his collar, his amazed and terrified fellow-passenger began to pull at the door, and to call loudly upon the driver, who was furiously whipping his horses into a pace that increased both the noise of the carriage and the conviction of the terrified lady that she was the victim of some dreadful conspiracy, or the hapless victim of a maniac. The maniac's earnest but interjectional explanation as he proceeded in his toilet, begging his companion to be pacified, as he was merely going to lecture, was an unintelligible asseveration, which only made his madness more indisputable and awful, and what might have befallen the poor lady, if the carriage had not suddenly stopped at the hall, and the lecturer, in his clean collar and black coat, had not begged her pardon for frightening her, with a fervor that frightened her all the more, and disappeared from the vehicle with his traveling-bag, shawl, and umbrella, he was not prepared to say. But the tale, as he told it the next morning with infinite humor in Field's corner, was received, as he ruefully admitted, with louder shouts of laughter than had greeted the brightest witticisms of his lecture.

Fields is gone, and his old friend and neighbor Whipple, who was one of the earliest of the noted lyceum lecturers. The old corner in the old corner bookstore is gone, and with it have vanished many of the happy company that gathered there, not only of orators, but of famous authors. The lyceum of the last generation is gone, but it is not surprising that those who recall with the Utica *Herald* its golden prime should cherish a kindly and regretful feeling for an institution which was so peculiarly American, and which served so well the true American spirit and American life.

Harper's Magazine, April, 1887.

SOME LESSER POETS OF THE MID-CENTURY

From 1830 to 1860 there was produced in America a surprising amount of verse. The most of it Time has proved valueless, but from it have been winnowed a few real lyrics that seem to have taken a permanent place in the American anthology. The work of John G. Saxe, a native of Vermont, a graduate of Middlebury, and a lawyer of note, has gone with the greater part of the poetic mass, and some of it undeservedly, for without doubt he was the best producer of 'society verse' of the Praed, Locker-Lamson type that America has produced, surpassing even Holmes. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that his clever and dainty improvisations are now but seldom read. Of an utterly different type was the work of Thomas W. Parsons, who so narrowly escaped being a great poet that one wonders at times just what element it was that he lacked. He spent a large part of his life abroad in England and in Italy, and few Americans ever have lived more completely in the higher realms of art than he. He translated Dante, and the immortal lyric 'On a Bust of Dante,' as perfect a thing as there is in English, first appeared in book form in his version of the *Inferno* in 1843. Only in a few rare stanzas does he reach the heights. One wonders as he reads his collections — and his collections were few and brief — how one who could do such exquisite work could also produce verses so ordinary. Thomas Dunn English, a Philadelphian, and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, was as voluminous as Parsons was sparing of product. Among his books are twenty dramas and seven volumes of verse, but he is remembered only for his single song, 'Ben Bolt,' 'a parlor ballad' which was perhaps the most popular bit of sentiment of its era. For a time the Cary sisters, Alice and Phœbe, natives of Ohio, whose poetic abilities were discovered by Whittier, were supposed to be producers of permanent material. They moved to New York City, and for a time their home was a delightful literary center to which all poets sooner or later gravitated, but they and their work are now forgotten save for Phœbe's immortal hymn which already is recognized as a classic. The greatest genius of the whole period, undoubtedly, was Stephen Collins Foster, a native of Pittsburgh, and for years a man of business there and in Cincinnati. He discovered his musical gifts almost by accident, began to write music, composing the words to accompany it, won almost instant recognition, removed to New York City, and spent there the last years of his life. In his list of songs, one hundred and twenty in number, are many which are now known by heart by all in America and in England as well. Despite the great sales of his work, he himself received little, and it was in misery and destitution that he spent his last days. Lucy Larcom was another poet of real ability discovered by Whittier. She had worked in the Lowell, Massachusetts, mills, had written for the *Lowell Offering*, the magazine edited by the mill operatives, and then, breaking from this work, had taught school, at one time as far west as Illinois. She threw herself into the anti-slavery cause, and all her life was in the forefront of philanthropic work of every kind. Her poems, sweet and womanly, often touched with the tearfulness of their day, are not read as once they were and she bids fair to be forgotten like Alice Cary and so many other 'Female Poets of America.' Guy H. McMaster is remembered only because of his single stirring lyric which is generally known by the title 'The Old Continentals.'

CHARLES GRAHAM HALPINE

1829-1868

QUAKERDOM

THE FORMAL CALL

Through her forced, abnormal quiet,
Flashed the soul of frolic riot,
And a most malicious laughter lighted up her
downcast eyes;
All in vain I tried each topic,
Ranged from polar climes to tropic —
Every commonplace I started met with yes-
or-no replies.
For her mother — stiff and stately,
As if starched and ironed lately —
Sat erect, with rigid elbows bedded thus in
curving palms;
There she sat on guard before us.
And in words precise, decorous,
And most calm, reviewed the weather, and
recited several psalms.

How without abruptly ending
This my visit, and offending

Wealthy neighbors, was the problem which
employed my mental care;
When the butler, bowing lowly,
Uttered clearly, stiffly, slowly,
'Madam, please, the gardener wants you'
—Heaven, I thought, has heard my
prayer.

'Pardon me!' she grandly uttered;
Bowing low, I gladly muttered,
'Surely Madam!' and, relieved, I turned
to scan the daughter's face.
Ha! what pent up mirth outflashes
From beneath those penciled lashes!
How the drill of Quaker custom yields to
Nature's brilliant grace.

Brightly springs the prisoned fountain
From the side of Delphi's mountain
When the stone that weighed upon its
buoyant life is thrust aside;
So the long enforced stagnation
Of the maiden's conversation
Now imparted five-fold brilliance to its ever-
varying tide.

Widely ranging, quickly changing,
Witty, winning, from beginning
Unto end I listened, merely flinging in a
casual word;
Eloquent, and yet how simple!
Hand and eye, and eddying dimple,
Tongue and lip together made a music seen
as well as heard.

When the noonday woods are ringing,
All the birds of summer singing,
Suddenly there falls a silence, and we know
a serpent nigh:
So upon the door a rattle
Stopped our animated tattle,
And this stately mother found us prim
enough to suit her eye.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE
(1816–1887)

THE MOURNER À LA MODE

I saw her last night at a party
(The elegant party at Mead's),
And looking remarkably hearty
For a widow so young in her weeds;
Yet I know she was suffering sorrow
Too deep for the tongue to express,—
Or why had she chosen to borrow
So much from the language of dress?

Her shawl was as sable as night;
And her gloves were as dark as her
shawl;
And her jewels — that flashed in the light —
Were black as a funeral pall;
Her robe had the hue of the rest,
(How nicely it fitted her shape!)
And the grief that was heaving her breast
Boiled over in billows of crape!

What tears of vicarious woe,
That else might have sullied her face,
Were kindly permitted to flow
In ripples of ebony lace!
While even her fan, in its play,
Had quite a lugubrious scope,
And seemed to be waving away
The ghost of the angel of Hope!

Yet rich as the robes of a queen
Was the somber apparel she wore;
I'm certain I never had seen
Such a sumptuous sorrow before;
And I could n't help thinking the beauty,
In mourning the loved and the lost,
Was doing her conjugal duty
Altogether regardless of cost!

One surely would say a devotion
Performed at so vast an expense
Betrayed an excess of emotion
That was really something immense;
And yet as I viewed, at my leisure,
Those tokens of tender regard,
I thought: — It is scarce without measure —
The sorrow that goes by the yard!

Ah! grief is a curious passion;
And yours — I am sorely afraid
The very next phase of the fashion
Will find it beginning to fade;
Though dark are the shadows of grief,
The morning will follow the night,
Half-tints will betoken relief,
Till joy shall be symboled in white!

Ah well! — it were idle to quarrel
With fashion, or aught she may do;
And so I conclude with a moral
And metaphor — warranted new: —
When *measles* come handsomely out,
The patient is safest, they say;
And the Sorrow is mildest, no doubt,
That works in a similar way!

From *The Masquerade*, 1866.

A CHARMING WOMAN

A charming woman, I 've heard it said
By other women light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.
Her face, indeed, is pretty enough,
And her form is quite as good as the best,
Where Nature has given the bony stuff,
And a clever milliner all the rest.

Intelligent? Yes — in a certain way;
With the feminine gift of ready speech;
And knows very well what *not* to say
Whenever the theme transcends her reach.
But turn the topic on things to wear,
From an opera cloak to a *robe de nuit* —
Hats, basques, or bonnets, — 't will make you stare
To see how fluent the lady can be.

Her laugh is hardly a thing to please;
For an honest laugh must always start
From a gleesome mood, like a sudden breeze,
And hers is purely a matter of art —
A muscular motion made to show
What Nature designed to lie beneath
The finer mouth; but what can she do,
If *that* is ruined, to show the teeth?

To her seat in church — a good half mile —
When the day is fine she is sure to go
Arrayed, of course, in the latest style
La mode de Paris has got to show;
And she puts her hands on the velvet pew
(Can hands so white have a taint of sin?),
And thinks — how her prayer-book's tint of blue
Must harmonize with her milky skin!

Ah! What shall we say of one who walks
In fields of flowers to choose the weeds?
Reads authors of whom she never talks,
And talks of authors she never reads?
She 's a charming woman, I 've heard it said
By other women as light as she;
But all in vain I puzzle my head
To find wherein the charm may be.

Harper's Magazine, March, 1875.

THOMAS WILIAM PARSONS
(1819–1892)

ON A BUST OF DANTE

See, from this counterfeit of him
Whom Arno shall remember long,
How stern of lineament, how grim,
The father was of Tuscan song.
There but the burning sense of wrong,
Perpetual care and scorn, abide;
Small friendship for the lordly throng;
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,
No dream his life was — but a fight;
Could any Beatrice see
A lover in that anchorite?
To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight
Who could have guessed the visions came
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,
In circles of eternal flame?

The lips as Cumæ's cavern close,
The cheeks with fast and sorrow thin,
The rigid front, almost morose,
But for the patient hope within,
Declare a life whose course hath been
Unsullied still, though still severe,
Which, through the wavering days of sin,
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,
With no companion save his book,
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade;
Where, as the Benedictine laid
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,
The single boon for which he prayed
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all
The tyrant canker-worms of earth;
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
But valiant souls of knightly worth
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time! whose verdicts mock our own,
The only righteous judge art thou;
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,
Is Latium's other Virgil now:
Before his name the nations bow;
His words are parcel of mankind,
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

Boston *Advertiser and Patriot*,
Oct. 7, 1841.

DIRGE

FOR ONE WHO FELL IN BATTLE

Room for a Soldier! lay him in the clover;
He loved the fields, and they shall be his cover;
Make his mound with hers who called him once her lover:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Bear him to no dismal tomb under city churches;
Take him to the fragrant fields, by the silver birches,
Where the whippoorwill shall mourn, where the oreole perches:
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the bee will dine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the rain will rain upon it.

Busy as the busy bee, his rest should be the clover;
Gentle as the lamb was he, and the fern should be his cover;
Fern and rosemary shall grow my soldier's pillow over:
Where the rain may rain upon it,
Where the sun may shine upon it,
Where the lamb hath lain upon it,
And the bee will dine upon it.

Sunshine in his heart, the rain would come full often
Out of those tender eyes which evermore did soften:
He never could look cold, till we saw him in his coffin.
Make his mound with sunshine on it,
Where the wind may sigh upon it,
Where the moon may stream upon it,
And Memory shall dream upon it.

'Captain or Colonel.'—whatever invocation
Suit our hymn the best, no matter for thy station,—
On thy grave the rain shall fall from the eyes of a mighty nation!
Long as the sun doth shine upon it
Shall glow the goodly pine upon it,
Long as the stars do gleam upon it
Shall Memory come to dream upon it.

Atlantic Monthly, August, 1861.

PARADISI GLORIA

"O frate mio! ciascuna e cittadina
D'una vera città"—

There is a city, builded by no hand
And unapproachable by sea or shore;
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our time
By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
Sages and martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,—
Musical motion,—the perpetual play
Of every faculty that Heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

(1819–1902)

BEN BOLT

Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends — yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

The New York *New Mirror*,
1843

PHŒBE CARY (1824–1871)

NEARER HOME

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I am nearer home to-day
Than I ever have been before;

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent, unknown stream,
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps
Come to the dread abysm:
Closer Death to my lips
Presses the awful chrism.

Oh, if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink;
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death,
That her feet are firmly set
On the rock of a living faith!

(1843)

STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER (1826–1864)

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Way down upon de Suwanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere 's wha my heart is turning ebber,
Dere 's wha de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longin' for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam.
Oh! darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playin' wid my brudder,
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When will I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

c. 1851.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky Home;
'T is summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By-'n'-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door: —
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part: —
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 't will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road: —
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

c. 1853.

LUCY LARCOM (1826–1893)

HANNAH BINDING SHOES

Poor lone Hannah,
Sitting at the window binding shoes:
Faded, wrinkled,
Sitting, stitching, in a mournful muse.
Bright-eyed beauty once was she,
When the bloom was on the tree:
Spring and winter,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

Not a neighbor,
Passing nod or answer will refuse,
To her whisper,
'Is there from the fishers any news?'
Oh, her heart's adrift, with one
On an endless voyage gone!
Night and morning,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Fair young Hannah,
Ben, the sunburnt fisher, gayly wooes:
Hale and clever,
For a willing hand and heart he sues.
May-day skies are all aglow,
And the waves are laughing so!
For her wedding
Hannah leaves her window and her shoes.

May is passing:
'Mid the apple boughs a pigeon cooes.
Hannah shudders,
For the mild southwester mischief brews.
Round the rocks of Marblehead,
Outward bound, a schooner sped:
Silent, lonesome,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

'T is November,
Now no tear her wasted cheek bedews.
From Newfoundland
Not a sail returning will she lose,
Whispering hoarsely, 'Fishermen,
Have you, have you heard of Ben?'
Old with watching,
Hannah's at the window binding shoes.

Twenty winters
Bleach and tear the ragged shore she views.
Twenty seasons: —
Never one has brought her any news.
Still her dim eyes silently
Chase the white sails o'er the sea:
Hopeless, faithful,
Hannah's at the window, binding shoes.

A LOYAL WOMAN'S NO

No! is my answer from this cold bleak ridge
Down to your valley: you may rest you there:
The gulf is wide, and none can build a bridge
That your gross weight would safely hither bear.

Pity me, if you will. I look at you
With something that is kinder far than scorn,
And think, 'Ah, well! I might have groveled, too;
I might have walked there, fettered and forsworn.'

I am of nature weak as others are;
I might have chosen comfortable ways;
Once from these heights I shrank, beheld afar,
In the soft lap of quiet, easy days.

I might—(I will not hide it)—once I might
Have lost, in the warm whirlpools of your voice,
The sense of Evil, the stern cry of Right;
But Truth has steered me free, and I rejoice:

Not with the triumph that looks back to jeer
At the poor herd that calls their misery bliss;
But as a mortal speaks when God is near,
I drop you down my answer; it is this:—

I am not yours, because you seek in me
What is the lowest in my own esteem:
Only my flowery levels can you see
Nor of my heaven-smit summits do you dream.

I am not yours, because you love yourself:
Your heart has scarcely room for me beside.
I could not be shut in with name and pelf;
I spurn the shelter of your narrow pride!

Not yours,—because you are not man enough
To grasp your country's measure of a man!
If such as you, when Freedom's ways are rough,
Cannot walk in them, learn that women can!

Not yours, because, in this the nation's need,
You stoop to bend her losses to your gain,
And do not feel the meanness of your deed:
I touch no palm defiled with such a stain!

Whether man's thought can find too lofty steeps
For woman's scaling, care not I to know;
But when he falters by her side, or creeps,
She must not clog her soul with him to go.

Who weds me must at least with equal pace
Sometimes move with me at my being's height:
To follow him to his more glorious place,
His purer atmosphere, were keen delight.

You lure me to the valley: men should call
Up to the mountains, where the air is clear.
Win me and help me climbing, if at all!
Beyond these peaks rich harmonies I hear,—

The morning chant of Liberty and Law!
The dawn pours in, to wash out Slavery's blot:
Fairer than aught the bright sun ever saw
Rises a nation without stain or spot.

The men and women mated for that time
Tread not the soothing mosses of the plain;
Their hands are joined in sacrifice sublime;
Their feet firm set in upward paths of pain.

Sleep your thick sleep, and go your drowsy way!
You cannot hear the voices in the air!
Ignoble souls will shrivel in that day:
The brightness of its coming can you bear?

For me, I do not walk these hills alone:
Heroes who poured their blood out for the Truth,
Women whose hearts bled, martyrs all unknown,
Here catch the sunrise of unwonted youth.

On their pale cheeks and consecrated brows!
It charms me not,—your call to the rest below:
I press their hands, my lips pronounce their vows:
Take my life's silence for your answer: No!

The Atlantic Monthly,
December, 1863.

GUY HUMPHRIES McMASTER

(1829–1887)

CARMEN BELLICOSUM

In their ragged regimentals,
Stood the old Continentals,
Yielding not,
While the grenadiers were lunging,
And like hail fell the plunging
Cannon-shot;
When the files
Of the isles,
From the smoky night-encampment, bore the banner of the rampant
Unicorn;
And grummer, grummer, grummer, rolled the roll of the drummer
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,
And with guns horizontal,
Stood our sires;
While the balls whistled deadly,
And in streams flashing redly
Blazed the fires:
As the roar
On the shore
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres
Of the plain;
And louder, louder, louder, cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracking amain!

Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoneers,
And the villainous saltpeter
Rang a fierce, discordant meter
Round our ears:
As the swift
Storm drift,
With hot-sweeping anger, came the horse-guards' clangor
On our flanks.
Then higher, higher, higher, burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

Then the bare-headed Colonel
Galloped through the white infernal
Powder-cloud;
And his broadsword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing
Trumpet-loud;
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets redden at the touch of the leaden
Rifle-breath;
And rounder, rounder, rounder, roared the iron six-pounder,
Hurling death!

Knickerbocker Magazine, 1849.

THOMAS À BECKET

COLUMBIA, THE GEM OF THE OCEAN

O Columbia! the gem of the ocean!
The home of the brave and the free;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation,
And threaten'd the land to deform;
The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm:
With her garlands of vict'ry around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue,
The boast of the red, white, and blue,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The winecup, the winecup bring hither,
And fill you it true to the brim;
May the wreaths they have worn never wither
Nor the star of their glory grow dim.
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

(1843) (1843)

IV

PERIOD OF TRANSITION

1860–1870

IV

PERIOD OF TRANSITION

1860–1870

ABRAHAM LINCOLN (1809–1865)

In a strict sense of the term, Lincoln was not a literary man: he wrote nothing with merely literary intent, and yet his orations and his state papers are so distinctive in style and material that it is impossible to exclude them even from the most exclusive collection of American literary models. What he wrote came from depths of experience and feeling that made impossible all mere ornament and all deliberate literary devices for effect. His language is simple, precise, compact, sun-clear. In all that he wrote there was sincerity, and tremendous earnestness, and inflexible honesty. At nothing she has produced can America point with more pride than at the literary remains of Abraham Lincoln.

FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

My Friends: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me, and remains with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

February 11, 1861. (1861)

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution — which amendment, however, I have not seen — has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient con-

fidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it.'

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

March 4, 1861.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now, we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or to detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Nov. 19, 1863.

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Fellow-countrymen: — At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the

first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new can be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war — seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come: but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it shall continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

March 4, 1865.

RESPONSE TO A SERENADE, NOVEMBER 10, 1864

It has long been a grave question whether any government, not too strong for the liberties of its people, can be strong enough to maintain its existence in great emergencies. On this point the present rebellion brought our republic to a severe test, and a presidential election occurring in regular course during the rebellion, added not a little to the strain.

If the loyal people united were put to the utmost of their strength by the rebellion. must they not fail when divided

and partially paralyzed by a political war among themselves? But the election was a necessity. We cannot have free government without elections; and if the rebellion could force us to forego or postpone a national election, it might fairly claim to have already conquered and ruined us. The strife of the election is but human nature practically applied to the facts of the case. What has occurred in this case must ever occur in similar cases. Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this as philosophy to learn wisdom from, and none of them as wrongs to be revenged. But the election, along with its incidental and undesirable strife, has done good too. It has demonstrated that a people's government can sustain a national election in the midst of a great civil war. Until now, it has not been known to the world that this was a possibility. It shows, also, how sound and how strong we still are. It shows that, even among candidates of the same party, he who is most devoted to the Union and most opposed to treason can receive most of the people's votes. It shows, also, to the extent yet known, that we have more men now than we had when the war began. Gold is good in its place, but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.

But the rebellion continues, and now that the election is over, may not all having a common interest reunite in a common effort to save our common country? For my own part, I have striven and shall strive to avoid placing any obstacle in the way. So long as I have been here I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom. While I am deeply sensible to the high compliment of a reëlection, and duly grateful, as I trust, to Almighty God, for having directed my countrymen to a right conclusion, as I think, for their own good, it adds nothing to my satisfaction that any other man may be disappointed or pained by the result.

May I ask those who have not differed with me to join with me in this same spirit toward those who have? And now let me close by asking three hearty cheers for our brave soldiers and seamen and their gallant and skilful commanders.

1865.

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

Executive Mansion,
Washington, November 21, 1864.

Mrs. Bixby, Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln.

ULYSSES SIMPSON GRANT (1822–1885)

General Grant also was not a literary man in the usual sense of the term. His dispatches during the war attracted the attention of the country by their terse, dynamic power, and when his *Personal Memoirs* appeared in 1885–6, written at the suggestion of Mark Twain and published by him with great success, they were recognized generally as being not only first-hand documents from the pen of a chief actor in the drama which they recorded, but as having the same soldier-like directness of style and the same artless power that had characterized his dispatches in the field. Matthew Arnold's dictum that the *Memoirs* lack literary distinction may serve as food for thought, but it cannot do away with the undoubted fact that they have a unique quality, one not to be found in the more polished efforts of the professional stylists. The fact that Grant wrote the book while struggling with the last stages of the disease to which finally he succumbed lends to it a melancholy interest that cannot be forgotten.

THE MEXICAN WAR[1]

The Mexican war was a political war, and the administration conducting it desired to make party capital out of it. General Scott was at the head of the army, and, being a soldier of acknowledged professional capacity, his claim to the command of the forces in the field was almost indisputable and does not seem to have been denied by President Polk, or Marcy, his Secretary of War. Scott was a Whig and the administration was democratic. General Scott was also known to have political aspirations, and nothing so popularizes a candidate for high civil positions as military victories. It would not do therefore to give him command of the 'army of conquest.' The plans submitted by Scott for a campaign in Mexico were disapproved by the administration, and he replied, in a tone possibly a little disrespectful, to the effect that, if a soldier's plans were not to be supported by the administration, success could not be expected. This was on the 27th of May, 1846. Four days later General Scott was notified that he need not go to Mexico. General Gaines was next in rank, but he was too old and feeble to take the field. Colonel Zachary Taylor — a brigadier-general by brevet — was therefore left in command. He, too, was a Whig, but was not supposed to entertain any political ambitions; nor did he; but after the fall of Monterey, his third battle and third complete victory, the Whig papers at home began to speak of him as the candidate of their party for the Presidency. Something had to be done to neutralize his growing popularity. He could not be relieved from duty in the field where all his battles had been victories: the design would have been too transparent. It was finally decided to send General Scott to Mexico in chief command, and to authorize him to carry out his own original plan: that is, capture Vera Cruz and march upon the capital of the country. It was no doubt supposed that Scott's ambition would lead him to slaughter Taylor or destroy his chances for the Presidency, and yet it was hoped that he would not make sufficient capital himself to secure the prize.

The administration had indeed a most embarrassing problem to solve. It was engaged in a war of conquest which must be carried to a successful issue, or the political object would be unattained. Yet all the capable officers of the requisite rank belonged to the opposition, and the man selected for his lack of political ambition had himself become a prominent candidate for the Presidency. It was necessary to destroy his chances promptly. The problem was to do this without the loss of conquest and without permitting another general of the same political party to acquire like popularity. The fact is, the administration of Mr. Polk made every preparation to disgrace Scott, or, to speak more correctly, to drive him to such des-

1 Copyright by the Century Co.

peration that he would disgrace himself.

General Scott had opposed conquest by the way of the Rio Grande, Matamoras and Saltillo from the first. Now that he was in command of all the forces in Mexico, he withdrew from Taylor most of his regular troops and left him only enough volunteers, as he thought, to hold the line then in possession of the invading army. Indeed Scott did not deem it important to hold anything beyond the Rio Grande, and authorized Taylor to fall back to that line if he chose. General Taylor protested against the depletion of his army, and his subsequent movement upon Buena Vista would indicate that he did not share the views of his chief in regard to the unimportance of conquest beyond the Rio Grande.

Scott had estimated the men and material that would be required to capture Vera Cruz and to march on the capital of the country, two hundred and sixty miles in the interior. He was promised all he asked and seemed to have not only the confidence of the President, but his sincere good wishes. The promises were all broken. Only about half the troops were furnished that had been pledged, other war material was withheld and Scott had scarcely started for Mexico before the President undertook to supersede him by the appointment of Senator Thomas H. Benton as lieutenant-general. This being refused by Congress, the President asked legislative authority to place a junior over a senior of the same grade, with the view of appointing Benton to the rank of major-general and then placing him in command of the army, but Congress failed to accede to this proposition as well, and Scott remained in command: but every general appointed to serve under him was politically opposed to the chief, and several were personally hostile.

General Scott reached Brazos Santiago or Point Isabel, at the mouth of the Rio Grande, late in December, 1846, and proceeded at once up the river Camargo, where he had written General Taylor to meet him. Taylor, however, had gone to, or towards Tampico, for the purpose of establishing a post there. He had started on this march before he was aware of General Scott being in the country. Under these circumstances Scott had to issue his orders designating the troops to be withdrawn from Taylor, without the personal consultation he had expected to hold with his subordinate.

General Taylor's victory at Buena Vista, February 22d, 23d, and 24th, 1847, with an army composed almost entirely of volunteers who had not been in battle before, and over a vastly superior force numerically, made his nomination for the Presidency by the Whigs a foregone conclusion. He was nominated and elected in 1848. I believe that he sincerely regretted this turn in his fortunes, preferring the peace afforded by a quiet life free from abuse to the honor of filling the highest office in the gift of any people, the Presidency of the United States.

When General Scott assumed command of the army of invasion, I was in the division of General David Twiggs in Taylor's command; but under the new orders my regiment was transferred to the division of General William Worth, in which I served to the close of the war. The troops withdrawn from Taylor to form part of the forces to operate against Vera Cruz, were assembled at the mouth of the Rio Grande preparatory to embarkation for their destination. I found General Worth a different man from any I had before served directly under. He was nervous, impatient and restless on the march, or when important or responsible duty confronted him. There was not the least reason for haste on the march, for it was known that it would take weeks to assemble shipping enough at the point of our embarkation to carry the army, but General Worth moved his division with a rapidity that would have been commendable had he been going to the relief of a beleaguered garrison. The length of the marches was regulated by the distances between places affording a supply of water for the troops, and these distances were sometimes long and sometimes short. General Worth on one occasion at least, after having made the full distance intended for the day, and after the troops were in camp and preparing their food, ordered tents struck and made the march that night which had been intended for the next day. Some commanders can move troops so as to get the maximum distance out of them without fatigue, while others can wear them out in a few days without accomplishing so much. General Worth belonged to this latter class. He enjoyed, however, a

fine reputation for his fighting qualities, and thus attached his officers and men to him.

The army lay in camp upon the sand-beach in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Rio Grande for several weeks, awaiting the arrival of transports to carry it to its new field of operations. The transports were all sailing vessels. The passage was a tedious one, and many of the troops were on shipboard over thirty days from the embarkation at the mouth of the Rio Grande to the time of debarkation south of Vera Cruz. The trip was a comfortless one for officers and men. The transports used were built for carrying freight and possessed but limited accommodations for passengers, and the climate added to the discomfort of all.

The transports with troops were assembled in the harbor of Anton Lizardo, some sixteen miles south of Vera Cruz, as they arrived, and there awaited the remainder of the fleet, bringing artillery, ammunition and supplies of all kinds from the North. With the fleet there was a little steam propeller dispatch-boat — the first vessel of the kind I had ever seen, and probably the first of its kind ever seen by any one then with the army. At that day ocean steamers were rare, and what there were were side-wheelers. This little vessel, going through the fleet so fast, so noiselessly and with its propeller under water out of view, attracted a great deal of attention. I recollect that Lieutenant Sidney Smith, of the 4th infantry, by whom I happened to be standing on the deck of a vessel when this propeller was passing, exclaimed, 'Why, the thing looks as if it was propelled by the force of circumstances.'

Finally on the 7th of March, 1847, the little army of ten or twelve thousand men, given Scott to invade a country with a population of seven or eight millions, a mountainous country affording the greatest possible natural advantages for defense, was all assembled and ready to commence the perilous task of landing from vessels lying in the open sea.

The debarkation took place inside of the little island of Sacrificios, some three miles south of Vera Cruz. The vessels could not get anywhere near shore, so that everything had to be landed in lighters or surf-boats; General Scott had provided these before leaving the North. The breakers were sometimes high, so that the landing was tedious. The men were got ashore rapidly, because they could wade when they came to shallow water; but the camp and garrison equipage, provisions, ammunition and all stores had to be protected from the salt water, and therefore their landing took several days. The Mexicans were very kind to us, however, and threw no obstacles in the way of our landing except an occasional shot from their nearest fort. During the debarkation one shot took off the head of Major Albertis. No other, I believe, reached anywhere near the same distance. On the 9th of March the troops were landed and the investment of Vera Cruz, from the Gulf of Mexico south of the city to the Gulf again on the north, was soon and easily effected. The landing of stores was continued until everything was got ashore.

Vera Cruz, at the time of which I write and up to 1880, was a walled city. The wall extended from the water's edge south of the town to the water again on the north. There were fortifications at intervals along the line and at the angles. In front of the city, and on an island half a mile out in the Gulf, stands San Juan de Ulloa, an enclosed fortification of large dimensions and great strength for that period. Against artillery of the present day the land forts and walls would prove elements of weakness rather than strength. After the invading army had established their camps out of range of the fire from the city, batteries were established, under cover of night, far to the front of the line where the troops lay. These batteries were intrenched and the approaches sufficiently protected. If a sortie had been made at any time by the Mexicans, the men serving the batteries could have been quickly reinforced without great exposure to the fire from the enemy's main line. No serious attempt was made to capture the batteries or to drive our troops away.

The siege continued with brisk firing on our side till the 27th of March, by which time a considerable breach had been made in the wall surrounding the city. Upon this General Morales, who was Governor of both the city and of San Juan de Ulloa, commenced a correspondence with General Scott looking to the surrender of the town, forts and garrison. On the

29th Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ulloa were occupied by Scott's army. About five thousand prisoners and four hundred pieces of artillery, besides large amounts of small arms and ammunition, fell into the hands of the victorious force. The casualties on our side during the siege amounted to sixty-four officers and men, killed and wounded. . . .

Whether General Scott approved of the Mexican war and the manner in which it was brought about, I have no means of knowing. His orders to troops indicate only a soldierly spirit, with probably a little regard for the perpetuation of his own fame. On the other hand, General Taylor's, I think, indicate that he considered the administration accountable for the war, and felt no responsibility resting on himself further than for the faithful performance of his duties. Both generals deserve the commendations of their countrymen and to live in the grateful memory of this people to the latest generation.

Earlier in this narrative I have stated that the plain, reached after passing the mountains east of Perote, extends to the cities of Puebla and Mexico. The route traveled by the army before reaching Puebla, goes over a pass in a spur of mountain coming up from the south. This pass is very susceptible of defense by a smaller against a larger force. Again, the highest point of the road-bed between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico is over Rio Frio mountain, which also might have been successfully defended by an inferior force. But by moving north of the mountains, and about thirty miles north of Puebla, both of these passes would have been avoided. The road from Perote to the City of Mexico, by this latter route, is as level as the prairies in our West. Arriving due north from Puebla, troops could have been detached to take possession of that place, and then proceeding west with the rest of the army no mountain would have been encountered before reaching the City of Mexico. It is true this road would have brought troops in by Guadalupe — a town, church and detached spur of mountain about two miles north of the capital, all bearing the same general name — and at this point Lake Texcoco comes near to the mountain, which was fortified both at the base and on the sides: but troops could have passed north of the mountain and come in only a few miles to the north-west, and so flanked the position, as they actually did on the south.

It has always seemed to me that this northern route to the City of Mexico would have been the better one to have taken. But my later experience has taught me two lessons: first, that things are seen plainer after the events have occurred; second, that the most confident critics are generally those who know the least about the matter criticised. I know just enough about the Mexican war to approve heartily of most of the generalship, but to differ with a little of it. It is natural that an important city like Puebla should not have been passed with contempt; its evacuation insured and possession acquired without danger of encountering the enemy in intricate mountain defiles. In this same way the City of Mexico could have been approached without any danger of opposition, except in the open field.

But General Scott's successes are an answer to all criticism. He invaded a populous country, penetrating two hundred and sixty miles into the interior with a force at no time equal to one half of that opposed to him; he was without a base: the enemy was always intrenched, always on the defensive; yet he won every battle, he captured the capital, and conquered the government. Credit is due to the troops engaged, it is true, but the plans and the strategy were the general's.

I had now made marches and been in battle under both General Scott and General Taylor. The former divided his force of 10,500 men into four columns starting a day apart, in moving from Puebla to the capital of the nation, when it was known that an army more than twice as large as his own stood ready to resist his coming. The road was broad and the country open except in crossing the Rio Frio mountain. General Taylor pursued the same course in marching toward an enemy. He moved even in smaller bodies. I never thought at the time to doubt the infallibility of these two generals in all matters pertaining to their profession. I supposed they moved in small bodies because more men could not be passed over a single road on the same day with their artillery and necessary

trains. Later I found the fallacy of this belief. The rebellion, which followed as a sequence to the Mexican war, never could have been suppressed if larger bodies of men could not have been moved at the same time than was the custom under Scott and Taylor.

The victories in Mexico were, in every instance, over vastly superior numbers. There were two reasons for this. Both General Scott and General Taylor had such armies as are not often got together. At the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca-de-la-Palma, General Taylor had a small army, but it was composed exclusively of regular troops, under the best of drill and discipline. Every officer, from the highest to the lowest, was educated in his profession, not at West Point necessarily, but in the camp, in garrison, and many of them in Indian wars. The rank and file were probably inferior, as material out of which to make an army, to the volunteers that participated in all the later battles of the war; but they were brave men, and then drill and discipline brought out all there was in them. A better army, man for man, probably never faced an enemy than the one commanded by General Taylor in the earliest two engagements of the Mexican war. The volunteers who followed were of better material, but without drill or discipline at the start. They were associated with so many disciplined men and professionally educated officers, that when they went into engagements it was with a confidence they would not have felt otherwise. They became soldiers themselves almost at once. All these conditions we would enjoy again in case of war.

The Mexican army of that day was hardly an organization. The private soldier was picked up from the lower class of the inhabitants when wanted; his consent was not asked; he was poorly clothed, worse fed, and seldom paid. He was turned adrift when no longer wanted. The officers of the lower grades were but little superior to the men. With all this I have seen as brave stands made by some of these men as I have ever seen made by soldiers. Now Mexico has a standing army larger than the United States. They have a military school modeled after West Point. Their officers are educated and, no doubt, generally brave. The Mexican war of 1846–8 would be an impossibility in this generation.

The Mexicans have shown a patriotism which it would be well if we would imitate in part, but with more regard to truth. They celebrate the anniversaries of Chapultepec and Molino del Rey as of very great victories. The anniversaries are recognized as national holidays. At these two battles, while the United States troops were victorious, it was at very great sacrifice of life compared with what the Mexicans suffered. The Mexicans, as on many other occasions, stood up as well as any troops ever did. The trouble seemed to be the lack of experience among the officers, which led them after a certain time to simply quit, without being particularly whipped, but because they had fought enough. Their authorities of the present day grow enthusiastic over their theme when telling of these victories, and speak with pride of the large sum of money they forced us to pay in the end. With us, now twenty years after the close of the most stupendous war ever known, we have writers — who profess devotion to the nation — engaged in trying to prove that the Union forces were not victorious; practically, they say, we were slashed around from Donelson to Vicksburg and to Chattanooga; and in the East from Gettsburg to Appomattox, when the physical rebellion gave out from sheer exhaustion. There is no difference in the amount of romance in the two stories.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE CIVIL WAR

Every long war that reaches the heart of a people calls forth songs and ballads in abundance. The poetry of the Civil War was voluminous, how voluminous one may learn by consulting such collections as Moore's *Lyrics of Loyalty*, 1864; *The War Songs of the South*, 1862; *Lyrics of Freedom*, 1862, and *Richard Grant White's Poetry of the Civil War*, 1866. Much of such collections has little value from the standpoint of real literature, but here and there are to be found spontaneous outbursts that have within them more real life than many more finished products. Many of the 'war songs' of the period were carried into popularity and a permanent place in the national hymnal by the music to which they were joined. Out of the conflict came several national hymns. Poor though much of the mass may be in literary quality, it deserves to be preserved, since it came hot from American hearts, much of it spontaneously and without thought of models, and so is American literature in the fullness of the word, a commentary upon Americanism, a definition of the American soul. Out of the great richness of material, North and South, I have selected what seem to me to be the most significant and typical specimens, the ones that most fully interpret the spirit of the great American struggle of the sixties.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on Life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud.
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
Nor war's wild note nor glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchward of that day
Was 'Victory or Death.'

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide;
Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,
Such odds his strength could bide.

'T was in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his beloved land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of their fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,

And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moldered slain.
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air.
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave:
She claims from war his richest spoil —
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb.

Theodore O'Hara,
(1847) 1820–67.

MY MARYLAND

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle queen of yore,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Hark to an exiled son's appeal,
Maryland!

My Mother State, to thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust.
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! 't is the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Dear Mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain,—
'*Sic semper!*' 't is the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain,
Maryland!
Arise in majesty again,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
Stalking with Liberty along,
And chant thy dauntless slogan-song,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek,
From hill to hill, from creek to creek,
Potomac calls to Chesapeake,
Maryland, my Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!

Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland, my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line's bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! she spurns the Northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She 'll come!
She 'll come!
Maryland, my Maryland!

James Ryder Randall,
(1861) 1839–1908.

THE PICKET-GUARD

'All quiet along the Potomac,' they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'T is nothing: a private or two, now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost — only one of the men,
Moaning out, all alone, the death rattle.'

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh of the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack; his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep —
For their mother — may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree;
The foot-step is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle. . . . 'Ha! Mary, good-by!'
The red life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night —
No sound save the rush of the river,
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
The picket 's off duty forever!

Thaddeus Oliver,
(1861) 1826–1864.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

Yes, we 'll rally round the flag, boys, we 'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom,
We 'll rally from the hillside, we 'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
The Union forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
Down with the traitor, up with the star,
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we 'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;

And although they may be poor, not a man
shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

So we 're springing to the call from the East
and from the West,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom;
And we 'll hurl the rebel crew from the land
we love the best,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!

George F. Root,
(1861) 1820–'95.

DIXIE

Southrons, hear your Country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon fires are lighted—
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

Hear the Northern thunders mutter!
Northern flags in South winds flutter!
To arms!
Send them back your fierce defiance!
Stamp upon the accused alliance!
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Fear no danger! Shun no labor!
Lift up rifle, pike, and saber!
To arms!
Shoulder pressing close to shoulder,
Let the odds make each heart bolder!
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

How the South's great heart rejoices,
At your cannons' ringing voices!
To arms!
For faith betrayed, and pledges broken,
Wrongs inflicted, insults spoken,
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Strong as lions, swift as eagles,
Back to their kennels hunt these beagles!
To arms!
Cut the unequal bonds asunder!
Let them hence each other plunder!
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

Swear upon your country's altar
Never to submit or falter!
To arms!
Till the spoilers are defeated,
Till the Lord's work is completed.
To arms!
Advance the flag of Dixie!

General Albert Pike,
(1861) 1809–'91.

JOHN BROWN

Old John Brown lies a-moldering in the
grave,
Old John Brown lies slumbering in the
grave—
But John Brown's soul is marching with the
brave,
His soul is marching on.
Glory, Glory hallelujah,
Glory, Glory hallelujah,
Glory, Glory hallelujah,
His soul goes marching on.

He has gone to be a soldier in the army of
the Lord,
He has sworn as a private in the ranks of
the Lord—
He shall stand at Armageddon with his brave
old sword,
When Heaven is marching on.

He shall fife in front when the lines of bat-
tle form,
He shall face to front when the squares of
battle form,
With the column, and charge in the storm,
When men are marching on.

Ah, foul tyrants! do you hear him when he
comes?
Ah, black traitors, do ye know him as he
comes?
In thunder of the cannon and roll of the
drums,
As we go marching on.

Men may die and molder in the dust—
Men may die and rise again from dust,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the ranks of the
just,
When God is marching on.
(1861)

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC[1]

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
'As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.'

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe,
(1861) 1819–1910.

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With Hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill-tops that meet the northern sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust your vision may descry;
And now the wind, an instant, tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag in glory and in pride,
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our vallies where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
The children from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide
To lay us down, for Freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside,
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before:
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

John Sloan Gibbons,
July, 1862. 1810–'92.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

Come, stack arms, men: pile on the rails;
Stir up the camp fire bright!
No growling if the canteen fails:
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong
To swell the Brigade's rousing song,
Of Stonewall Jackson's Way.

1 Copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

We see him now — the queer slouched hat,
Cocked over his eye askew:
The shrewd, dry smile; the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The 'Blue-light Elder' knows 'em well:
Says he, 'That's Banks: he's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul: we'll give him —':
well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
Old Massa's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff:
Attention! — it's his way.
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
'Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod:
Amen!' That's Stonewall's Way.

He's in the saddle now. Fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade.
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before morn:
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning; and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Dutchmen! whipped before.
'Bay'nets and grape!' hear Stonewall roar.
Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Ah, Maiden! wait, and watch, and yearn,
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah, Widow! read, with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah, Wife! sew on, pray on, hope on!
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born,
That gets in Stonewall's Way.

John W. Palmer,
(1862) 1825–1906.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease,
Many are the hearts, looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home, that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said 'Good-by!'

We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.
(1863) *Walter Kittredge,* 1834–1905.

JUST BEFORE THE BATTLE, MOTHER

Just before the battle, mother,
I am thinking most of you,
While upon the field we're watching,
With the enemy in view —
Comrades brave are round me lying,
Fill'd with tho't of home and God;
For well they know that on the morrow,
Some will sleep beneath the sod.
Farewell, mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again;
But oh, you'll not forget me, mother,
If I'm number'd with the slain.

Oh, I long to see you, mother,
And the loving ones at home,
But I'll never leave our banner
Till in honor I can come.
Tell the traitors all around you
That their cruel words, we know,
In ev'ry battle kill our soldiers
By the help they give the foe.

Hark! I hear the bugles sounding,
'T is the signal for the fight,

Now may God protect us, mother,
As he ever does the right.
Hear the 'Battle Cry of Freedom,'
How it swells upon the air,
Oh, yes, we 'll rally round the standard,
Or we 'll perish nobly there.

George F. Root,
(1863) 1820–'95.

LITTLE GIFFEN [1]

Out of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene,
(Eighteenth battle, and *he* sixteen!)
Specter! such as you seldom see,
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

'Take him and welcome!' the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him; and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed,—
Utter Lazarus, heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath,—
Skeleton Boy against skeleton Death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that would n't die,

And did n't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton 'learned to write.'
'Dear mother,' at first, of course; and then
'Dear captain,' inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: 'Of eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive.'

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnston pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;
A tear — his first — as he bade good-by,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
'I 'll write, if spared!' There was news of the fight;
But none of Giffen.— He did not write.

I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the songs of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I 'd give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For 'Little Giffen,' of Tennessee.

Francis Orrery Ticknor,
(1863) 1822–'74.

[1] Copyright by J. B. Lippincott Co.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we 'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it fifty thousand strong,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Hurrah! hurrah! We bring the jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! The flag that makes you free!
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
While we were marching through Georgia.

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Yes, and there were Union men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honored flag they had not seen for years,
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching through Georgia.

'Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach that coast!'
So the saucy rebels said, and 't was a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon with the host,
While we were marching through Georgia.

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude; three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
While we were marching through Georgia.

Henry Clay Work,
(1864) 1832–1884.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP!

In the prison cell I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes,
Spite of all that I can do,
Tho' I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.
Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath the starry flag
We will breathe the air again,
Of the freeland in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood,
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more;
But before we reached their lines,
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

So within the prison cell,
We are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door,
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

George F. Root,
(1864) 1820–'95.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble, and rumble, and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war,
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need;
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth;
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster.
The heart of the steed, and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops,
What was done? What to do? A glance told him both,
Then striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checkéd its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust, the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,
He seemed to the whole great army to say,
'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day!'

Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame,
There with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
'Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away!'

Thomas Buchanan Read,
(1865) 1822–1872.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

The old church bell will peal with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say,
With roses they will strew the way;
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel-wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart;
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Patrick S. Gilmore,
(1865) 1829–'92.

THE CONQUERED BANNER[1]

Furl that Banner, for 't is weary;
Round its staff 't is drooping dreary:
Furl it, fold it,— it is best;
For there 's not a man to wave it,
And there 's not a sword to save it,
And there 's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it:
Furl it, hide it,— let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 't is tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 't is hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there 's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner — furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner — it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it,—
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 't is gory,
Yet 't is wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages —
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently — it is holy,
For it droops above the dead.

1 Selected from Father Ryan's Poems. Copyright, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y.

Touch it not — unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,—
For its people's hopes are fled!

Abram Frederick Ryan,
(1865) 1839–1886.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor,
The morning sun rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done,
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day:
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Francis Miles Finch,
(1867) 1827–1907.

WALT WHITMAN (1819–1892)

In point of time Whitman belonged to the mid-century group: he was born the same year as Lowell and he issued his first edition of *Leaves of Grass* as early as 1855, but in spirit and in influence he was wholly of the later period. He was born on Long Island of a family that had been farmers there for generations, but removed early to Brooklyn where until the age of thirteen he attended the city schools. He then found employment at various occupations, among the rest school teaching and house-building and printing office work. At thirty he was editor of the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, but his restless individualism could not long be tied to such slavery. He heard of promising editorial work in New Orleans, made a leisurely excursion thither by way of the Ohio and the Mississippi and remained there for several months. Again in New York, he lived a Bohemian life, supporting himself in various ways, and suddenly in 1855 he put forth, seemingly by a spontaneous impulse, his — as we see it to-day — revolutionary volume of poems. He issued it again with many changes and additions in 1856 and 1860. In 1862 he went to the front to nurse his brother who had been wounded, but finding him in no serious condition, turned to the nursing of others, remaining in the service until near the close of the war. Returning with broken health, he published *Drum-Taps*, 1866, and later editions of his work in 1867, 1872, 1876, 1881, 1888 and 1891. He suffered a paralytic stroke in 1873, but though much crippled, was able to move about almost to the time of his death at the age of seventy-three. The last years of his life he spent at Camden, New Jersey.

It was not until 1865 that Whitman made any impression as a poet. Emerson had greeted the first *Leaves of Grass* as a revolutionary book, but few seem to have agreed with him. Then had come the tumult of the war and the episode of *Leaves of Grass* was forgotten. When, however, in 1865 Whitman was discharged from a minor position in the Interior Department at Washington because he was 'the author of an indecent book,' his friends started a clamor that was heard at length all over the nation. *Drum-Taps*, 1866, was thus advertised. English critics began to speak, some in superlatives, and gradually Whitman was recognized as something distinctively American, something forceful and compelling, until during the last decade of his life he became an object for pilgrimage, a recognized bard, the poetic voice of Democracy.

Criticism of Whitman must recognize always the fact that there were two distinct periods in the poet's life,— the period of youth and the period of age. There was no middle-age period. Before the war his poetry centered in the physical; after the war in the spiritual. In the first three editions of *Leaves of Grass* there is the lawlessness and the exuberance and the physical urge of healthy young life; in the later work, after experience in the hospitals and after the chastening of physical break-down, there is the new view-point of the soul. The Americanism of Whitman is the gospel of equality pressed to the extreme, the measure of men by soul-power rather than by wealth or station, the doctrine of the French Revolution with the emphasis upon 'fraternity.' Finally there is a largeness of view to his work that bounds his America only by the boundless soul of man: he is the poet of the primal and the free-aired regions, of the boundless, and the eternal.

EUROPE[1]

The 72d and 73d Years of These States

Suddenly out of its stale and drowsy lair, the lair of slaves,
Like lightning it le'pt forth half startled at itself,
Its feet upon the ashes and the rags, its hands tight to the throats of kings.

O hope and faith!
O aching close of exiled patriots' lives!
O many a sicken'd heart!
Turn back unto this day and make yourselves afresh.

1 The selections from Walt Whitman in the following collection have been made with the permission of Horace Traubel, owner of the copyright.

And you, paid to defile the People — you liars, mark!
Not for numberless agonies, murders, lusts,
For court thieving in its manifold mean forms, worming from his simplicity the poor man's wages,
For many a promise sworn by royal lips and broken and laugh'd at in the breaking,
Then in their power not for all these did the blows strike revenge, or the heads of the nobles fall;
The People scorn'd the ferocity of kings.

But the sweetness of mercy brew'd bitter destruction, and the frighten'd monarchs come back,
Each comes in state with his train, hangman, priest, tax-gatherer,
Soldier, lawyer, lord, jailer, and sycophant.

Yet behind all lowering stealing, lo, a shape,
Vague as the night, draped interminably, head, front and form, in scarlet folds,
Whose face and eyes none may see,
Out of its robes only this, the red robes lifted by the arm,
One finger crook'd pointed high over the top, like the head of a snake appears.

Meanwhile corpses lie in new-made graves, bloody corpses of young men,
The rope of the gibbet hangs heavily, the bullets of princes are flying, the creatures of power laugh aloud,
And all these things bear fruits, and they are good.

Those corpses of young men,
Those martyrs that hang from the gibbets, those hearts pierc'd by the gray lead,
Cold and motionless as they seem live elsewhere with unslaughter'd vitality.

They live in other young men O kings!
They live in brothers again ready to defy you,
They were purified by death, they were taught and exalted.

Not a grave of the murder'd for freedom but grows seed for freedom, in its turn to bear seed,
Which the winds carry afar and re-sow, and the rains and the snows nourish.

Not a disembodied spirit can the weapons of tyrants let loose,
But it stalks invisibly over the earth, whispering, counseling, cautioning.
Liberty, let others despair of you — I never despair of you.

Is the house shut? is the master away?
Nevertheless, be ready, be not weary of watching,
We will soon return, his messengers come anon.

From *Leaves of Grass,* 1855.

FRANCE

The 18th Year of these States

A great year and place,
A harsh discordant natal scream out-sounding, to touch the mother's heart closer than any yet.

I walk'd the shores of my Eastern sea,
Heard over the waves the little voice,
Saw the divine infant where she woke mournfully wailing, amid the roar of cannon, curses, shouts, crash of falling buildings,

Was not so sick from the blood in the gutters running, nor from the single corpses, nor those in heaps, nor those borne away in the tumbrils,
Was not so desperate at the battues of death — was not so shock'd at the desperate fusillades of the guns.

Pale, silent, stern, what could I say to that long-accrued retribution?
Could I wish humanity different?
Could I wish the people made of wood and stone?
Or that there be no justice in destiny or time?

O Liberty! O mate for me!
Here too the blaze, the grape-shot and the ax, in reserve, to fetch them out in case of need,
Here too, though long represt, can never be destroy'd,
Here too could rise at last murdering and ecstatic,
Here too demanding full arrears of vengeance.

Hence I sign this salute over the sea,
And I do not deny that terrible red birth and baptism,
But remember the little voice that I heard wailing, and wait with perfect trust, no matter how long,
And from to-day sad and cogent I maintain the bequeath'd cause, as for all lands,
And I send these words to Paris with my love,
And I guess some chansonniers there will understand them,
For I guess there is latent music yet in France, floods of it,
O I hear already the bustle of instruments, they will soon be drowning all that would interrupt them,
O I think the east wind brings a triumphal and free march,
It reaches hither, it swells me to joyful madness,
I will run transpose it in words, to justify it,
I will yet sing a song for you ma femme.

From *Leaves of Grass,* 1860.

MANNAHATTA

I was asking for something specific and perfect for my city,
Whereupon lo! upsprang the aboriginal name.

Now I see what there is in a name, a word, liquid, sane, unruly, musical, self-sufficient,
I see that the word of my city is that word from of old,
Because I see that word nested in nests of water-bays, superb,
Rich, hemm'd thick all around with sailships and steamships, an island sixteen miles long, solid-founded,
Numberless crowded streets, high growths of iron, slender, strong, light, splendidly uprising toward clear skies,
Tides swift and ample, well-loved by me, toward sundown,
The flowing sea-currents, the little islands, larger adjoining islands, the heights, the villas,
The countless masts, the white shore-steamers, the lighters, the ferry-boats, the black sea-steamers well-model'd,
The down-town streets, the jobbers' houses of business, the houses of business of the ship-merchants and money-brokers, the river-streets,
Immigrants arriving, fifteen or twenty thousand in a week,
The carts hauling goods, the manly race of drivers of horses, the brown-faced sailors,
The summer air, the bright sun shining, and the sailing clouds aloft,
The winter snows, the sleigh-bells, the broken ice in the river, passing along up or down with the flood-tide or ebb-tide,
The mechanics of the city, the masters, well-form'd, beautiful-faced, looking you straight in the eyes,

Trottoirs throng'd, vehicles, Broadway, the woman, the shops and shows,
A million people — manners free and superb — open voices — hospitality — the most courageous and friendly young men,
City of hurried and sparkling waters! city of spires and masts!
City nested in bays! my city!

From *Leaves of Grass*, 1860.

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows — through doors — burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet — no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, plowing his fields or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums — so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities — over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers' bargains by day — no brokers or speculators — would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums — you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley — stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid — mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump, O terrible drums — so loud you bugles blow.

From *Drum-Taps*, 1865.

COME UP FROM THE FIELDS FATHER

Come up from the fields father, here's a letter from our Pete,
And come to the front door mother, here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 't is autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis'd vines,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were lately buzzing?)
Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds,
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well,
But now from the fields come father, come at the daughter's call,
And come to the entry mother, to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,
O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only,
Sentence broken, *gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,*
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

Grieve not so, dear mother (the just-grown daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless and dismay'd),
See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul),
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently drest in black,
By day her meals untouched, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing.
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

From *Drum-Taps,* 1865.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

From *Sequel to Drum-Taps,* 1865–6.

WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOM'D

1

When lilacs last in the dooryard bloom'd,
And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night,
I mourn'd, and yet shall mourn with ever-returning spring.

Ever-returning spring, trinity sure to me you bring,
Lilac blooming perennial and drooping star in the west,
And thought of him I love.

2

O powerful western fallen star!
O shades of night — O moody, tearful night!
O great star disappear'd — O the black murk that hides the star!
O cruel hands that hold me powerless — O helpless soul of me!
O harsh surrounding cloud that will not free my soul.

3

In the dooryard fronting an old farm-house near the white-wash'd palings,
Stands the lilac-bush, tall-growing with heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
With many a pointed blossom rising delicate, with the perfume strong I love,
With every leaf a miracle — and from this bush in the dooryard,
With delicate-color'd blossoms and heart-shaped leaves of rich green,
A sprig with its flower I break.

4

In the swamp in secluded recesses,
A shy and hidden bird is warbling a song.

Solitary the thrush,
The hermit withdrawn to himself, avoiding the settlements,
Sings by himself a song.

Song of the bleeding throat,
Death's outlet song of life (for well dear brother I know,
If thou wast not granted to sing thou would'st surely die).

5

Over the breast of the spring, the land, amid cities,
Amid lanes and through old woods, where lately the violets peep'd from the ground, spotting the gray débris,
Amid the grass in the fields each side of the lanes, passing the endless grass;
Passing the yellow-spear'd wheat, every grain from its shroud in the dark-brown fields uprisen,
Passing the apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchards,
Carrying a corpse to where it shall rest in the grave,
Night and day journeys a coffin.

6

Coffin that passes through lanes and streets,
Through day and night with the great cloud darkening the land,
With the pomp of the inloop'd flags with the cities draped in black,
With the show of the States themselves as of crape-veil'd women standing,
With processions long and winding and the flambeaus of the night,
With the countless torches lit, with the silent sea of faces and the unbared heads,
With the waiting depot, the arriving coffin, and the somber faces,
With dirges through the night, with the thousand voices rising strong and solemn,

With all the mournful voices of the dirges pour'd around the coffin,
The dim-lit churches and the shuddering organs — where amid these you journey,
With the tolling tolling bells' perpetual clang,
Here, coffin that slowly passes,
I give you my sprig of lilac.

7

(Nor for you, for one alone,
Blossoms and branches green to coffins all I bring.
For fresh as the morning, thus would I carol a song to you O sane and sacred death.
All over bouquets of roses,
O death, I cover you over with roses and early lilies,
But mostly and now the lilac that blooms the first,
Copious I break, I break the sprigs from the bushes.
With loaded arms I come, pouring for you,
For you and the coffins of all of you O death.)

8

O western orb sailing the heaven,
Now I know what you must have meant as a month since I walk'd,
As I walk'd in silence the transparent shadowy night,
As I saw you had something to tell as you bent to me night after night,
As you droop'd from the sky low down as if to my side (while the other stars all look'd on),
As we wander'd together the solemn night (for something I know not what kept me from sleep),
As the night advanced, and I saw on the rim of the west how full you were of woe,
As I stood on the rising ground in the breeze in the cold transparent night,
As I watch'd where you pass'd and was lost in the netherward black of the night,
As my soul in its trouble dissatisfied sank, as where you sad orb,
Concluded, dropt in the night, and was gone.

9

Sing on there in the swamp,
O singer bashful and tender, I hear your notes, I hear your call,
I hear, I come presently, I understand you,
But a moment I linger, for the lustrous star has detain'd me,
The star my departing comrade holds and detains me.

10

O how shall I warble myself for the dead one there I loved?
And how shall I deck my song for the large sweet soul that has gone?
And what shall my perfume be for the grave of him I love?

Sea-winds blown from east and west,
Blown from the Eastern sea and blown from the Western sea till there on the Prairies meeting:
These and with these and the breath of my chant,
I 'll perfume the grave of him I love.

11

O what shall I hang on the chamber walls?
And what shall the pictures be that I hang on the walls,
To adorn the burial-house of him I love?

Pictures of growing spring and farms and homes,
With the Fourth-month eve at sundown, and the gray smoke lucid and bright,
With floods of the yellow gold of the gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,

With the fresh-sweet herbage under foot, and the pale green leaves of the trees prolific,
In the distance the flowing glaze, the breast of the river, with a wind-dapple here and there;
With ranging hills on the banks, with many a line against the sky and shadows;
And the city at hand with dwellings so dense, and stacks of chimneys,
And all the scenes of life and the workshops, and the workmen homeward returning.

12

Lo, body and soul — this land,
My own Manhattan with spires, and the sparkling and hurrying tides, and the ships,
The varied and ample land, the South and the North in the light — Ohio's shores and flashing Missouri,
And ever the far-spreading prairies cover'd with grass and corn.

Lo, the most excellent sun so calm and haughty,
The violet and purple morn with just-felt breezes,
The gentle soft-born measureless light,
The miracle spreading bathing all, the fulfill'd noon,
The coming eve delicious, the welcome night and the stars,
Over my cities shining all, enveloping man and land.

13

Sing on, sing on you gray-brown bird,
Sing from the swamps, the recesses, pour your chant from the bushes;
Limitless out of the dusk, out of the cedars and pines.

Sing on dearest brother, warble your reedy song,
Loud human song, with voice of uttermost woe.

O liquid and free and tender!
O wild and loose to my soul — O wondrous singer!
You only I hear — yet the star holds me (but will soon depart),
Yet the lilac with mastering odor holds me.

14

Now while I sat in the day and look'd forth,
In the close of the day with its light and the fields of spring, and the farmers preparing their crops,
In the large unconscious scenery of my land with its lakes and forests,
In the heavenly aerial beauty (after the perturb'd winds and the storms),
Under the arching heavens of the afternoon swift passing, and the voices of children and women.
The many-moving sea-tides, and I saw the ships how they sail'd,
And the summer approaching with richness, and the fields all busy with labor,
And the infinite separate houses, how they all went on, each with its meals and minutia of daily usages;
And the streets how their throbbings throbb'd, and the cities pent — lo, then and there,
Falling upon them all and among them all, enveloping me with the rest,
Appear'd the cloud, appear'd the long black trail;
And I knew death, its thought, and the sacred knowledge of death.

Then with the knowledge of death as walking one side of me,
And the thought of death close-walking the other side of me,
And I in the middle as with companions, and as holding the hands of companions,
I fled forth to the hiding receiving night that talks not,
Down to the shores of the water, the path by the swamp in the dimness,
To the solemn shadowy cedars and ghostly pines so still.

And the singer so shy to the rest receiv'd me,
The gray-brown bird I know receiv'd us comrades three,
And he sang the carol of death, and a verse for him I love.

From deep secluded recesses,
From the fragrant cedars and the ghostly pines so still,
Came the carol of the bird.
And the charm of the carol rapt me,
As I held as if by their hands my comrades in the night;
And the voice of my spirit tallied the song of the bird.

Come lovely and soothing death,
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later delicate Death.

Prais'd be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,
And for love, sweet love — but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come unfalteringly.

Approach strong Deliveress,
When it is so, when thou hast taken them, I joyously sing the dead,
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,
Laved in the flood of thy bliss O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and feastings for thee,
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread sky are fitting.
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,
The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose voice I know,
And the soul turning to thee O vast and well-veil'd death,
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,
Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields and the prairies wide,
Over the dense-pack'd cities all and the teeming wharves and ways,
I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee O death!

15

To the tally of my soul.
Loud and strong kept up the gray-brown bird,
With pure, deliberate notes spreading filling the night.

Loud in the pines and cedars dim,
Clear in the freshness moist and the swamp-perfume,
And I with my comrades there in the night.

While my sight that was bound in my eyes unclosed,
As to long panoramas of visions.

I saw askant the armies;
And I saw as in noiseless dreams hundreds of battle-flags,
Borne through the smoke of the battles and pierc'd with missiles I saw them,
And carried hither and yon through the smoke, and torn and bloody,
And at last but a few shreds left on the staffs (and all in silence),
And the staffs all splinter'd and broken.

I saw battle-corpses, myriads of them,
And the white skeletons of young men, I saw them,
I saw the débris and débris of all the slain soldiers of the war,
But I saw they were not as was thought,
They themselves were fully at rest, they suffer'd not,
The living remain'd and suffer'd, the mother suffer'd,
And the wife and the child and the musing comrade suffer'd,
And the armies that remain'd suffer'd.

16

Passing the visions, passing the night,
Passing, unloosing the hold of my comrades' hands,
Passing the song of the hermit bird and the tallying song of my soul,
Victorious song, death's outlet song, yet varying ever-altering song,
As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling, flooding the night,
Sadly sinking and fainting, as warning and warning, and yet again bursting with joy,
Covering the earth and filling the spread of the heaven,
As that powerful psalm in the night I heard from recesses,
Passing, I leave thee lilac with heart-shaped leaves,
I leave thee there in the door yard blooming, returning with spring.

I cease from my song for thee,
From my gaze on thee in the west, fronting the west, communing with thee,
O comrade lustrous with silver face in the night.

Yet each I keep and all, retrievements out of the night,
The song, the wondrous chant of the gray-brown bird,
The tallying chant, the echo arous'd in my soul,
With the lustrous and drooping star with the countenance full of woe,
With the holders holding my hand hearing the call of the bird,
Comrades mine and I in the midst, and their memory ever to keep, for the dead I loved so well,
For the sweetest, wisest soul of all my days and lands — and this for his dear sake;
Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul.
There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim.

From *Sequel to Drum-Taps,* 1865–6.

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

Come my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready,
Have you your pistols? have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here,
We must march my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers?

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the sea?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer mightier world, varied world,
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountain steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood intervein'd,
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
O I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Raise the mighty mother mistress,
Waving high the delicate mistress, over all the starry mistress (bend your heads all),
Raise the fang'd and warlike mistress, stern, impassive, weapon'd mistress,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

See my children, resolute children,
By those swarms upon our rear we must never yield or falter,
Ages back in ghostly millions frowning there behind us urging,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

On and on the compact ranks,
With accessions ever waiting, with the places of the dead quickly fill'd,
Through the battle, through defeat, moving yet and never stopping,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O to die advancing on!
Are there some of us to droop and die? has the hour come?
Then upon the march we fittest die, soon and sure the gap is fill'd,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the pulses of the world,
Falling in they beat for us, with the Western movement beat,
Holding single or together, steady moving to the front, all for us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Life's involv'd and varied pageants,
All the forms and shows, all the workmen at their work,
All the seamen and the landsmen, all the masters with their slaves,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the hapless silent lovers,
All the prisoners in the prisons, all the righteous and the wicked,
All the joyous, all the sorrowing, all the living, all the dying,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

I too with my soul and body,
We, a curious trio, picking, wandering on our way,
Through these shores amid the shadows, with the apparitions pressing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Lo, the darting bowling orb!
Lo, the brother orbs around, all the clustering suns and planets,
All the dazzling days, all the mystic nights with dreams,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

These are of us, they are with us,
All for primal needed work, while the followers there in embryo wait behind,
We to-day's procession heading, we the route for travel clearing,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you daughters of the West!
O you young and elder daughters! O you mothers and you wives!
Never must you be divided, in our ranks you move united,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Minstrels latent on the prairies!
(Shrouded bards of other lands, you may rest, you have done your work),
Soon I hear you coming warbling, soon you rise and tramp amid us,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Not for delectations sweet,
Not the cushion and the slipper, not the peaceful and the studious,
Not the riches safe and palling, not for us the tame enjoyment,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Do the feasters gluttonous feast?
Do the corpulent sleepers sleep? Have they lock'd and bolted doors?
Still be ours the diet hard, and the blanket on the ground,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Has the night descended?
Was the road of late so toilsome? did we stop discouraged nodding on our way?
Yet a passing hour I yield you in your tracks to pause oblivious,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Till with sound of trumpet,
Far, far off the daybreak call — hark! how loud and clear I hear it wind,
Swift! to the head of the army! — swift! spring to your places,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From *Drum-Taps*, 1865.

WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER

When I heard the learn'd astronomer;
When the proofs, the figures were ranged in columns before me;
When I was shown the charts and the diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them;
When I, sitting, heard the astronomer, where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How, soon, unaccountable, I became tired and sick;
Till rising and gliding out, I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,
Look'd up in perfect silence to the stars.

From *Drum-Taps*, 1865.

O STAR OF FRANCE

1870–71

O star of France,
The brightness of thy hope and strength and fame,
Like some proud ship that led the fleet so long,
Beseems to-day a wreck driven by the gale, a mastless hulk,
And 'mid its teeming madden'd half-drown'd crowds,
Nor helm nor helmsman.

Dim smitten star,
Orb not of France alone, pale symbol of my soul, its dearest hopes,
The struggle and the daring, rage divine for liberty,
Of aspirations toward the far ideal, enthusiast's dreams of brotherhood,
Of terror to the tyrant and the priest.

Star crucified — by traitors sold,
Star panting o'er a land of death, heroic land,
Strange, passionate, mocking, frivolous land.

Miserable! yet for thy errors, vanities, sins, I will not now rebuke thee,
Thy unexampled woes and pangs have quell'd them all,
And left thee sacred.

In that amid thy many faults thou ever aimedst highly,
In that thou wouldst not really sell thyself however great the price,
In that thou surely wakedst weeping from thy drugg'd sleep,
In that alone among thy sisters thou, giantess, didst rend the ones that shamed thee,
In that thou coudst not, wouldst not, wear the usual chains,
This cross, thy livid face, thy pierced hands and feet,
The spear thrust in thy side.

O star! O ship of France, beat back and baffled long!
Bear up, O smitten orb! O ship, continue on!

Sure as the ship of all, the Earth itself,
Product of deathly fire and turbulent chaos,
Forth from its spasms of fury and its poisons,
Issuing at last in perfect power and beauty,
Onward beneath the sun following its course,
So thee, O ship of France!
Finish'd the days, the clouds dispel'd,

The travail o'er, the long-sought extrication,
When lo! reborn, high o'er the European world,
(In gladness answering thence, as face afar to face, reflecting ours, Columbia),
Again thy star, O France, fair lustrous star,
In heavenly peace, clear, more bright than ever,
Shall beam immortal.

The Galaxy, June, 1871.

A NOISELESS PATIENT SPIDER

A noiseless patient spider,
I mark'd where on a little promontory it stood isolated,
Mark'd how to explore the vacant vast surrounding,
It launch'd forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself,
Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.

And you O my soul where you stand,
Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them,
Till the bridge you will need be form'd, till the ductile anchor hold,
Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul.

From *Passage to India,* 1871.

DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL

Darest thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,
All waits undream'd of in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them,
Equal, equipt at last (O joy! O fruit of all!), them to fulfil, O Soul.

From *Passage to India,* 1871.

THOU MOTHER WITH THY EQUAL BROOD

Thou Mother with thy equal brood,
Thou varied chain of different States, yet one identity only,
A special song before I go I'd sing o'er all the rest,
For thee, the future.
I'd sow a seed for thee of endless Nationality,
I'd fashion thy ensemble including body and soul,
I'd show away ahead thy real Union, and how it may be accomplish'd.

The paths to the house I seek to make,
But leave to those to come the house itself.

Belief I sing, and preparation;
As Life and Nature are not great with reference to the present only,
But greater still from what is yet to come,
Out of that formula for thee I sing.

As a strong bird on pinions free,
Joyous, the amplest spaces heavenward cleaving,
Such be the thought I 'd think of thee, America,
Such be the recitative I 'd bring for thee.

The conceits of the poets of other lands I 'd bring thee not,
Nor the compliments that have served their turn so long,
Nor rime, nor the classics, nor perfume of foreign court or indoor library;
But an odor I 'd bring as from forests of pine in Maine, or breath of an Illinois prairie
With open airs of Virginia or Georgia or Tennessee, or from Texas uplands, or Florida's glades,
Or the Saguenay's black stream, or the wide blue spread of Huron,
With presentment of Yellowstone's scenes, or Yosemite,
And murmuring under, pervading all, I 'd bring the rustling sea-sound,
That endlessly sounds from the two Great Seas of the world.

And for thy subtler sense subtler refrains, *Dread Mother,*
Preludes of intellect tallying these and thee, mind-formulas fitted for thee, real and sane and large as these and thee,
Thou! mounting higher, diving deeper than we knew, thou transcendental Union!
By thee fact to be justified, blended with thought,
Thought of man justified, blended with God,
Through thy idea, lo, the immortal reality!
Through thy reality, lo, the immortal idea!

Brain of the New World, what a task is thine,
To formulate the Modern — out of the peerless grandeur of the modern,
Out of thyself, comprising science, to recast poems, churches, art,
(Recast, may-be discard them, end them — may-be their work is done, who knows?)
By vision, hand, conception, on the background of the mighty past, the dead,
To limn with absolute faith the mighty living present.

And yet thou living present brain, heir of the dead, the Old World brain,
Thou that lay folded like an unborn babe within its folds so long,
Thou carefully prepared by it so long — haply thou but unfoldest it, only maturest it,
It to eventuate in thee — the essence of the by-gone time contain'd in thee,
Its poems, churches, arts, unwitting to themselves, destined with reference to thee;
Thou but the apples, long, long, long a-growing,
The fruit of all the Old ripening to-day in thee.

Sail, sail thy best, ship of Democracy,
Of value is thy freight, 't is not the Present only,
The Past is also stored in thee.
Thou holdest not the venture of thyself alone, not of the Western continent alone,
Earth's *résumé* entire floats on thy keel, O ship, is steadied by thy spars,
With thee Time voyages in trust, the antecedent nations sink or swim with thee,
With all their ancient struggles, martyrs, heroes, epics, wars, thou bear'st the other continents,
Theirs, theirs as much as thine, the destination-port triumphant;

Steer them with good strong hand and wary eye, O helmsman, thou carriest great companions,
Venerable priesty Asia sails this day with thee,
And royal feudal Europe sails with thee.

Beautiful world of new superber birth that rises to my eyes,
Like a limitless golden cloud filling the western sky,
Emblem of general maternity lifted above all,
Sacred shape of the bearer of daughters and sons,
Out of thy teeming womb thy giant babes in ceaseless procession issuing,
Acceding from such gestation, taking and giving continual strength and life,
World of the real — world of the twain in one,
World of the soul, born by the world of the real alone, led to identity, body, by it alone,
Yet in beginning only, incalculable masses of composite precious materials,
By history's cycles forwarded, by every nation, language, hither sent,
Ready, collected here, a freer, vast, electric world, to be constructed here,
(The true New World, the world of orbic science, morals, literatures to come),
Thou wonder world yet undefined, unform'd, neither do I define thee,
How can I pierce the impenetrable blank of the future?
I feel thy ominous greatness evil as well as good,
I watch thee advancing, absorbing the present, transcending the past,
I see thy light lighting, and thy shadow shadowing, as if the entire globe,
But I do not undertake to define thee, hardly to comprehend thee,
I but thee name, thee prophesy, as now,
I merely thee ejaculate!

Thee in thy future,
Thee in thy only permanent life, career, thy own unloosen'd mind, thy soaring spirit,
Thee as another equally needed sun, radiant, ablaze, swift-moving, fructifying all,
Thee risen in potent cheerfulness and joy, in endless great hilarity,
Scattering for good the cloud that hung so long, that weigh'd so long upon the mind of man,
The doubt, suspicion, dread, of gradual, certain decadence of man;
Thee in thy larger, saner brood of female, male — thee in thy athletes, moral, spiritual, South, North, West, East,
(To thy immortal breasts, Mother of All, thy every daughter, son, endear'd alike, forever equal),
Thee in thy own musicians, singers, artists, unborn yet, but certain,
Thee in thy moral wealth and civilization (until which thy proudest material civilization must remain in vain,
Thee in thy all-supplying, all-enclosing worship — thee in no single bible, savior, merely,
Thy saviors countless, latent within thyself, thy bibles incessant within thyself, equal to any, divine as any,
(Thy soaring course thee formulating, not in thy two great wars, nor in thy century's visible growth,
But far more in these leaves and chants, thy chants, great Mother!)
Thee in an education grown of thee, in teachers, studies, students, born of thee,
Thee in thy democratic fetes en-masse, thy high original festivals, operas, lecturers, preachers,
Thee in thy ultimata (the preparations only now completed, the edifice on sure foundations tied),
Thee in thy pinnacles, intellect, thought, thy topmost rational joys, thy love and godlike aspiration,
In thy resplendent coming literati, thy full-lung'd orators, thy sacerdotal bards, kosmic savans,
These! these in thee (certain to come), to-day I prophesy.

Land tolerating all, accepting all, not for the good alone, all good for thee,
Land in the realms of God to be a realm unto thyself,
Under the rule of God to be a rule unto thyself.

(Lo, where arise three peerless stars,
To be thy natal stars my country, Ensemble, Evolution, Freedom,
Set in the sky of Law.)

Land of unprecedented faith, God's faith,
Thy soil, thy very subsoil, all upheav'd,
The general inner earth so long so sedulously draped over, now hence for what it is so boldly laid bare,
Open'd by thee to heaven's light for benefit or bale.

Not for success alone,
Not to fair-sail unintermitted always,
The storm shall dash thy face, the murk of war and worse than war shall cover thee all over,
(Wert capable of war, its tugs and trials? be capable of peace, its trials,
For the tug and mortal strain of nations come at last in prosperous peace, not war);
In many a smiling mask death shall approach beguiling thee, thou in disease shalt swelter,
The livid cancer spread its hideous claws, clinging upon thy breasts seeking to strike thee deep within,
Consumption of the worst, moral consumption, shall rouge thy face with hectic,
But thou shalt face thy fortunes, thy diseases, and surmount them all,
Whatever they are to-day and whatever through time they may be,
They each and all shall lift and pass away and cease from thee,
While thou, Time's spirals rounding, out of thyself, thyself still extricating, fusing,
Equable, natural, mystical Union thou (the mortal with immortal blent),
Shalt soar toward the fulfilment of the future, the spirit of the body and the mind,
The soul, its destinies.

The soul, its destinies, the real real,
(Purport of all these apparitions of the real);
In thee America, the soul, its destinies,
Thou globe of globes! thou wonder nebulous!
By many a throe of heat and cold convuls'd (by these thyself solidifying),
Thou mental, moral orb — thou New, indeed new, Spiritual World!
The Present holds thee not — for such vast growth as thine,
For such unparallel'd flight as thine, such brood as thine,
The FUTURE only holds thee and can hold thee.

From *As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free*, 1872.

DEMOCRATIC VISTAS

To him or her within whose thought rages the battle, advancing, retreating, between democracy's convictions, aspirations, and the people's crudeness, vice, caprices, I mainly write this essay. I shall use the words America and democracy as convertible terms. Not an ordinary one is the issue. The United States are destined either to surmount the gorgeous history of feudalism, or else prove the most tremendous failure of time. Not the least doubtful am I on any prospects of their material success. The triumphant future of their business, geographic and productive departments, on larger scales and in more varieties than ever, is certain. In those respects the republic must soon (if she does not already) outstrip all, examples hitherto afforded, and dominate the world.

Admitting all this, with the priceless value of our political institutions, general suffrage (and fully acknowledging the latest, widest opening of the doors), I say that, far deeper than these, what finally and only is to make of our Western world a nationality superior to any hither known, and out-topping the past, must be vigorous, yet unsuspected Literatures, perfect personalities and sociologies, original, transcendental, and expressing (what, in highest sense, are not yet express'd at all), democracy and the modern. With these, and out of these, I

promulge new races of Teachers, and of perfect Women, indispensable to endow the birth-stock of a New World. For feudalism, caste, the ecclesiastic traditions, though palpably retreating from political institutions, still hold essentially, by their spirit, even in this country, entire possession of the more important fields, indeed the very subsoil, of education, and of social standards and literature.

I say that democracy can never prove itself beyond cavil, until it founds and luxuriantly grows its own forms of art, poems, schools, theology, displacing all that exists, or that has been produced anywhere in the past, under opposite influences. It is curious to me that while so many voices, pens, minds, in the press, lecture-rooms, in our Congress, &c., are discussing intellectual topics, pecuniary dangers, legislative problems, the suffrage, tariff and labor questions, and the various business and benevolent needs of America, with propositions, remedies, often worth deep attention, there is one need, a hiatus the profoundest, that no eye seems to perceive, no voice to state. Our fundamental want to-day in the United States, with closest, amplest, reference to present conditions, and to the future, is of a class, and the clear idea of a class, of native authors, literatuses, far different, far higher in grade than any yet known, sacerdotal, modern, fit to cope with our occasions, lands, permeating the whole mass of American mentality, taste, belief, breathing into it a new breath of life, giving it decision, affecting politics far more than the popular superficial suffrage, with the results inside and underneath the election of Presidents or Congresses — radiating, begetting appropriate teachers, schools, manners, and, as its grandest result, accomplishing (what neither the schools nor the churches and their clergy have hitherto accomplish'd, permanently, soundly, than a house will stand without a substratum), a religious and moral character beneath the political and productive and intellectual bases of the States. For know you not, dear, earnest reader, that the people of our land may all read and write, and may all possess the right to vote — and yet the main things may be entirely lacking? — (and this to suggest them).

View'd, to-day, from a point of view sufficiently overarching, the problem of humanity all over the civilized world is social and religious, and is to be firmly met and treated by literature. The priest departs, the divine literatus comes. Never was anything more wanted than, to-day, and here in the States, the poet of the modern is wanted, or the great literatus of the modern. At all times, perhaps, the central point in any nation, and that whence it is itself really sway'd the most, and whence it sways others, is its national literature, especially its archetypal poems. Above all previous lands, a great original literature is surely to become the justification and reliance (in some respects the sole reliance) of American democracy.

Few are aware how the great literature penetrates all, gives hue to all, shapes aggregates and individuals, and, after subtle ways, with irresistible power, constructs, sustains, demolishes at will. Why tower, in reminiscence, above all the nations of the earth, two special lands, petty in themselves, yet inexpressibly gigantic, beautiful, columnar? Immortal Judah lives, and Greece immortal lives, in a couple of poems.

Nearer than this. It is not generally realized, but it is true, as the genius of Greece, and all the sociology, personality, politics and religion of those wonderful states, resided in their literature or esthetics, that what was afterwards the main support of European chivalry, the feudal, ecclesiastical, dynastic world over there — forming its osseous structure, holding it together for hundreds, thousands of years, preserving its flesh and bloom, giving it form, decision, rounding it out, and so saturating it in the conscious and unconscious blood, breed, belief, and intuitions of men, that it still prevails powerful to this day, in defiance of the mighty changes of time — was its literature, permeating to the very marrow, especially that major part, its enchanting songs, ballads, and poems.

To the ostent of the senses and eyes, I know, the influences which stamp the world's history are wars, uprisings or downfalls of dynasties, changeful movements of trade, important inventions, navigation, military or civil governments, advent of powerful personalities, conquerors, etc. These of course play their part; yet, it may be, a single new thought, imagination, abstract principle, even liter-

ary style, fit for the time, put in shape by some great literatus, and projected among mankind, may duly cause changes, growths, removals, greater than the longest and bloodiest war, or the most stupendous merely political, dynastic, or commercial overturn.

In short, as, though it may not be realized, it is strictly true, that a few first-class poets, philosophs, and authors, have substantially settled, and given status to the entire religion, education, law, sociology, etc., of the hitherto civilized world, by tinging and often creating the atmospheres out of which they have arisen, such also must stamp, and more than ever stamp, the interior and real democratic construction of this American continent to-day, and days to come. Remember also this fact of difference, that, through the antique and through the medieval ages, highest thoughts and ideals realized themselves, and their expression made its way by other arts, as much as, or even more than by, technical literature (not open to the mass of persons, or even to the majority of eminent persons), such literature in our day and for current purposes is not only more eligible than all the other arts put together, but has become the only general means of morally influencing the world. Painting, sculpture, and the dramatic theater, it would seem, no longer play an indispensable or even important part in the workings and mediumship of intellect, utility, or even high esthetics. Architecture remains, doubtless with capacities, and a real future. Then music, the combiner, nothing more spiritual, nothing more sensuous, a god, yet completely human, advances, prevails, holds highest place; supplying in certain wants and quarters what nothing else could supply. Yet in the civilization of to-day it is undeniable that, over all the arts, literature dominates, serves beyond all — shapes the character of church and school — or, at any rate, is capable of doing so. Including the literature of science, its scope is indeed unparallel'd.

Before proceeding further, it were perhaps well to discriminate on certain points. Literature tills its crops in many fields, and some may flourish, while others lag. What I say in these Vistas has its main bearing on imaginative literature, especially poetry, the stock of all. In the department of science, and the specialty of journalism, there appear, in these States, promises, perhaps fulfilments, of highest earnestness, reality, and life. These, of course, are modern. But in the region of imaginative, spinal and essential attributes, something equivalent to creation is, for our age and lands, imperatively demanded. For not only is it not enough that the new blood, new frame of democracy shall be vivified and held together merely by political means, superficial suffrage, legislation, etc., but it is clear to me that, unless it goes deeper, gets at least as firm and as warm a hold in men's hearts, emotions and belief, as, in their days, feudalism or ecclesiasticism, and inaugurates its own perennial sources, welling from the center forever, its strength will be defective, its growth doubtful, and its main charm wanting. I suggest, therefore, the possibility, should some two or three really original American poets (perhaps artists or lecturers), arise, mounting the horizon like planets, stars of the first magnitude, that, from their eminence, fusing contributions, races, far localities, etc., together, they would give more compaction and more moral identity (the quality today most needed), to these States, than all its Constitutions, legislative and judicial ties, and all its hitherto political, warlike, or materialistic experiences. As, for instance, there could hardly happen anything that would more serve the States with all their variety of origins, their diverse climes, cities, standards, etc., than possessing an aggregate of heroes, characters, exploits, sufferings, prosperity or misfortune, glory or disgrace, common to all, typical of all — no less, but even greater would it be to possess the aggregation of a cluster of mighty poets, artists, teachers, fit for us, national expressers, comprehending and effusing for the men and women of the States, what is universal, native, common to all, inland and seaboard, Northern and Southern. The historians say of ancient Greece, with her ever-joyous autonomies, cities, and states, that the only positive unity she ever owned or receiv'd was the sad unity of a common subjection, at the last, to foreign conquerors. Subjection, aggregation of that sort, is impossible to America; but the fear of conflicting and irreconcilable interiors, and the lack of a common skeleton, knitting all close, continually haunts me. Or, if it does not, nothing is plainer

han the need, a long period to come, of
fusion of the States into the only reliable
dentity, the moral and artistic one. For,
say, the true nationality of the States,
he genuine union, when we come to a
noral crisis, is, and is to be, after all,
either the written law, nor (as is gen-
rally supposed) either self-interest, or
ommon pecuniary or material objects —
ut the fervid and tremendous IDEA, melt-
ng everything else with resistless heat and
olving all lesser and definite distinctions
n vast, indefinite, spiritual, emotional
ower.

It may be claim'd (and I admit the
eight of the claim) that common and
eneral worldly prosperity, and a populace
ell to do, and with all life's material com-
orts, is the main thing, and is enough. It
ay be argued that our republic is, in
erformance, really enacting to-day the
randest arts, poems, etc., by beating up
ie wilderness into fertile farms, and in
er railroads, ships, machinery, etc. And
may be ask'd, are these not better, in-
eed, for America, than any utterances
ven of greatest rhapsode, artist, or liter-
us?

I too hail those achievements with pride
d joy: then answer that the soul of man
ill not with such only — nay, not with
ch at all — be finally satisfied; but needs
hat (standing on these and on all things,
the feet stand on the ground) is ad-
ess'd to the loftiest, to itself alone.

Out of such considerations, such truths,
ises for treatment in these Vistas the
portant question of character, of an
merican stock-personality, with litera-
res and arts for outlets and return-ex-
essions, and, of course, to correspond,
ithin outlines common to all. To these,
e main affair, the thinkers of the United
ates, in general so acute, have either
ven feeblest attention, or have remain'd,
d remain, in a state of somnolence.

For my part, I would alarm and caution
en the political and business reader, and
the utmost extent, against the prevail-
g delusion that the establishment of free
litical institutions, and plentiful intel-
tual smartness, with general good or-
r, physical plenty, industry, etc. (desir-
le and precious advantages as they all
e), do, of themselves, determine and
ld to our experiment of democracy the
itage of success. With such advan-
es at present fully, or almost fully, pos-
sess'd — the Union just issued, victorious, from the struggle with the only foes it need ever fear (namely, those within itself, the interior ones), and with unprecedented materialistic advancement — society, in these States, is canker'd, crude, superstitious, and rotten. Political, or law-made society is, and private, or voluntary society, is also. In any vigor, the element of the moral conscience, the most important, the verteber to State or man, seems to me either entirely lacking, or seriously enfeebled or ungrown. . . .

Literature, strictly consider'd, has never recognized the People, and, whatever may be said, does not to-day. Speaking generally, the tendencies of literature, as hitherto pursued, have been to make mostly critical and querulous men. It seems as if, so far, there were some natural repugnance between a literary and professional life and the rude rank spirit of the democracies. There is, in later literature, a treatment of benevolence, a charity business, rife enough it is true; but I know nothing more rare, even in this country, than a fit scientific estimate and reverent appreciation of the People — of their measureless wealth of latent power and capacity, their vast, artistic contrasts of lights and shades — with, in America, their entire reliability in emergencies, and a certain breadth of historic grandeur, of peace or war, far surpassing all the vaulted samples of book-heroes, or any *haut ton* coteries, in all the records of the world. . . .

Dominion strong is the body's; dominion stronger is the mind's. What has fill'd, and fills to-day our intellect, our fancy, furnishing the standard therein, is yet foreign. The great poems, Shakespere included, are poisonous to the idea of the pride and dignity of the common people, the life-blood of democracy. The models of our literature, as we get it from other lands, ultra-marine, have had their birth in courts, and bask'd and grown in castle sunshine; all smells of princes' favors. Of workers of a certain sort, we have indeed, plenty, contributing after their kind; many elegant, many learn'd, all complacent. But touch'd by the national test, or tried by the standards of democratic personality, they wither to ashes. I say I have not seen a single writer, artist, lecturer, or what-not, that has confronted the voiceless but ever erect and active, pervading,

underlying will and typic aspiration of the land, in a spirit kindred to itself. Do you call those genteel little creatures American poets? Do you term that perpetual, pistareen, paste-pot work, American art, American drama, taste, verse? I think I hear, echoed as from some mountain-top afar in the West, the scornful laugh of the Genius of these States.

Democracy in silence, biding its time, ponders its own ideals, not of literature and art only — not of men only, but of women. The idea of the women of America (extricated from this haze, this fossil and unhealthy air which hangs about the word *lady*), develop'd, raised to become the robust equals, workers, and, it may be, even practical and political deciders with the men — greater than man, we may admit, through their divine maternity, always their towering, emblematical attribute — but great, at any rate, as man, in all departments; or, rather, capable of being so, soon as they realize it, and can bring themselves to give up toys and fictions, and launch forth, as men do, amid real, independent, stormy life.

Then, as towards our thought's finalé (and, in that, over-arching the true scholar's lesson), we have to say there can be no complete or epical presentation of democracy in the aggregate, or anything like it, at this day, because its doctrines will only be effectually incarnated in any one branch, when, in all, their spirit is at the root and center. Far, far, indeed, stretch, in distance, our Vistas! How much is still to be disentangled, freed! How long it takes to make this American world see that it is, in itself, the final authority and reliance!

Did you, too, O friend, suppose democracy was only for elections, for politics, and for a party name? I say democracy is only of use there that it may pass on and come to its flower and fruits in manners, in the highest forms of interaction between men, and their beliefs — in religion, literature, colleges, and schools — democracy in all public and private life, and in the army and navy. I have intimated that, as a paramount scheme, it has yet few or no full realizers and believers. I do not see, either, that it owes any serious thanks to noted propagandists or champions, or has been essentially help'd, though often harm'd by them. It has been and is carried on by all the moral forces, and by trade, finance, machinery, intercommunications, and, in fact, by all the developments of history, and can no more be stopp'd than the tides, or the earth in its orbit. Doubtless, also, it resides, crude and latent, well down in the hearts of the fair average of the American-born people, mainly in the agricultural regions. But it is not yet, there or anywhere, the fully-receiv'd, the fervid, the absolute faith. . . .

America has yet morally and artistically originated nothing. She seems singularly unaware that the models of persons books, manners, etc., appropriate for former conditions and for European lands are but exiles and exotics here. No current of her life, as shown on the surfaces of what is authoritatively called her society, accepts or runs into social or esthetic democracy; but all the currents set squarely against it. Never, in the Old World, was throughly upholster'd exterior appearance and show, mental and other, built entirely on the idea of caste and on the sufficiency of mere outside acquisition — never were glibness, verbal intellect, more the test, the emulation — more loftily elevated as head and sample — than they are on the surface of our republican States this day. The writers of a time hint the mottoes of its gods. The word of the modern, say these voices, is the word Culture.

We find ourselves abruptly in close quarters with the enemy. This word Culture, or what it has come to represent, involves, by contrast, our whole theme, and has been, indeed, the spur, urging us to engagement. Certain questions arise. Are now taught, accepted and carried out, are not the processes of culture rapidly creating a class of supercilious infidels, who believe in nothing? Shall a man lose himself in countless masses of adjustment, and be so shaped with reference to this, that and the other, that the simply good and healthy and brave parts of him are reduced and clipp'd away, like the bordering of box in a garden? You can cultivate corn and roses and orchards — but who shall cultivate the mountain peaks, the ocean, and the tumbling gorgeousness of the clouds? Lastly — is the readily-given reply that culture only seeks to help, systematize and put in attitude, the elements of fertility and power, a conclusive reply?

I do not so much object to the name

or word, but I should certainly insist, for the purposes of these States, on a radical change of category, in the distribution of precedence. I should demand a program of culture, drawn out, not for a single class alone, or for the parlors or lecture rooms, but with an eye to practical life, the West, the working-men, the facts of farms and jack-planes and engineers, and of the broad range of the women also of the middle and working strata, and with reference to the perfect equality of women, and of a grand and powerful motherhood. I should demand of this program or theory a scope generous enough to include the widest human area. It must have for its spinal meaning the formation of a typical personality of character, eligible to the uses of the high average of men — and *not* restricted by conditions ineligible to the masses. The best culture will always be that of the manly and courageous instincts, and loving perceptions, and of self-respect — aiming to form, over this continent, an idiocracy of universalism, which, true child of America, will bring joy to its mothers, returning to her in her own spirit, recruiting myriads of offspring, able, natural, perceptive, tolerant, devout believers in her America, and with some definite instinct why and for what she has arisen, most vast, most formidable of historic births, and is, now and here, with wonderful step, journeying through Time. . . .

What, however, do we more definitely mean by New World literature? Are we not doing well enough here already? Are not the United States this day busily using, working, more printer's type, more presses, than any other country? uttering and absorbing more publications than any other? Do not our publishers fatten quicker and deeper? (helping themselves, under shelter of a delusive and sneaking law, or rather absence of law, to most of their forage, poetical, pictorial, historical, romantic, even comic, without money and without price — and fiercely resisting the timidest proposal to pay for it.) Many will come under this delusion — but my purpose is to dispel it. I say that a nation may hold and circulate rivers and oceans of very readable print, journals, magazines, novels, library-books, 'poetry,' etc.— such as the States to-day possess and circulate — of unquestionable aid and value — hundreds of new volumes annually composed and brought out here, respectable enough, indeed insurpass'd in smartness and erudition — with further hundreds, or rather millions (as by free forage or theft aforementioned), also thrown into the market — and yet, all the while, the said nation, land, strictly speaking, may possess no literature at all.

Repeating our inquiry, what, then, do we mean by real literature? especially the democratic literature of the future? Hard questions to meet. The clues are inferential, and turn us to the past. At best, we can only offer suggestions, comparisons, circuits. . . .

For us, along the great highways of time, those monuments stand — those forms of majesty and beauty. For us those beacons burn through all the nights. Unknown Egyptians, graving hieroglyphs; Hindus, with hymn and apothegm and endless epic; Hebrew prophet, with spirituality, as in flashes of lightning, conscience like red-hot iron, plaintive songs and screams of vengeance for tyrannies and enslavement; Christ, with bent head, brooding love and peace, like a dove; Greek, creating eternal shapes of physical and esthetic proportion; Roman, lord of satire, the sword, and the codex; — of the figures, some far off and veil'd, others nearer and visible; Dante, stalking with lean form, nothing but fiber, not a grain of superfluous flesh; Angelo, and the great painters, architects, musicians; rich Shakespeare, luxuriant as the sun, artist and singer of feudalism in its sunset, with all the gorgeous colors, owner thereof, and using them at will; and so to such as German Kant and Hegel, where they, though near us, leaping over the ages, sit again, impassive, imperturbable, like the Egyptian gods. Of these, and the like of these, is it too much, indeed, to return to our favorite figure, and view them as orbs and systems of orbs, moving in free paths in the spaces of that other heaven, the kosmic intellect, the soul?

Ye powerful and resplendent ones! ye were, in your atmospheres, grown not for America, but rather for her foes, the feudal and the old — while our genius is democratic and modern. Yet could ye, indeed, but breathe your breath of life into our New World's nostrils — not to enslave us, as now, but, for our needs, to breed a spirit like your own — perhaps (dare we to say it?) to dominate, even destroy,

what you yourselves have left! On your plane, and no less, but even higher and wider, must we mete and measure for to-day and here. I demand races of orbic bards, with unconditional uncompromising sway. Come forth, sweet democratic despots of the West!

By points like these we, in reflection, token what we mean by any land's or people's genuine literature. And thus compared and tested, judging amid the influence of loftiest products only, what do our current copious fields of print, covering in manifold forms, the United States, better, for an analogy, present, than, as in certain regions of the sea, those spreading, undulating masses of squid, through which the whale swimming, with head half out, feeds?

Not but that doubtless our current so-called literature (like an endless supply of small coin) performs a certain service, and may be, too, the service needed for the time (the preparation service, as children learn to spell). Everybody reads, and truly nearly everybody writes, either books, or for the magazines or journals. The matter has magnitude, too, after a sort. But is it really advancing? or, has it advanced for a long while? There is something impressive about the huge editions of the dailies and weeklies, the mountain-stacks of white paper piled in the press-vaults, and the proud, crashing, ten-cylinder presses, which I can stand and watch any time by the half hour. Then (though the States in the field of imagination present not a single first-class work, not a single great literatus), the main objects, to amuse, to titillate, to pass away time, to circulate the news, and rumors of news, to rhyme and read rhyme, are yet attain'd, and on a scale of infinity. To-day, in books, in the rivalry of writers, especially novelists', success (so-call'd), is for him or her who strikes the mean flat, average, the sensational appetite for stimulus, incident, persiflage, etc., and depicts, to the common caliber, sensual, exterior life. To such, or the luckiest of them, as we see the audiences are limitless and profitable; but they cease presently. While this day, or any day, to workmen portraying interior or spiritual life, the audiences were limited, and often laggard — but they last forever. . . .

Of what is called the drama, or dramatic presentation in the United States, as now put forth at the theaters, I should say it deserves to be treated with the same gravity, and on a par with the questions of ornamental confectionary at public dinners, or the arrangement of curtains and hangings in a ball-room — nor more, nor less. Of the other, I will not insult the reader's intelligence (once really entering into the atmosphere of these Vistas) by supposing it necessary to show, in detail, why the copious dribble, either of our little or well-known rimesters, does not fulfil, in any respect, the needs and august occasions of this hand. America demands a poetry that is bold, modern, and all-surrounding and kosmical, as she is herself. It must in no respect ignore science or the modern, but inspire itself with science and the modern. It must bend its vision toward the future, more than the past. Like America, it must extricate itself from even the greatest models of the past, and, while courteous to them, must have entire faith in itself, and the products of its own democratic spirit only. Like her, it must place in the van, and hold up at all hazards, the banner of the divine pride of man in himself (the radical foundation of the new religion). Long enough have the People been listening to poems in which common humanity, deferential, bends low, humiliated, acknowledging superiors. But America listens to no such poems. Erect, inflated, and fully self-esteeming be the chant; and then America will listen with pleased ears.

Nor may the genuine gold, the gems, when brought to light at last, be probably usher'd forth from any of the quarters currently counted on. To-day, doubtless, the infant genius of American poetic expression (eluding those highly-refined imported and gilt-edged themes, and sentimental and butterfly flights, pleasant to orthodox publishers — causing tender spasms in the coteries, and warranted not to chafe the sensitive cuticle of the most exquisitely artificial gossamer delicacy) lies sleeping far away, happily unrecognized and uninjur'd by the coteries, the art-writers, the talkers and critics of the saloons, or the lecturers in the colleges — lies sleeping, aside, unrecking itself, in some Western idiom, or native Michigan or Tennesee repartee, or stump-speech — or in Kentucky or Georgia, or the Carolinas — or in some slang or local song or allusion of the Manhattan, Boston, Phila-

delphia or Baltimore mechanic — or up in the Maine woods — or off in the hut of the California miner, or crossing the Rocky Mountains, or along the Pacific railroad — or on the breasts of the young farmers of the Northwest, or Canada, or boatmen of the lakes. Rude and coarse nursing-beds, these; but only from such beginnings and stocks, indigenous here, may haply arrive, be grafted, and sprout, in time, flowers of genuine American aroma, and fruits truly and fully our own.

I say it were a standing disgrace to these States — I say it were a disgrace to any nation, distinguish'd above others by the variety and vastness of its territories, its materials, its inventive activity, and the splendid practicality of its people, not to rise and soar above others also in its original styles in literature and art, and its own supply of intellectual and esthetic masterpieces, archetypal, and consistent with itself. I know not a land except ours that has not, to some extent, however small, made its title clear. The Scotch have their born ballads, subtly expressing their past and present, and expressing character. The Irish have theirs, England, Italy, France, Spain, theirs. What has America? With exhaustless mines of the richest ore of epic, lyric, tune, picture, etc., in the Four-Years' War; with indeed, I sometimes think, the richest masses of material ever afforded a nation, more variegated, and on a larger scale — the first sign of proportionate, native, imaginative Soul, and first-class works to match, is (I cannot too often repeat) so far wanting.

Long ere the second centennial arrives, there will be some forty to fifty great States, among them Canada and Cuba. When the present century closes, our population will be sixty or seventy millions. The Pacific will be ours, and the Atlantic mainly ours. There will be daily electric communication with every part of the globe. What an age! What a land! Where, elsewhere, one so great? The individuality of one nation must then, as always, lead the world. Can there be any doubt who the leader ought to be? Bear in mind, though, that nothing less than the mightiest original non-subordinated SOUL has ever really, gloriously led, or ever can lead. (This SOUL — its other name, in these Vistas, is LITERATURE.)

In fond fancy leaping those hundred years ahead, let us survey America's work, poems, philosophies, fulfilling prophecies, and giving form and decision to best ideals. Much that is now undreamed of, we might then perhaps see establish'd, luxuriantly cropping forth, richness, vigor of letters and of artistic expression, in whose products character will be a main requirement, and not merely erudition or elegance. . . .

Present literature, while magnificently fulfilling certain popular demands, with plenteous knowledge and verbal smartness, is profoundly sophisticated, insane, and its very joy is morbid. It needs tally and express Nature, and the spirit of Nature, and to know and obey the standards, I say the question of Nature, largely considered, involves the questions of the esthetic, the emotional, and the religious — and involves happiness. A fitly born and bred race, growing up in right conditions of out-door as much as in-door harmony, activity and development, would probably, from and in those conditions, find it enough merely *to live* — and would, in their relations to the sky, air, water, trees, etc., and in the countless common shows, and in the fact of life itself, discover and achieve happiness — with Being suffused night and day by wholesome ecstasy, surpassing all the pleasures that wealth, amusement, and even gratified intellect, erudition, or the sense of art, can give.

In the prophetic literature of these States (the reader of my speculations will miss their principal stress unless he allows well for the point that a new Literature, perhaps a new Metaphysics, certainly a new Poetry, are to be, in my opinion, the only sure and worthy supports and expressions of the American Democracy), Nature, true Nature, and the true idea of Nature, long absent, must, above all, become fully restored, enlarged, and must furnish the pervading atmosphere to poems, and the test of all high literary and esthetic compositions. I do not mean the smooth walks, trimm'd hedges, poseys, and nightingales of the English poets, but the whole orb, with its geologic history, the kosmos, carrying fire and snow, that rolls through the illimitable areas, light as a feather, though weighing billions of tons. Furthermore, as by what we now partially call Nature is intended, at most, only what is entertainable by the physical

conscience, the sense of matter, and of good animal health — on these it must be distinctly accumulated, incorporated, that man, comprehending these, has, in towering superaddition, the moral and spiritual consciences, indicating his destination beyond the ostensible, the mortal.

To the heights of such estimate of Nature indeed ascending, we proceed to make observations for our Vistas, breathing rarest air. What is I believe called Idealism seems to me to suggest (guarding against extravagance, and ever modified even by its opposite) the course of inquiry and desert of favor for our New World Metaphysics, their foundation of and in literature, giving hue to all. . . .

In the future of these States must arise poets immenser far, and make great poems of death. The poems of life are great, but there must be the poems of the purport of life, not only in itself, but beyond itself. I have eulogized Homer, the sacred bards of Jewry, Eschylus, Juvenal, Shakspere, etc., and acknowledged their inestimable value. But (with perhaps the exception, in some, not all respects, of the second-mention'd), I say there must, for future and democratic purposes, appear poets (dare I to say so?) of higher class even than any of those — poets not only possessed of the religious fire and abandon of Isaiah, luxuriant in the epic talent of Homer, or for proud characters as in Shakspere, but consistent with the Hegelian formulas, and consistent with modern science. America needs, and the world needs, a class of bards who will, now and ever, so link and tally the rational physical being of man with ensembles of time and space, and with this vast and multiform show, Nature, surrounding him, ever tantalizing him, equally a part, and yet not a part of him, as to essentially, harmonize, satisfy, and put at rest. Faith, very old, now scared away by science, must be restored, brought back by the same power that caused her departure — restored with new sway, deeper, wider, higher than ever. Surely, this universal ennui, this coward fear, this shuddering at death, these low, degrading views, are not always to rule the spirit pervading future society, as it has the past, and does the present. What the Roman Lucretius sought most nobly, yet all too blindly, negatively to do for his age and its successors, must be done positively by some great coming literatus, especially poet, who, while remaining fully poet, will absorb whatever science indicates, with spiritualism, and out of them, and out of his own genius, will compose the great poem of death. Then will man indeed confront Nature, and confront time and space, both with science, and *con amore*, and take his right place, prepared for life, master of fortune and misfortune. And then that which was long wanted will be supplied, and the ship that had it not before in all her voyages will have an anchor.

The Galaxy, 1867–1868.

TO THE MAN-OF-WAR-BIRD

Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,
Waking renew'd on thy prodigious pinions,
(Burst the wild storm? above it thou ascended'st,
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled thee,)

Now a blue point, far, far in heaven floating;
As to the light emerging here on deck I watch thee,
(Myself a speck, a point on the world's floating vast.)

Far, far at sea,
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the shore with wrecks,
With reappearing day as now so happy and serene,
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,
The limpid spread of air cerulean,
Thou also reappearest.

Thou born to match the gale, (thou art all wings,)
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks untired and onward, through spaces, realms gyrating,
At dusk that look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou my soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

London Athenæum, 1876.

PRAYER OF COLUMBUS

A batter'd, wrecked old man,
Thrown on this savage shore, far, far from home,
Pent by the sea and dark rebellious brows, twelve dreary months,
Sore, stiff with many toils, sicken'd and nigh to death,
I take my way along the island's edge,
Venting a heavy heart.

I am too full of woe!
Haply I may not live another day;
I cannot rest O God, I cannot eat or drink or sleep,
Till I put forth myself, my prayer, once more to Thee,
Breathe, bathe myself once more in Thee, commune with Thee,
Report myself once more to Thee.

Thou knowest my years entire, my life,
My long and crowded life of active work, not adoration merely;
Thou knowest the prayers and vigils of my youth,
Thou knowest my manhood's solemn and visionary meditations,
Thou knowest how before I commenced I devoted all to come to Thee,
Thou knowest I have in age ratified all those vows and strictly kept them,
Thou knowest I have not once lost nor faith nor ecstasy in Thee,
In shackles, prison'd, in disgrace, repining not,
Accepting all from Thee, as duly come from Thee.

All my emprises have been fill'd with Thee,
My speculations, plans, begun and carried on in thoughts of Thee
Sailing the deep or journeying the land for Thee;
Intentions, purports, aspirations none, leaving results to Thee.

O I am sure they really came from Thee,
The urge, the ardor, the unconquerable will,
The potent, felt, interior command, stronger than words,
A message from the Heavens whispering to me even in sleep,
These sped me on.

By me and these the work so far accomplish'd,
By me earth's elder cloy'd and stifled lands uncloy'd, unloos'd
By me the hemispheres rounded and tied, the unknown to the known.

The end I know not, it is all in Thee,
Or small or great I know not — haply what broad fields, what lands,
Haply the brutish measureless human undergrowth I know,
Transplanted there may rise to stature, knowledge worthy Thee,
Haply the swords I know may there indeed be turn'd to reaping-tools,
Haply the lifeless cross I know, Europe's dead cross, may bud and blossom there.

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand;
That Thou O God my life hast lighted,
With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee,
Light rare untellable, lighting the very light,
Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages;
For that O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees,
Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.

My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
My brain feels rack'd, bewilder'd,
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me,
Thee, Thee, at least I know.

Is it the prophet's thought I speak, or am I raving?
What do I know of life? what of myself?
I know not even my own work past or present,
Dim ever-shifting guesses of it spread before me,
Of newer better worlds, their mighty parturition,
Mocking, perplexing me.

And these things I see suddenly, what mean they?
As if some miracle, some hand divine unseal'd my eyes,
Shadowy vast shapes smile through the air and sky,
And on the distant waves sail countless ships,
And anthems in new tongues I hear saluting me.

Harper's Monthly, March, 1874.

PATROLING BARNEGAT

Wild, wild the storm, and the sea high running,
Steady the roar of the gale, with incessant undertone muttering,
Shouts of demoniac laughter fitfully piercing and pealing,
Waves, air, midnight, their savagest trinity lashing,
Out in the shadows there milk-white combs careering,
On beachy slush and sand spirts of snow fierce slanting,
Where through the murk the easterly death-wind breasting,
Through cutting swirl and spray watchful and firm advancing,
(That in the distance! is that a wreck? is the red signal flaring?)
Slush and sand of the beach tireless till daylight wending,
Steadily, slowly, through hoarse roar never remitting,
Along the midnight edge by those milk-white combs careering,
A group of dim, weird forms, struggling, the night confronting,
That savage trinity warily watching.

The American, June, 1880.

GOOD-BY MY FANCY

Good-by my Fancy!
Farewell dear mate, dear love!
I'm going away, I know not where,
Or to what fortune, or whether I may ever see you again,
So Good-by my Fancy.

Now for my last — let me look back a moment;
The slower fainter ticking of the clock is in me,
Exit, nightfall, and soon the heart-thud stopping.

Long have we lived, joy'd caress'd together;
Delightful! — now separation — Good-by my Fancy.

Yet let me not be too hasty,
Long indeed have we lived, slept, filter'd, become really blended into one;
Then if we die we die together (yes, we 'll remain one),
If we go anywhere we 'll go together to meet what happens,
May-be we 'll be better off and blither, and learn something,
May-be it is yourself now ushering me to the true songs, (who knows?)
May-be it is you the mortal knob really undoing, turning — so now finally,
Good-by — and hail! my Fancy.

From *Good-By My Fancy*, 1891.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE (1822–1909)

Of the 'later Boston group' of writers, born within a decade of each other and educated at Harvard,— Lowell, Story, Parkman, Dana, Higginson, Norton, and others, the most versatile and voluminous, perhaps, was Edward Everett Hale, who, graduating at seventeen, filled seventy years with almost incessant literary productiveness. He was active in many lines: he was a preacher of power, a lecturer, social reformer, philanthropist, and editor, and he was author and editor of more than sixty books,— histories, essays, short stories, biographies, sermons, prayers. In his last years he served as Chaplain of the United States Senate.

As a director of the thinking of his generation he was an undoubted power, but it is now seen that little that he wrote is destined to be of permanent value. His most distinctive literary accomplishment was his short story 'The Man Without a Country,' 1863, already an American classic. Several other short stories of his have undoubted value. In the evolution of this distinctive literary form in America, Hale added several new elements, notably verisimilitude, the art of making the improbable and the impossible seem plausible and even convincing.

MY DOUBLE, AND HOW HE UNDID ME

It is not often that I trouble the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I should not trouble them now, but for the importunities of my wife, who 'feels to insist' that a duty to society is unfulfilled till I have told why I had to have a double, and how he undid me. She is sure, she says, that intelligent persons cannot understand that pressure upon public servants which alone drives any man into the employment of a double. And while I fear she thinks, at the bottom of her heart, that my fortunes will never be remade, she has a faint hope that, as another Rasselas, I may teach a lesson to future publics, from which they may profit, though we die. Owing to the behavior of my double, or, if you please, to that public pressure which compelled me to employ him, I have plenty of leisure to write this communication.

I am, or rather was, a minister of the Sandemanian connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick, on one of the finest water-powers in Maine. We used to call it a western town in the heart of the civilization of New England. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had I; and it seemed as if we might have all 'the joy of eventful living' to our heart's content.

Alas! how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first housekeeping. To be the confidential friend in a hundred families in the town,— cutting the social trifle, as my friend Haliburton says, 'from the top of the whipped syllabub to the bottom of the sponge-cake, which is the foundation,'— to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study, and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town, and to inspirit both and make both infinite by glimpses of the Eternal Glory, seemed such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!

The truth is, that this vision was not in itself a delusion, nor, indeed, half bright enough. If one could only have been left to do his own business, the vision would have accomplished itself and brought out new paraheliacal visions, each as bright as the original. The misery was and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, that besides the vision, and besides the usual human and finite failures in life (such as breaking the old pitcher that came over in the *Mayflower*, and putting into the fire the alpenstock with which her father climbed Mont Blanc)— besides these, I say (imitating the style of *Robinson Crusoe*), there were pitchforked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs, handed down from some unknown seed-time, in which we were expected, and I chiefly, to fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand be-

hind the Sepoys in the spectacle of the 'Cataract of the Ganges.' They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivision, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives, one real and one merely functional,— for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was in a vague notion, which everybody had and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Dr. Wigan on the *Duality of the Brain*, hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. For Richard Greenough once told me, that, in studying for the statue of Franklin, he found that the left side of the great man's face was philosophic and reflective, and the right side funny and smiling. If you will go and look at the bronze statue you will find he has repeated this observation there for posterity. The eastern profile is the portrait of the statesman Franklin, the western of poor Richard. But Dr. Wigan does not go into these niceties of this subject, and I failed. It was then that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a double.

I was, at first, singularly successful. We happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering-place, to the great Monson Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls, when my destiny was fulfilled! I saw my man!

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was of my height, five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And — choicest gift of Fate in all — he had, not 'a strawberry mark on his left arm,' but a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader, so have I! My fate was sealed!

A word with Mr. Holley, one of the inspectors, settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless, who had sealed his fate by marrying a dumb wife, who was at that moment ironing in the laundry. Before I left Stafford I had hired both for five years. We had applied to Judge Pynchon, then the probate judge at Springfield, to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham. We had explained to the Judge what was the precise truth, that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under this new name, into his family. It never occurred to him that Dennis might be more than fourteen years old. And thus, to shorten this preface, when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, her new dumb laundress, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham by as good right as I.

Oh, the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles! Really, they were electro-plate, and the glass was plain (for the poor fellow's eyes were excellent). Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches. I had found these would be quite enough for the supernumerary-Sepoy line of life, and it was well for me they were; for though he was good-natured, he was very shiftless, and it was, as our national proverb says, 'like pulling teeth' to teach him. But at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air,—

1. 'Very well, thank you. And you?' This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. 'I am very glad you liked it.'

3. 'There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time.'

4. 'I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room.'

At first I had a feeling that I was going to be at great cost for clothing him. But it proved, of course, at once, that, whenever he was out, I should be at home. And I went, during the bright period of his success, to so few of those awful

pageants which require a black dress-coat and what the ungodly call, after Mr. Dickens, a white choker, that in the happy retreat of my own dressing-gowns and jackets my days went by as happily and cheaply as those of another Thalaba. And Polly declares there was never a year when the tailoring cost so little. He lived (Dennis, not Thalaba) in his wife's room over the kitchen. He had orders never to show himself at that window. When he appeared in the front of the house I retired to my sanctissimum and my dressing-gown. In short, the Dutchman and his wife, in the old weather-box, had not less to do with each other than he and I. He made the furnace-fire and split the wood before daylight; then he went to sleep again, and slept late; then came for orders, with a red silk bandanna tied round his head, with his overalls on, and his dresscoat and spectacles off. If we happened to be interrupted, no one guessed that he was Frederic Ingham as well as I; and, in the neighborhood, there grew up an impression that the minister's Irishman worked daytimes in the factory village at New Coventry. After I had given him his orders, I never saw him till the next day.

I launched him by sending him to a meeting of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-seven are necessary to form a quorum. One becomes a member under the regulations laid down in old Judge Dudley's will. I became one by being ordained pastor of a church in Naguadavick. You see you cannot help yourself if you would. At this particular time we had had four successive meetings, averaging four hours each,— wholly occupied in whipping in a quorum. At the first only eleven men were present; at the next, by force of three circulars, twenty-seven; at the third, thanks to two days' canvassing by Auchmuty and myself, begging men to come, we had sixty. Half the others were in Europe. But without a quorum we could do nothing. All the rest of us waited grimly for our four hours, and adjourned without any action. At the fourth meeting we had flagged, and only got fifty-nine together. But on the first appearance of my double — whom I sent on this fatal Monday to the fifth meeting — he was the *sixty-seventh* man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! The poor fellow had missed his way — read the street signs ill through his spectacles (very ill, in fact, without them) — and had not dared to inquire. He entered the room, finding the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were also members *ex officio* and were begging leave to go away. On his entrance all was changed. *Presto,* the by-laws were amended, and the western property was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do, in every instance, with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little unpunctual — and Dennis, *alias* Ingham, returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed. He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I.

I 'set him again' at the exhibition of the New Coventry Academy; and here he undertook a 'speaking part' — as, in my boyish, worldly days, I remember the bills used to say of Mlle. Celeste. We are all trustees of the New Coventry Academy; and there has lately been 'a good deal of feeling' because the Sandemanians are leaning toward Free-Will, and that we have, therefore, neglected these semi-annual exhibitions, while there is no doubt that Auchmuty last year went to Commencement at Waterville. Now the head master at New Coventry is a real good fellow, who knows a Sanskrit root when he sees it, and often cracks etymologies with me; so that, in strictness, I ought to go to their exhibitions. But think, reader, of sitting through three long July days in that Academy chapel, following the program from

TUESDAY MORNING. *English Composition.* 'SUNRISE.' Miss Jones.

round to —

Trio on Three Pianos. Duel from the Opera of 'Midshipman Easy.' *Marryat.*

coming in at nine, Thursday evening! Think of this, reader, for men who know the world is trying to go backward, and who would give their lives if they could help it on! Well! The double had succeeded so well at the Board, that I sent

him to the Academy. (Shade of Plato, pardon!) He arrived early on Tuesday, when, indeed, few but mothers and clergymen are generally expected, and returned in the evening to us, covered with honors. He had dined at the right hand of the chairman, and he spoke in high terms of the repast. The chairman had expressed his interest in the French conversation. 'I am very glad you liked it,' said Dennis; and the poor chairman, abashed, supposed the accent had been wrong. At the end of the day the gentlemen present had been called upon for speeches — the Rev. Frederic Ingham first, as it happened; upon which Dennis had risen, and had said: 'There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time.' The girls were delighted, because Dr. Dabney, the year before, had given them at this occasion a scolding on impropriety of behavior at lyceum lectures. They all declared Mr. Ingham was a love — and *so* handsome! (Dennis is good looking.) Three of them, with arms behind the others' waists, followed him up to the wagon he rode home in; and a little girl with a blue sash had been sent to give him a rosebud. After this *début* in speaking, he went to the exhibition for two days more, to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned. Indeed, Polly reported that he had pronounced the trustees' dinners of a higher grade than those of the parsonage. When the next term began I found six of the Academy girls had obtained permission to come across the river to attend our church. But this arrangement did not long continue.

After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided. He sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me — always voting judiciously, by the simple rule mentioned above, of siding with the minority. And I, meanwhile, who had before been losing caste among my friends, as holding myself aloof from the associations of the body, began to rise in everybody's favor. 'Ingham 's a good fellow, always on hand;' 'never talks much, but does the right thing at the right time;' 'is not as unpunctual as he used to be — he comes early, and sits through to the end.' 'He has got over his old talkative habit, too. I spoke to a friend of his about it once; and I think Ingham took it kindly,' etc., etc.

This voting power of Dennis was particularly valuable at the quarterly meetings of the proprietors of the Naguadavick Ferry. My wife inherited from her father some shares in that enterprise, which is not yet fully developed, though it doubtless will become a very valuable property. The law of Maine then forbade stockholders to appear by proxy at such meetings. Polly disliked to go, not being, in fact, a 'hens'-rights hen,' transferred her stock to me. I, after going once, disliked it more than she. But Dennis went to the next meeting, and liked it very much. He said the armchairs were good, the collation good, and the free rides to stockholders pleasant. He was a little frightened when they first took him upon one of the ferry-boats, but after two or three quarterly meetings he became quite brave.

Thus far I never had any difficulty with him. Indeed, being, as I implied, of that type which is called shiftless, he was only too happy to be told daily what to do, and to be charged not to be forthputting or in any way original in his discharge of that duty. He learned, however, to discriminate between the lines of his life, and very much preferred these stockholders' meetings and trustees' dinners and Commencement collations to another set of occasions, from which he used to beg off most piteously. Our excellent brother, Dr. Fillmore, had taken a notion at this time that our Sandemanian churches needed more expression of mutual sympathy. He insisted upon it that we were remiss. He said that if the bishop came to preach at Naguadavick all the Episcopal clergy of the neighborhood were present; if Dr. Pond came, all the Congregational clergymen turned out to hear him; if Dr. Nichols, all the Unitarians; and he thought we owed it to each other, that, whenever there was an occasional service at a Sandemanian church, the other brethren should all, if possible, attend. 'It looked well,' if nothing more. Now this really meant that I had not been to hear one of Dr. Fillmore's lectures on the Ethnology of Religion. He forgot that he did not hear one of my course on the 'Sandemanianism of Anselm.' But I felt badly when he said it; and afterwards I always made Dennis go to hear all the brethren preach, when I was not preaching myself. This was what

he took exceptions to — the only thing, as I said, which he ever did except to. Now came the advantage of his long morning nap, and of the green tea with which Polly supplied the kitchen. But he would plead, so humbly, to be let off, only from one or two! I never excepted him, however. I knew the lectures were of value, and I thought it best he should be able to keep the connection.

Polly is more rash than I am, as the reader has observed in the outset of this memoir. She risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges had always been very kind to us, and, when he gave his great annual party to the town, asked us. I confess I hated to go. I was deep in the new volume of Pfeiffer's *Mystics,* which Haliburton had just sent me from Boston. 'But how rude,' said Polly, 'not to return the Governor's civility and Mrs. Gorges', when they will be sure to ask why you are away!' Still I demurred, and at last she, with the wit of Eve and of Semiramis conjoined, let me off by saying that if I would go in with her, and sustain the initial conversations with the Governor and ladies staying there, we would risk Dennis for the rest of the evening. And that was just what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of the supper-table — and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall. I made the grand star *entrée* with Polly and the pretty Walton girls, who were staying with us. We had put Dennis into a great rough top-coat, without his glasses; and the girls never dreamed, in the darkness, of looking at him. He sat in the carriage, at the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable to Mrs. Gorges, was introduced to her niece, Miss Fernanda; I complimented Judge Jeffries on his decision in the great case of D'Aulnay *vs.* Laconia Mining Company; I stepped into the dressing-room for a moment, stepped out for another, walked home after a nod with Dennis and tying the horse to a pump; — and while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my double, stepped in through the library into the Gorges' grand saloon.

Oh! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it at midnight! And even here, where I have to teach my hands to hew the beech for stakes to fence our cave, she dies of laughing as she recalls it, and says that single occasion was worth all we have paid for it. Gallant Eve that she is! She joined Dennis at the library-door, and in an instant presented him to Dr. Ochterlong, from Baltimore, who was on a visit in town, and was talking with her as Dennis came in. 'Mr. Ingham would like to hear what you were telling us about your success among the German population.' And Dennis bowed and said, in spite of a scowl from Polly, 'I 'm very glad you liked it.' But Dr. Ochterlong did not observe, and plunged into the tide of explanation; Dennis listening like a prime minister, and bowing like a mandarin, which is, I suppose, the same thing. Polly declared it was just like Haliburton's Latin conversation with the Hungarian minister, of which he is very fond of telling. '*Quæne sit historia Reformationis in Ungaria?*' quoth Haliburton, after some thought. And his confrère replied gallantly, '*In seculo decimo tertio,*' etc., etc., etc.; and from *decimo tertio* to the nineteenth century and a half lasted till the oysters came. So was it that before Dr. Ochterlong came to the 'success,' or near it, Governor Gorges came to Dennis, and asked him to hand Mrs. Jeffries down to supper, a request which he heard with great joy.

Polly was skipping round the room, I guess, gay as a lark. Auchmuty came to her 'in pity for poor Ingham,' who was so bored by the stupid pundit; and Auchmuty could not understand why I stood so long. But when Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, Polly could not resist standing near them. He was a little flustered, till the sight of the eatables and drinkables gave him the same Mercian courage which it gave Diggory. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the judge's lady. But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* there edgewise. 'Very well, I thank you,' said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; 'and you?' And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica, and belladonna, and camomile-flower, and dodecatheon, till she changed oysters for salad; and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sister's friend said, and what the physician to her sister's friend said, and then what was said

by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister, exactly as if it had been in Ollendorff? There was a moment's pause, as she declined champagne. 'I am very glad you liked it,' said Dennis again, which he never should have said but to one who complimented a sermon. 'Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink any wine at all, except sometimes in summer a little currant shrub, from our own currants, you know. My own mother, that is, I call her my own mother, because, you know, I do not remember,' etc., etc., etc.; till they came to the candied orange at the end of the feast, when Dennis, rather, confused, thought he must say something, and tried No. 4,—'I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room,' — which he never should have said but at a public meeting. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens expecting to understand, caught him up instantly with 'Well, I 'm sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you, though we do worship with the Methodists; but you know, Mr. Ingham,' etc., etc., etc., till the move upstairs; and as Dennis led her through the hall, he was scarcely understood by any but Polly, as he said, 'There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time.'

His great resource the rest of the evening was standing in the library, carrying on animated conversations with one and another in much the same way. Polly had initiated him in the mysteries of a discovery of mine, that it is not necessary to finish your sentences in a crowd, but by a sort of mumble, omitting sibilants and dentals. This, indeed, if your words fail you, answers even in public extempore speech, but better where other talking is going on. Thus: 'We missed you at the Natural History Society, Ingham.' Ingham replies, 'I am very gliglogIum, that is, that you were mmmmm.' By gradually dropping the voice, the interlocutor is compelled to supply the answer. 'Mrs. Ingham, I hope your friend Augusta is better.' Augusta has not been ill. Polly cannot think of explaining, however, and answers, 'Thank you, ma'am; she is very rearason wewahwewoh,' in lower and lower tones. And Mrs. Throckmorton, who forgot the subject of which she spoke as soon as she asked the question, is quite satisfied. Dennis could see into the card-room, and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play all-fours. But, of course, she sternly refused. At midnight they came home delighted — Polly, as I said, wild to tell me the story of the victory; only both the pretty Walton girls said, 'Cousin Frederic, you did not come near me all the evening.'

We always called him Dennis at home, for convenience, though his real name was Frederic Ingham, as I have explained. When the election day came round, however, I found that by some accident there was only one Frederic Ingham's name on the voting list; and as I was quite busy that day in writing some foreign letters to Halle, I thought I would forego my privilege of suffrage, and stay quietly at home, telling Dennis that he might use the record on the voting-list, and vote. I gave him a ticket, which I told him he might use if he liked to. That was that very sharp election in Maine which the readers of the *Atlantic* so well remember, and it had been intimated in public that the ministers would do well not to appear at the polls. Of course, after that, we had to appear by self or proxy. Still, Naguadavick was not then a city, and this standing in a double queue at town-meeting several hours to vote was a bore of the first water; and so when I found that there was but one Frederic Ingham on the list, and that one of us must give up, I stayed at home and finished the letters (which, indeed, procured for Fothergill his coveted appointment of Professor of Astronomy at Leavenworth), and I gave Dennis, as we called him, the chance. Something in the matter gave a good deal of popularity to the Frederic Ingham name; and at the adjourned election, next week, Frederic Ingham was chosen to the legislature. Whether this was I or Dennis I never really knew. My friends seemed to think it was I; but I felt that as Dennis had done the popular thing, he was entitled to the honor; so I sent him to Augusta when the time came; and he took the oaths. And a very valuable member he made. They appointed him on the Committee on Parishes; but I wrote a letter for him, resigning, on the ground that he took an interest in our claim to the stumpage in the minister's sixteenths of Gore A, next to No. 7, in the 10th Range. He never made any speeches, and always

voted with the minority, which was what he was sent to do. He made me and himself a great many good friends, some of whom I did not afterwards recognize as quickly as Dennis did my parishioners. On one or two occasions, when there was wood to saw at home, I kept him at home; but I took those occasions to go to Augusta myself. Finding myself often in his vacant seat at these times, I watched the proceedings with a great deal of care; and once was so much excited that I delivered my somewhat celebrated speech on the Central School-District question, a speech of which the *State of Maine* printed some extra copies. I believe there is no formal rule permitting strangers to speak; but no one objected.

Dennis, himself, as I said, never spoke at all. But our experience this session led me to think that if, by some such 'general understanding' as the reports speak of in legislation daily, every member of Congress might leave a double to sit through those deadly sessions and answer to roll-calls and do the legitimate party-voting, which appears stereotyped in the regular list of Ash, Bocock, Black, etc., we should gain decidedly in working-power. As things stand, the saddest state prison I ever visit is that Representatives' Chamber in Washington. If a man leaves for an hour, twenty 'correspondents' may be howling, 'Where was Mr. Prendergast when the Oregon bill passed?' And if poor Prendergast stays there! Certainly the worst use you can make of a man is to put him in prison!

I know, indeed, that public men of the highest rank have resorted to this expedient long ago. Dumas' novel of the 'Iron Mask' turns on the brutal imprisonment of Louis the Fourteenth's double. There seems little doubt, in our own history, that it was the real General Pierce who shed tears when the delegate from Lawrence explained to him the sufferings of the people there, and only General Pierce's double who had given the orders for the assault on that town, which was invaded the next day. My charming friend, George Withers, has, I am almost sure, a double, who preaches his afternoon sermons for him. This is the reason that the theology often varies so from that of the forenoon. But the double is almost as charming as the original. Some of the most well-defined men, who stand out most prominently on the background of history, are in this way stereoscopic men, who owe their distinct relief to the slight differences between the doubles. All this I know. My present suggestion is simply the great extension of the system, so that all public machine work may be done by it.

But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself, that charming year while all was yet well. After the double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep, and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood! Dennis went to every school-committee meeting, and sat through all those late wranglings which used to keep me up till midnight and awake till morning. He attended all the lectures to which foreign exiles sent me tickets, begging me to come for the love of Heaven and of Bohemia. He accepted and used all the tickets for charity concerts which were sent to me. He appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that 'our denomination,' or 'our party,' or 'our class,' or 'our family,' or 'our street,' or 'our town,' or 'our country,' or 'our state,' should be fully represented. And I fell back to that charming life which in boyhood one dreams of, when he supposes he shall do his own duty and make his own sacrifices, without being tied up with those of other people. My rusty Sanskrit, Arabic, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, German, and English began to take polish. Heavens! how little I had done with them while I attended to my *public* duties! My calls on my parishioners became the friendly, frequent, homelike sociabilities they were meant to be, instead of the hard work of a man goaded to desperation by the sight of his lists of arrears. And preaching! what a luxury preaching was when I had on Sunday the whole result of an individual, personal week, from which to speak to a people whom all that week I had been meeting as hand-to-hand-friend; — I, never tired on Sunday, and in condition to leave the sermon at home, if I chose, and preach it extempore, as all men should do always. Indeed, I wonder,

when I think that a sensible people, like ours — really more attached to their clergy than they were in the lost days, when the Mathers and Nortons were noblemen — should choose to neutralize so much of their ministers' lives, and destroy so much of their early training, by this undefined passion for seeing them in public. It springs from our balancing of sects. If a spirited Episcopalian takes an interest in the almshouse, and is put on the Poor Board, every other denomination must have a minister there, lest the poorhouse be changed into St. Paul's Cathedral. If a Sandemanian is chosen president of the Young Men's Library, there must be a Methodist vice-president and a Baptist secretary. And if a Universalist Sunday-School Convention collects five hundred delegates, the next Congregationalist Sabbath-School Conference must be as large 'lest "they"— whoever *they* may be — should think "we"— whoever *we* may be — are going down.'

Freed from these necessities, that happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes. In those long mornings, when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-peddlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem already, she and I were at work together, as in those old dreamy days, and in these of our log-cabin again. But all this could not last; and at length poor Dennis, my double, overtasked in turn, undid me.

It was thus it happened. There is an excellent fellow, once a minister,— I will call him Isaacs,— who deserves well of the world till he dies, and after, because he once, in a real exigency, did the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, as no other man could do it. In the world's great football match, the ball by chance found him loitering on the outside of the field; he closed with it, 'camped' it, charged it home — yes, right through the other side — not disturbed, not frightened by his own success — and, breathless, found himself a great man, as the Great Delta rang applause. But he did not find himself a rich man; and the football has never come in his way again. From that moment to this moment he has been of no use, that one can see at all. Still, for that great act we speak of Isaacs gratefully and remember him kindly; and he forges on, hoping to meet the football somewhere again. In that vague hope he had arranged a 'movement' for a general organization of the human family into Debating Clubs, County Societies, State Unions, etc., etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement, of course, was absurd; but we all did our best to forward, not it, but him. It came time for the annual county meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick. Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it — got the town-hall, got the Governor to preside (the saint! — he ought to have triplet doubles provided him by law), and then came to get me to speak. 'No,' I said, 'I do not believe in the enterprise. If I spoke it should be to say children should take hold of the prongs of the forks and the blades of the knives. I would subscribe ten dollars, but I would not speak a mill." So poor Isaacs went his way sadly, to coax Auchmuty to speak, and Delafield. I went out. Not long after he came back, and told Polly that they had promised to speak, the Governor would speak, and he himself would close with the quarterly report, and some interesting anecdotes regarding Miss Biffin's way of handling her knife and Mr. Nellis's way of footing his fork. 'Now if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say one word; but it will show well in the paper — it will show that the Sandemanians take as much interest in the movement as the Armenians or the Mesopotamians, and will be a great favor to me.' Polly, good soul! was tempted, and she promised. She knew Mrs. Isaacs was starving, and the babies,— she knew Dennis was at home,— and she promised! Night came, and I returned. I heard her story. I was sorry. I doubted. But Polly had promised to beg me, and I dared all! I told Dennis to hold his peace, under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour more before he returned, wild with excitement,— in a perfect Irish fury,— which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

What happened was this. The audience got together, attracted by Governor Gorges' name. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became impatient. He

came in direct from the train at last, really ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he. The audience were disappointed, but waited. The Governor, prompted by Isaacs, said, 'The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you.' Delafield! He had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing the Ruy Lopez opening at the chess-club. 'The Rev. Mr. Auchmuty will address you.' Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and was at the school-committee. 'I see Dr. Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word.' Dr. Stearns said he had come to listen and not to speak. The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform; but Isaacs, to give him his due, shook his head. But the look was enough. A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out, 'Ingham!' A few more wretches cried, 'Ingham! Ingham!' Still Isaacs was firm; but the Governor, anxious, indeed, to prevent a row, knew I would say something, and said, 'Our friend Mr. Ingham is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps.' Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3. 'There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time!' and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally. But the people cried, 'Go on! go on!' and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, to which neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: 'I am very glad you liked it!' in a sonorous, clear delivery. My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening; the Governor was beside himself, and poor Isaacs thought he was undone! Alas, it was I! A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, 'It 's all an infernal humbug,' just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: 'I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room.' The poor Governor doubted his senses and crossed to stop him — not in time, however. The same gallery-boy shouted, 'How 's your mother?' and Dennis, now completely lost, tried, as his last shot, No. 1, vainly: 'Very well, thank you. And you?'

I think I must have been undone already. But Dennis, like another Lockhard, chose 'to make sicker.' The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage, and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight to come down and do so — stating, that they were all dogs and cowards, and the sons of dogs and cowards — that he would take any five of them single-handed. 'Shure, I have said all his Riverence and the Misthress bade me say,' cried he, in defiance; and, seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion, above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the city marshal, who had been called in, and the superintendent of my Sunday-School.

The universal impression, of course, was that the Rev. Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I have been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the impression in Naguadavick. This number of the *Atlantic* will relieve from it a hundred friends of mine who have been sadly wounded by that notion now for years; but I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No! My double has undone me.

We left town at seven the next morning. I came to No. 9 in the Third Range, and settled on the Minister's Lot. In the new towns of Maine, the first settled minister has a gift of a hundred acres of land. I am the first settled minister in No. 9. My wife and little Paulina are my parish. We raise corn enough to live on in summer. We kill bear's meat enough to carbonize it in winter. I work on steadily on my *Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries,* which I hope to persuade Phillips, Samson & Co. to publish next year. We are very happy, but the world thinks we are undone.

Atlantic Monthly, September, 1859.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON (1823–1911)

Thomas Wentworth Higginson was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, four years after Lowell, and lived to be the Nestor of the New England group of writers. He was a son of the Treasurer of Harvard College, was youngest of a family of fifteen and then youngest member of his college class, though second in order of scholarship. Unlike others of the so-called 'Cambridge group' of writers,— Holmes, Lowell, Dana, and the others, he chose divinity as his profession. He was pastor at Newburyport and at Worcester, was very active in all the abolitionist movements of the period, and during the Civil War was Captain in the 51st regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, and later from 1862 to 1864 was Colonel of the First South Carolina Volunteers, a regiment made up of former slaves.

His writings before the war concerned themselves with humanitarian subjects, with the broader aspects of nature study, and with the education of women. In many respects he was a pioneer. His *Out-Door Papers*, collected from the *Atlantic Monthly*, 1863, were with Thoreau's writings among the leading forces that set in motion the out-of-doors school which later was headed by John Burroughs. He wrote a romance, *Malbone*, 1869, and in the same year issued *Army Life in a Black Regiment*, a graphic account of his war experiences. He wrote several valuable biographies, notably of Longfellow and Whittier and many graceful essays, but perhaps the most significant part of his later work is to be found in his volumes of autobiographical reminiscence, *Cheerful Yesterdays*, 1898, *Contemporaries*, 1899, and *Part of a Man's Life*, 1905, delightful glimpses of that older New England which has passed away as completely as has the group of men who were his contemporaries.

MY OUT-DOOR STUDY[1]

The noontide of the summer day is past, when all Nature slumbers, and when the ancients feared to sing, lest the great god Pan should be awakened. Soft changes, the gradual shifting of every shadow on every leaf, begin to show the waning hours. Ineffectual thunderstorms have gathered and gone by, hopelessly defeated. The floating bridge is trembling and resounding beneath the pressure of one heavy wagon, and the quiet fishermen change their places to avoid the tiny ripple that glides stealthily to their feet above the half-submerged planks. Down the glimmering lake there are miles of silence and still waters and green shores, overhung with a multitudinous and scattered fleet of purple and golden clouds, now furling their idle sails and drifting away into the vast harbor of the South. Voices of birds, hushed first by noon and then by possibilities of tempest, cautiously begin once more, leading on the infinite melodies of the June afternoon. As the freshened air invites them forth, so the smooth and stainless water summons us. 'Put your hand upon the oar,' says Charon in the old play to Bacchus, 'and you shall hear the sweetest songs.' The doors of the boat-house swing softly open, and the slender wherry, like a water-snake, steals silently in the wake of the dispersing clouds.

The woods are hazy, as if the warm sunbeams had melted in among the interstices of the foliage and spread a soft film throughout the whole. The sky seems to reflect the water, and the water the sky; both are roseate with color, both are darkened with clouds, and between them both, as the boat recedes, the floating bridge hangs suspended, with its motionless fishermen and its moving team. The wooded islands are poised upon the lake, each belted with a paler tint of softer wave. The air seems fine and palpitating; the drop of an oar in a distant rowlock, the sound of a hammer on a dismantled boat, pass into some region of mist and shadows, and form a metronome for delicious dreams.

Every summer I launch my boat to seek some realm of enchantment beyond all

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the sordidness and sorrow of earth, and never yet did I fail to ripple with my prow at least the outskirts of those magic waters. What spell has fame or wealth to enrich this midday blessedness with a joy the more? Yonder barefoot boy, as he drifts silently in his punt beneath the drooping branches of yonder vine-clad bank, has a bliss which no Astor can buy with money, no Seward conquer with votes,— which yet is no monopoly of his, and to which time and experience only add a more subtile and conscious charm. The rich years were given us to increase, not to impair, these cheap felicities. Sad or sinful is the life of that man who finds not the heavens bluer and the waves more musical in maturity than in childhood. Time is a severe alembic of youthful joys, no doubt; we exhaust book after book, and leave Shakespeare unopened; we grow fastidious in men and women; all the rhetoric, all the logic, we fancy we have heard before; we have seen the pictures, we have listened to the symphonies: but what has been done by all the art and literature of the world towards describing one summer day? The most exhausting effort brings us no nearer to it than to the blue sky which is its dome; our words are shot up against it like arrows, and fall back helpless. Literary amateurs go the tour of the globe to renew their stock of materials, when they do not yet know a bird or a bee or a blossom beside their homestead-door; and in the hour of their greatest success they have not an horizon to their life so large as that of yon boy in his punt. All that is purchasable in the capitals of the world is not to be weighed in comparison with the simple enjoyment that may be crowded into one hour of sunshine. What can place or power do here? 'Who could be before me, though the palace of Cæsar cracked and split with emperors, while I, sitting in silence on a cliff of Rhodes, watched the sun as he swung his golden censer athwart the heavens?'

It is pleasant to observe a sort of confused and latent recognition of all this in the instinctive sympathy which is always rendered to any indication of out-door pursuits. How cordially one sees the eyes of all travelers turn to the man who enters the railroad-station with a fowling-piece in hand, or the boy with water-lilies! There is a momentary sensation of the freedom of the woods, a whiff of oxygen for the anxious money-changers. How agreeably sounds the news — to all but his creditors — that the lawyer or the merchant has locked his office-door and gone fishing! The American temperament needs at this moment nothing so much as that wholesome training of semi-rural life which reared Hampden and Cromwell to assume at one grasp the sovereignty of England, and which has ever since served as the foundation of England's greatest ability. The best thoughts and purposes seem ordained to come to human beings beneath the open sky, as the ancients fabled that Pan found the goddess Ceres when he was engaged in the chase, whom no other of the gods could find when seeking seriously. The little I have gained from colleges and libraries has certainly not worn so well as the little I learned in childhood of the habits of plant, bird, and insect. That 'weight and sanity of thought,' which Coleridge so finely makes the crowning attribute of Wordsworth, is in no way so well matured and cultivated as in the society of Nature.

There may be extremes and affectations, and Mary Lamb declared that Wordsworth held it doubtful if dwellers in towns had a soul to be saved. During the various phases of transcendental idealism among ourselves, in the last twenty years, the love of Nature has at times assumed an exaggerated and even a pathetic aspect, in the morbid attempts of youths and maidens to make it a substitute for vigorous thought and action,— a lion endeavoring to dine on grass and green leaves. In some cases this mental chlorosis reached such a height as almost to nauseate one with Nature, when in the society of the victims; and surfeited companions felt inclined to rush to the treadmill immediately, or get chosen on the Board of Selectmen, or plunge into any conceivable drudgery, in order to feel that there was still work enough in the universe to keep it sound and healthy. But this, after all, was exceptional and transitory, and our American life still needs, beyond all things else, the more habitual cultivation of out-door habits.

Probably the direct ethical influence of natural objects may be overrated. Nature is not didactic, but simply healthy. She helps everything in its legitimate de-

velopment, but applies no goads, and forces on us no sharp distinctions. Her wonderful calmness, refreshing the whole soul, must aid both conscience and intellect in the end, but sometimes lulls both temporarily, when immediate issues are pending. The waterfall cheers and purifies infinitely, but it marks no moments, has no reproaches for indolence, forces to no immediate decision, offers unbounded to-morrows, and the man of action must tear himself away, when the time comes, since the work will not be done for him. 'The natural day is very calm, and will hardly reprove our indolence.'

And yet the more bent any man is upon action, the more profoundly he needs this very calmness of Nature to preserve his equilibrium. The radical himself needs nothing so much as fresh air. The world is called conservative; but it is far easier to impress a plausible thought on the complaisance of others, than to retain an unfaltering faith in it for ourselves. The most dogged reformer distrusts himself every little while, and says inwardly, like Luther, 'Art thou alone wise?' So he is compelled to exaggerate, in the effort to hold his own. The community is bored by the conceit and egotism of the innovators; so it is by that of poets and artists, orators and statesmen; but if we knew how heavily ballasted all these poor fellows need to be, to keep an even keel amid so many conflicting tempests of blame and praise, we should hardly reproach them. But the simple enjoyments of out-door life, costing next to nothing, tend to equalize all vexations. What matter, if the Governor removes you from office? he cannot remove you from the lake; and if readers or customers will not bite, the pickerel will. We must keep busy, of course; yet we cannot transform the world except very slowly, and we can best preserve our patience in the society of Nature, who does her work almost as imperceptibly as we.

And for literary training, especially, the influence of natural beauty is simply priceless. Under the present educational systems, we need grammars and languages far less than a more thorough outdoor experience. On this flowery bank, on this ripple-marked shore, are the true literary models. How many living authors have even attained to writing a single page that could be for one moment compared, for the simplicity and grace of its structure, with this green spray of wild woodbine or yonder white wreath of blossoming clematis? A finely organized sentence should throb and palpitate like the most delicate vibrations of the summer air. We talk of literature as if it were a mere matter of rule and measurement, a series of processes long since brought to mechanical perfection: but it would be less incorrect to say that it all lies in the future; tried by the out-door standard, there is as yet no literature, but only glimpses and guideboards; no writer has yet succeeded in sustaining, through more than some single occasional sentence, that fresh and perfect charm. If by the training of a lifetime one could succeed in producing one continuous page of perfect cadence, it would be a life well spent, and such a literary artist would fall far short of Nature's standard in quantity only, not in quality.

It is one sign of our weakness, also, that we commonly assume Nature to be a rather fragile and merely ornamental thing, and suited for a model of the graces only. But her seductive softness is the last climax of magnificent strength. The same mathematical law winds the leaves around the stem and the planets round the sun. The same law of crystallization rules the slight-knit snow-flake and the hard foundations of the earth. The thistle-down floats secure upon the same summer zephyrs that are woven into the tornado. The dewdrop holds within its transparent cell the same electric fire which charges the thunder-cloud. In the softest tree or the airiest waterfall, the fundamental lines are as lithe and muscular as the crouching haunches of a leopard; and without a pencil vigorous enough to render these, no mere mass of foam or foliage, however exquisitely finished, can tell the story. Lightness of touch is the crowning test of power.

Yet Nature does not work by single spasms only. That chestnut spray is not an isolated and exhaustive effort of creative beauty: look upward and see its sisters rise with pile above pile of fresh and stately verdure, till tree meets sky in a dome of glorious blossom, the whole as perfect as the parts, the least part as perfect as the whole. Studying the details, it seems as if Nature were a series

of costly fragments with no coherency,— as if she would never encourage us to do anything systematically,— would tolerate no method but her own, and yet had none of her own,— were as abrupt in her transitions from oak to maple as the heroine who went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf to make an apple-pie; while yet there is no conceivable human logic so close and inexorable as her connections. How rigid, how flexible are, for instance, the laws of perspective! If one could learn to make his statements as firm and unswerving as the horizon-line,— his continuity of thought as marked, yet as unbroken, as yonder soft gradations by which the eye is lured upward from lake to wood, from wood to hill, from hill to heavens,— what more bracing tonic could literary culture demand? As it is, Art misses the parts, yet does not grasp the whole.

Literature also learns from Nature the use of materials: either to select only the choicest and rarest, or to transmute coarse to fine by skill in using. How perfect is the delicacy with which the woods and fields are kept, throughout the year! All these millions of living creatures born every season, and born to die; yet where are the dead bodies? We never see them. Buried beneath the earth by tiny nightly sextons, sunk beneath the waters, dissolved into the air, or distilled again and again as food for other organizations,— all have had their swift resurrection. Their existence blooms again in these violet-petals, glitters in the burnished beauty of these golden beetles, or enriches the veery's song. It is only out of doors that even death and decay become beautiful. The model farm, the most luxurious house, have their regions of unsightliness; but the fine chemistry of Nature is constantly clearing away all its impurities before our eyes, and yet so delicately that we never suspect the process. The most exquisite work of literary art exhibits a certain crudeness and coarseness, when we turn to it from Nature,— as the smallest cambric needle appears rough and jagged, when compared through the magnifier with the tapering fineness of the insect's sting.

Once separated from Nature, literature recedes into metaphysics, or dwindles into novels. How ignoble seems the current material of London literary life, for instance, compared with the noble simplicity which, a half-century ago, made the Lake Country an enchanted land forever! Is it worth a voyage to England to sup with Thackeray in the Pot Tavern? Compare the 'enormity of pleasure' which De Quincey says Wordsworth derived from the simplest natural object, with the serious protest of Wilkie Collins against the affectation of caring about Nature at all. 'Is it not strange,' says this most unhappy man, 'to see how little real hold the objects of the natural world amidst which we live can gain on our hearts and minds? We go to Nature for comfort in joy and sympathy in trouble, only in books. . . . What share have the attractions of Nature ever had in the pleasurable or painful interests and emotions of ourselves or our friends? . . . There is surely a reason for this want of inborn sympathy between the creature and the creation around it.'

Leslie says of 'the most original landscape-painter he knew,' meaning Constable, that, whenever he sat down in the fields to sketch, he endeavored to forget that he had ever seen a picture. In literature this is easy, the descriptions are so few and so faint. When Wordsworth was fourteen, he stopped one day by the wayside to observe the dark outline of an oak against the western sky; and he says that he was at that moment struck with 'the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country,' so far as he was acquainted with them, and 'made a resolution to supply in some degree the deficiency.' He spent a long life in studying and telling these beautiful wonders; and yet, so vast is the sum of them, they seem almost as undescribed as before, and men to be still as content with vague or conventional representations. On this continent, especially, people fancied that all must be tame and second-hand, everything long since duly analyzed and distributed and put up in appropriate quotations, and nothing left for us poor American children but a preoccupied universe. And yet Thoreau camps down by Walden Pond, and shows us that absolutely nothing in Nature has ever yet been described,— not a bird nor a berry of the woods, nor a drop of water, nor a spicula of ice, nor summer, nor winter, nor sun, nor star.

Indeed, no person can portray Nature

from any slight or transient acquaintance. A reporter cannot step out between the sessions of a caucus and give a racy abstract of the landscape. It may consume the best hours of many days to certify for one's self the simplest out-door fact, but every such piece of knowledge is intellectually worth the time. Even the driest and barest book of Natural History is good and nutritious, so far as it goes, if it represents genuine acquaintance; one can find summer in January by poring over the Latin catalogues of Massachusetts plants and animals in Hitchcock's Report. The most commonplace out-door society has the same attraction. Every one of those old outlaws who haunt our New England ponds and marshes, water-soaked and soakers of something else,— intimate with the pure fluid in that familiarity which breeds contempt,— has yet a wholesome side when you explore his knowledge of frost and freshet, pickerel and musk-rat, and is exceedingly good company while you can keep him beyond scent of the tavern. Any intelligent farmer's boy can give you some narrative of out-door observation which, so far as it goes, fulfils Milton's definition of poetry, 'simple, sensuous, passionate.' He may not write sonnets to the lake, but he will walk miles to bathe in it; he may not notice the sunsets, but he knows where to search for the blackbird's nest. How surprised the school-children looked, to be sure, when the Doctor of Divinity from the city tried to sentimentalize, in addressing them, about 'the bobolink in the woods!' They knew that the darling of the meadow had no more personal acquaintance with the woods than was exhibited by the preacher.

But the preachers are not much worse than the authors. The prosaic Buckle, indeed, admits that the poets have in all time been consummate observers, and that their observations have been as valuable as those of the men of science; and yet we look even to the poets for very casual and occasional glimpses of Nature only, not for any continuous reflection of her glory. Thus, Chaucer is perfumed with early spring; Homer resounds like the sea; in the Greek Anthology the sun always shines on the fisherman's cottages by the beach; we associate the Vishnu Purana with lakes and lotuses, Keats with nightingales in forest dim, while the long grass waving on the lonely heath is the last memorial of the fading fame of Ossian. Of course Shakespeare's omniscience included all natural phenomena; but the rest, great or small, associate themselves with some special aspects, and not with the daily atmosphere. Coming to our own times, one must quarrel with Ruskin as taking rather the artist's view of Nature, selecting the available bits and dealing rather patronizingly with the whole; and one is tempted to charge even Emerson, as he somewhere charges Wordsworth, with not being of a temperament quite liquid and musical enough to admit the full vibration of the great harmonies. The three human foster-children who have been taken nearest into Nature's bosom, perhaps,— an odd triad, surely, for the whimsical nursing mother to select,— are Wordsworth, Bettine Brentano, and Thoreau. Is it yielding to an individual preference too far to say, that there seems almost a generic difference between these three and any others,— however wide be the specific differences among themselves,— to say, that, after all, they in their several paths have attained to an habitual intimacy with Nature, and the rest have not?

Yet what wonderful achievements have some of the fragmentary artists performed! Some of Tennyson's word-pictures, for instance, bear almost as much study as the landscape. One afternoon, last spring, I had been walking through a copse of young white birches,— their leaves scarce yet apparent,— over a ground delicate with wood-anemones, moist and mottled with dog's-tooth-violet leaves, and spangled with the delicate clusters of that sky creature, the Claytonia or Spring Beauty. All this was floored with last year's faded foliage, giving a singular bareness and whiteness to the foreground. Suddenly, as if entering a cavern, I stepped through the edge of all this, into a dark little amphitheater beneath a hemlock-grove, where the afternoon sunlight struck broadly through the trees upon a tiny stream and a miniature swamp,— this last being intensely and luridly green, yet overlaid with the pale gray of last year's reeds, and absolutely flaming with the gayest yellow light from great clumps of cowslips. The illumination seemed perfectly weird and dazzling; the spirit of the place appeared live, wild,

fantastic, almost human. Now open your Tennyson: —

'And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray.'

Our cowslip is the English marsh-marigold.

History is a grander poetry, and it is often urged that the features of Nature in America must seem tame because they have no legendary wreaths to decorate them. It is perhaps hard for those of us who are untraveled to appreciate how densely even the ruralities of Europe are overgrown with this ivy of associations. Thus, it is fascinating to hear that the great French forests of Fontainebleau and St. Germain are full of historic trees,— the oak of Charlemagne, the oak of Clovis, of Queen Blanche, of Henri Quatre, of Sully,— the alley of Richelieu,— the rendezvous of St. Hérem,— the star of Lamballe and of the Princesses, a star being a point where several paths or roads converge. It is said that every topographical work upon these forests has turned out a history of the French monarchy. Yet surely we lose nearly as much as we gain by this subordination of imperishable beauty to the perishable memories of man. It may not be wholly unfortunate, that, in the absence of those influences which come to older nations from ruins and traditions, we must go more directly to Nature. Art may either rest upon other Art, or it may rest directly upon the original foundation; the one is easier, the other more valuable. Direct dependence on Nature leads to deeper thought, and affords the promise of far fresher results. Why should I wish to fix my study in Heidelberg Castle, when I possess the unexhausted treasures of this out-door study here?

The walls of my study are of ever-changing verdure, and its roof and floor of ever-varying blue. I never enter it without a new heaven above and new thoughts below. The lake has no lofty shores and no level ones, but a series of undulating hills, fringed with woods from end to end. The profaning ax may sometimes come near the margin, and one may hear the whetting of the scythe; but no cultivated land abuts upon the main lake, though beyond the narrow woods there are here and there glimpses of rye-fields that wave like rolling mist. Graceful islands rise from the quiet waters,— Grape Island, Grass Island, Sharp Pine Island, and the rest, baptized with simple names by departed generations of farmers,— all wooded and bushy and trailing with festoonery of vines. Here and there the banks are indented, and one may pass beneath drooping chestnut-leaves and among alder-branches into some secret sanctuary of stillness. The emerald edges of these silent tarns are starred with dandelions which have strayed here, one scarce knows how, from their foreign home; the buck-bean perchance grows in the water, or the Rhodora fixes here one of its shy camping-places, or there are whole skies of lupine on the sloping banks; — the catbird builds its nest beside us, the yellow-bird above, the wood-thrush sings late and the whippoorwill later, and sometimes the scarlet tanager and his golden-haired bride send a gleam of the tropics through these leafy aisles.

Sometimes I rest in a yet more secluded place amid the waters, where a little wooded island holds a small lagoon in the center, just wide enough for the wherry to turn round. The entrance lies between two hornbeam trees, which stand close to the brink, spreading over it their thorn-like branches and their shining leaves. Within there is perfect shelter; the island forms a high circular bank, like a coral reef, and shuts out the wind and the passing boats; the surface is paved with leaves of lily and pond-weed, and the boughs above are full of song. No matter what white caps may crest the blue waters of the pond, which here broadens out to its broadest reach, there is always quiet here. A few oar-strokes distant lies a dam or water-break, where the whole lake is held under control by certain distant mills, towards which a sluggish stream goes winding on through miles of water-lilies. The old gray timbers of the dam are the natural resort of every boy or boatman within their reach; some come in pursuit of pickerel, some of turtles, some of bullfrogs, some of lilies, some of bathing. It is a good place for the last desideratum, and it is well to leave here the boat tethered to the vines which overhang the cove, and perform a sacred and Oriental ablution beneath the sunny afternoon.

O radiant and divine afternoon! The

poets profusely celebrate silver evenings and golden mornings; but what floods on floods of beauty steep the earth and gladden it in the first hours of day's decline! The exuberant rays reflect and multiply themselves from every leaf and blade; the cows lie upon the hillside, with their broad peaceful backs painted into the landscape; the hum of insects, 'tiniest bells on the garment of silence,' fills the air; the gorgeous butterflies doze upon the thistle-blooms till they almost fall from the petals; the air is full of warm fragrance from the wild-grape clusters; the grass is burning hot beneath the naked feet in sunshine, and cool as water in the shade. Diving from this overhanging beam,— for Ovid evidently meant that Midas to be cured must dive,—

'Subde caput, corpusque simul, simul elue crinem,'—

one finds as kindly a reception from the water as in childish days, and as safe a shelter in the green dressing-room afterwards; and the patient wherry floats near by, in readiness for a reëmbarkation.

Here a word seems needed, unprofessionally and nontechnically, upon boats, — these being the sole seats provided for occupant or visitor in my out-door study. When wherries first appeared in this peaceful inland community, the novel proportions occasioned remark. Facetious bystanders inquired sarcastically whether that thing were expected to carry more than one,— plainly implying by labored emphasis that it would occasionally be seen tenanted by even less than that number. Transcendental friends inquired, with more refined severity, if the proprietor expected to *meditate* in that thing? This doubt at least seemed legitimate. Meditation seems to belong to sailing rather than rowing; there is something so gentle and unintrusive in gliding effortless beneath overhanging branches and along the trailing edges of clematis thickets; — what a privilege of fairy-land is this noiseless prow, looking in and out of one flowery cove after another, scarcely stirring the turtle from his log, and leaving no wake behind! It seemed as if all the process of rowing had too much noise and bluster, and as if the sharp slender wherry, in particular, were rather too pert and dapper to win the confidence of the woods and waters. Time has dispelled the fear. As I rest poised upon the oars above some submerged shallow, diamonded with ripple-broken sunbeams, the fantastic Notonecta or water-boatman rests upon his oars below, and I see that his proportions anticipated the wherry, as honeycombs antedated the problem of the hexagonal cell. While one of us rests, so does the other; and when one shoots away rapidly above the water, the other does the same beneath. For the time, as our motions seem the same, so with our motives,— my enjoyment certainly not less, with the conveniences of humanity thrown in.

But the sun is declining low. The club-boats are out, and from island to island in the distance these shafts of youthful life shoot swiftly across. There races some swift Atalanta, with no apple to fall in her path but some soft and spotted oak-apple from an overhanging tree; there the Phantom, with a crew white and ghost-like in the distance, glimmers in and out behind the headlands, while yonder wherry glides lonely across the smooth expanse. The voices of all these oarsmen are dim and almost inaudible, being so far away; but one would scarcely wish that distance should annihilate the ringing laughter of these joyous girls, who come gliding, in a safe and heavy boat, they and some blue dragon-flies together, around yonder wooded point.

Many a summer afternoon have I rowed joyously with these same maidens beneath these steep and garlanded shores; many a time have they pulled the heavy four-oar, with me as coxswain at the helm,— the said patient steersman being ofttimes insulted by classical allusions from rival boats, satirically comparing him to an indolent Venus drawn by doves, while the oarswomen, in turn, were likened to Minerva with her feet upon a tortoise. Many were the disasters in the earlier days of feminine training; — first of toilet,— straw hats blowing away, hair coming down, hair-pins strewing the floor of the boat, gloves commonly happening to be off at the precise moment of starting, and trials of speed impaired by somebody's oar catching in somebody's dress-pocket. Then the actual difficulties of handling the long and heavy oars,— the first essays at feathering, with a complicated splash of air and water, as when

a wild duck, in rising, swims and flies together, and uses neither element handsomely,— the occasional pulling of a particularly vigorous stroke through the atmosphere alone, and at other times the compensating disappearance of nearly the whole oar beneath the liquid surface, as if some Uncle Kühleborn had grasped it, while our Undine by main strength tugged it from the beguiling wave. But with what triumphant abundance of merriment were these preliminary disasters repaid, and how soon outgrown! What 'time' we sometimes made, when nobody happened to be near with a watch, and how successfully we tossed oars in saluting, when the world looked on from a picnic! We had our applauses, too. To be sure, owing to the age and dimensions of the original barge, we could not command such a burst of enthusiasm as when the young men shot by us in their race-boat; but then, as one of the girls justly remarked, we remained longer in sight.

And many a day, since promotion to a swifter craft, have they rowed with patient stroke down the lovely lake, still attended by their guide, philosopher, and coxswain,— along banks where herds of young birch-trees overspread the sloping valley, and ran down in a blaze of sunshine to the rippling water,— or through the Narrows, where some breeze rocked the boat till trailing shawls and ribbons were watersoaked, and the bold little foam would even send a daring drop over the gunwale, to play at ocean,— or to Davis's Cottage, where a whole parterre of lupines bloomed to the water's edge, as if relics of some ancient garden-bower of a forgotten race,— or to the dam by Lily Pond, there to hunt among the stones for snakes' eggs, each empty shell cut crosswise, where the young creatures had made their first fierce bite into the universe outside, — or to some island, where white violets bloomed fragrant and lonely, separated by relentless breadths of water from their shore-born sisters, until mingled in their visitors' bouquets,— then up the lake homeward again at nightfall, the boat all decked with clematis, clethra, laurel, azalea, or water-lilies, while purple sunset clouds turned forth their golden linings for drapery above our heads, and then, unrolling, sent northward long roseate wreaths to outstrip our loitering speed, and reach the floating bridge before us.

It is nightfall now. One by one the birds grow silent, and the soft dragonflies, children of the day, are fluttering noiselessly to their rest beneath the under sides of drooping leaves. From shadowy coves the evening air is thrusting forth a thin film of mist to spread a white floor above the waters. The gathering darkness deepens the quiet of the lake, and bids us, at least for this time, to forsake it. *'De soir fontaines, de matin montaignes,'* says the old French proverb,— Morning for labor, evening for repose.

The Atlantic Monthly, September, 1861.

BAYARD TAYLOR (1825–1878)

Of the writers of the younger group which began to come into prominence by the middle of the century by far the most promising was Bayard Taylor. During the two decades before his death he laid hold strongly upon the imagination of America, and it was everywhere felt that he was ultimately to rank with Longfellow and Whittier and Lowell. He had come from humble surroundings in Pennsylvania, had been schooled largely in a rural printing office, and at nineteen had issued a volume of poems and then almost without funds, started upon a picturesque journey through Europe. *Views Afoot*, 1846, tells the story of it. Upon his return to America he secured a position on the New York *Tribune*, was sent to California to report the gold excitement of 1849, made a second journey to Europe in 1851, extending it into Africa and to India and China, and returning, published among other things his *Poems of the Orient*, 1854. During the rest of his life he was a picturesque figure, 'the great American traveler,' greatly sought after by lyceum lecture courses all over America. He made other trips abroad, was secretary of legation to Russia, and in 1878 was appointed United States Minister to Germany, but died shortly after reaching his post.

The literary productiveness of Taylor was marvelous. His books aggregate nearly fifty titles, some twelve of them records of travel, three of them novels, several of them translations and studies in German literature, some of them essays and boys' books, the rest of them poetry, and in addition to all this was a great mass of newspaper and magazine work and lectures. His literary ambition, however, centered upon poetry. More and more during his later period he put forth his best efforts to produce what should make him remembered in later years. He wrote dramas.— *The Masque of the Gods*, 1872, *The Prophet, A Tragedy*, 1874, *Prince Deukalion*, 1878; he came before the nation on two great occasions with *The Gettysburg Ode*, 1869, and *The Centennial Ode*, 1876; and he added to our literature what undoubtedly is the best translation in English of Goethe's *Faust*, but it is realized now that he failed in his ambition. He was not a poet of high rank. He had facility, but not large creative power or originality. His brilliant parodies in his book *The Echo Club* show the strength and the weakness of the man. He was not a plagiarist, yet it may be said that the greater part of what he wrote would never have been written had earlier poets not written. To realize this one needs but to compare Shelley's 'Indian Serenade' with the 'Bedouin Song.' Taylor's phenomenal memory was stocked with the poetry of all the world and he wrote, unconsciously doubtless, always from a recollection of this store-house rather than from a driving creative impulse that sent him into fields new and strange.

L'ENVOI

Unto the Desert and the desert steed
  Farewell! The journey is completed now:
Struck are the tents of Ishmael's wandering breed,
  And I unwind the turban from my brow.

The sun has ceased to shine; the palms that bent,
  Inebriate with light, have disappeared;
And naught is left me of the Orient
  But the tanned bosom and the unshorn beard.

Yet from that life my blood a glow retains,
  As the red sunshine in the ruby glows;
These songs are echoes of its fiercer strains,—
  Dreams, that recall its passion and repose.

I found, among those Children of the Sun,
  The cipher of my nature,— the release
Of baffled powers, which else had never won
  That free fulfilment, whose reward is peace.

For not to any race or any clime
  Is the completed sphere of life revealed;
He who would make his own that round sublime,
  Must pitch his tent on many a distant field.

Upon his home a dawning luster beams,
  But through the world he walks to open day,
Gathering from every land the prismal gleams,
  Which, when united, form the perfect ray.

Go, therefore, Songs! — Which in the East were born
And drew your nurture — from your sire's control:
Haply to wander through the West forlorn,
Or find a shelter in some Orient soul.

And if the temper of our colder sky
Less warmth of passion and of speech demands,
They are the blossoms of my life,— and I
Have ripened in the suns of many lands.

From *Poems of the Orient,*
(1854) 1854.

THE NATIONAL ODE

July 4, 1876

I — 1

Sun of the stately Day
Let Asia into the shadow drift,
Let Europe bask in thy ripened ray,
And over the severing ocean lift
A brow of broader splendor!
Give light to the eager eye
Of the Land that waits to behold thee rise;
The gladness of morning lend her,
With the triumph of noon attend her,
And the peace of the vesper skies!
For lo! she cometh now
With hope on the lip and pride on the brow,
Stronger, and dearer, and fairer,
To smile on the love we bear her,—
To live, as we dreamed her and sought her,
Liberty's latest daughter!
In the clefts of the rocks, in the secret places,
We found her traces;
On the hills, in the crash of the woods that fall,
We heard her call;
When the lines of battle broke,
We saw her face in the fiery smoke;
Through toil, and anguish, and desolation,
We followed, and found her
With the grace of a virgin Nation
As a sacred zone around her!
Who shall rejoice
With a righteous voice,
Far-heard through the ages, if not she?
For the menace is dumb that defied her,
The doubt is dead that denied her,
And she stands acknowledged, and strong, and free.

II — 1

Ah, hark! the solemn undertone,
On every wind of human story blown.
A large, divinely-molded Fate
Questions the right and purpose of a State,
And in its plan sublime
Our eras are the dust of Time,
The far-off Yesterday of power
Creeps back with stealthy feet,
Invades the lordship of the hour,
And at our banquet takes the unbidden seat.
From all unchronicled and silent ages
Before the Future first begot the Past,
Till History dared, at last,
To write eternal words on granite pages;
From Egypt's tawny drift, and Assur's mound,
And where, uplifted white and far,
Earth highest yearns to meet a star,
And Man his manhood by the Ganges found,—
Imperial heads, of old millennial sway,
And still by some pale splendor crowned,
Chill as a corpse-light in our full-orbed day,
In ghostly grandeur rise
And say, through stony lips and vacant eyes:
'Thou that assertest freedom, power and fame,
Declare to us thy claim!'

I — 2

On the shores of a Continent cast,
She won the inviolate soil
By loss of heirdom of all the Past,
And faith in the royal right of Toil!
She planted homes on the savage sod:
Into the wilderness lone
She walked with fearless feet,
In her hand the divining-rod,
Till the veins of the mountains beat
With fire of metal and force of stone!
She set the speed of the river-head
To turn the mills of her bread;
She drove her plowshare deep
Through the prairie's thousand-centuried sleep;
To the South, and West, and North,
She called Pathfinder forth,
Her faithful and sole companion,
Where the flushed Sierra, snow-starred,
Her way to the sunset barred,
And the nameless rivers in thunder and foam
Channeled the terrible canyon!
Nor paused, till her uttermost home
Was built, in the smile of a softer sky
And the glory of beauty still to be,
Where the haunted waves of Asia die
On the strand of the world-wide sea!

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II — 2

The race, in conquering,
Some fierce Titanic joy of conquest knows:
Whether in veins of serf or king,
Our ancient blood beats restless in repose.
Challenge of Nature unsubdued
Awaits not Man's defiant answer long;
For hardship, even as wrong,
Provokes the level-eyed heroic mood.
This for herself she did; but that which lies,
As over earth the skies,
Blending all forms in one benignant glow,—
Crowned conscience, tender care,
Justice that answers every bondman's prayer,
Freedom where Faith may lead or Thought may dare
The power of minds that know,
Passion of hearts that feel,
Purchased by blood and woe,
Guarded by fire and steel,—
Hath she secured? What blazon on her shield,
In the clear Century's light
Shines to the world revealed,
Declaring nobler triumph, born of Right?

I — 3

Foreseen in the vision of sages,
Foretold when martyrs bled,
She was born of the longing of ages,
By the truth of the noble dead
And the faith of the living fed!
No blood in her lightest veins
Frets at remembered chains,
Nor shame of bondage has bowed her head.
In her form and features still
The unblenching Puritan will,
Cavalier honor, Huguenot grace,
The Quaker truth and sweetness,
And the strength of the danger-girdled race
Of Holland, blend in a proud completeness.
From the homes of all, where her being began,
She took what she gave to Man:
Justice, that knew no station,
Belief, as soul decreed,
Free air for aspiration,
Free force for independent deed!
She takes, but to give again,
As the sea returns the rivers in rain;
And gathers the chosen of her seed
From the hunted of every crown and creed.
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine;
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine;
Her France pursues some dream divine;
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine;
Her Italy waits by the western brine;
And, broad-based under all,
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,
As rich in fortitude
As e'er went worldward from the island-wall!
Fused in her candid light,
To one strong race all races here unite:
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan;
'T was glory, once, to be a Roman:
She makes it glory, now, to be a Man!

II — 3

Bow down!
Doff thine aeonian crown!
One hour forget
The glory, and recall the debt:
Make expiation
Of humbler mood,
For the pride of thine exultation
O'er peril conquered and strife subdued!
But half the right is wrested
When victory yields her prize.
And half the marrow tested
When old endurance dies.
In the sight of them that love thee,
Bow to the Greater above thee!
He faileth not to smite
The idle ownership of Right,
Nor spares to sinews fresh from trial,
And virtue schooled in long denial,
The tests that wait for thee
In larger perils of prosperity.
Here, at the Century's awful shrine,
Bow to thy Father's God — and thine!

I — 4

Behold! she bendeth now,
Humbling the chaplet of her hundred years:
There is a solemn sweetness on her brow,
And in her eyes are sacred tears.
Can she forget,
In present joy, the burden of her debt,
When for a captive race
She grandly staked and won
The total promise of her power begun,
And bared her bosom's grace
To the sharp wound that inly tortures yet?
Can she forget
The million graves her young devotion set,
The hands that clasp above
From either side, in sad, returning love?
Can she forget,
Here, where the Ruler of to-day,
The Citizen of to-morrow,

And equal thousands to rejoice and pray
Beside these holy walls are met,
Her birth-cry, mixed of keenest bliss and sorrow?
Where, on July's immortal morn
Held forth, the People saw her head
And shouted to the world: 'The King is dead,
But lo! the Heir is born!'
When fire of Youth, and sober trust of Age,
In Farmer, Soldier, Priest and Sage,
Arose and cast upon her
Baptismal garments,— never robes so fair
Clad prince in Old-World air,—
Their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor!

II — 4

Arise! Recrown thy head,
Radiant with blessings of the Dead!
Bear from this hallowed place
The prayer that purifies thy lips,
The light of courage that defies eclipse,
The rose of Man's new morning on thy face!
Let no iconoclast
Invade thy rising Pantheon of the Past,
To make a blank where Adams stood,
To touch the Father's sheathed and sacred blade,
Spoil crowns on Jefferson and Franklin laid,
Or wash from Freedom's feet the stain of Lincoln's blood!
Hearken, as from that haunted hall
Their voices call:
'We lived and died for thee;
We greatly dared that thou might'st be:
So, from thy children still
We claim denials which at last fulfil,
And freedom yielded to preserve thee free!
Beside clear-hearted Right
That smiles at Power's uplifted rod,
Plant Duties that requite,
And Order that sustains, upon thy sod,
And stand in stainless might
Above all self, and only less than God!'

III — 1

Here may thy solemn challenge end,
All-proving Past, and each discordance die
Of doubtful augury,
Or in one choral with the Present blend,
And that half-heard, sweet harmony
Of something nobler that our sons may see!
Though poignant memories burn
Of days that were, and may again return,
When thy fleet foot, O Huntress of the Woods,
The slippery brinks of danger knew,
And dim the eyesight grew
That was so sure in thine old solitudes,—
Yet stays some richer sense
Won from the mixture of thine elements,
To guide the vagrant scheme,
And winnow truth from each conflicting dream!
Yet in thy blood shall live
Some force unspent, some essence primitive,
To seize the highest use of things;
For Fate, to mold thee to her plan,
Denied thee food of kings,
Withheld the udder and the orchard-fruits,
Fed thee with savage roots,
And forced thy harsher milk from barren breasts of man.

III — 2

O sacred Woman-Form,
Of the first People's need and passion wrought,—
No thin, pale ghost of Thought,
But fair as Morning and as heart's-blood warm,—
Wearing thy priestly tiar on Judah's hills;
Clear-eyed beneath Athene's helm of gold:
Or from Rome's central seat
Hearing the pulses of the Continents beat
In thunder where her legions rolled;
Compact of high heroic hearts and wills,
Whose being circles all
The selfless aims of men, and all fulfils;
Thyself not free, so long as one is thrall;
Goddess, that as a Nation lives,
And as a Nation dies,
That for her children as a man defies,
And to her children as a mother gives,—
Take our fresh fealty now!
No more a Chieftainess, with wampum-zone
And feather-cinctured brow,—
No more a new Britannia, grown
To spread an equal banner to the breeze,
And lift thy trident o'er the double seas;
But with unborrowed crest,
In thine own native beauty dressed,—
The front of pure command, the unflinching eye, thine own!

III — 3

Look up, look forth, and on!
There 's light in the dawning sky:
The clouds are parting, the night is gone:
Prepare for the work of the day!

Fallow thy pastures lie,
And far thy shepherds stray,
And the fields of thy vast domain
Are waiting for purer seed
Of knowledge, desire, and deed,
For keener sunshine and mellower rain!
But keep thy garments pure:
Pluck them back, with the old disdain,
From touch of the hands that stain!
So shall thy strength endure.
Transmute into good the gold of Gain,
Compel to beauty thy ruder powers,
Till the bounty of coming hours
Shall plant, on thy fields apart,
With the oak of Toil, the rose of Art!
Be watchful, and keep us so:
Be strong, and fear no foe:
Be just, and the world shall know!
With the same love love us, as we give;
And the day shall never come,
That finds us weak or dumb
To join and smite and cry
In the great task, for thee to die,
And the greater task, for thee to live!

New York Daily Tribune,
(1876) July 5, 1876.

ROSE TERRY COOKE (1827–1892)

In the department of the short story the most interesting transition figure is Rose Terry Cooke, a native of Connecticut, a school teacher, and during her earlier literary period a poet of more than local fame. In her earlier stories she was completely of the mid century,— sentimental, moralizing, sprawly in technique. But early in her work there appeared a note of independence. She would abandon the florid and the romantic and write of simple commonplace people in their homely environment. For the early volumes of the *Atlantic* she was the leading short story writer, and as one reads her stories in their order one finds a growing power, a growing sense of realistic values, until in a story like her 'Too Late' she is near to the grim realism of Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman at the end of the century.

TOO LATE[1]

In one of those scanty New England towns that fill a stranger with the acutest sense of desolation, more desolate than the desert itself, because there are human inhabitants to suffer from its solitude and listlessness, there stood, and still stands, a large red farm-house, with sloping roof, and great chimney in the middle, where David Blair lived. Perhaps Wingfield was not so forlorn to him as to another, for he had Scotch blood in his veins, and his shrewd thrift found full exercise in redeeming the earth from thorns and briars, and eating his bread under the full force of the primeval curse. He was a 'dour' man, with a long, grim visage that would have become any Covenanter's conventicle in his native land; and his prayers were as long and grim as his face. Of life's graces and amenities he had no idea; they would have been scouted as profane vanities had they blossomed inside his threshold. Existence to him was a heavy and dreadful responsibility; a drear and doubtful working out of his own salvation; a perpetual fleeing from the wrath to come, that seemed to dog his heels and rear threatening heads at every turn. A cowardly man, with these ever-present terrors, would have taken refuge in some sweet and lulling sin or creed, some belief of a universal salvation, some epicurean 'let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,' or some idea of nothing beyond the grave.

But David Blair was full of courage. Like some knotty, twisted oak, that offers scant solace to the eye, he endured, oak-like, all storms, and bent not an atom to any fierce blast of nature or Providence; for he made a distinction between them. His wife was a neat, quiet, subdued woman, who held her house and her husband in as much reverence as a Feejee holds his idols. Like most women, she had an instinctive love for grace and beauty, but from long repression it was only a blind and groping instinct. Her house was kept in a state of spotless purity, but was bald as any vineless rock within. Flies never intruded there; spiders still less. The windows of the 'best room' were veiled and double veiled with green paper shades and snow-white cotton curtains, and the ghastly light that strayed in through these obstructions revealed a speckless but hideous home-spun carpet, four straight-backed chairs, with horse-hair seats, an equally black and shining sofa, and a round mahogany table with a great Bible in the midst. No vases, no shells, no ornament of useless fashion stood on the white wooden mantelpiece over the open fireplace; no stencil border broke the monotonous whitewash of the walls. You could see your face in a state of distortion and jaundice anywhere in the andirons, so brilliant were their brassy columns; and the very bricks of the chimney were scraped and washed from the soot of the rare fire. You could hardly imagine that even the leaping, wood fire could impart any cheer to the funereal

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order of that chill and musty apartment. Bedroom, kitchen, shed, woodhouse — all shared this scrupulous array. The processes that in other households are wont to give tokens of cheery life, and bounty, and natural appetites and passions, seemed here to be carried on under protest. No flour was spilled when Thankful Blair made bread; no milk ever slopped from an overfull pail; no shoe ever brought in mud or sand across the mats that lay inside and outside of every door. The very garret preserved an aspect of serenity, since all its bundles of herbs hung evenly side by side, and the stores of nuts had each their separate boundaries, lest some jarring door or intrusive mouse should scatter them.

In the midst of all this order there was yet a child, if little Hannah Blair ever was a child in more than name. From her babyhood she was the model of all Wingfield babies; a child that never fretted, that slept nights through all the pangs and perils of teething, that had every childish disease with perfect decency and patience, was a child to be held up to every mother's admiration. Poor little soul! the mother love that crushed those other babies with kisses, that romped and laughed with them, when she was left straight and solemn in her cradle, that petted, and slapped, and spoiled, and scolded all those common children, Thankful Blair kept under lock and key in her inmost heart.

'Beware of idols!' was the stern warning that had fallen on her first outburst of joy at the birth of one living child at last, and from that time the whole tenor of her husband's speech and prayer had been that they both might be saved from the awful sin of idolatry, and be enabled to bring up their child in the fear of the Lord, a hater of sin and a follower of the Law: the gospel that a baby brought to light was not yet theirs! So Hannah grew to girlhood, a feminine reproduction of her father. Keen, practical insight is not the most softening trait for a woman to possess. It is iron and steel in the soul that does not burn with love mighty and overflowing enough to fuse all other elements in its own glow, and as Hannah grew older and read her mother's repressed nature through and through, the tender heart, the timid conscience, the longing after better and brighter things than life offered to her only moved her child to an unavowed contempt for a soul so weak and so childish. In a certain way Hannah Blair loved her mother, but it was more as if she had been her child than her parent. Toward her father her feelings were far different. She respected him; he was her model. She alone knew, from a like experience, what reserved depth of feeling lay unawakened under his rigid exterior — she knew, for there were times when her own granite nature shuddered through and through with volcanic forces, when her only refuge against generous indignation or mighty anger was in solitary prayer or grievous wrestlings of the flesh against the spirit as well as the spirit against the flesh. So Hannah grew up to womanhood. Tall and slight as any woodland sapling, but without the native grace of a free growth, her erect and alert figure pleased only by its alacrity and spotless clothing. She was 'dredful spry,' as old Moll Thunder, the half-breed Indian woman used to say — 'dredful spry; most like squaw — so still, so straight; blue eyes, most like ice. Ho! Moll better walk a chalk 'fore Miss Hanner!'

And Moll spoke from bitter experience, for old Deacon Campbell himself never gave her severer lectures on her ungodly life and conversation than dropped with cutting distinctness from those prim, thin, red lips. Yet Hannah Blair was not without charms for the youth of Wingfield. Spare as she was, her face had the fresh bloom of youth upon its high, straight features; her eyes were blue and bright, her hair, smoothed about her small head, glittered like fresh flax, and made a heavy coil, that her slender white throat seemed over small to sustain. She was cool, serene, rather unapproachable to lovers or love makers, but she was David Blair's only child, and his farm lay fair and wide on the high plains of Wingfield. She was well-to-do and pious — charms which hold to this day potent sway over the youth of her native soil — and after she was eighteen no Saturday night passed in solitude in the Blair keeping-room, for young men of all sorts and sizes ranged themselves against the wall, sometimes four at once, tilted their chairs, twirled their thumbs, crossed one foot and then the other over their alternate knees, dropped sparse remarks about the corn, or the

weather, or the sermon, sometimes even the village politics, but one and all stared at Hannah as she sat upright and prim by the fireplace or the window, arrayed in a blue stuff gown or a flowered chintz, as the season might be, and sitting as serene, as cool, as uninteresting as any cherub on a tombstone, until the old Dutch clock struck nine, the meeting-house bell tolled, and the young men, one and all, made their awkward farewells and went home, uttering, no doubt, a sigh of relief when the painful pleasure was over.

By and by the Wingfield store, long kept by Uncle Gid Mayhew, began to have a look of new life, for the old man's only son, Charley Mayhew, had come home from Boston, where he had been ten years in a dry-goods shop, to take the business off his father's hands. Just in time, too, for the store was scarce set to rights in symmetrical fashion when Uncle Gid was struck with paralysis and put to bed for all the rest of his life — a brief one at that. Wingfield gossips shook their heads and muttered that the new order of things was enough to kill him. After so many years of dust and confusion, to see the pepper corns, candy, and beeswax sorted into fresh, clean jars; the shoes and ribbons, cut nails and bar soap neatly disentangled and arranged; the plows, harrows, cheeses, hoes, and bales of cotton and calico divorced and placed at different ends of the store; the grimy windows washed, and the dirty floor cleaned and swept, was perhaps a shock to the old man, but not enough to kill him. His eighty years of vegetation sufficed for that; but he left behind him this son, so full of life, and spirit, and fun, so earnest at work, so abounding in energy, but withal so given over to frolic in its time, that it seemed as if even Wingfield stagnation never could give him a proper dullness or paralyze his handsome face and manly figure. Of course Charley Mayhew fell in love with Hannah Blair. A mischievous desire at first to wake up those cold blue eyes and flush that clear set face with blushes soon deepened into a very devoted affection. The ranks of Saturday night lovers began to look at him with evil eyes, for not even the formality of the best parlor restrained his fun, or the impassive visage of David Blair awed him into silence. Even Hannah began to glow and vivify in his presence; a warmer color flushed her cheeks, her thin lips relaxed into real smiles, her eyes shone with deeper and keener gleams than the firelight lent them, and, worst of all, the sheepish suitors themselves could not help an occasional giggle, a broad grin, or even a decided horse laugh, at his sallies; and when at last David Blair himself relaxed into an audible laugh, and declared to Charley he was 'a master hand at telling stories,' the vexed ranks gave it up, allowed that the conquering hero had come, and left Charley Mayhew a free field thereafter, which of course he improved. But even after Hannah Blair had promised in good set terms to be his wife, and David had given his slow consent, it was doubtful to Charley if this treasure was his merely out of his own determined persistence or with any genuine feeling of her own, any real response of heart, for the maiden was so inaccessible, so chill, so proper, that his warm, impulsive nature dashed against hers and recoiled as the wild sea from a rocky coast. Yet after many days the rock does show signs of yielding; there are traces on its surface, though it needs years to soften and disintegrate its nature. They were a handsome couple, these two, and admiring eyes followed them in their walks. Never had Hannah's face mantled with so rich a color, or her eyes shone with so deep and soft a blue; the stern, red lips relaxed into a serene content, and here and there a tint of gaiety about her prim dress — a fresh ribbon, a flower at her throat, a new frill — told of her shy blossom time. She was like one of those prim, old-fashioned pinks, whose cold color, formal shape, stiff growth, and dagger-shaped gray-green leaves, stamp them the quaint old-maid sisterhood of flowers, yet which hold in their hearts a breath of passionate spice, and odor of the glowing Orient or the sweet and ardent South, that seems fitter for the open-breasted roses, looking frankly and fervently up to the sun. No, not even her lover knew the madness of Hannah Blair's hungry heart, now for the first time fed — a madness that filled her with sweet delirium, that she regarded as nothing less than a direct Satanic impulse, against which she fought and prayed, all in vain; for God was greater than her heart, and He had filled it with that love

which every wife and mother needs, strong enough to endure all things, to be forever faithful and forever fresh. But no vine-planted and grass-strewn volcano ever showed more placidly than Hannah Blair. Her daily duties were done with such exactness and patience, her lover's demands so coolly set aside till those duties were attended to, her face kept so calm even when the blood thrilled to her finger tips at the sound of his voice, that, long as her mother had known her, she looked on with wonder, and admired afar off the self-control she never could have exhibited. For Hannah's wooing was carried on in no such style as her mother's had been. Thankful Parsons had accepted David Blair from a simple sense of duty, and he had asked her because she was meek and pious, had a good farm and understood cows; no troublesome sentiment, no turbulent passion disturbed their rather dull courtship. A very different wooer was this handsome, merry young fellow, with his dark curls and keen, pleasant eyes, who came into the house like a fresh dancing breeze, and stirred its dusty stagnation into absolute sparkle. Mrs. Blair loved him dearly already; her repressed heart opened to him all its motherly instincts. She cooked for him whatever she observed he liked, with simple zeal and pleasure. She unconsciously smiled to hear his voice. Deeply she wondered at Hannah, who, day by day, stitched on her quilts, her sheets, her pillow-cases, and her napery, with as diligent sternness as ever she applied to more irksome tasks, and never once blushed or smiled over the buying or shaping of her personal bridal gear, only showing if possible a keener eye for business, a more infallible judgment of goods and prices, wear and tear, use and fitness, than ever before. So the long winter wore away. Hannah's goods lay piled in the 'spare chamber'— heaps of immaculate linen, home-spun flannel, patchwork of gayest hues, and towels woven and hemmed by her own hands; and in the clothes-press, whose deep drawers were filled with her own garments in neat array, hung the very wedding dress of dove-colored paduasoy, the great Leghorn bonnet, with white satin ribbons, and the black silk cardinal. Hannah had foregone all the amusements of the past months, at no time consonant to her taste, in order to construct these treasures for her new life. In vain had Charley coaxed her to share in the sleighing frolics, the huskings, the quilting bees of the neighborhood. It did not once enter into his mind that Hannah had rather be alone with the fullness of her great joy than to have its sacred rapture intermeddled with by the kindly or unkindly jokes and jeers of other people. He never knew that her delight was full even to oppression, when she sat by herself and sewed like an automaton, setting with every stitch a hope or a thought of her love and life.

It was spring now. The long, cold winter had passed at last; the woods began to bud, the pastures grew green even in Wingfield, and brave little blossoms sprung up in the very moisture of the just melted snow-drifts. May had brought the robins and the swallows back; here and there an oriole darted like a flake of fire from one drooping elm to another; the stiff larches put out little crimson cones; the gracious elm boughs grew dusk and dense with swelling buds, and the maple hung out its dancing yellow tassels high in air. The swamps were transfigured with vivid verdure and lit with rank yellow blossoms. The wild marsh marigold shone like fire, and the quaint, sad-colored trillium made its protest in fence corners and by the low buttresses of granite on the hills far and near, and the rough-leaved arbutus nestled its baby faces of sweetest bloom deep in the gray grass and stiff moss beds. The day drew near for the wedding. It was to be the last Wednesday in May.

'Darned unlucky,' muttered Moll Thunder, drying her ragged shoes before Mrs. Blair's kitchen fire, having just brought a fagot of herbs and roots for the brewing of root-beer — even then a favorite beverage in New England, as it is to-day. 'Darned unlucky! Married in May, repent alway. Guess Hanner pretty good like ter set up 'ginst ole debbil heself. No good, no good; debbil pretty good strong. Moll knows! He! he! he!'

Mrs. Blair shivered. She was superstitious like all women, and old Moll was a born witch, everybody knew. But then her daughter's pure, fair, and resolute face rose up before her, and the superstitious fear flickered and went out. She thought Hannah altogether beyond the power of 'ole debbil.' At last the last Wednesday came — a day as serene and lovely as if

new created: flying masses of white cloud chased each other through the azure sky, and cast quick shadows on the long, green range of hills that shut in Wingfield on the west. Shine and shadow added an exquisite grace of expression to the shades of tender green veiling those cruel granite rocks; a like flitting grace at last transfigured Hannah Blair's cold-featured face. The apple trees blossomed everywhere with festive garlands of faint pink bloom, and filled the air with their bitter-sweet, subtle odor, clean and delicate, yet the parent of that luscious, vinous, oppressive perfume that autumn should bring from the heaps of gold and crimsoned fruit as yet unformed below those waxen petals. To-day at last Hannah had resolved to give her beating heart one day of freedom — one long day of unrestrained joy — if she could bear the freedom of that ardent rapture so long so conscientiously repressed. For once in her life she sung about her work; psalm tunes, indeed, but one can put a deal of vitality into Mear and Bethesda, and Cambridge, with its glad exultant repeat, has all the capacity of a love song. Mrs. Blair heard it from the kitchen where she was watching the last pan of cake come to crisp perfection in the brick oven. The old words had a curious adaptation to the sweet, intense triumph of the air, and Hannah carried the three parts of the tune as they came in with a flexibility of voice new to her as to her sole hearer.

> 'T was in the watches of the night
> I thought upon thy power;
> I kept thy lovely face in sight
> Amid the darkest hour!

What a subdued ecstasy rose and fell in her voice as she swept and garnished the old house. 'Amid the darkest hour!' Oh, there never could be a dark hour for her again, she thought — never a doubt, or fear, or trouble. 'My beloved is mine, and I am his' rose to her lips from the oldest of all love songs. Half profane she seemed to herself, but to-day her deeper nature got the better of her deep prejudices; she was at heart for once a simple love-smitten girl.

The quiet wedding was to be after tea. Nobody was asked, for the few relatives David Blair possessed were almost strangers to him, and lived far away. His wife had been an only child, and Hannah had made no girl friends in the village. The minister was to come at eight o'clock, and the orthodox cake and wine handed round after the ceremony. The young couple were to go to their own house, and settle down at once to the duties and cares of life. Charley had been ordered not to appear till tea-time, and after the dinner was eaten and everything put to rights, Mrs. Blair went to her room to plait a cap ruffle, and Hannah sat down in the spare room by herself, to rest, she said — really to dream, to hope, to bury her face in her trembling hand, and let a mighty wave of rapture overflow her whole entranced soul. The cap ruffle troubled Mrs. Blair much. Twice it had to be taken from the prim plaits and relaid, then to be sprinkled and ironed out. This involved making a fresh fire to heat the flat-iron, and it got to be well on in the afternoon, and Mrs. Blair was tired. There was nobody to reflect on her waste of time, so she lay down a moment on the bed. David had gone to plow a lot on the furthest part of the farm. He neglected work for no emergency. As a godless neighbor once said, 'Dave Blair would sow rye on the edge of hell if he thought he could get the cattle there to plow it up!' A daughter's wedding day was no excuse for idleness in him. So Mrs. Blair was safe in her nap. Meanwhile, as Hannah sat a little withdrawn from the open window, where for once the afternoon sun streamed in unguardedly, and the passionate warble of the song-sparrows, and the indescribable odor of spring followed too, she was suddenly half aware of an outside shadow, and a letter skimmed through the window, and fell at her feet. Scarce roused from her dream, she looked at it fixedly a moment before she stooped to pick it up. Its coming was so sudden, so startling, it did not once occur to her to look out to see who brought it. She hesitated before she broke the broad, red seal, and swept her hands across her eyes as if to brush away the dreams that had filled and clouded them. But the first few words brought back to those eyes their native steely glint, and as she read on life, light, love withdrew their tender glories from her face. It settled into stone, into flint. Her mouth set in lines of dreadful implacable portent, her cheek

paled to the whiteness of a marble monument, and the red lips faded to pale, cold purple. What she read in that letter neither man or woman save the writer and the reader ever knew, for when it was read Hannah Blair walked, like an unrepentant conspirator to the stake, fearless, careless, hopeless, out into the small, silent kitchen, and laying that missive of evil on the smoldering coals, stood by stark and stiff till every ash was burned or floated up the chimney. Then she turned, and said in the voice of one who calls from his grave,

'Mother!'

Mrs. Blair sprung from her doze at the sound. Her mother instinct was keen as the hen's who hears the hawk scream in the sky, and knows her brood in danger. She was on the threshold of the kitchen door almost as soon as Hannah spoke, but her heart sunk to its furthest depth when she saw the face before her. Death would have left no such traces — given her no such shock. This was death in life, and it spoke, slowly, deliberately, with an awful distinctness.

'Mother, when Charles Mayhew comes here to-night, you must tell him I will not marry him.'

'What?' half screamed the terrified woman, doubtful of her own hearing. Again the cold, relentless tones, in accents as clear and certain as the voice of fate itself —

'When Charles Mayhew comes here to-night, you must see him, and tell him I will not marry him.'

'Hanner, I can't! I can't! What for? What do you mean? What is it?'

The words syllabled themselves again out of the thin, rigid lips.

'I will not marry him.'

'Oh, I can't tell him! he will die! I *cannot,* Hanner. You must tell him yourself — you must! you must!'

Still the same answer, only the words lessening each time:

'I will not!'

'But, Hanner, child, stop and think — do. All your things made; you 're published; the minister 's spoke to. Why do you act so? You can't, Hanner. Oh, I never can tell him! What shall I say? What will he do? Oh dear! You must tell him yourself; I can't — I won't! I ain't goin' to; you must!'

A shade of mortal weariness stole across the gray, still face, most like the relaxation of the features after death; but that was all the shrill tirade produced, except the dull, cold repetition —

'I will not!'

And then Hannah Blair turned and crept up the narrow stairway to her bedroom; her mother, stunned with terror and amazement, still with a mother's alert ear, heard the key grate in the lock, the window shut quietly down, and heard no more. The house was silent even to breathlessness. In her desperation Mrs. Blair began to wish that David would come; and then the unconscious spur of life-long habit stung her into action. It was five o'clock, and she must get tea; for tea must be prepared though the crack of doom were impending. So she built the fire, filled the kettle, hung it on the crane, laid the table, all with the accuracy of habit, her ear strained to its utmost to hear some voice, some sigh, some movement from that bolted chamber above. All in vain. There might have been a corpse there for any sound of life, and Mrs. Blair felt the awe of death creep over her as she listened. For once it was glad relief to hear David coming with the oxen; to see them driven to their shed; to watch his gaunt, erect figure come up the path to the back door; but how hard it was to tell him. He asked no question, he made no comment, but the cold, gray eye quickened into fire like the sudden glitter of lightning, and without a word he strode up the stairs to Hannah's room.

'Hannah!'

There was no answer. David Blair was ill-used to disobedience. His voice was sterner than ever as he repeated the call:

'Hannah, open your door!'

Slowly the key turned, slowly the door opened, and the two faced each other. The strong man recoiled. Was this his child — this gray, rigid masque, this old woman? But he had a duty to do.

'Hannah, why is this?'

'I cannot tell you, father.'

'But you must see Charles Mayhew.'

'I will not.'

Still calm, but inexpressibly bitter and determined, like one repeating a dreadful lesson after some tyrant's torture. David Blair could not speak. He stood still on that threshold without speech or motion, and softly as it had opened, the door closed in his face, the key turned, he

was shut out — not merely from the chamber, but forever from the deepest recess of Hannah's heart and life, if indeed he had ever, even in imagination, entered there. He stood a moment in silent amazement, and then went down into the kitchen utterly speechless. He swallowed his supper mechanically, reached down his hat, but on the doorstep turned and said:

'Thankful, you must tell Charles Mayhew: Hannah will not; I cannot. It's women's work — yea, it was a woman that first time in Paradise!'

And with this Scriptural sneer he left his frightened wife to do the thing he dared not. Not the first man who has done so, nor the last. An hour later the joyful bridegroom came in, his dark eyes full of happy light, his handsome figure set off by a new suit of clothes, the like of which Wingfield never had seen, much less originated; his face fairly radiant; but it clouded quickly as a storm-reflecting lake when he saw the cold wet face of Mrs. Blair, the reddened eyes, the quivering lips, and felt the close yet trembling pressure of the kind old arms for the first time clasped round his neck as he stooped toward her. How Thankful Blair contrived to tell him what she had to tell she never knew. It was forced from her lips in incoherent snatches; it was received at first with total incredulity, and she needed to repeat it again and again — to recall Hannah's words, to describe, as she best might, her ghastly aspect, her hollow, hoarse voice, her reply to her father. At last Charles Mayhew began to believe — to rave, to give way to such passionate, angry grief that Thankful Blair trembled, and longed for Parson Day to come, or for David to return. But neither thing happened, for David had warned the parson, and then hidden his own distress and dismay as far as he could get from the house in his own woodland, sitting on a log for hours lest in coming back to the house he should face the man he could not but pity and fear both; for what reason or shadow of excuse could he offer to him for his daughter's cruel and mysterious conduct? So Mrs. Blair had to bear the scene alone. At last the maddened man insisted on going up stairs to Hannah's door, but that her mother withstood. He should not harass Hannah; she would keep her from one more anguish, if she stood in the doorway and resisted physically.

'But I will see her! I will speak to her! I will know myself what this means! I am not a fool or a dog, to be thrown aside for nothing!'

And with this he rushed out of the kitchen door, round the end of the house, to the grass-plot below Hannah's window. Well he knew that little window, with its prim white curtain, where he had so often watched the light go out from the hillside, where he always lingered in his homeward walks. The curtain was down now, and no ray of light quivered from behind it.

'Hannah! Hannah! *my* Hannah!' he called with anguish in every tone. 'Hannah, look at me! only just look at me! tell me one word!' And then came the fondest pleadings, the most passionate remonstrances — all in vain. He might as well have agonized by her coffin side — by her grass-grown grave. Now a different mood inspired him, and he poured out threats and commands till the cool moonlight air seemed quivering with passion and rage. Still there was no voice nor answer, nor any that replied. The calmness of immortal repose lay upon this quiet dwelling, though the torment and tumult without stormed like a tempest. Was there then neither tumult nor torment within? At last, when hours — ages it seemed to the desperate man — had passed by, nature could endure no more. The apathy of exhaustion stole over him; he felt a despair that was partly bodily weariness take entire possession of him; he ceased to adjure, to remonstrate, to cry out.

'Good-by, Hannah, good-by!' he called at length. The weak, sad accents beat like storm-weary birds vainly against that blank, deaf window. Nothing spoke to him, not even the worn-out and helpless woman who sat on the kitchen door-step with her apron over her head, veiling her hopeless distress, nor lifting that homely screen to see a ruined man creep away from his own grave — the grave of all his better nature, to be seen there no more, for from that hour no creature in Wingfield ever saw or heard of him again.

There was a mighty stir among the gossips of the village at once. Not often did so piquant and mysterious a bit of scandal regale them at sewing societies, at tea-fights, even at prayer-meetings, for it

became a matter of certain religious interest, since all the parties therein were church members. But in vain did all the gossips lay their heads together. Nothing was known beyond the bare facts that at the last minute Hannah Blair had 'gin the mitten' to Charley Mayhew, and he had then and there disappeared. His store was sold to a new-comer from Grenville Center, who was not communicative — perhaps because he had nothing to tell — and Charley dropped out of daily talk before long, as one who is dead and buried far away, as we all do, after how brief a time, how vanishing a grief. As for the Blairs, they endured in stoical silence, and made no sign. Sunday saw both the old people in their places early; nobody looked for Hannah, but before the bell ceased its melancholy toll, just before Parson Day ambled up the broad aisle, her slender figure, straight and still as ever, came up to her seat in the square pew. True her face was colorless; the shadow of death lingered there yet; and though her eyes shone with keener glitter than ever, and her lips burned like a scarlet streak, an acute observer would have seen upon her face traces of a dreadful conflict, lines around the mouth that years of suffering might have grown; a relaxation of the muscles about the eye and temple; a look as of one who sees only something afar off, who is absent from the body as far as consciousness goes. There she sat, through short prayer and long prayer, hymn, psalm, and sermon, and the battery of looks both direct and furtive that assailed her, all unmoved. And at home it was the same — utterly listless, cold, silent, she took up her life again; day by day did her weary round of household duties with the same punctilious neatness and dispatch — spun and knit and turned cheeses, for her mother had been broken down visibly for a time by this strange and sad catastrophe, and was more incapable than ever in her life before of earnest work, so Hannah had her place to supply in part as well as her own. We hear of martyrs of the stake, the fagot, the arena, the hunger-maddened beasts, the rising tide, the rack, and our souls shudder, our flesh creeps; we wonder and adore. I think the gladdest look of her life would have illuminated Hannah Blair's face had it been possible now to exchange her endurance for any of these deaths; but it is woman who must endure; for them are those secret agonies no enthusiasm gilds, no hope assuages, no sympathy consoles. God alone stoops to this anguish, and He not always, for there is a stubborn pride that will not lift its eyes to heaven lest it should be a tacit acknowledgment that they were fixed once upon poor earth. For these remains only the outlook daily lessening to all of us — the outlook whose vista ends in a grave.

But the unrelenting days stole on; their dead-march with monotonous tramp, left traces on even Hannah's wretched, haughty soul. They trampled down the past in thick dust; it became ashes under their feet. Her life from torture subsided into pain; then into bitterness, stoicism, contempt — at last into a certain tread-mill of indifference; only not indifference from the strong cruel grasp she still found it needful to keep upon thought and memory: once let that iron hand relax its pressure, and chaos threatened her again; she dared not. Lovers came no more to Hannah; a certain instinct of their sure fate kept them away; the store of linen and cotton she had gathered her mother's careful hands had packed away directly in the great garret. The lavender silk, the cardinal, the big bonnet, had been worn to church year after year in the same spirit in which a Hindoo woman puts on her gorgeous garments and her golden ornaments for suttee. Mrs. Blair looked on in solemn wonder, but said not a word. Nor were these bridal robes worn threadbare ten years after, when another change came to Hannah's life; when Josiah Maxwell, a well-to-do bachelor from Newfield, the next village, was recommended to her, and came over to try his chance. Josiah was a personable, hale, florid man of forty; generous, warm-hearted; a little blustering perhaps, but thoroughly good, and a rich man for those days. He had a tannery, a foundry, and a flourishing farm. Newfield was a place of great water-privileges, sure to grow; it was pretty, bright, and successful; the sleepy, mullein-growing farms of Wingfield had in them no such cheer or life. Hannah was thirty years old; the matter was set before her purely as a matter of business. Josiah wanted a pious, capable wife. He had been too busy to fall in love all his life; now he was too sensible (he thought), so he looked about him

calmly, after royal fashion, and hearing good report of Hannah Blair, proceeded to make her acquaintance and visit her. She too was a rational woman; feeling she had long set aside as a weak indulgence of the flesh; all these long and lonely years had taught her a lesson — more than one. She had learned too that a nature as strong, as dominant, as full of power and pride as hers must have some outlet or burn itself out, and here was a prospect offered that appealed to her native instincts, save and except that one so long trodden under foot. She accepted Mr. Maxwell; listened to his desire for a short engagement favorably; took down the stores prepared for a past occasion from the chests in the garret, washed and bleached them with her own hands; and purchased once more her bridal attire, somewhat graver, much more costly than before — a plum-colored satin dress, a white merino shawl, a hat of chip with rich white ribbons. Moll Thunder, who served as chorus to this homely tragedy, was at hand with her quaint shrewd comment, as she brought Mrs. Blair her yearly tribute of hickory nuts the week before the wedding.

'He! He! She look pretty much fine; same as cedar tree out dere, all red vine all ober; nobody tink him ole cedar been lightnin'-struck las' year. He! he! Hain't got no heart in him — pretty much holler.'

One bright October day Hannah was married. Parson Day's successor performed the ceremony in the afternoon, and the 'happy couple' went home to Newfield in a gig directly. Never was a calmer bride, a more matter-of-fact wedding. Sentiment was at a discount in the Blair family; if David felt anything at parting with his only child, he repressed its expression; and since that day her mother never could forget, Hannah had wrought in poor Mrs. Blair's mind a sort of terror toward her that actually made her absence a relief, and the company of the little 'bound girl' she had taken to bring up a pleasant substitute for Hannah's stern, quiet activity. Everybody was suited; it was almost a pleasure to Mrs. Maxwell to rule over her sunny farm-house and become a model to all back-sliding housekeepers about her. Her butter always 'came,' her bread never soured, her hens laid and set, her chickens hatched, in the most exemplary manner; nobody had such a garden, such a loom and wheel, such spotless linen, such shiny mahogany; there was never a hole in her husband's garments or a button off his shirt; the one thing that troubled her was that her husband, good, honest, tender man, had during their first year of married life fallen thoroughly in love with her; it was not in his genial nature to live in the house a year with even a cat and not love it. Hannah was a handsome woman and his wife: what could one expect? But she did not expect it; she was bored and put out by his demonstrations; almost felt a cold contempt for the love he lavished on her, icy and irresponsive as she was, though all the time ostentatiously submissive. Josiah felt after a time that he had made a mistake; but he had the sense to adapt himself to it, and to be content, like many another idolator, with worship instead of response. Not even the little daughter born in the second year of their marriage thawed the heart so long frost-sealed in Hannah's breast; she had once worshiped a false god, and endured the penalty; henceforward she would be warned. Baby was baptized Dorothy, after her father's dead mother, and by every one but Hannah that quaint style was softened into Dolly. Never was a child better brought up, everybody said — a rosy, sturdy, saucy little creature, doing credit to fresh air and plain food; a very romp in the barn and fields with her father, whom she loved with all her warm, wayward heart; but alas! a child whose strong impulses, ardent feeling, violent temper, and stormy will were never to know the softening, tempering sweetness of real mother love. She knew none of those tender hours of caressing and confidence that even a very little child enjoys in the warmth of any mother heart, if not its own mother's; no loving arms clasped her to a mother's bosom to soothe her baby-griefs, to rest her childish weariness. There were even times when Hannah Maxwell seemed to resent her existence; to repel her affection, though her duty kept her inexorably just to the child. Dolly was never punished for what she had not done, but always for nearly everything she did do, and services were exacted from her that made her childhood a painful memory to all her later life. Was there butter or eggs wanted from Wingfield on any emergency? at five years old

Dolly would be mounted on the steady old horse that Josiah had owned fifteen years, and with saddle-bags swinging on either side, sent over to her grandfather's at Wingfield to bring home the supplies — a long and lonely road of five full-measured miles for the tiny creature to traverse; and one could scarce believe the story did it not come direct to these pages from her own lips. In vain was Josiah's remonstrance; for by this time Hannah was fully the head of the house, and the first principle of her rule was silent obedience. All her husband could do was to indulge and spoil Dolly in private, persistently and bravely. Alas for her, there was one day in the week, when even father could not interfere to help his darling. Sunday was a sound of terror in her ears: first the grim and silent breakfast, where nobody dared smile, and where even a fixed routine of food, not in itself enticing, became at last tasteless by mere habit: codfish-cakes and tea; of these, 'as of all carnal pleasure, cometh satiety at the last,' according to the monk in 'Hypatia'; then, fixed in a high stiff-backed chair, the pretty little vagrant must be still and read her Bible till it was time to ride to church — till she was taken down and arrayed in spotlessness and starch, and set bodkinwise into the gig between her silent mother and subdued father. Once at meeting, began the weariest routine of all. Through all the long services, her little fat legs swinging from the high seat, Dolly was expected to sit perfectly quiet; not a motion was allowed, not a whisper permitted; she dared not turn her head to watch a profane butterfly or a jolly bumble-bee wandering about that great roof or tall window. Of course she did do it instinctively, recovering herself with a start of terror, and a glance at her mother's cold blue eyes, always fixed on Parson Buck, but always aware of all going on beside her, as Dolly knew too well. At noon, after a hurried lunch of gingerbread and cheese, the child was taken to the nearest house, there to sit through the noon prayer-meeting, her weary legs swinging this time off the edge of the high bed and her wearier ears dinned with long prayers. Then, as soon as the bell tolled, off to the meeting-house to undergo another long sermon, till, worn out mentally and physically, the last hour of the service became a struggle with sleep painful in the extreme, as well in present resistance as in certainty of results; for as soon as poor Dolly reached home, after another silent drive, she was invariably taken into the spare bedroom and soundly whipped for being restless in meeting. And, adding insult to injury, after dinner, enjoyed with the eager appetite of a healthy child used to three meals on a week-day, she was required to repeat that theological torture, the Assembly's Catechism, from end to end. But in spite of all this, partly because Sunday came only once a week, partly because of her father's genial nature and devoted affection for his girl, which grew deeper and stronger constantly, Dolly did not miss of her life as many a morbid character might have in her place. She grew up a rosy, sunny, practical young woman, with a dominant temper toward everybody but her mother. Plump, healthy, and pretty, her cheeriness and usefulness would have made her popular had she been a poor man's daughter; and by this time Josiah Maxwell was the richest man in town, so Dolly had plenty of lovers, and in due time married a fine young fellow, and settled down at home with her parents, who were almost as much pleased with Mr. Henderson as was their daughter. But all this time Mrs. Maxwell preserved the calm austerity of her manner, even to her child. She did her duty by Dolly. She prepared for her marriage with liberal hand and unerring judgment, but no caress, no sympathetic word, no slightest expression of affection soothed the girl's agitated heart or offered her support in this tender yet exciting crisis of her life.

Hannah Maxwell made her life a matter of business — it had been nothing else to her for years; it was an old habit at sixty; and she was well over that age when one day Dolly, rocking her first baby to sleep, was startled to see her mother, who sat in her upright chair reading the county paper, fall quietly to the floor and lie there. Baby was left to fret while her mother ran to the old lady and lifted her spare thin shape to the sofa; but she did not need to do more, for Mrs. Maxwell's eyes opened and her hand clasped tight on Dolly's.

'Do not call any one,' she whispered faintly, and leaning on her daughter's shoulder, her whole body shook with agonized sobs. At last that heart of

granite had broken in her breast; lightning-struck so long ago, now it crumbled. With her head still on Dolly's kind arm, she told her then and there the whole story of her one love, her solitary passion, and its fatal ending. She still kept to herself the contents of that anonymous letter, only declaring that she knew, and the writer must have been aware she would know, from the handwriting as well as the circumstances detailed, who wrote it, and that the information it conveyed of certain lapses from virtue on the part of Charles Mayhew must be genuine.

'Oh, Dolly,' groaned the smitten woman, 'when he stood under my window and called me, I was wrung to my heart's core. The pains of hell got hold upon me. I was upon the floor, with my arms wound about the bed rail and my teeth shut like a vice, lest I should listen to the voice of nature, and going to the window to answer him, behold his face. Had I seen him I must have gone down and done what I thought a sin; so I steeled myself to resist, although I thought flesh would fail in the end; but it did not. I conquered then and after. Oh, how long it has been! I meant to do right, Dolly, but to-day, when I saw in the paper that he died last week in a barn over Goshen way, a lonely drunken pauper — Dolly, my heart came out of its grave and smote me. Had I been a meeker woman, having mercy instead of judgment, I might have helped him to right ways. I might have saved him — I loved him so.'

The last words struck upon her hearer with the force of a blow, so burning, so eager, so intense was the emphasis: 'I loved him *so!*'

Ah, who could ever know the depths out of which that regretful utterance sprang!

'Dear mother, dear mother,' sobbed Dolly, altogether overcome by this sudden revelation of gulfs she had never dreamed of — a heart which, long repressed, convulsively burst at last, and revealed its bleeding arteries. 'Dear, good mother, don't feel so — don't! You meant right. Try to forgive yourself. If you made a mistake then, try to forget it now. Try to believe it was all for the best — do dear.'

The Galaxy, January, 1875.

FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN (1828–1862)

The biography of O'Brien is of short story texture, as if it were one of his own creations,—mysterious, swift, dramatic. He was twenty-four when he suddenly appeared in New York, an Irishman who had been educated in Dublin University and then had squandered a liberal patrimony in London; he was thirty-four when he died in one of the earlier skirmishes of the war. The ten years of his Bohemian life in New York City, years of excited literary plans, Celtic in their magnificence, of happy-go-lucky literary adventure with congenial souls, of floods of poetry poured into the newspapers and magazines, need not be dwelt upon. He would be remembered only as a picturesque episode but for two or three of his short stories that are now seen to have marked distinct steps in the evolution of that important literary form. He added to Poe's art fervor and convincingness and dramatic power. The tales are all in the Poe land of the horrible and the highly imaginative, but they are humanized. They are romantic in spirit but realistic in detail. The story 'What was It' is laid in a New York boarding house; 'The Wondersmith' has within it biting pictures of the city slums. From O'Brien it was but a step to the more human fictional art of the seventies.

ON THE PASSAIC

Where the river seeks the cover
Of the trees whose boughs hang over,
And the slopes are green with clover,
  In the quiet month of May;
Where the eddies meet and mingle,
Babbling o'er the stony shingle,
    There I angle,
    There I dangle,
      All the day.

Oh, 't is sweet to feel the plastic
Rod, with top and butt elastic,
Shoot the line in coils fantastic,
  Till, like thistle-down, the fly
Lightly drops upon the water,
Thirsting for the finny slaughter,
    As I angle,
    And I dangle,
      Mute and sly.

Then I gently shake the tackle,
Till the barbed and fatal hackle
In its tempered jaws shall shackle
  That old trout, so wary grown.
Now I strike him! joy ecstatic!
Scouring runs! leaps acrobatic!
    So I angle,
    So I dangle,
      All alone.

Then when grows the sun too fervent,
And the lurking trouts, observant,
Say to me, 'Your humble servant!
  Now we see your treacherous hook!'
Maud, as if by hazard wholly,
Saunters down the pathway slowly,
    While I angle,
    There to dangle
      With her hook.

Then somehow the rod reposes,
And the hook no page uncloses;
But I read the leaves of roses
  That unfold upon her cheek;
And her small hand, white and tender,
Rests in mine! Ah! what can send her
    Thus to dangle,
    While I angle?
      Cupid, Speak!

THE DIAMOND LENS

I

From a very early period of my life the entire bent of my inclinations had been towards microscopic investigations. When I was not more than ten years old, a distant relative of our family, hoping to astonish my inexperience, constructed a simple microscope for me, by drilling in a disk of copper a small hole, in which a drop of pure water was sustained by capillary attraction. This very primitive apparatus, magnifying some fifty diameters, presented, it is true, only indistinct and

imperfect forms, but still sufficiently wonderful to work up my imagination to a preternatural state of excitement.

Seeing me so interested in this rude instrument, my cousin explained to me all that he knew about the principles of the microscope, related to me a few of the wonders which had been accomplished through its agency, and ended by promising to send me one regularly constructed, immediately on his return to the city. I counted the days, the hours, the minutes, that intervened between that promise and his departure.

Meantime I was not idle. Every transparent substance that bore the remotest semblance to a lens I eagerly seized upon and employed in vain attempts to realize that instrument, the theory of whose construction I as yet only vaguely comprehended. All panes of glass containing those oblate spheroidal knots familiarly known as 'bull's-eyes' were ruthlessly destroyed, in the hope of obtaining lenses of marvelous power. I even went so far as to extract the crystalline humor from the eyes of fishes and animals, and endeavored to press it into the microscopic service. I plead guilty to having stolen the glasses from my Aunt Agatha's spectacles, with a dim idea of grinding them into lenses of wondrous magnifying properties,— in which attempt it is scarcely necessary to say that I totally failed.

At last the promised instrument came. It was of that order known as Field's simple microscope, and had cost perhaps about fifteen dollars. As far as educational purposes went, a better apparatus could not have been selected. Accompanying it was a small treatise on the microscope,— its history, uses, and discoveries. I comprehended then for the first time the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' The dull veil of ordinary existence that hung across the world seemed suddenly to roll away, and to lay bare a land of enchantments. I felt towards my companions as the seer might feel towards the ordinary masses of men. I held conversations with Nature in a tongue which they could not understand. I was in daily communication with living wonders, such as they never imagined in their wildest visions. I penetrated beyond the external portal of things, and roamed through the sanctuaries. Where they beheld only a drop of rain slowly rolling down the window-glass, I saw a universe of beings animated with all the passions common to physical life, and convulsing their minute sphere with struggles as fierce and protracted as those of men. In the common spots of mold, which my mother, good housekeeper that she was, fiercely scooped away from her jam pots, there abode for me, under the name of mildew, enchanted gardens, filled with dells and avenues of the densest foliage and most astonishing verdure, while from the fantastic boughs of these microscopic forests hung strange fruits glittering with green and silver and gold.

It was no scientific thirst that at this time filled my mind. It was the pure enjoyment of a poet to whom a world of wonders has been disclosed. I talked of my solitary pleasures to none. Alone with my microscope, I dimmed my sight, day after day and night after night poring over the marvels which it unfolded to me. I was like one who, having discovered the ancient Eden still existing in all its primitive glory, should resolve to enjoy it in solitude, and never betray to mortal the secret of its locality. The rod of my life was bent at this moment: I destined myself to be a microscopist.

Of course, like every novice, I fancied myself a discoverer. I was ignorant at the time of the thousands of acute intellects engaged in the same pursuit as myself, and with the advantage of instruments a thousand times more powerful than mine. The names of Leeuwenhoek, Williamson, Spencer, Ehrenberg, Schultz, Dujardin, Schact, and Schleiden were then entirely unknown to me, or if known, I was ignorant of their patient and wonderful researches. In every fresh specimen of Cryptogamia which I placed beneath my instrument I believed that I discovered wonders of which the world was as yet ignorant. I remember well the thrill of delight and admiration that shot through me the first time that I discovered the common wheel animalcule (*Rotifera vulgaris*) expanding and contracting its flexible spokes, and seemingly rotating through the water. Alas! as I grew older, and obtained some works treating of my favorite study, I found that I was only on the threshold of a science to the investigation of which some of the greatest men of the age were devoting their lives and intellects.

As I grew up, my parents, who saw but little likelihood of anything practical resulting from the examination of bits of moss and drops of water through a brass tube and a piece of glass, were anxious that I should choose a profession. It was their desire that I should enter the counting-house of my uncle, Ethan Blake, a prosperous merchant, who carried on business in New York. This suggestion I decisively combated. I had no taste for trade; I should only make a failure; in short, I refused to become a merchant.

But it was necessary for me to select some pursuit. My parents were staid New England people, who insisted on the necessity of labor; and therefore, although, thanks to the bequest of my poor Aunt Agatha, I should, on coming of age, inherit a small fortune sufficient to place me above want, it was decided, that, instead of waiting for this, I should act the nobler part, and employ the intervening years in rendering myself independent.

After much cogitation I complied with the wishes of my family, and selected a profession. I determined to study medicine at the New York Academy. This disposition of my future suited me. A removal from my relatives would enable me to dispose of my time as I pleased, without fear of detection. As long as I paid my Academy fees, I might shirk attending the lectures, if I chose; and as I never had the remotest intention of standing an examination, there was no danger of my being 'plucked.' Besides, a metropolis was the place for me. There I could obtain excellent instruments, the newest publications, intimacy with men of pursuits kindred to my own,— in short, all things necessary to insure a profitable devotion of my life to my beloved science. I had an abundance of money, few desires that were not bounded by my illuminating mirror on one side and my object-glass on the other; what, therefore, was to prevent my becoming an illustrious investigator of the veiled worlds? It was with the most buoyant hopes that I left my New England home and established myself in New York.

II

My first step, of course, was to find suitable apartments. These I obtained, after a couple of days' search, in Fourth Avenue; a very pretty second-floor unfurnished, containing sitting-room, bedroom, and a smaller apartment which I intended to fit up as a laboratory. I furnished my lodgings simply, but rather elegantly, and then devoted all my energies to the adornment of the temple of my worship. I visited Pike, the celebrated optician, and passed in review his splendid collection of microscopes,— Field's Compound, Higham's, Spencer's, Nachet's Binocular (that founded on the principles of the stereoscope), and at length fixed upon that form known as Spencer's Trunnion Microscope, as combining the greatest number of improvements with an almost perfect freedom of tremor. Along with this I purchased every possible accessory,— draw-tubes, micrometers, a *camera-lucida,* lever-stage, achromatic condensers, white cloud illuminators, prisms, parabolic condensers, polarizing apparatus, forceps, aquatic boxes, fishing-tubes, with a host of other articles, all of which would have been useful in the hands of an experienced microscopist, but, as I afterwards discovered, were not of the slightest present value to me. It takes years of practice to know how to use a complicated microscope. The optician looked suspiciously at me as I made these wholesale purchases. He evidently was uncertain whether to set me down as some scientific celebrity or a madman. I think he inclined to the latter belief. I suppose I was mad. Every great genius is mad upon the subject in which he is greatest. The unsuccessful madman is disgraced, and called a lunatic.

Mad or not, I set myself to work with a zeal which few scientific students have ever equaled. I had everything to learn relative to the delicate study upon which I had embarked,— a study involving the most earnest patience, the most rigid analytic powers, the steadiest hand, the most untiring eye, the most refined and subtile manipulation.

For a long time half my apparatus lay inactively on the shelves of my laboratory, which was now most amply furnished with every possible contrivance for facilitating my investigations. The fact was that I did not know how to use some of my scientific accessories,— never having been taught microscopics,— and those whose use I understood theoretically were of little avail, until by practice I could attain the necessary delicacy of handling.

Still, such was the fury of my ambitions, such the untiring perseverance of my experiments, that, difficult of credit as it may be, in the course of one year I became theoretically and practically an accomplished microscopist.

During this period of my labors, in which I submitted specimens of every substance that came under my observation to the action of my lenses, I became a discoverer,— in a small way, it is true, for I was very young, but still a discoverer. It was I who destroyed Ehrenberg's theory that the *Volcox globator* was an animal, and proved that his 'monads' with stomachs and eyes were merely phases of the formation of a vegetable cell, and were, when they reached their mature state, incapable of the fact of conjugation, or any true generative act, without which no organism rising to any stage of life higher than vegetable can be said to be complete. It was I who resolved the singular problem of rotation in the cells and hairs of plants into ciliary attraction, in spite of the assertion of Mr. Wenham and others, that my explanation was the result of an optical illusion.

But notwithstanding these discoveries, laboriously and painfully made as they were, I felt horribly dissatisfied. At every step I found myself stopped by the imperfections of my instruments. Like all active microscopists, I gave my imagination full play. Indeed, it is a common complaint against many such, that they supply the defects of their instruments with the creations of their brains. I imagined depths beyond depths in Nature which the limited power of my lenses prohibited me from exploring. I lay awake at night constructing imaginary microscopes of immeasurable power, with which I seemed to pierce through all the envelopes of matter down to its original atom. How I cursed those imperfect mediums which necessity through ignorance compelled me to use! How I longed to discover the secret of some perfect lens whose magnifying power should be limited only by the resolvability of the object, and which at the same time should be free from spherical and chromatic aberrations, in short from all the obstacles over which the poor microscopist finds himself continually stumbling! I felt convinced that the simple microscope, composed of a single lens of such vast yet perfect power, was possible of construction. To attempt to bring the compound microscope up to such a pitch would have been commencing at the wrong end; this latter being simply a partially successful endeavor to remedy those very defects of the simple instrument, which, if conquered, would leave nothing to be desired.

It was in this mood of mind that I became a constructive microscopist. After another year passed in this new pursuit, experimenting on every imaginable substance,— glass, gems, flints, crystals, artificial crystals formed of the alloy of various vitreous materials,— in short, having constructed as many varieties of lenses as Argus had eyes, I found myself precisely where I started, with nothing gained save an extensive knowledge of glass-making. I was almost dead with despair. My parents were surprised at my apparent want of progress in my medical studies (I had not attended one lecture since my arrival in the city), and the expenses of my mad pursuit had been so great as to embarrass me very seriously.

I was in this frame of mind one day, experimenting in my laboratory on a small diamond,— that stone, from its great refracting power, having always occupied my attention more than any other,— when a young Frenchman, who lived on the floor above me, and who was in the habit of occasionally visiting me, entered the room.

I think that Jules Simon was a Jew. He had many traits of the Hebrew character: a love of jewelry, of dress, and of good living. There was something mysterious about him. He always had something to sell, and yet went into excellent society. When I say sell, I should perhaps have said peddle; for his operations were generally confined to the disposal of single articles,— a picture, for instance, or a rare carving in ivory, or a pair of duelling-pistols, or the dress of a Mexican *caballero*. When I was first furnishing my rooms, he paid me a visit, which ended in my purchasing an antique silver lamp, which he assured me was a Cellini, — it was handsome enough even for that, — and some other knick-knacks for my sitting-room. Why Simon should pursue this petty trade I never could imagine. He apparently had plenty of money, and had the *entrée* of the best houses in the city,— taking care, however, I suppose, to drive no bargains within the enchanted

circle of the Upper Ten. I came at length to the conclusion that this peddling was but a mask to cover some greater object, and even went so far as to believe my young acquaintance to be implicated in the slave-trade. That, however, was none of my affair.

On the present occasion, Simon entered my room in a state of considerable excitement.

'*Ah! mon ami!*' he cried, before I could even offer him the ordinary salutation, 'it has occurred to me to be the witness of the most astonishing things in the world. I promenade myself to the house of Madame —— How does the little animal — *le renard* — name himself in the Latin?'

'Vulpes,' I answered.

'Ah! yes,— Vulpes. I promenade myself to the house of Madame Vulpes.'

'The spirit medium?'

'Yes, the great medium. Great Heavens! what a woman! I write on a slip of paper many of the questions concerning affairs the most secret,— affairs that conceal themselves in the abysses of my heart the most profound; and behold! by example! what occurs? This devil of a woman makes me replies the most truthful to all of them. She talks to me of things that I do not love to talk of to myself. What am I to think? I am fixed to the earth!'

'Am I to understand you, M. Simon, that this Mrs. Vulpes replied to questions secretly written by you, which questions related to events known only to yourself?'

'Ah! more than that, more than that,' he answered, with an air of some alarm. 'She related to me things — But,' he added, after a pause, and suddenly changing his manner, 'why occupy ourselves with these follies? It was all the Biology, without doubt. It goes without saying that it has not my credence.— But why are we here, *mon ami?* It has occurred to me to discover the most beautiful thing as you can imagine,— a vase with green lizards on it, composed by the great Bernard Palissy. It is in my apartment; let us mount. I go to show it to you.'

I followed Simon mechanically; but my thoughts were far from Palissy and his enameled ware, although I, like him, was seeking in the dark after a great discovery. This casual mention of the spiritualist, Madame Vulpes, set me on a new track. What if this spiritualism should be really a great fact? What if, through communication with subtiler organisms than my own, I could reach at a single bound the goal, which perhaps a life of agonizing mental toil would never enable me to attain?

While purchasing the Palissy vase from my friend Simon, I was mentally arranging a visit to Madame Vulpes.

III

Two evenings after this, thanks to an arrangement by letter and the promise of an ample fee, I found Madame Vulpes awaiting me at her residence alone. She was a coarse-featured woman, with a keen and rather cruel dark eye, and an exceedingly sensual expression about her mouth and under jaw. She received me in perfect silence, in an apartment on the ground floor, very sparely furnished. In the center of the room, close to where Mrs. Vulpes sat, there was a common round mahogany table. If I had come for the purpose of sweeping her chimney, the woman could not have looked more indifferent to my appearance. There was no attempt to inspire the visitor with any awe. Everything bore a simple and practical aspect. This intercourse with the spiritual world was evidently as familiar an occupation with Mrs. Vulpes as eating her dinner or riding in an omnibus.

'You come for a communication, Mr. Linley?' said the medium, in a dry, business-like tone of voice.

'By appointment,— yes.'

'What sort of communication do you want? — a written one?'

'Yes,— I wish for a written one.'

'From any particular spirit?'

'Yes.'

'Have you ever known this spirit on this earth?'

'Never. He died long before I was born. I wish merely to obtain from him some information which he ought to be able to give better than any other.'

'Will you seat yourself at the table, Mr. Linley,' said the medium, 'and place your hands upon it?'

I obeyed,— Mrs. Vulpes being seated opposite me, with her hands also on the table. We remained thus for about a minute and a half, when a violent succession of raps came on the table, on the back of my chair, on the floor immediately

under my feet, and even on the window-panes. Mrs. Vulpes smiled composedly.

'They are very strong to-night,' she remarked. 'You are fortunate.' She then continued, 'Will the spirits communicate with this gentleman?'

Vigorous affirmative.

'Will the particular spirit he desires to speak with communicate?'

A very confused rapping followed this question.

'I know what they mean,' said Mrs. Vulpes, addressing herself to me; 'they wish you to write down the name of the particular spirit that you desire to converse with. Is that so?' she added, speaking to her invisible guests.

That it was so was evident from the numerous affirmatory responses. While this was going on, I tore a slip from my pocketbook, and scribbled a name under the table.

'Will this spirit communicate in writing with this gentleman?' asked the medium once more.

After a moment's pause her hand seemed to be seized with a violent tremor, shaking so forcibly that the table vibrated. She said that a spirit had seized her hand and would write. I handed her some sheets of paper that were on the table, and a pencil. The latter she held loosely in her hand, which presently began to move over the paper with a singular and seemingly involuntary motion. After a few moments had elapsed she handed me the paper, on which I found written, in a large, uncultivated hand, the words, 'He is not here, but has been sent for.' A pause of a minute or so now ensued, during which Mrs. Vulpes remained perfectly silent, but the raps continued at regular intervals. When the short period I mention had elapsed, the hand of the medium was again seized with its convulsive tremor, and she wrote, under this strange influence, a few words on the paper, which she handed to me. They were as follows: —

'I am here. Question me.
'LEEUWENHOEK.'

I was astounded. The name was identical with that I had written beneath the table, and carefully kept concealed. Neither was it at all probable that an uncultivated woman like Mrs. Vulpes should know even the name of the great father of microscopics. It may have been Biology; but this theory was soon doomed to be destroyed. I wrote on my slip — still concealing it from Mrs. Vulpes — a series of questions, which, to avoid tediousness, I shall place with the responses in the order in which they occurred.

I. — Can the microscope be brought to perfection?

SPIRIT. — Yes.

I. — Am I destined to accomplish this great task?

SPIRIT. — You are.

I. — I wish to know how to proceed to attain this end. For the love which you bear to science, help me!

SPIRIT. — A diamond of one hundred and forty carats, submitted to electro-magnetic currents for a long period, will experience a rearrangement of its atoms *inter se*, and from that stone you will form the universal lens.

I. — Will great discoveries result from the use of such a lens?

SPIRIT. — So great, that all that has gone before is as nothing.

I. — But the refractive power of the diamond is so immense, that the image will be formed within the lens. How is that difficulty to be surmounted?

SPIRIT. — Pierce the lens through its axis, and the difficulty is obviated. The image will be formed in the pierced space, which will itself serve as a tube to look through. Now I am called. Good night!

I cannot at all describe the effect that these extraordinary communications had upon me. I felt completely bewildered. No biological theory could account for the *discovery* of the lens. The medium might, by means of biological *rapport* with my mind, have gone so far as to read my questions, and reply to them coherently. But Biology could not enable her to discover that magnetic currents would so alter the crystals of the diamond as to remedy its previous defects, and admit of its being polished into a perfect lens. Some such theory may have passed through my head, it is true; but if so, I had forgotten it. In my excited condition of mind there was no course left but to become a convert, and it was in a state of the most painful nervous exaltation that I left the medium's house that eve-

ning. She accompanied me to the door hoping that I was satisfied. The raps followed us as we went through the hall, sounding on the balusters, the flooring, and even the lintels of the door. I hastily expressed my satisfaction, and escaped hurriedly into the cool night air. I walked home with but one thought possessing me,— how to obtain a diamond of the immense size required. My entire means multiplied a hundred times over would have been inadequate to its purchase. Besides, such stones are rare, and become historical. I could find such only in the regalia of Eastern or European monarchs.

IV

There was a light in Simon's room as I entered my house. A vague impulse urged me to visit him. As I opened the door of his sitting-room unannounced, he was bending, with his back toward me, over a Carcel lamp, apparently engaged in minutely examining some object which he held in his hands. As I entered, he started suddenly, thrust his hand into his breast pocket, and turned to me with a face crimson with confusion.

'What!' I cried, 'poring over the miniature of some fair lady? Well, don't blush so much; I won't ask to see it."

Simon laughed awkwardly enough, but made none of the negative protestations usual on such occasions. He asked me to take a seat.

'Simon,' said I, 'I have just come from Madame Vulpes.'

This time Simon turned as white as a sheet, and seemed stupefied, as if a sudden electric shock had smitten him. He babbled some incoherent words, and went hastily to a small closet where he usually kept his liquors. Although astonished at his emotion, I was too preoccupied with my own idea to pay much attention to anything else.

'You say truly when you call Madame Vulpes a devil of a woman,' I continued. 'Simon, she told me wonderful things to-night, or rather was the means of telling me wonderful things. Ah! if I could only get a diamond that weighed one hundred and forty carats!'

Scarcely had the sigh with which I uttered this desire died upon my lips, when Simon, with the aspect of a wild beast, glared at me savagely, and rushing to the mantel-piece, where some foreign weapons hung on the wall, caught up a Malay creese, and brandished it furiously before him.

'No!' he cried in French, into which he always broke when excited. 'No! you shall not have it! You are perfidious! You have consulted with that demon, and desire my treasure! But I will die first! Me! I am brave! You cannot make me fear!'

All this, uttered in a loud voice trembling with excitement, astounded me. I saw at a glance that I had accidentally trodden upon the edges of Simon's secret, whatever it was. It was necessary to reassure him.

'My dear Simon,' I said, 'I am entirely at a loss to know what you mean. I went to Madame Vulpes to consult with her on a scientific problem, to the solution of which I discovered that a diamond of the size I just mentioned was necessary. You were never alluded to during the evening, nor, so far as I was concerned, even thought of. What can be the meaning of this outburst? If you happen to have a set of valuable diamonds in your possession, you need fear nothing from me. The diamond which I require you could not possess; or if you did possess it, you would not be living here.'

Something in my tone must have completely reassured him; for his expression immediately changed to a sort of constrained merriment, combined, however, with a certain suspicious attention to my movements. He laughed, and said that I must bear with him; that he was at certain moments subject to a species of vertigo, which betrayed itself in incoherent speeches, and that the attacks passed off as rapidly as they came. He put his weapon aside while making this explanation, and endeavored, with some success, to assume a more cheerful air.

All this did not impose on me in the least. I was too much accustomed to analytical labors to be baffled by so flimsy a veil. I determined to probe the mystery to the bottom.

'Simon,' I said, gaily, 'let us forget all this over a bottle of Burgundy. I have a case of Lausseure's *Clos Vougeot* downstairs, fragrant with the odors and ruddy with the sunlight of the Côte d'Or. Let us have up a couple of bottles. What say you?'

'With all my heart,' answered Simon, smilingly.

I produced the wine and we seated ourselves to drink. It was of a famous vintage, that of 1848, a year when war and wine throve together,—and its pure, but powerful juice seemed to impart renewed vitality to the system. By the time we had half finished the second bottle, Simon's head, which I knew was a weak one, had begun to yield, while I remained calm as ever, only that every draught seemed to send a flush of vigor through my limbs. Simon's utterance became more and more indistinct. He took to singing French *chansons* of a not very moral tendency. I rose suddenly from the table just at the conclusion of one of those incoherent verses, and fixing my eyes on him with a quiet smile, said: 'Simon, I have deceived you. I learned your secret this evening. You may as well be frank with me. Mrs. Vulpes, or rather, one of her spirits, told me all.'

He started with horror. His intoxication seemed for the moment to fade away, and he made a movement towards the weapon that he had a short time before laid down. I stopped him with my hand.

'Monster!' he cried, passionately, 'I am ruined! What shall I do? You shall never have it! I swear by my mother!'

'I don't want it,' I said; 'rest secure, but be frank with me. Tell me all about it.'

The drunkenness began to return. He protested with maudlin earnestness that I was entirely mistaken,—that I was intoxicated; then asked me to swear eternal secrecy, and promised to disclose the mystery to me. I pledged myself, of course, to all. With an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, he drew a small case from his breast and opened it. Heavens! How the mild lamp-light was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose-diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder, and—must I confess it?—with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but, instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up, and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly,—so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents,—and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters are conveyed away safely. He added, that, in accordance with Oriental practice, he had named his diamond by the fanciful title of 'The Eye of Morning.'

While Simon was relating this to me, I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light, ever imagined or described, seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of Destiny seemed in it. On the very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken,—to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew, in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man, Simon, was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws; why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay within my reach.

There stood upon the mantel-piece a bottle half full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him, that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was probable that the weapon, if leveled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air-bubble, sent up by a diver, when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half round on his side, and as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmodic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained holding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instantaneously.

There was yet something to be done. To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside*. How to do this, and afterwards escape myself? Not by the window; that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows *also* should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long slender hand-vice, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vice, through the keyhole, from the outside, and so lock the door. Previously, however, to doing this, I burned a number of papers on Simon's hearth. Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon's glass,— having first removed from it all traces of wine,— cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach, in case of a *post-mortem* examination. The theory naturally would be, that he first intended to poison himself, but, after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger. These arrangements made, I walked out, leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vice, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning, — the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door,— peeped through the keyhole and saw Simon on the bed. She gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

Every one in the house was arrested, myself included. There was an inquest; but no clue to his death, beyond that of suicide, could be obtained. Curiously enough, he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week, that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that 'he was tired of life.' His landlord affirmed, that Simon, when paying him his last month's rent, remarked that 'he would not pay him rent much longer.' All the other evidence corresponded,— the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination,

brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

V

The three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had constructed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates,— a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in luster every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surfaces of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination, — a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens, and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hairs' breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued, but as the lens approached the object, a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly, that, by the wondrous power of my lens, I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of Infusoria and Protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendant branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate were to be seen, save those vast auroral copses that floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped, at least, to discover some new form of animal life,— perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted,— but still, some living organism. I find my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of Nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mis-

taken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the Form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say 'human,' I mean it possessed the outline of humanity,— but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted its illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that enclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow-curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful Naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear, unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This, indeed, was a pleasure cheaply purchased at my price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly,— alas! As my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees — as I must call them — unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand, and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her, that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her, as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover, or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensation, as I arrived at this conclusion, startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion,— but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true, that, thanks to the marvelous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of present-

ing the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures, that live and struggle and die, in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together,— to know that at times, when roaming through those enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger, who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention, of which human intellect was capable, could break down the barriers that Nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and, even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and, flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

VI

I arose the next morning almost at daybreak, and rushed to my microscope. I trembled as I sought the luminous world in miniature that contained my all. Animula was there. I had left the gas-lamp, surrounded by its moderators, burning, when I went to bed the night before. I found the sylph bathing, as it were, with an expression of pleasure animating her features, in the brilliant light which surrounded her. She tossed her lustrous golden hair over her shoulders with innocent coquetry. She lay at full length in the transparent medium, in which she supported herself with ease, and gamboled with the enchanting grace that the Nymph Salmacis might have exhibited when she sought to conquer the modest Hermaphroditus. I tried an experiment to satisfy myself if her powers of reflection were developed. I lessened the lamp-light considerably. By the dim light that remained, I could see an expression of pain flit across her face. She looked upward suddenly, and her brows contracted. I flooded the stage of the microscope again with a full stream of light, and her whole expression changed. She sprang forward like some substance deprived of all weight. Her eyes sparkled, and her lips moved. Ah! if science had only the means of conducting and reduplicating sounds, as it does the rays of light, what carols of happiness would then have entranced my ears! what jubilant hymns to Adonaïs would have thrilled the illumined air!

I now comprehended how it was that the Count de Gabalis peopled his mystic world with sylphs,— beautiful beings whose breath of life was lambent fire, and who sported forever in regions of purest ether and purest light. The Rosicrucian had anticipated the wonder that I had practically realized.

How long this worship of my strange divinity went on thus I scarcely know. I lost all note of time. All day from early dawn, and far into the night, I was to be found peering through that wonderful lens. I saw no one, went nowhere, and scarce allowed myself sufficient time for my meals. My whole life was absorbed in contemplation as rapt as that of any of the Romish saints. Every hour that I gazed upon the divine form strengthened my passion,— a passion that was always overshadowed by the maddening conviction, that, although I could gaze on her at will, she never, never could behold me!

At length I grew so pale and emaciated, from want of rest, and continual brooding over my insane love and its cruel conditions, that I determined to make some effort to wean myself from it. 'Come,' I said, 'this is at best but a fantasy. Your imagination has bestowed on Animula charms which in reality she does not possess. Seclusion from female society has produced this morbid condition of mind. Compare her with the beautiful women of your own world, and this false enchantment will vanish.'

I looked over the newspapers by chance. There I beheld the advertisement of a celebrated *danseuse* who appeared nightly at Niblo's. The Signorina Caradolce had the reputation of being the most beautiful, as well as the most graceful woman in the

world. I instantly dressed and went to the theater.

The curtain drew up. The usual semicircle of fairies in white muslin were standing on the right toe around the enameled flower-bank, of green canvas, on which the belated prince was sleeping. Suddenly a flute is heard. The fairies start. The trees open, the fairies all stand on the left toe, and the queen enters. It was the Signorina. She bounded forward amid thunders of applause, and lighting on one foot remained poised in air. Heavens! was this the great enchantress that had drawn monarchs at her chariot-wheels? Those heavy muscular limbs, those thick ankles, those cavernous eyes, that stereotyped smile, those crudely painted cheeks! Where were the vermeil blooms, the liquid expressive eyes, the harmonious limbs of Animula?

The Signorina danced. What gross, discordant movements! The play of her limbs was all false and artificial. Her bounds were painful athletic efforts; her poses were angular and distressed the eye. I could bear it no longer; with an exclamation of disgust that drew every eye upon me, I rose from my seat in the very middle of the Signorina's *pas-de-fascination,* and abruptly quitted the house.

I hastened home to feast my eyes once more on the lovely form of my sylph. I felt that henceforth to combat this passion would be impossible. I applied my eye to the lens. Animula was there, — but what could have happened? Some terrible change seemed to have taken place during my absence. Some secret grief seemed to cloud the lovely features of her I gazed upon. Her face had grown thin and haggard; her limbs trailed heavily; the wondrous luster of her golden hair had failed. She was ill! — ill, and I could not assist her! I believe at that moment I would have gladly forfeited all claims to my human birthright, if I could only have been dwarfed to the size of an animalcule, and permitted to console her from whom fate had forever divided me.

I racked my brain for the solution of this mystery. What was it that afflicted the sylph? She seemed to suffer intense pain. Her features contracted, and she even writhed, as if with some internal agony. The wondrous forests appeared also to have lost half their beauty. Their hues were dim and in some places faded away altogether. I watched Animula for hours with a breaking heart, and she seemed absolutely to wither away under my very eye. Suddenly I remembered that I had not looked at the water-drop for several days. In fact, I hated to see it; for it reminded me of the natural barrier between Animula and myself. I hurriedly looked down on the stage of the microscope. The slide was still there,— but, great heavens! the water-drop had vanished! The awful truth burst upon me; it had evaporated, until it had become so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye; I had been gazing on its last atom, the one that contained Animula,— and she was dying.

I rushed again to the front of the lens, and looked through. Alas! the last agony had seized her. The rainbow-hued forests had all melted away, and Animula lay struggling feebly in what seemed to be a spot of dim light. Ah! the sight was horrible: the limbs once so round and lovely shriveling up into nothings; the eyes — those eyes that shone like heaven — being quenched into black dust; the lustrous golden hair now lank and discolored. The last throe came. I beheld that final struggle of the blackening form — and I fainted.

When I awoke out of a trance of many hours, I found myself lying amid the wreck of my instrument, myself as shattered in mind and body as it. I crawled feebly to my bed, from which I did not rise for months.

They say now that I am mad; but they are mistaken. I am poor, for I have neither the heart nor the will to work; all my money is spent, and I live on charity. Young men's associations that love a joke invite me to lecture on Optics before them, for which they pay me, and laugh at me while I lecture. 'Linley, the mad microscopist,' is the name I go by. I suppose that I talk incoherently while I lecture. Who could talk sense when his brain is haunted by such ghastly memories, while ever and anon among the shapes of death I behold the radiant form of my lost Animula!

The Atlantic Monthly, Jan., (1857) 1858.

HENRY TIMROD (1829–1867)

The poems of Timrod take us to the South, to the little group of poets which in the years just before the war tried to make a southern literary center of Charleston, South Carolina. Born in the old city with its memories of the Revolution in which his grandfather had been a soldier, he grew up with Hayne and with the future scholar Gildersleeve as companions, attended for a time the University of Georgia, and wrote poetry of a Keat-like, feminine sweetness. He tried first the law, but, like all other poets, finding it distasteful, he abandoned it for teaching. His first thin volume of poems came out in Boston in 1859, but swiftly after its appearance he was awakened from poetic dreams by the clash of civil war. Army life was too strenuous for his frail physique, and during the years of the struggle he engaged in newspaper work, sending forth from time to time stirring lyrics which were for the South what Whittier's were for the North. The march of Sherman's army swept away all that he had, his health became shattered, and two years after the war closed he died in utter poverty.

Timrod was a poet of beauty, sensitive to the glories of nature, a disciple of Keats and the early Tennyson, inclining too often to the merely pretty and the sentimental. When the war broke out, stirred to the depths of his life, he cried out in major key, but his dainty instrument was not a trumpet; no soul was ever more unfitted for the harshness of war. A few stirring notes he blew, but not for long. At thirty-eight he was dead, as much a victim of the war as the soldiers who fell in battle.

SERENADE [1]

Hide, happy damask, from the stars,
  That sleep enfolds behind your veil,
But open to the fairy cars
  On which the dreams of midnight sail;
And let the zephyrs rise and fall
  About her in the curtained gloom,
And then return to tell me all
  The silken secrets of the room.

Ah, dearest! may the elves that sway
  Thy fancies come from emerald plots,
Where they have dozed and dreamed all day
  In hearts of blue forget-me-nots.
And one perhaps shall whisper thus:
  Awake! and light the darkness, Sweet.
While thou art reveling with us,
  He watches in the lonely street.

SPRING

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there 's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood bind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

[1] The selections from Timrod in this collection have been made with the permission of the B. F. Johnson Company, owner of the copyright.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there 's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate.

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
'Behold me! I am May!'

Ah! who would couple thoughts of war and crime
With such a blessed time!
Who in the west wind's aromatic breath
Could hear the call of Death!

Yet not more surely shall the Spring awake
The voice of wood and brake,
Than she shall rouse, for all her tranquil charms,
A million men to arms.

There shall be deeper hues upon her plains
Than all her sunlit rains,
And every gladdening influence around,
Can summon from the ground.

Oh! standing on this desecrated mold,
Methinks that I behold,
Lifting her bloody daisies up to God,
Spring kneeling on the sod,

And calling, with the voice of all her rills,
Upon the ancient hills
To fall and crush the tyrants and the slaves
Who turn her meads to graves.
(1862)

A CRY TO ARMS

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!
Ho! ye who by the chafing tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Leave barn and byre, leave kin and cot,
Lay by the bloodless spade;
Let desk, and case, and counter rot,
And burn your books of trade.

The despot roves your fairest lands;
And till he flies or fears,
Your fields must grow but armed bands,
Your sheaves be sheaves of spears!
Give up to mildew and to rust
The useless tools of gain;
And feed your country's sacred dust
With floods of crimson rain!

Come, with the weapons at your call—
With musket, pike, or knife;
He wields the deadliest blade of all
Who lightest holds his life.
The arm that drives its unbought blows
With all a patriot's scorn,
Might brain a tyrant with a rose,
Or stab him with a thorn.

Does any falter? let him turn
To some brave maiden's eyes,
And catch the holy fires that burn
In those sublunar skies.
Oh! could you like your women feel,
And in their spirit march,
A day might see your lines of steel
Beneath the victor's arch.

What hope, O God! would not grow warm
When thoughts like these give cheer?
The Lily calmly braves the storm,
And shall the Palm-tree fear?
No! rather let its branches court
The rack that sweeps the plain;
And from the Lily's regal port
Learn how to breast the strain!

Ho! woodsmen of the mountain side!
Ho! dwellers in the vales!
Ho! ye who by the roaring tide
Have roughened in the gales!
Come! flocking gaily to the fight,
From forest, hill, and lake;
We battle for our Country's right,
And for the Lily's sake!

THE COTTON BOLL

While I recline
At ease beneath
This immemorial pine,
Small sphere!
(By dusky fingers brought this morning here
And shown with boastful smiles),
I turn thy cloven sheath,
Through which the soft white fibers peer,
That, with their gossamer bands,
Unite, like love, the sea-divided lands,
And slowly, thread by thread,
Draw forth the folded strands,
Than which the trembling line,
By whose frail help yon startled spider fled
Down the tall spear-grass from his swinging bed,
Is scarce more fine;
And as the tangled skein
Unravels in my hands,
Betwixt me and the noonday light,
A veil seems lifted, and for miles and miles
The landscape broadens on my sight,
As, in the little boll, there lurked a spell
Like that which, in the ocean shell,
With mystic sound,
Breaks down the narrow walls that hem us round,
And turns some city lane
Into the restless main,
With all his capes and isles!

Yonder bird,
Which floats, as if at rest,
In those blue tracts above the thunder, where
No vapors cloud the stainless air,
And never sound is heard,
Unless at such rare time
When, from the City of the Blest,
Rings down some golden chime,
Sees not from his high place
So vast a cirque of summer space
As widens round me in one mighty field,
Which, rimmed by seas and sands,
Doth hail its earliest daylight in the beams
Of gray Atlantic dawns;
And, broad as realms made up of many lands,
Is lost afar
Behind the crimson hills and purple lawns
Of sunset, among plains which roll their streams
Against the Evening Star!

And lo!
To the remotest point of sight,
Although I gaze upon no waste of snow,
The endless field is white;
And the whole landscape glows,
For many a shining league away,
With such accumulated light
As Polar lands would flash beneath a tropic day!
Nor lack there (for the vision grows,
And the small charm within my hands —
More potent even than the fabled one,
Which oped whatever golden mystery
Lay hid in fairy wood or magic vale,
The curious ointment of the Arabian tale —
Beyond all mortal sense
Doth stretch my sight's horizon, and I see,
Beneath its simple influence,
As if with Uriel's crown,
I stood in some great temple of the Sun,
And looked, as Uriel, down!)
Nor lack there pastures rich and fields all green
With all the common gifts of God,
For temperate airs and torrid sheen
Weave Edens of the sod;
Through lands which look one sea of billowy gold
Broad rivers wind their devious ways;
A hundred isles in their embraces fold
A hundred luminous bays;
And through yon purple haze
Vast mountains lift their plumed peaks cloud-crowned;
And, save where up their sides the plowman creeps,
An unhewn forest girds them grandly round,
In whose dark shades a future navy sleeps!
Ye Stars, which, though unseen, yet with me gaze
Upon this loveliest fragment of the earth!
Thou Sun, that kindlest all thy gentlest rays
Above it, as to light a favorite hearth!
Ye Clouds, that in your temples in the West
See nothing brighter than its humblest flowers!
And you, ye Winds, that on the ocean's breast
Are kissed to coolness ere ye reach its bowers!
Bear witness with me in my song of praise,
And tell the world that, since the world began,
No fairer land hath fired a poet's lays,
Or given a home to man!

But these are charms already widely blown!
His be the meed whose pencil's trace

Hath touched our very swamps with grace,
And round whose tuneful way
All Southern laurels bloom;
The Poet of 'The Woodlands,' unto whom
Alike are known
The flute's low breathing and the trumpet's tone,
And the soft west wind's sighs;
But who shall utter all the debt,
O land wherein all powers are met
That bind a people's heart,
The world doth owe thee at this day,
And which it never can repay,
Yet scarcely deigns to own!
Where sleeps the poet who shall fitly sing
The source wherefrom doth spring
That mighty commerce which, confined
To the mean channels of no selfish mart,
Goes out to every shore
Of this broad earth, and throngs the sea with ships
That bear no thunders; hushes hungry lips
In alien lands;
Joins with a delicate web remotest strands;
And gladdening rich and poor,
Doth gild Parisian domes,
Or feed the cottage-smoke of English homes,
And only bounds its blessings by mankind!
In offices like these, thy mission lies,
My Country! and it shall not end
As long as rain shall fall and Heaven bend
In blue above thee; though thy foes be hard
And cruel as their weapons, it shall guard
Thy hearth-stones as a bulwark; make thee great
In white and bloodless state;
And haply, as the years increase —
Still working through its humbler reach
With that large wisdom which the ages teach —
Revive the half-dead dream of universal peace!
As men who labor in that mine
Of Cornwall, hollowed out beneath the bed
Of ocean, when a storm rolls overhead,
Hear the dull booming of the world of brine
Above them, and a mighty muffled roar
Of winds and waters, yet toil calmly on,
And split the rock, and pile the massive ore,
Or carve a niche, or shape the arched roof;
So I, as calmly, weave my woof
Of song, chanting the days to come,
Unsilenced, though the quiet summer air
Stirs with the bruit of battles, and each dawn
Wakes from its starry silence to the hum
Of many gathering armies. Still,
In that we sometimes hear,
Upon the Northern winds, the voice of woe
Not wholly drowned in triumph, though I know
The end must crown us, and a few brief years
Dry all our tears,
I may not sing too gladly. To thy will
Resigned, O Lord! we cannot all forget
That there is much even Victory must regret.
And, therefore, not too long
From the great burthen of our country's wrong
Delay our just release!
And, if it may be, save
These sacred fields of peace
From stain of patriot or of hostile blood!
Oh, help us, Lord! to roll the crimson flood
Back on its course, and while our banners wing
Northward, strike with us! till the Goth shall cling
To his own blasted altar-stones, and crave
Mercy; and we shall grant it, and dictate
The lenient future of his fate
There, where some rotting ships and crumbling quays
Shall one day mark the Port which ruled the Western seas.

ODE

Sung at the Occasion of Decorating the Graves of the Confederate Dead, at Magnolia Cemetery, Charleston, S. C., 1867.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause;
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-molded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

(1867)

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE (1830–1886)

The Hayne family, long prominent in the history of South Carolina, is represented in American literature by Robert Y. Hayne the orator, whose name is inseparably connected with Webster's, and his nephew, Paul Hamilton Hayne, the poet, who was born in Charleston, January 1, 1830. The father of the latter, a lieutenant in the American navy, died soon after his son's birth, and the education of the boy was left in the hands of the mother, a remarkable woman, a daughter of the old régime of the South. He was reared in an atmosphere of wealth and culture. Attracted early to books, he was educated at Charleston College and after his graduation was enabled, even in a Southern city of the mid nineteenth century, to enter upon literature as his profession, for Charleston before the war was a literary center that took itself as seriously as even Boston, and was able to support a purely literary monthly, *Russell's Magazine*, the *Atlantic Monthly* of the South. Of the little group of cultured and rarely gifted young men of the city Hayne became the leader. He was made editor of the magazine and in 1855 issued a volume of poems through the house of Ticknor and Co., Boston.

But just as his hopes seemed brightest they were destroyed by the Civil War. Unable because of his frail physique to join the army, he became an aide on the staff of Governor Pickens. During the bombardment of Charleston his house and his magnificent library were burned, and at the close of the war everything he owned had been swept away. His health now failed him and the rest of his life was a struggle with disease in a retreat among the pines of Georgia. In 1872 he issued *Legends and Lyrics*, in 1873 he prepared an edition of Timrod's poems, and in 1875 issued his *The Mountain of the Lovers*. A complete edition of his poems appeared in 1882.

FORGOTTEN [1]

Forgotten! Can it be a few swift rounds
  Of Time's great chariot wheels have crushed to naught
The memory of those fearful sights and sounds,
  With speechless misery fraught—
Wherethro' we hope to gain the Hesperian height,
Where Freedom smiles in light?

Forgotten! scarce have two dim autumns veiled
  With merciful mist those dreary burial sods,
Whose coldness (when the high-strung pulses failed,
  Of men who strove like gods)
Wrapped in a sanguine fold of senseless dust
Dead hearts and perished trust!

Forgotten! While in far-off woodland dell,
  By lonely mountain tarn and murmuring stream,
Bereavèd hearts with sorrowful passion swell—
  Their lives one ghastly dream
Of hope outwearied and betrayed desire,
And anguish crowned with fire!

Forgotten! while our manhood cursed with chains,
  And pilloried high for all the world to view,
Writhes in its fierce, intolerable pains,
  Decked with dull wreaths of rue,
And shedding blood for tears, hands waled with scars,
Lifts to the dumb, cold stars!

Forgotten! Can the dancer's jocund feet
  Flash o'er a charnel-vault, and maidens fair
Bend the white luster of their eyelids sweet,
  Love-weighed, so nigh despair,
Its ice-cold breath must freeze their blushing brows,
And hush love's tremulous vows?

Forgotten! Nay: but all the songs we sing
  Hold under-burdens, wailing chords of woe;

[1] The selections from Hayne in this collection have been permitted by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, owners of the copyright.

Our lightest laughters sound with hollow ring,
Our bright wit's freest flow,
Quavers to sudden silence of affright,
Touched by an untold blight!

Forgotten! No! we cannot all forget,
Or, when we do, farewell to Honor's face,
To hope's sweet tendance, Valor's unpaid debt,
And every noblest Grace,
Which, nursed in Love, might still benignly bloom
Above a nation's tomb!

Forgotten! Tho' a thousand years should pass,
Methinks our air will throb with memory's thrills,
A conscious grief weigh down the faltering grass,
A pathos shroud the hills,
Waves roll lamenting, autumn sunsets yearn
For the old time's return!
(1867?)

UNDER THE PINE

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY TIMROD

The same majestic pine is lifted high
Against the twilight sky,
The same low, melancholy music grieves
Amid the topmost leaves,
As when I watched, and mused, and dreamed with him,
Beneath these shadows dim.

O Tree! hast thou no memory at thy core
Of one who comes no more?
No yearning memory of those scenes that were
So richly calm and fair,
When the last rays of sunset, shimmering down.
Flashed like a royal crown?

And he, with hand outstretched and eyes ablaze,
Looked forth with burning gaze,
And seemed to drink the sunset like strong wine,
Or, hushed in trance divine,
Hailed the first shy and timorous glance from far
Of evening's virgin star?

O Tree! against thy mighty trunk he laid
His weary head; thy shade
Stole o'er him like the first cool spell of sleep:
It brought a peace *so* deep
The unquiet passion died from out his eyes,
As lightning from stilled skies.

And in that calm he loved to rest, and hear
The soft wind-angels, clear
And sweet, among the uppermost branches sighing:
Voices he heard replying
(Or so he dreamed) far up the mystic height,
And pinions rustling light.

O Tree! have not his poet-touch, his dreams
So full of heavenly gleams,
Wrought through the folded dullness of thy bark,
And all thy nature dark
Stirred to slow throbbings, and the fluttering fire
Of faint, unknown desire?

At least to me there sweeps no rugged ring
That girds the forest-king,
No immemorial stain, or awful rent
(The mark of tempest spent),
No delicate leaf, no lithe bough, vine-o'ergrown,
No distant, flickering cone,

But speaks of him, and seems to bring once more
The joy, the love of yore;
But most when breathed from out the sunset-land
The sunset airs are bland,
That blow between the twilight and the night,
Ere yet the stars are bright.

For then that quiet eve comes back to me,
When, deeply, thrillingly,
He spake of lofty hopes which vanquish Death;
And on his mortal breath
A language of immortal meanings hung,
That fired his heart and tongue.

For then unearthly breezes stir and sigh,
Murmuring, 'Look up! 't is I:
Thy friend is near thee! Ah, thou canst not see!'
And through the sacred tree
Passes what seems a wild and sentient thrill —
Passes, and all is still! —

Still as the grave which holds his tranquil form,
Hushed after many a storm,—
Still as the calm that crowns his marble brow,
No pain can wrinkle now,—
Still as the peace,—pathetic peace of God—
That wraps the holy sod,

Where every flower from our dead minstrel's dust
Should bloom, a type of trust,—
That faith which waxed to wings of heavenward light
To bear his soul from night,—
That faith, dear Christ! whereby we pray to meet
His spirit at God's feet!
(1867?)

MIDSUMMER IN THE SOUTH

I love Queen August's stately sway,
And all her fragrant southwinds say,
With vague, mysterious meanings fraught,
Of unimaginable thought;
Those winds, 'mid change of gloom and gleam,
Seem wandering thro' a golden dream—
The rare midsummer dream that lies
In humid depths of nature's eyes,
Weighing her languid forehead down
Beneath a fair but fiery crown:
Its witchery broods o'er earth and skies,
Fills with divine amenities
The bland, blue spaces of the air,
And smiles with looks of drowsy cheer
'Mid hollows of the brown-hued hills;
And oft, in tongues of tinkling rills,
A softer, homelier utterance finds
Than that which haunts the lingering winds!

I love midsummer's azure deep,
Whereon the huge white clouds, asleep,
Scarce move through lengths of trancèd hours;
Some, raised in forms of giant towers—
Dumb Babels, with etherial stairs
Scaling the vast height—unawares
What mocking spirit, ether-born,
Hath built those transient spires in scorn,
And reared towards the topmost sky
Their unsubstantial fantasy!
Some stretched in tenuous arcs of light
Athwart the airy infinite,
Far glittering up yon fervid dome,
And lapped by cloudland's misty foam,
Whose wreaths of fine sun-smitten spray
Melt in a burning haze away:
Some throned in heaven's serenest smiles,
Pure-hued, and calm as fairy isles,
Girt by the tides of soundless seas—
The heavens' benign Hesperides.

I love midsummer uplands, free
To the bold raids of breeze and bee,
Where, nested warm in yellowing grass,
I hear the swift-winged partridge pass,
With whirr and boom of gusty flight,
Across the broad heath's treeless height:
Or, just where, elbow-poised, I lift
Above the wild flower's careless drift
My half-closed eyes, I see and hear
The blithe field-sparrow twittering clear
Quick ditties to his tiny love;
While, from afar, the timid dove,
With faint, voluptuous murmur, wakes
The silence of the pastoral brakes.

I love midsummer sunsets, rolled
Down the rich west in waves of gold,
With blazing crests of billowy fire.
But when those crimson floods retire,
In noiseless ebb, slow-surging, grand,
By pensive twilight's flickering strand,
In gentler mood I love to mark
The slow gradations of the dark;
Till, lo! from Orient's mists withdrawn,
Hail! to the moon's resplendent dawn;
On dusky vale and haunted plain
Her effluence falls like balmy rain;
Gaunt gulfs of shadow own her might;
She bathes the rescued world in light,
So that, albeit my summer's day,
Erewhile did breathe its life away,
Methinks, whate'er its hours had won
Of beauty, born from shade and sun,
Hath not perchance so wholly died,
But o'er the moonlight's silvery tide
Comes back, sublimed and purified!

SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE!

A SONG

Sweetheart, good-bye! Our varied day
Is closing into twilight gray,
And up from bare, bleak wastes of sea
The north-wind rises mournfully;
A solemn prescience, strangely drear,
Doth haunt the shuddering twilight air;
It fills the earth, it chills the sky—
Sweetheart, good-bye!

Sweetheart, good-bye! Our joys are passed,
And night with silence comes at last;
All things must end, yea,— even love —
Nor know we, if reborn above,
The heart-blooms of our earthly prime
Shall flower beyond these bounds of time.
'Ah! death alone is sure!' we cry —
Sweetheart, good-bye!

Sweetheart, good-bye! Through mists and tears
Pass the pale phantoms of our years,
Once bright with spring, or subtly strong
When summer's noontide thrilled with song;
Now wan, wild-eyed, forlornly bowed,
Each rayless as an autumn cloud
Fading on dull September's sky —
Sweetheart, good-bye!

Sweetheart, good-bye! The vapors rolled
Athwart yon distant, darkening wold
Are types of what our world doth know
Of tenderest loves of long ago;
And thus, when all is done and said,
Our life lived out, *our* passion dead,
What can their wavering record be
But tinted mists of memory?
Oh! clasp and kiss me ere we die —
Sweetheart, good-bye!

THE MOCKING-BIRD

(At night)

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm southern night:
The moon, clear orbed, above the sylvan scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains and unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,
As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
A fairy shape of flame.
It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvelous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to hearken; while for me,
Heart-trilled to ecstasy,
I followed — followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its height,
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay,
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

LAOCOON

A gnarled and massive oak log, shapeless, old,
Hewed down of late from yonder hillside gray,
Grotesquely curved, across our hearthstone lay;
About it, serpent-wise, the red flames rolled
In writhing convolutions; fold on fold
They crept and clung with slow portentous sway
Of deadly coils; or in malignant play,
Keen tongues, outflashed, 'twixt vaporous gloom and gold.
Lo! as I gazed, from out that flaming gyre
There loomed a wild, weird image, all astrain
With strangled limbs, hot brow, and eyeballs dire,
Big with the anguish of the bursting brain:
Laocoon's form, Laocoon's fateful pain.
A frescoed dream on flickering walls of fire!

A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET

A little while (my life is almost set!)
I fain would pause along the downward way,
Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
While, Sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet;
A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vague regret,
A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
'Twixt souls that love, may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart;
(O pitying Christ! those woeful words, *'We part!'*)
So ere the darkness fall, the light be passed,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when night and twilight meet;
Behind, our broken years; before, the deep
Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep.
A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet;
A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
A little while I still would linger here.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON (1831–1885)

Helen Hunt Jackson, or 'H. H.' as she was long known to magazine readers, was the daughter of Professor Fiske of Amherst College, and her early years,— as was the whole life of her contemporary and neighbor Emily Dickinson,— were passed in the academic atmosphere of the old New England college town. The second period of her life was domestic. She married Captain Edward B. Hunt of the United States army, and, happy in her home and her children, had no thought of a literary career. Then came her tragedy: her husband was killed in an accident, her children died shortly afterwards, and she was left alone. Then began the third period of her life. She turned to poetry to voice her emotions, and under the signature 'H. H.' sent forth her cries of bereavement, of helplessness, of resignation. Her first volume, *Poems*, appeared in 1870, and from that time she gave herself wholly to literary work. In prose she put forth series after series of 'Bits of Talk' papers, she wrote on travel, she turned at length to fiction and was the author of the much-speculated-upon Saxe Holm's stories of the seventies. So voluminous and versatile was she that Dr. Holland at one time contemplated an issue of *Scribner's Monthly* made up wholly of her contributions.

Her later years were connected with the West. She married William S. Jackson, a banker of Colorado Springs, and, visiting California, became intensely interested in the wrongs that had been done the Indian. She was appointed by the Government to investigate the condition of the Mission Indians and at length made a report. She made use of her material for a telling book *A Century of Dishonor*, 1881, and three years later she followed it with *Ramona*, a romance, which she intended to be 'the *Uncle Tom's Cabin* of the Indian.' The book is her one contribution to American literature that is destined at all to survive. It came hot from her sympathies and her convictions, and, unlike the most of her other fiction, it has 'bite' and life and convincingness. Her problem is concealed in her picturesque material,— the romantic mission lands of Southern California at the moment when the old Spanish *règime* was passing away. She is at her best when painting pictures of such Spanish survivals as the old Mission Priest, and the last of the old line of Spanish Grandees, Señora Moreno, and the half Indian half Spanish maiden, Ramona.

THE SEÑORA MORENO[1]

The Señora Moreno's house was one of the best specimens to be found in California of the representative house of the half barbaric, half elegant, wholly generous and free-handed life led there by Mexican men and women of degree in the early part of this century, under the rule of the Spanish and Mexican viceroys, when the laws of the Indies were still the law of the land, and its old name, 'New Spain,' was an ever-present link and stimulus to the warmest memories and deepest patriotisms of its people.

It was a picturesque life, with more of sentiment and gaiety in it, more also that was truly dramatic, more romance, than will ever be seen again on those sunny shores. The aroma of it all lingers there still; industries and inventions have not yet slain it; it will last out its century,— in fact, it can never be quite lost, so long as there is left standing one such house as the Señora Moreno's.

When the house was built, General Moreno owned all the land within a radius of forty miles,— forty miles westward, down the valley to the sea; forty miles eastward, into the San Fernando Mountains; and a good forty miles more or less along the coast. The boundaries were not very strictly defined; there was no occasion, in those happy days, to reckon land by inches. It might be asked, perhaps, just how General Moreno owned all this land, and the question might not be easy to answer. It was not and could not be answered to the satisfaction of the United States Land Commission, which, after the surrender of California, undertook to sift and adjust Mexican land-

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titles; and that was the way it had come about that the Señora Moreno now called herself a poor woman. Tract after tract, her lands had been taken away from her; it looked for a time as if nothing would be left. Every one of the claims based on deeds of gift from Governor Pio Pico, her husband's most intimate friend, was disallowed. They all went by the board in one batch, and took away from the Señora in a day the greater part of her best pasture-lands. They were lands which had belonged to the Bonaventura Mission, and lay along the coast at the mouth of the valley down which the little stream which ran past her house went to the sea; and it had been a great pride and delight to the Señora, when she was young, to ride that forty miles by her husband's side, all the way on their own lands, straight from their house to their own strip of shore. No wonder she believed the Americans thieves, and spoke of them always as hounds. The people of the United States have never in the least realized that the taking possession of California was not only a conquering of Mexico, but a conquering of California as well; that the real bitterness of the surrender was not so much to the empire which gave up the country, as to the country itself which was given up. Provinces passed back and forth in that way, helpless in the hands of great powers, have all the ignominy and humiliation of defeat, with none of the dignities or compensations of the transaction.

Mexico saved much by her treaty, spite of having to acknowledge herself beaten; but California lost all. Words cannot tell the sting of such a transfer. It is a marvel that a Mexican remained in the country; probably none did, except those who were absolutely forced to it.

Luckily for the Señora Moreno, her title to the lands midway in the valley was better than to those lying to the east and the west, which had once belonged to the missions of San Fernando and Bonaventura; and after all the claims, counter-claims, petitions, appeals, and adjudications were ended, she still was left in undisputed possession of what would have been thought by any new-comer into the country to be a handsome estate, but which seemed to the despoiled and indignant Señora a pitiful fragment of one. Moreover, she declared that she should never feel secure of a foot of even this. Any day, she said, the United States Government might send out a new Land Commission to examine the decrees of the first, and revoke such as they saw fit. Once a thief, always a thief. Nobody need feel himself safe under American rule. There was no knowing what might happen any day; and year by year the lines of sadness, resentment, anxiety, and antagonism deepened on the Señora's fast aging face.

It gave her unspeakable satisfaction, when the Commissioners, laying out a road down the valley, ran it at the back of her house instead of past the front. 'It is well,' she said. 'Let their travel be where it belongs, behind our kitchens; and no one have sight of the front doors of our houses, except friends who have come to visit us.' Her enjoyment of this never flagged. Whenever she saw, passing the place, wagons or carriages belonging to the hated Americans, it gave her a distinct thrill of pleasure to think that the house turned its back on them. She would like always to be able to do the same herself; but whatever she, by policy or in business, might be forced to do, the old house, at any rate, would always keep the attitude of contempt,— its face turned away.

One other pleasure she provided herself with, soon after this road was opened, — a pleasure in which religious devotion and race antagonism were so closely blended that it would have puzzled the subtlest of the priests to decide whether her act were a sin or a virtue. She caused to be set up, upon every one of the soft rounded hills which made the beautiful rolling sides of that part of the valley, a large wooden cross; not a hill in sight of her house left without the sacred emblem of her faith. 'That the heretics may know, when they go by, that they are on the estate of a good Catholic,' she said, 'and that the faithful may be reminded to pray. There have been miracles of conversion wrought on the most hardened by a sudden sight of the Blessed Cross.'

There they stood, summer and winter, rain and shine, the silent, solemn, outstretched arms, and became landmarks to many a guideless traveler who had been told that his way would be by the first turn to the left or the right, after

passing the last one of the Señora Moreno's crosses, which he could n't miss seeing. And who shall say that it did not often happen that the crosses bore a sudden message to some idle heart journeying by, and thus justified the pious half of the Senora's impulse? Certain it is, that many a good Catholic halted and crossed himself when he first beheld them, in the lonely places, standing out in sudden relief against the blue sky; and if he said a swift short prayer at the sight, was he not so much the better?

The house was of adobe, low, with a wide veranda on the three sides of the inner court, and a still broader one across the entire front, which looked to the south. These verandas, especially those on the inner court, were supplementary rooms to the house. The greater part of the family life went on in them. Nobody stayed inside the walls, except when it was necessary. All the kitchen work, except the actual cooking, was done here, in front of the kitchen doors and windows. Babies slept, were washed, sat in the dirt, and played, on the veranda. The women said their prayers, took their naps, and wove their lace there. Old Juanita shelled her beans there, and threw the pods down on the tile floor, till towards night they were sometimes piled up high around her, like corn-husks at a husking. The herdsmen and shepherds smoked there, lounged there, trained their dogs there; there the young made love, and the old dozed; the benches, which ran the entire length of the walls, were worn into hollows, and shone like satin; the tiled floors also were broken and sunk in places, making little wells, which filled up in times of hard rains, and were then invaluable addition to the children's resources for amusement, and also to the comfort of the dogs, cats, and fowls, who picked about among them, taking sips from each.

The arched veranda along the front was a delightsome place. It must have been eighty feet long, at least, for the doors of five large rooms opened on it. The two westernmost rooms had been added on, and made four steps higher than the others; which gave to that end of the veranda the look of a balcony, or loggia. Here the Señora kept her flowers; great red water-jars, hand-made by the Indians of San Luis Obispo Mission, stood in close rows against the walls, and in them were always growing fine geraniums, carnations, and yellow-flowered musk. The Señora's passion for musk she had inherited from her mother. It was so strong that she sometimes wondered at it; and one day, as she sat with Father Salvierderra in the veranda, she picked a handful of the blossoms, and giving them to him, said, 'I do not know why it is, but it seems to me if I were dead I could be brought to life by the smell of musk.'

'It is in your blood, Señora,' the old monk replied. 'When I was last in your father's house in Seville, your mother sent for me to her room, and under her window was a stone balcony full of growing musk, which so filled the room with its odor that I was like to faint. But she said it cured her of diseases, and without it she fell. You were a baby then.'

'Yes,' cried the Señora, 'but I recollect that balcony. I recollect being lifted up to a window, and looking down into a bed of blooming yellow flowers; but I did not know what they were. How strange!'

'No. Not strange, daughter,' replied Father Salvierderra. 'It would have been stranger if you had not acquired the taste, thus drawing it in with the mother's milk. It would behoove mothers to remember this far more than they do.'

Besides the geraniums and carnations and musk in the red jars, there were many sorts of climbing vines,— some coming from the ground, and twining around the pillars of the veranda; some growing in great bowls, swung by cords from the roof of the veranda, or set on shelves against the walls. These bowls were of gray stone, hollowed and polished, shining smooth inside and out. They also had been made by the Indians, nobody knew how many ages ago, scooped and polished by the patient creatures, with only stones for tools.

Among these vines, singing from morning till night, hung the Señora's canaries and finches, half a dozen of each, all of different generations, raised by the Señora. She was never without a young bird-family on hand; and all the way from Bonaventura to Monterey, it was thought a piece of good luck to come into posses-

sion of a canary or finch of Señora Moreno's raising.

Between the veranda and the river meadows, out on which it looked, all was garden, orange grove, and almond orchard; the orange grove always green, never without snowy bloom or golden fruit; the garden never without flowers, summer or winter; and the almond orchard, in early spring, a fluttering canopy of pink and white petals, which, seen from the hills on the opposite side of the river, looked as if rosy sunrise clouds had fallen, and become tangled in the tree-tops. On either hand stretched away other orchards,— peach, apricot, pear, apple, pomegranate; and beyond these, vineyards. Nothing was to be seen but verdure or bloom or fruit, at whatever time of year you sat on the Señora's south veranda.

A wide straight walk shaded by a trellis so knotted and twisted with grapevines that little was to be seen of the trellis wood-work, led straight down from the veranda steps, through the middle of the garden, to a little brook at the foot of it. Across this brook, in the shade of a dozen gnarled old willow-trees, were set the broad flat stone washboards on which was done all the family washing. No long dawdling, and no running away from work on the part of the maids, thus close to the eye of the Señora at the upper end of the garden; and if they had known how picturesque they looked there, kneeling on the grass, lifting the dripping linen out of the water, rubbing it back and forth on the stones, sousing it, wringing it, splashing the clear water in each other's faces, they would have been content to stay at the washing day in and day out, for there was always somebody to look on from above. Hardly a day passed that the Señora had not visitors. She was still a person of note; her house the natural resting-place for all who journeyed through the valley; and whoever came, spent all of his time, when not eating, sleeping, or walking over the place, sitting with the Señora on the sunny veranda. Few days in winter were cold enough, and in summer the day must be hot indeed to drive the Señora and her friends indoors. There stood on the veranda three carved oaken chairs, and a carved bench, also of oak, which had been brought to the Señora for safe keeping by the faithful old sacristan of San Luis Rey, at the time of the occupation of that Mission by the United States troops, soon after the conquest of California. Aghast at the sacrilegious acts of the soldiers, who were quartered in the very church itself, and amused themselves by making targets of the eyes and noses of the saint's statues, the sacristan, stealthily, day by day and night after night, bore out of the church all that he dared to remove, burying some articles in cottonwood copses, hiding others in his own poor little hovel, until he had wagonloads of sacred treasures. Then, still more stealthily, he carried them, a few at a time, concealed in the bottom of a cart, under a load of hay or of brush, to the house of the Señora, who felt herself deeply honored by his confidence, and received everything as a sacred trust, to be given back into the hands of the Church again, whenever the Missions should be restored, of which at that time all Catholics had good hope. And so it had come about that no bedroom in the Señora's house was without a picture or a statue of a saint or of the Madonna; and some had two; and in the little chapel in the garden the altar was surrounded by a really imposing row of holy and apostolic figures, which had looked down on the splendid ceremonies of the San Luis Rey Mission, in Father Peyri's time, no more benignly than they now did on the humbler worship of the Señora's family in its diminished estate. That one had lost an eye, another an arm, that the once brilliant colors of the drapery were now faded and shabby, only enhanced the tender reverence with which the Señora knelt before them, her eyes filling with indignant tears at thought of the heretic hands which had wrought such defilement. Even the crumbling wreaths which had been placed on some of these statues' heads at the time of the last ceremonial at which they had figured in the Mission, had been brought away with them by the devout sacristan, and the Señora had replaced each one, holding it only a degree less sacred than the statue itself.

This chapel was dearer to the Señora than her house. It had been built by the General in the second year of their married life. In it her four children had been christened, and from it all but one.

her handsome Felipe, had been buried while they were yet infants. In the General's time, while the estate was at its best, and hundreds of Indians living within its borders, there was many a Sunday when the scene to be witnessed there was like the scenes at the Missions,—the chapel full of kneeling men and women; those who could not find room inside kneeling on the garden walks outside; Father Salvierderra, in gorgeous vestments, coming, at close of the services, slowly down the aisle, the close-packed rows of worshipers parting to right and left to let him through, all looking up eagerly for his blessing, women giving him offerings of fruit or flowers, and holding up their babies that he might lay his hands on their heads. No one but Father Salvierderra had ever officiated in the Moreno chapel, or heard the confession of a Moreno. He was a Franciscan, one of the few now left in the country; so revered and beloved by all who had come under his influence, that they would wait long months without the offices of the Church, rather than confess their sins or confide their perplexities to any one else. From this deep-seated attachment on the part of the Indians and the older Mexican families in the country to the Franciscan order, there had grown up, not unnaturally, some jealousy of them in the minds of the later-come secular priests, and the position of the few monks left was not wholly a pleasant one. It had even been rumored that they were to be forbidden to continue longer their practice of going up and down the country, ministering everywhere; were to be compelled to restrict their labors to their own colleges at Santa Barbara and Santa Inez. When something to this effect was one day said in the Señora Moreno's presence, two scarlet spots sprang on her cheeks, and before she bethought herself, she exclaimed, 'That day, I burn down my chapel!'

Luckily, nobody but Felipe heard the rash threat, and his exclamation of unbounded astonishment recalled the Señora to herself.

'I spoke rashly, my son,' she said. 'The Church is to be obeyed always; but the Franciscan Fathers are responsible to no one but the Superior of their own order; and there is no one in this land who has the authority to forbid their journeying and ministering to whoever desires their offices. As for these Catalan priests who are coming in here, I cannot abide them. No Catalan but has bad blood in his veins!'

There was every reason in the world why the Señora should be thus warmly attached to the Franciscan Order. From her earliest recollections the gray gown and cowl had been familiar to her eyes, and had represented the things which she was taught to hold most sacred and dear. Father Salvierderra himself had come from Mexico to Monterey in the same ship which had brought her father to be the commandante of the Santa Barbara Presidio; and her best-beloved uncle, her father's eldest brother, was at that time the Superior of the Santa Barbara Mission. The sentiment and romance of her youth were almost equally divided between the gaieties, excitements, adornments of the life at the Presidio, and the ceremonies and devotions of the life at the Mission. She was famed as the most beautiful girl in the country. Men of the army, men of the navy, and men of the Church, alike adored her. Her name was a toast from Monterey to San Diego. When at last she was wooed and won by Felipe Moreno, one of the most distinguished of the Mexican generals, her wedding ceremonies were the most splendid ever seen in the country. The right tower of the Mission church at Santa Barbara had been just completed, and it was arranged that the conservation of this tower should take place at the time of her wedding, and that her wedding feats should be spread in the long outside corridor of the Mission building. The whole country, far and near, was bid. The feast lasted three days; open tables to everybody; singing, dancing, eating, drinking, and making merry. At that time there were long streets of Indian houses stretching eastward from the Mission; before each of these houses was built a booth of green boughs. The Indians, as well as the Fathers from all the other Missions, were invited to come. The Indians came in bands, singing songs and bringing gifts. As they appeared, the Santa Barbara Indians went out to meet them, also singing, bearing gifts, and strewing seeds on the ground, in token of welcome. The young Señora and her bridegroom, splendidly clothed, were seen

of all, and greeted, whenever they appeared, by showers of seeds and grains and blossoms. On the third day, still in their wedding attire, and bearing lighted candles in their hands, they walked with the monks in a procession, round and round the new tower, the monks chanting, and sprinkling incense and holy water on its walls, the ceremony seeming to all devout beholders to give a blessed consecration to the union of the young pair as well as to the newly completed tower. After this they journeyed in state, accompanied by several of the General's aides and officers, and by two Franciscan Fathers, up to Monterey, stopping on their way at all the Missions, and being warmly welcomed and entertained at each.

General Moreno was much beloved by both army and Church. In many of the frequent clashings between the military and the ecclesiastical powers he, being as devout and enthusiastic a Catholic as he was zealous and enthusiastic a soldier, had had the good fortune to be of material assistance to each party. The Indians also knew his name well, having heard it many times mentioned with public thanksgivings in the Mission churches. after some signal service he had rendered to the Fathers either in Mexico or Monterey. And now, by taking as his bride the daughter of a distinguished officer, and the niece of the Santa Barbara Superior, he had linked himself anew to the two dominant powers and interests of the country.

When they reached San Luis Obispo, the whole Indian population turned out to meet them, the Padre walking at the head. As they approached the Mission doors the Indians swarmed closer and closer and still closer, took the General's horse by the head, and finally almost by actual force compelled him to allow himself to be lifted into a blanket, held high up by twenty strong men; and thus he was borne up the steps, across the corridor, and into the Padre's room. It was a position ludicrously undignified in itself, but the General submitted to it good-naturedly.

'Oh, let them do it, if they like,' he cried, laughingly, to Padre Martinez, who was endeavoring to quiet the Indians and hold them back; 'Let them do it. It pleases the poor creatures.'

On the morning of their departure, the good Padre, having exhausted all his resources for entertaining his distinguished guests, caused to be driven past the corridors, for their inspection, all the poultry belonging to the Mission. The procession took an hour to pass. For music, there was the squeaking, cackling, hissing, gobbling, crowing, quacking of the fowls, combined with the screaming, scolding, and whip-cracking of the excited Indian marshals of the lines. First came the turkeys, then the roosters, then the white hens, then the black, and then the yellow, next the ducks, and at the tail of the spectacle long files of geese, some strutting, some half flying and hissing in resentment and terror at the unwonted coercions to which they were subjected. The Indians had been hard at work all night capturing, sorting, assorting, and guarding the rank and file of their novel pageant. It would be safe to say that a droller sight never was seen, and never will be, on the Pacific coast or any other. Before it was done with, the General and his bride had nearly died with laughter; and the General could never allude to it without laughing almost as heartily again.

At Monterey they were more magnificently fêted; at the Presidio, at the Mission, on board Spanish, Mexican, and Russian ships lying in harbor, balls, dances, bull-fights, dinners, all that the country knew of festivity, was lavished on the beautiful and winning young bride. The belles of the coast, from San Diego up, had all gathered at Monterey for these gaieties; but not one of them could be for a moment compared to her. This was the beginning of the Señora's life as a married woman. She was then just twenty. A close observer would have seen even then, underneath the joyous smile, the laughing eye, the merry voice, a look thoughtful, tender, earnest, at times enthusiastic. This look was the reflection of those qualities in her, then hardly aroused, which made her, as years developed her character and stormy fates thickened around her life, the unflinching comrade of her soldier husband, the passionate adherent of the Church. Through wars, insurrections, revolutions, downfalls, Spanish, Mexican, civil, ecclesiastical, her standpoint, her poise, remained the same. She simply grew more and more proudly, passionately, a Spaniard and a Moreno: more and more stanchly

and fierily a Catholic, and a lover of the Franciscans.

During the height of the despoiling and plundering of the Missions, under the Secularization Act, she was for a few years almost beside herself. More than once she journeyed alone, when the journey was by no means without danger, to Monterey, to stir up the Prefect of the Missions to more energetic action, to implore the governmental authorities to interfere, and protect the Church's property. It was largely in consequence of her eloquent entreaties that Governor Micheltorena issued his bootless order, restoring to the Church all the Missions south of San Luis Obispo. But this order cost Micheltorena his political head, and General Moreno was severely wounded in one of the skirmishes of the insurrection which drove Micheltorena out of the country.

In silence and bitter humiliation the Señora nursed her husband back to health again, and resolved to meddle no more in the affairs of her unhappy country and still more unhappy Church. As year by year she saw the ruin of the Missions steadily going on, their vast properties melting away, like dew before the sun, in the hands of dishonest administrators and politicians, the Church powerless to contend with the unprincipled greed in high places, her beloved Franciscan Fathers driven from the country or dying of starvation at their posts, she submitted herself to what, she was forced to admit, seemed to be the inscrutable will of God for the discipline and humiliation of the Church. In a sort of bewildered resignation she waited to see what farther sufferings were to come, to fill up the measure of the punishment which, for some mysterious purpose, the faithful must endure. But when close upon all this discomfiture and humiliation of her Church followed the discomfiture and humiliation of her country in war, and the near and evident danger of an English-speaking people's possessing the land, all the smothered fire of the Señora's nature broke out afresh. With unfaltering hands she buckled on her husband's sword, and with dry eyes saw him go forth to fight. She had but one regret, that she was not the mother of sons to fight also.

'Would thou wert a man, Felipe,' she exclaimed again and again in tones the child never forgot. 'Would thou wert a man, that thou might go also to fight these foreigners!'

Any race under the sun would have been to the Señora less hateful than the American. She had scorned them in her girlhood, when they came trading to post after post. She scorned them still. The idea of being forced to wage a war with peddlers was to her too monstrous to be believed. In the outset she had no doubt that the Mexicans would win in the contest.

'What!' she cried, 'shall we who won independence from Spain, be beaten by these traders? It is impossible!'

When her husband was brought home to her dead, killed in the last fight the Mexican forces made, she said icily, 'He would have chosen to die rather than to have been forced to see his country in the hands of the enemy.' And she was almost frightened at herself to see how this thought, as it dwelt in her mind, slew the grief in her heart. She had believed she could not live if her husband were to be taken away from her; but she found herself often glad that he was dead,—glad that he was spared the sight and the knowledge of the things which happened; and even the yearning tenderness with which her imagination pictured him among the saints, was often turned into a fierce wondering whether indignation did not fill his soul, even in heaven, at the way things were going in the land for whose sake he had died.

Out of such throes as these had been born the second nature which made Señora Moreno the silent, reserved, stern, implacable woman they knew, who knew her first when she was sixty. Of the gay, tender, sentimental girl, who danced and laughed with the officers, and prayed and confessed with the Fathers, forty years before, there was small trace left now, in the low-voiced, white-haired, aged woman, silent, unsmiling, placid-faced, who manœuvered with her son and her head shepherd alike, to bring it about that a handful of Indians might once more confess their sins to a Franciscan monk in the Moreno chapel.

Ramona, Chapter II, 1884.

EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN (1833–1908) [1]

Strictly speaking, Edmund Clarence Stedman was a New York business man who turned at times to literature for recreation. He was a native of Hartford, Connecticut; he attended Yale, but because of youthful pranks was not permitted to finish his course; and at the age of twenty was married without his guardian's consent. Necessity for securing a livelihood sent him to New York to engage in the manufacture of clocks. The company soon failing, he turned in 1855 to real estate business and brokerage. In the early days of the war he went to the front as a newspaper correspondent, reported brilliantly some of the early battles, and, returning in 1863, entered Wall Street as a broker and a little later as a member of the Stock Exchange. He had found his profession, and, though nearly ruined by the panic of the early seventies, and always in great financial anxiety, he maintained his place until 1900, when he resigned to devote himself wholly to literary work.

From the first, poetry was to Stedman an avenue of escape from the distracting hurly-burly of business life. Like Taylor and Stoddard and Hayne and Timrod, he considered it something sacred and apart, to be approached with reverence. He translated Theocritus, made poems of Grecian beauty, and dreamed dreams in a world far from his own land and day. The war awakened him for a time, but he must be classed with the transition poets who, Janus-like, stand looking longingly backward and at the same time timidly forward into the future. He published enough poetry to make possible a 'Household Edition,' but of it all only a few virile war lyrics, written in the days when the war shook him out of his dreamy reveries, and two or three other lyrics that came from his heart, have survived him. In his later years he turned to prose, and wrote graceful studies of the Victorian poets and of the American poets. But he was a soul too poetic and sentimental to succeed as a critic. His flowing and ornate appreciations to-day seem lacking in force and breadth and philosophical insight. In spirit they are of the generalizing, and gorgeous mid-century rather than of the more scientific and accurate later years. In his study of Poe he reached his highest point as a critic.

WANTED — A MAN

Back from the trebly crimsoned field
Terrible words are thunder-tost;
Full of the wrath that will not yield,
Full of revenge for battles lost!
Hark to their echo, as it crost
The Capital, making faces wan:
'End this murderous holocaust;
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

'Give us a man of God's own mold,
Born to marshal his fellow-men;
One whose fame is not bought and sold
At the stroke of a politician's pen;
Give us the man of thousands ten,
Fit to do as well as to plan;
Give us a rallying-cry, and then,
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

'No leader to shirk the boasting foe,
And to march and countermarch our brave,
Till they fall like ghosts in the marshes low,
And the swamp-grass covers each nameless grave;
Nor another, whose fatal banners wave
Aye in Disaster's shameful van;
Nor another, to bluster, and lie, and rave;—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

'Hearts are mourning in the North,
While the sister rivers seek the main,
Red with our life-blood flowing forth,—
Who shall gather it up again?
Though we march to the battle-plain
Firmly as when the strife began,
Shall all our offering be in vain?—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!

'Is there never one in all the land,
One on whose might the cause may lean?
Are all the common ones so grand,
And all the titled ones so mean?
What if your failure may have been
In trying to make good bread from bran,
From worthless metal a weapon keen?—
Abraham Lincoln, find us a MAN!

1 Stedman selections copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

'O, we will follow him to the death,
Where the foeman's fiercest columns are!
O, we will use our latest breath,
Cheering for every sacred star!
His to marshal us high and far;
Ours to battle, as patriots can
When a Hero leads the Holy War!—
Abraham Lincoln, give us a MAN!'
New York Tribune, Sept. 6,
(1862) 1862.

'THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY'

Could we but know
The land that ends our dark, uncertain travel,
Where lie those happier hills and meadows low—
Ah, if beyond the spirit's inmost cavil,
Aught of that country could we surely know,
Who would not go?

Might we but hear
The hovering angels' high imagined chorus,
Or catch, betimes, with wakeful eyes and clear,
One radiant vista of the realm before us—
With one rapt moment given to see and hear,
Ah, who would fear?

Were we quite sure
To find the peerless friend who left us lonely,
Or there, by some celestial stream as pure,
To gaze in eyes that here were lovelit only,—
This weary mortal coil, were we quite sure,
Who would endure?
From *The Round Table,*
February, 1865. May 5, 1866.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

. . . Poe's misfortunes were less than those of some who have conquered misfortune. Others have been castaways in infancy and friendless in manhood, and have found us protectors such as came at his need. Others have struggled and suffered, and have declined to wear their hearts upon their sleeves. They have sought consolation in their work, and from their cruelest experiences have won its strength and glory. The essential part of an artist's life is that of his inspired moments. There were occasions when Poe was the master, when his criticism was true, when he composed such tales as 'Ligeia,' 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' poems like 'The Raven,' 'The Bells,' 'The City in the Sea.' It must be acknowledged, moreover — and professional writers know what this implies — that Poe, in his wanderings, after all, *followed his market.* It gradually drifted to the North, until New York afforded the surest recompense to authors not snugly housed in the leafy coverts of New England. Nor did he ever resort to any mercantile employment for a livelihood. As we look around and see how authors accept this or that method of support, there seems to be something chivalrous in the attitude of one who never earned a dollar except by his pen. From first to last he was simply a poet and man of letters, who rightly might claim to be judged by the literary product of his life. The life itself differed from that of any modern poet of equal genius, and partly because none other has found himself, in a new country, among such elements. Too much has been written about the man, too little of his times; and the memoir containing a judicial estimate of his writings has not yet appeared.

His story has had a fascination for those who consider the infirmity of genius its natural outward sign. The peculiarity of his actions was their leaning toward what is called the melodramatic; of his work, that it aimed above the level of its time. What has been written of the former — quite out of proportion to the analysis derivable from his literary remains — frequently has been the output of those who, if unable to produce a stanza which he would have acknowledged, at least feel within themselves the possibilities of his errant career. Yet, as I observe the marvels of his handicraft, I seem unjust to these enthusiasts. It was the kind which most impresses the imagination of youth, and youth is a period at which the critical development of many biographers seems to be arrested. And who would not recall the zest with which he read, in schoolboy days, and by the stolen candle, a legend so fearful in its beauty and so beautiful in its fear as 'The Masque of the Red Death,' for example, found in some stray number of a

magazine, and making the printed trash that convoyed it seem so vapid and drear? Not long after, we had the collected series, 'Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque.' With what eagerness we caught them from hand to hand until many of us knew them almost by heart. In the East, at that time, Hawthorne was shyly putting out his 'Mosses' and 'Twice Told Tales,' and it was not an unfruitful period that fostered, among its brood of chattering and aimless sentimentalists, two such spirits at once, each original in his kind. To-day we have a more consummate, realistic art. But where, now, the creative ardor, the power to touch the stops, if need be, of tragedy and superstition and remorse! Our taste is more refined, our faculties are under control; to produce the greatest art they must, at times, compel the artist. 'Poetry,' said Poe, 'has been with me a passion, not a purpose,'— a remarkable sentence to be found in a boyish preface, and I believe that he wrote the truth. But here, again, he displays an opposite failing. If poetry had been with him no less a passion, and equally a purpose, we now should have had something more to represent his rhythmical genius than the few brief, occasional lyrics which are all that his thirty years of life as a poet — the life of his early choice — have left us.

In estimating him as a poet, the dates of these lyrics are of minor consequence. They make but a thin volume, smaller than one which might hold the verse of Collins or Gray. Their range is narrower still. It is a curious fact that Poe struck, in youth, the key-notes of a few themes, and that some of his best pieces, as we now have them, are but variations upon their earlier treatment.

His first collection, as we have seen, was made in his twentieth year, and reprinted with changes and omissions, just after he left West Point. The form of the longer poems is copied from Byron and Moore, while the spirit of the whole series vaguely reminds us of Shelley in his obscurer lyrical mood. Poe's originality can be found in them, but they would be valueless except for his after career. They have unusual significance as the shapeless germs of much that was to grow into form and beauty. Crude and wandering pieces, entitled 'Fairy Land' and 'Irene,' 'To ——,' 'A Pæan,' etc., were the originals of 'The Sleeper,' 'A Dream within a Dream,' and 'Lenore'; while 'The Doomed City' and 'The Valley of Nis' reappear as 'The City in the Sea' and 'The Valley of Unrest.' Others were less thoroughly rewritten. Possibly he thus remodeled his juvenile verse to show that, however inchoate, it contained something worth a master's handling. Mr. Stoddard thinks, and not without reason, that he found it an easy way of making saleable 'copy.' The poet himself intimates that circumstances beyond his control restricted his lyrical product. I scarcely remember another instance where a writer has so hoarded his early songs, and am in doubt whether to commend or deprecate their reproduction. It does not betoken affluence, but it was honest in Poe that he would not write in cold blood for the mere sake of composing. This he undoubtedly had the skill to do, and would have done, if his sole object had been creation of the beautiful, or art for art's sake. He used his lyrical gift mostly to express veritable feelings and moods — I might almost say a single feeling or mood — to which he could not otherwise give utterance, resorting to melody when prose was insufficient. Herein he was true to the cardinal, antique conception of poesy, and in keeping it distinct from his main literary work he confirmed his own avowal that it was to him a passion, and neither a purpose nor a pursuit.

A few poems, just as they stood in his early volume, are admirable in thought or finish. One is the sonnet, 'To Science,' which is striking, not as a sonnet, but for its premonition of attitudes which poetry and science have now more clearly assumed. Another is the exquisite lyric, 'To Helen,' which every critic longs to cite. Its confusion of imagery is wholly forgotten in the delight afforded by melody, lyrical perfection, sweet and classic grace. I do not understand why he omitted this charming trifle from the juvenile poems which he added to the collection of 1845. It is said that he wrote it when fourteen, and nothing more fresh and delicate came from his pen in maturer years.

The instant success of 'The Raven'— and this was within a few years of his death — first made him popular as a poet, and resulted in a new collection of his verses. The lyrics which it contained,

and a few written afterward,—'Ulalume,' 'The Bells,' 'For Annie,' etc.,— now comprise the whole of his poetry as retained in the standard editions. The most glaring faults of 'Al Aaraaf' and 'Tamerlane,' phrases such as 'the eternal condor years,' have been selected by eulogists for special praise. Turning from this practice-work to the poems which made his reputation, we come at once to the most widely known of all.

Poe could not have written 'The Raven' in youth. It exhibits a method so positive as almost to compel us to accept, against the denial of his associates, his own account of its building. The maker *does* keep a firm hand on it throughout, and for once seems to set his purpose above his passion. This appears in the gravely quaint diction, and in the contrast between the reality of every-day manners and the profounder reality of a spiritual shadow upon the human heart. The grimness of fate is suggested by phrases which it requires a masterly hand to subdue to the meaning of the poem. 'Sir,' said I, 'or madam,' 'this ungainly fowl,' and the like, sustain the air of grotesqueness, and become a foil to the pathos, an approach to the tragical climax, of this unique production. Only genius can deal so closely with the grotesque and make it add to the solemn beauty of structure an effect like that of the gargoyles seen by moonlight on the façade of Notre Dame.

In no other lyric is Poe so self-possessed. No other is so determinate in its repetends and alliterations. Hence I am far from deeming it his most poetical poem. Its artificial qualities are those which catch the fancy of the general reader; and it is of all his ballads, if not the most imaginative, the most peculiar. His more ethereal productions seems to me those in which there is the appearance, at least, of spontaneity,— in which he yields to his feelings, while dying falls and cadences most musical, most melancholy, come from him unawares. Literal criticisms of 'The Raven' are of small account. If the shadow of the bird could not fall upon the mourner, the shadows of its evil presence could brood upon his soul; the seraphim whose foot-falls tinkle upon the tufted floor may be regarded as seraphim of the Orient, their anklets hung with celestial bells. At all events, Poe's raven is the very genius of the Night's Plutonian shore, different from other ravens, entirely his own, and none other can take its place. It is an emblem of the Irreparable, the guardian of pitiless memories, whose burden ever recalls to us the days that are no more.

As a new creation, then, 'The Raven' is entitled to a place in literature, and keeps it. But how much more imaginative is such a poem as 'The City in the Sea'! As a picture, this reminds us of Turner, and, again, of that sublime madman, John Martin. Here is a strange city where Death has raised a throne. Its

> 'shrines and palaces and towers
> (Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)
> Resemble nothing that is ours.
> Around, by lifting winds forgot,
> Resignedly beneath the sky
> The melancholy waters lie.'

This mystical town is aglow with light, not from heaven, but from out the lurid sea,— light which streams up the turrets and pinnacles and domes,—

> 'Up many and many a marvelous shrine,
> Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
> The viol, the violet, and the vine.
> . . . . . .
> While, from a proud tower in the town,
> Death looks gigantically down.'

The sea about is hideously serene, but at last there is a movement; the towers seem slightly to sink; the dull tide has a redder glow:

> 'And when, amid no earthly moans,
> Down, down that town shall settle hence,
> Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
> Shall do it reverence.'

This poem, notwithstanding its somberness and terror, depends upon effects which made Poe the forerunner of our chief experts in form and sound, and both the language and the conception are suggestive in a high degree.

'The Sleeper' is even more poetic. It distills, like drops from the opiate vapor of the swooning moonlight night, all the melody, the fantasy, the exaltation, that befit the vision of a beautiful woman lying in her shroud, silent in her length of tress, waiting to exchange her death chamber

'for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy.'

Poe's ideality cannot be gainsaid, but it aided him with few, very few, images, and those seemed to haunt his brain perpetually. Such an image is that of the beings who lend their menace to the tone of the funeral bells:

'And the people,—ah, the people,—
They that dwell up in the steeple
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,—
They are neither man nor woman,
They are neither brute nor human,
They are Ghouls.'

In the same remarkable fantasia the bells themselves become human, and it is a master-stroke that makes us hear them shriek out of tune,

'In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,'

and forces us to the very madness with which they are

'Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now — now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.'

Clearly this extravagance was suggested by the picture and the rime. But it so carries us with it that we think not of its meaning; we share in the delirium of the bells, and nothing can be too extreme for the abandon to which we yield ourselves, led by the faith and frenzy of the poet.

The hinting, intermittent qualities of a few lyrics remind us of Shelley and Coleridge, with whom Poe always was in sympathy. The conception of 'The Raven' was new, but in method it bears a likeness to 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' so closely, in fact, that the rhythm of the one probably was suggested by that of the other. In motive they are so different that neither Poe nor Mrs. Browning could feel aggrieved. After an examination of dates, and of other matters relating to the genesis of each poem, I have satisfied myself, against much reasoning to the contrary, that Poe derived his use of the refrain and repetend, here and elsewhere, from the English sibyl, by whom they were employed to the verge of mannerism in her earliest lyrics.

'The Conqueror Worm' expresses in a single moan the hopelessness of the poet's vigils among the tombs, where he demanded of silence and the night some tidings of the dead. All he knew was that

'No voice from that sublimer world hath ever
To sage or poet these responses given.'

The most he dared to ask for 'The Sleeper' was oblivion; that her sleep might be as deep as it was lasting. We lay the dead 'in the cold ground' or in the warm, flower-springing bosom of dear Earth, as best may fit the hearts of those who mourn them. But the tomb, the end of mortality, is voiceless still. If you would find the beginning of immortality, seek some other oracle. 'The Conqueror Worm' is the most despairing of lyrics, yet quite essential to the mystical purpose of the tale 'Ligeia.' But to brood upon men as mimes, ironically cast 'in the form of God on high,'— mere puppets, where

'the play is the tragedy, "Man,"
And its hero the Conqueror Worm,'

— that way madness lies, indeed. In the lyric, 'For Annie,' death is a trance; the soul lingers, calm and at rest, for the fever, called living, is conquered. Human love remains, and its last kiss is still a balm. Something may be hereafter,— but what, who knows? For repose, and for delicate and unstudied melody, it is one of Poe's truest poems, and his tenderest. During the brief period in which he survived his wife, he seemed to have a vision of rest in death, and not of horror. Two lyrics, widely different, and one of them of a most singular nature, are thought to be requiems for his lost companion. It is from no baseness, but from a divine instinct, that genuine artists are compelled to go on with their work and to make their own misery, no less than their joy, promote its uses. Their most sacred experiences become, not of their volition,

its themes and illustrations. Every man as an individual is secondary to what he is as a worker for the progress of his kind and the glory of the gift allotted to him.

Therefore, whether Poe adored his wife or not, her image became the ideal of these poems. I shall add little here to all that has been written of 'Ulalume.' It is so strange, so unlike anything that preceded it, so vague and yet so full of meaning, that of itself it might establish a new method. To me it seems an improvisation, such as a violinist might play upon the instrument which had become his one thing of worth after the death of a companion had left him alone with his own soul. Poe remodeled and made the most of his first broken draft, and had the grace not to analyze the process. I have accepted his analysis of 'The Raven' as more than half true. Poets know that an entire poem often is suggested by one of its lines, even by a refrain or a bit of rythm. From this it builds itself. The last or any other stanza may be written first; and what at first is without form is not void,— for ultimately it will be perfected into shape and meaning. If 'Ulalume' may be termed a requiem, 'Annabel Lee' is a tuneful dirge,— the simplest of Poe's melodies, and the most likely to please the common ear. It is said to have been his last lyric, and was written, I think, with more spontaneity than others. The theme is carried along skilfully, the movement hastened and heightened to the end and there dwelt upon, as often in a piece of music. Before considering the poet's method of song, I will mention the two poems which seem to me to represent his highest range, and sufficient in themselves to preserve the memory of a lyrist.

We overlook the allegory of 'The Haunted Palace,' until it has been read more than once; we think of the sound, the phantasmagoric picture, the beauty, the lurid close. The magic muse of Coleridge, in 'Kubla Khan,' or elsewhere, hardly went beyond such lines as these:

'Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This — all this — was in the olden
Time long ago;)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts, plumed and pallid,
A winged odor went away.'

The conception of a 'Lost Mind' never has been so imaginatively treated, whether by poet or by painter. Questioning Poe's own mental state, look at this poem and see how sane, as an artist, he was that made it. 'Do you act best when you forget yourself in the part?' 'No, for then I forget to perfect the part.' Even more striking is the song of 'Israfel,' whose heart-strings are a lute. Of all these lyrics is not this the most lyrical,— not only charged with music, but with light? For once, and in his freest hour of youth, Poe got above the sepulchers and mists, even beyond the pale-faced moon, and visited the empyrean. There is joy in this carol, and the radiance of the skies, and ecstatic possession of the gift of song:

'If I could dwell
Where Israfel
Hath dwelt, and he were I,
He might not sing so wildly well
A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
From my lyre within the sky!'

All this, with the rapturous harmony of the first and third stanza, is awakened in the poet's soul by a line from the Koran, and the result is even finer than the theme. If I had any claim to make up a 'Parnassus,' not perhaps of the most famous English lyrics, but of those which appeal strongly to my own poetic sense, and could select but one of Poe's, I confess that I should choose 'Israfel,' for pure music, for exaltation, and for its original, satisfying quality of rhythmic art.

Few and brief are these *reliquiæ* which determine his fame as a poet. What do they tell us of his lyrical genius and method? Clearly enough, that he possessed an exquisite faculty which he exercised within definite bounds. It may be that within those bounds he would have done more if events had not hindered him, as he declared, 'from making any serious effort' in the field of his choice. In boyhood he had decided views as to the province of song, and he never afterwards changed them. The preface to his

West Point edition, rambling and conceited as it is — affording such a contrast to the proud humility of Keats's preface to 'Endymion,'— gives us the gist of his creed, and shows that the instinct of the young poet was scarcely less delicate than that of his nobler kinsman. Poe thought the object of poetry was pleasure, not truth; the pleasure must not be definite, but subtle, and therefore poetry is opposed to romance; music is an *essential*, 'since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception.' Metaphysics in verse he hated, pronouncing the Lake theory a new form of didacticism that had injured even the tuneful Coleridge. For a neophyte this was not bad, and after certain reservations few will disagree with him. Eighteen years later, in his charming lecture, 'The Poetic Principle,' he offered simply an extension of these ideas, with reasons why a long poem 'cannot exist.' One is tempted to rejoin that the standard of length in a poem, as in a piece of music, is relative, depending upon the power of the maker and the recipient to prolong their exalted moods. We might, also, quote Landor's 'Pentameron,' concerning the greatness of a poet, or even Beecher's saying that 'pint measures are soon filled.' The lecture justly denounces the 'heresy of the didactic,' and then declares poetry to be the child of Taste,— devoted solely to the Rhythmical Creation of Beauty, as it is in music that the soul most nearly attains the supernal end for which it struggles. In fine, Poe, with 'the mad pride of intellectuality,' refused to look beyond the scope of his own gift, and would restrict the poet to one method and even to a single theme. In his *post facto* analysis of 'The Raven' he conceives the highest tone of beauty to be sadness, caused by the pathos of existence and our inability to grasp the unknown. Of all beauty that of a beautiful woman is the supremest, her death is the saddest loss — and therefore 'the most poetical topic in the world.' He would treat this musically by application of the refrain, increasing the sorrowful loveliness of his poem by contrast of something homely, fantastic or quaint.

Poe's own range was quite within his theory. His juvenile versions of what afterward became poems were so very 'indefinite' as to express almost nothing; they resembled those marvelous stanzas of Dr. Chivers, that sound magnificently — I have heard Bayard Taylor and Mr. Swinburne rehearse them with shouts of delight — and that have no meaning at all. Poe could not remain a Chivers, but sound always was his *forte*. We rarely find his highest imagination in his verse, or the creation of poetic phrases such as came to the lips of Keats without a summons. He lacked the dramatic power of combination, and produced no symphony in rhythm; was strictly a melodist, who achieved wonders in a single strain. Neither Mrs. Browning nor any other poet has 'applied' the refrain in Poe's fashion, nor so effectively. In 'The Bells' its use is limited almost to one word, the only English word, perhaps, that could be repeated incessantly as the burden of such a poem. In 'The Raven,' 'Lenore,' and elsewhere, he employed the repetend also, and with still more novel and poetical results:

'An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young,
A dirge for her, the doubly dead, in that she died so young.'

'Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere,
Our memories were treacherous and sere.'

One thing profitably may be noted by latter day poets. Poe used none but elementary English measures, relying upon his music and atmosphere for their effect. This is true of those which seem most intricate, as in 'The Bells' and 'Ulalume.' 'Lenore' and 'For Annie' are the simplest of ballad forms. I have a fancy that our Southern poet's ear caught the music of 'Annabel Lee' and 'Eulalie,' if not their special quality, from the plaintive, melodious negro songs utilized by those early writers of 'minstrelsy' who have been denominated the only composers of a genuine American school. This suggestion may be scouted, but an expert might suspect the one to be a patrician refinement upon the melody, feeling, and humble charm of the other.

Poe was not a single-poem poet, but the poet of a single mood. His materials were seemingly a small stock in trade, chiefly of Angels and Demons, with an attendance of Dreams, Echoes, Ghouls,

Gnomes and Mimes, ready at hand. He selected or coined, for use and re-use, a number of what Mr. Miller would call 'beautiful words,'—'albatros,' 'halcyon,' 'scintillant,' 'Ligeia,' 'Weir,' 'Yaanek,' 'Auber,' 'D'Elormie,' and the like. Everything was subordinate to sound. But his poetry, as it places us under the spell of the senses, enables us to enter, through their reaction upon the spirit, his indefinable mood; nor should we forget that Coleridge owes his specific rank as a poet, not to his philosophic verse, but to melodious fragments, and greatly to the rhythm of 'The Ancient Mariner' and of 'Christabel.' Poe's melodies lure us to the point where we seem to hear angelic lutes and citherns, or elfin instruments that make music in "the land east of the sun and west of the moon.' The enchantment may not be that of Israfel, nor of the harper who exorcised the evil genius of Saul, but it is at least that of some plumed being of the middle air, of a charmer charming so sweetly that his numbers are the burden of mystic dreams.

If Poe's standing depended chiefly upon these few poems, notable as they are, his name less frequently would be recalled. His intellectual strength and rarest imagination are to be found in his 'Tales.' To them, and to literary criticism, his main labors were devoted.

The limits of this article compel me to say less than I have in mind concerning his prose writings. As with his poems, so with the 'Tales,'—their dates are of little importance. His irregular life forced him to alternate good work with bad, and some of his best stories were written early. He was an apostle of the art that refuses to take its color from a given time or country, and of the revolt against commonplace, and his inventions partook of the romantic and the wonderful. He added to a Greek perception of form the Oriental passion for decoration. All the materials of the wizard's craft were at his command. He was not a pupil of Beckford, Godwin, Maturin, Hoffman, or Fouqué; and yet if these writers were to be grouped we should think also of Poe, and give him no second place among them. 'The young fellow is highly imaginative, and a little given to the terrific,' said Kennedy, in his honest way. Poe could not write a novel, as we term it, as well as the feeblest of Harper's or Roberts's yearlings. He vibrated between two points, the realistic and the mystic, and made no attempt to combine people or situations in ordinary life, though he knew how to lead up to a dramatic tableau or crisis. His studies of character were not made from observation, but from acquaintance with himself; and this subjectivity, or egotism, crippled his invention and made his 'Tales' little better than prose poems. He could imagine a series of adventures — the experience of a single narrator — like 'Arthur Gordon Pym,' and might have been, not Le Sage nor De Foe, but an eminent *raconteur* in his own field. His strength is unquestionable in those clever pieces of ratiocination, 'The Murders in the Rue Morgue,' 'The Mystery of Marie Rogêt,' 'The Purloined Letter'; in some of a more fantastic type, 'The Gold Bug' and 'Hans Pfaall'; especially in those with elements of terror and morbid psychology added, such as 'The Descent into the Maelstrom,' 'The Black Cat,' 'The Tell-tale Heart,' and the mesmeric sketches. When composing these he delighted in the exercise of his dexterous intellect, like a workman testing his skill. No poet is of a low grade who possesses, besides an ear for rhythm, the resources of a brain so fine and active. Technical gifts being equal, the more intellectual of two poets is the greater. 'Best bard, because the wisest.'

His artistic contempt for metaphysics is seen even in those tales which appear most transcendental. They are charged with a feeling that in the realms of psychology we are dealing with something ethereal, which is none the less substance if we might but capture it. They are his resolute attempts to find a clue to the invisible world. Were he living now, how much he would make of our discoveries in light and sound, of the correlation of forces. He strove by a kind of divination to put his hand upon the links of mind and matter, and reach the hiding-places of the soul. It galled him that anything should lie outside the domain of human intelligence. His imperious intellect rebelled against the bounds that shut us in, and found passionate expression in works of which 'Ligeia,' 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' and 'William Wilson,' are the most perfect types. The tales in which lyrics are introduced are full of complex

beauty, the choicest products of his genius. They are the offspring of yearnings that lifted him so far above himself as to make us forget his failings and think of him only as a creative artist, a man of noble gifts.

In these short, purely ideal efforts — finished as an artist finishes a portrait, or a poet his poem — Poe had no equal in recent times. That he lacked sustained power of invention is proved, not by his failure to complete an extended work, but by his under-estimation of its value. Such a man measures everything by his personal ability, and finds plausible grounds for the resulting standard. Hawthorne had the growing power and the staying power that gave us 'The Scarlet Letter' and 'The House of the Seven Gables.' Poe and Hawthorne were the last of the romancers. Each was a master in his way, and that of Poe was the more obvious and material. He was expert in much that concerns the structure of works, and the modeling touches of the poet left beauty-marks upon his prose. Yet in spiritual meaning his tales were less poetic than those of Hawthorne. He relied upon his externals, making the utmost of their gorgeousness of color, their splendor and gloom of light and shade. Hawthorne found the secret meaning of common things, and knew how to capture, from the plainest aspects of life, an essence of evasive beauty which the senses of Poe often were unable to perceive. It was Hawthorne who heard the melodies too fine for mortal ear. Hawthorne was wholly masculine, with the great tenderness and gentleness which belong to virile souls. Poe had, with the delicacy, the sophistry and weakness of a nature more or less effeminate. He opposed to Hawthorne the fire, the richness, the instability of the tropics, as against the abiding strength and passion of the North. His own conceptions astonished him, and he often presents himself 'with hair on end, at his own wonders.' Of these two artists and seers, the New Englander had the profounder insight; the Southerner's magic was that of the necromancer who resorts to spells and devices, and, when some apparition by chance responds to his incantations, is bewildered by the phantom himself has raised.

Poe failed to see that the Puritanism by which Hawthorne's strength was tempered was also the source from which it sprang; and in his general criticism did not pay full tribute to a genius he must have felt. In some of his sketches, such as 'The Man of the Crowd,' he used Hawthorne's method, and with inferior results. His reviews of other authors and his occasional literary notes have been so carefully preserved as to show his nature by a mental and moral photograph. His *Marginalia,* scrappy and written for effect, are the notes of a thinking man of letters. The criticisms raised a hubbub in their day, and made Poe the bogy of his generation — the unruly censor whom weaklings not only had cause to fear, but often regarded with a sense of cruel injustice. I acknowledge their frequent dishonesty, vulgarity, prejudice, but do not, therefore, hold them to be worthless. Even a scourge, a pestilence, has its uses; before it the puny and frail go down, the fittest survive. And so it was in Poe's Malayan campaign. Better that a time of unproductiveness should follow such a thinning out than that false and feeble things should continue. I suspect that *The Literati* made room for a new movement, however long delayed, in American authorship. They are a prose Dunciad, waspish and unfair, but full of cleverness, and not without touches of magnanimity. Poe had small respect for the feeling that it is well for a critic to discover beauties, since any one can point out faults. Yet when, as in the cases of Tennyson, Mrs. Browning, Taylor and others, he pronounced favorably upon the talents of a claimant, and was uninfluenced by personal motives, his judgments not seldom have been justified by after-career. Besides, what a cartoon he drew of the writers of his time,— the corrective of Griswold's optimistic delineations! In the description of a man's personal appearance he had the art of placing the subject before us at a single touch. His tender mercies were cruel; he never forgot to prod the one sore spot of the author he most approved,— was especially intolerant of his own faults in others, and naturally detected these at once. When meting out punishment to a pretentious writer, he reveled in his task, and often made short work, as if the pleasure was too great to be endurable. The keenness of his satire, just or unjust, is mitigated by its obvious ferocity: one instinctively

takes part with the victim. Nothing in journalistic criticism, even at that time, was more scathing and ludicrous than his conceit of a popular bookwright in the act of confabulation with the Universe. But he marred the work by coarseness, telling one man that he was by no means a fool, although he did write 'De Vere,' and heading a paper on the gentlest and most forbearing of poets —'Mr. —— and Other Plagiarists.' In short, he constantly dulled the edge and temper of his rapier, and resorted to the broad-ax, using the latter even in his deprecation of its use by Kit North. Perhaps it was needed in those salad days by offenders who could be put down in no other wise; but I hold it a sign of progress that criticism by force of arms would now be less effective.

Some analysis of Poe's general equipment will not be out of place. Only in the most perfect tales can his English style be called excellent, however significant his thought. His mannerisms — constant employment of the *dash* for suggestiveness, and a habit of italicizing to make a point or strengthen an illusion — are wearisome, and betray a lack of confidence in his skill to use plain methods. While asserting the power of words to convey absolutely any idea of the human mind, he relied on sound, quaintness, surprise, and other artificial aids. His prose is inferior to Hawthorne's; but sometimes he excels Hawthorne in qualities of form and proportion which are specially at the service of authors who are also poets. The abrupt beginnings of his stories often are artistic:

'We had now reached the summit of the loftiest crag. For some minutes the old man seemed too much exhausted to speak.' ('Descent into the Maelstrom.')

'The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as best I could, but when he ventured upon insult I vowed revenge.' ('The Cask of Amontillado.')

His endings were equally good, when he had a clear knowledge of his own purpose, and some of his conceptions terminate at the dramatic crisis. The tone, also of his masterpieces is well-sustained throughout. In 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' the approach to the fated spot, the air, the landscape, the tarn, the mansion itself, are a perfect study, equal to the ride of Childe Roland; — and here Poe excels Browning; we not only come with him to the dark tower, but we enter and partake its mystery, and alone know the secret of its accursed fate. The poet's analytic faculty has been compared to that of Balzac, but a parallel goes no farther than the material side. In condensation he surpassed either Balzac or Hawthorne.

His imagination was not of the highest order, for he never dared to trust to it implicitly; certainly not in his poetry, since he could do nothing with a measure like blank verse, which is barren in the hands of a mere songster, but the glory of English metrical forms when employed by one commanding the strength of diction, the beauty and grandeur of thought, and all the resources of a strongly imaginative poet. Neither in verse nor in prose did he cut loose from his minor devices, and for results of sublimity and awe he always depends upon that which is grotesque or out of nature. Beauty of the fantastic or grotesque is not the highest beauty. Art, like nature, must be fantastic, not in her frequent but in her exceptional moods. The rarest ideal dwells in a realm beyond that which fascinates us by its strangeness or terror, and the votaries of the latter have masters above them as high as Raphael is above Doré.

In genuine humor Poe seemed utterly wanting. He also had little of the mother wit that comes in flashes and at once; but his powers of irony and satire were so great as to make his frequent lapses into invective the more humiliating. The command of humor has distinguished men whose genius was both high and broad. If inessential to exalted poetic work, its absence is hurtful to the critical and polemic essay. Poe knew this as well as any one, but a measureless self-esteem would not acknowledge the flaw in his armor. Hence, efforts which involved the delusion that humor may come by works and not by inborn gift. Humor is congenital and rare, the fruit of natural mellowness, of sensitiveness to the light and humane phrases of life. It is, moreover, set in action by an unselfish heart. Such is the mirth of Thackeray, of Cervantes and Molière, and of the one master of English song. Poe's consciousness of his defect, and his refusal to believe it incurable, are manifest in trashy sketches

for which he had a market, and which are humorous only to one who sees the luricrous side of their failure. He analyzed mirth as the product of incongruity, and went to work upon a theory to produce it. The result is seen not only in the extravaganzas to which I refer,— and it is a pity that these should have been hunted up so laboriously,— but in the use of what he thought was humor to barb his criticisms, and as a contrast to the exciting passages of his analytical tales. One of his sketches, 'The Duc de l'Omelette,' after the lighter French manner, is full of grace and jaunty persiflage, but most of his whimsical 'pot-boilers' are deplorably absurd. There is something akin to humor in the sub-handling of his favorite themes,— such as the awe and mystery of death, the terrors of pestilence, insanity, or remorse. The grotesque and nether side of these matters presents itself to him, and then his irony, with its repulsive fancies, is as near humor as he ever approaches. That is to say, it is grave-yard humor, the kind which sends a chill down our backs, and implies a contempt for our bodies and souls, for the perils, helplessness and meanness of the stricken human race.

Poe is sometimes called a man of extraordinary learning. Upon a first acquaintance, one might receive the impression that his scholarship was not only varied, but thorough. A study of his works has satisfied me that he possessed literary resources and knew how to make the most of them. In this he resembled Bulwer, and, with far less abundant materials than the latter required, employed them as speciously. He easily threw a glamor of erudition about his work, by the use of phrases from old authors he had read, or among whose treatises he had foraged with special design. It was his knack to cull sentences which, taken by themselves, produce a weird or impressive effect, and to reframe them skilfully. This plan was clever, and resulted in something that could best be muttered 'darkly, at dead of night'; but it partook of trickery, even in its art. He had little exact scholarship, nor needed it, dealing, as he did, not with the processes of learning, but with results that could subserve the play of his imagination. Shakespere's anachronisms and illusions were made as he required them, and with a fine disdain. Poe resorted to them of malice aforethought, and under pretense of correctness. Still, the work of a romancer and poet is not that of a bookworm. What he needs is a good reference-knowledge, and this Poe had. His irregular school-boy training was not likely to give him the scholastic habit, nor would his impatient manhood otherwise have confirmed it. I am sure that we may consider that portion of his youth to have been of most worth which was devoted, as in the case of many a born writer, to the unconscious education obtained from the reading, for the mere love of it, of *all* books to which he had access. This training served him well. It enabled him to give his romance an alchemic air, by citation from writers like Chapman, Thomas More, Bishop King, etc., and from Latin and French authors in profusion. His French tendencies were natural, and he learned enough of the language to read much of its current literature and get hold of modes unknown to many of his fellow-writers. I have said that his stock in trade was narrow, but for the adroit display of it examine any of his tales and sketches, — for example, 'Berenice,' or 'The Assignation.'

In knowledge of what may be called the properties of his romance, he was more honestly grounded. He had the good fortune to utilize the Southern life and scenery which he knew in youth. It chanced, also, that during some years of his boyhood — that formative period whose impressions are indelible — he lived in a characteristic part of England. He had seen with his own eyes castles, abbeys, the hangings and tapestries and other bygone trappings of ancient rooms, and remembered effects of decoration and color which always came to his aid. These he used as if he were born to them; never, certainly, with the surprise at their richness which vulgarizes Disraeli's 'Lothair.' In some way, known to genius, he also caught the romance of France, of Italy, of the Orient, and one tale or another is transfused with their atmosphere; while the central figure, however disguised, is always the image of the romancer himself. His equipment, on the whole, was not a pedant's, much less that of a searcher after truth; it was that of a poet and a literary workman. Yet he had the hunger

which animates the imaginative student, and, had he been led to devote himself to science, would have contributed to the sum of knowledge. In writing 'Eureka,' he was unquestionably sincere, and forgot himself more nearly than in any other act of his professional life. But here his inexact learning betrayed him. What was begun in conviction — a swift generalization from scientific theories of the universe — grew to be so far beyond the data at his command, or so inconsistent with them, that he finally saw he had written little else than a prose poem, and desired that it should be so regarded. Of all sciences, astronomy appeals most to the imagination. What is rational in 'Eureka' mostly is a re-statement of accepted theories; otherwise the treatise is vague and nebulous, a light dimmed by its own vapor. The work is curiously saturated with our modern Pantheism; and although in many portions it shows the author's weariness, yet it was a notable production for a layman venturing within the precincts of the savant. The poetic instinct hits upon truths which the science of the future confirms; but as often, perhaps, it glorifies some error sprung from its too ardent generalization. Poe's inexactness was shown in frequent slips,— sometimes made unconsciously, sometimes in reliance upon the dullness of his rivals to save him from detection. He was on the alert for other people's errors; for his own facts, were he now alive, he could not call so lightly upon his imagination. Even our younger authors, here and abroad, now are so well equipped that their learning seems to handicap their winged steeds. Poe had, above all, the gift of poetic induction. He would have divined the nature of an unknown world from a specimen of its flora, a fragment of its art. He felt himself something more than a bookman. He was a creator of the beautiful, and hence the conscious struggle of his spirit for the sustenance it craved. Even when he was most in error, he labored as an artist, and it is idle criticism that judges him upon any other ground.

Accept him, then, whether as poet or romancer, as a pioneer in the art of feeling in American literature. So far as he was devoted to art for art's sake, it was for her sake as the exponent of beauty. No man ever lived in whom the passion for loveliness so governed the emotions and convictions. His service of the beautiful was idolatry, and he would have kneeled with Heine at the feet of Our Lady of Milo, and believed that she yearned to help him. This consecration to absolute beauty made him abhor the mixture of sentimentalism, metaphysics, and morals, in its presentation. It was a foregone conclusion that neither Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, nor Hawthorne should wholly satisfy him. The question of 'moral' tendency concerned him not in the least. He did not feel with Keats that 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' and that a divine perfection may be reached by either road. This deficiency narrowed his range both as a poet and as a critic. His sense of justice was a sense of the fitness of things, and — strange to say — when he put it aside he forgot that he was doing an unseemly thing. Otherwise, he represents, or was one of the first to lead, a rebellion against formalism, commonplace, the spirit of the bourgeois. In this movement Whitman is his counter-type at the pole opposite from that of art; and hence they justly are picked out from the rest of us and associated in foreign minds. Taste was Poe's supreme faculty. Beauty, to him, was a definite and logical reality, and he would have scouted Véron's claim that it has no fixed objective laws, and exists only in the nature of the observer. Although the brakes of art were on his imagination, his taste was not wholly pure; he vacillated between the classic forms and those allied with color, splendor, Oriental decoration; between his love for the antique and his impressions of the mystical and grotesque. But he was almost without confraternity. An artist in an unartistic period, he had to grope his way, to contend with stupidity and coarseness. Again, his imagination, gloating upon the possibilities of taste, violated its simplicity. Poe longed for the lamp of Aladdin, for the riches of the Gnomes. Had unbounded wealth been his, he would have outvied Beckford, Landor, Dumas, in barbaric extravagance of architecture. His efforts to apply the laws of the beautiful to imaginary decoration, architecture, landscape, are very fascinating as seen in 'The Philosophy of Furniture,' 'Landscape Gardening,' and 'Landor's Cottage.' 'The Domain of Arnheim' is a marvel-

ous dream of an earthly paradise, and the close is a piece of word-painting as effective as the language contains. Regarding this sensitive artist, this original poet, it seems indeed a tragedy that a man so ideal in either realm, so unfit for contact with ugliness, dullness, brutality, should have come to eat husks with the swine, to be misused by their human counterparts, and to die the death of a drunkard, in the refuge which society offers to the most forlorn and hopeless of its castaways.

From *Scribner's Monthly Magazine*, May, 1880.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (1836–1907) [1]

Thomas Bailey Aldrich was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and spent there that early boyhood which he has reproduced so vividly in his *Story of a Bad Boy*. He did not go to college because of his father's early death and the consequent necessity for earning money for the family needs. From 1852 to 1866 he lived in New York City, engaged in editorial work on various papers, and for a time he saw much of the Bohemian circle of poets and literary adventurers which flourished there in the years just before the war. He began publishing early, issuing his first dainty volume of poetry, *The Bells*, in 1855 and following it with other editions in 1858, 1859, 1861, 1863, and 1865. In this, the New York period of his life, he was a poet of the art for beauty's sake school, often somewhat sentimental, but always faultlessly accurate and artistic. The second period of his life began when Fields and Osgood offered him the editorship of *Every Saturday*. The rest of his life was connected with Boston. From 1881 to 1890 he was editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. He published several distinctive short stories, three or four novels, and many carefully-wrought lyrics, a final and definitive edition of which he issued in his last years with the title *Songs and Sonnets*. He married into a wealthy Boston family, traveled much,— twice circling the earth, and wrote only when the mood was upon him.

As a poet he must be classed as distinctively a lyrist. It is hard to speak of his work without referring to the English poet Herrick, as he himself has done in 'Hesperides.' He was the most artistic of our poets, the maker of exquisitely carved jewels of verse, perfect in their way, but throwing little light upon human life and its meaning. In his later years he did more substantial work. His prose is as distinctive as his verse, especially his short stories. He added the surprise ending, and gave to the form a lightness of touch and an urbane, patrician tone that hitherto had been lacking in American shorter fiction.

SLEEP

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak — little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye can mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.

Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

Atlantic Monthly, Sept., 1875.

NOCTURNE

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain folds between.

She smiles on her white-rose lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window —
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time —
Ah, me! it was he that won her
Because he dared to climb!

From *Flower and Thorn*, 1877.

1 Aldrich selections copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

ON LYNN TERRACE

All day to watch the blue wave curl and break,
All night to hear it plunging on the shore —
In this sea-dream such draughts of life I take,
I cannot ask for more.

Behind me lie the idle life and vain,
The task unfinished, and the weary hours;
That long wave softly bears me back to Spain
And the Alhambra's towers!

Once more I halt in Andalusian Pass,
To list the mule-bells jingling on the height;
Below, against the dull esparto grass,
The almonds glimmer white.

Huge gateways, wrinkled, with rich grays and browns,
Invite my fancy, and I wander through
The gable-shadowed, zigzag streets of towns
The world's first sailors knew.

Or, if I will, from out this thin sea-haze
Low-lying cliffs of lovely Calais rise;
Or yonder, with the pomp of olden days,
Venice salutes my eyes.

Or some gaunt castle lures me up its stair;
I see, far off, the red-tiled hamlets shine,
And catch, through slits of windows here and there,
Blue glimpses of the Rhine.

Again I pass Norwegian fjord and fell,
And through bleak wastes to where the sunset's fires
Light up the white-walled Russian citadel,
The Kremlin's domes and spires.

And now I linger in green English lanes,
By garden-plots of rose and heliotrope;
And now I face the sudden pelting rains
Of some low Alpine slope.

Now at Tangier, among the packed Bazaars,
I saunter, and the merchants at the doors
Smile, and entice me: here are jewels like stars,
And curved knives of the Moors;

Cloths of Damascus, strings of amber dates;
What would Howadji — silver, gold, or stone?
Prone on the sun-scorched plain outside the gates
The camels make their moan.

All this is mine, as I lie dreaming here,
High on the windy terrace, day by day;
And mine the children's laughter, sweet and clear,
Ringing across the bay.

For me the clouds; the ships sail by for me;
For me the petulant sea-gull takes its flight;
And mine the tender moonrise on the sea,
And hollow caves of night.

Atlantic Monthly, October, 1879.

PÈRE ANTOINE'S DATE-PALM

Near the Levee, and not far from the old French Cathedral in the Place d'Armes, at New Orleans, stands a fine date-palm, thirty feet in height, spreading its broad leaves in the alien air as hardily as if its sinuous roots were sucking strength from their native earth.

Sir Charles Lyell, in his 'Second Visit to the United States,' mentions this exotic: 'The tree is seventy or eighty years old; for Père Antoine, a Roman Catholic priest, who died about twenty years ago, told Mr. Bringier that he planted it himself, when he was young. In his will he provided that they who succeed to this lot of ground should forfeit it if they cut down the palm.'

Wishing to learn something of Père Antoine's history, Sir Charles Lyell made inquiries among the ancient Creole inhabitants of the faubourg. That the old priest, in his last days, became very much emaciated, that he walked about the streets like a mummy, that he gradually dried up, and finally blew away, was the meager and unsatisfactory result of the tourist's investigations. This is all that is generally told of Père Antoine.

In the summer of 1861, while New Orleans was yet occupied by the Rebel forces, I met at Alexandria in Virginia, a lady from Louisiana,— Miss Blondeau by name,— who gave me the substance of the following legend touching Père Antoine and his wonderful date-palm. If it should appear tame to the reader, it will be because I am not habited in a black

ribbed-silk dress, with a strip of point-lace around my throat, like Miss Blondeau; it will be because I lack her eyes and lips and Southern music to tell it with.

When Père Antoine was a very young man, he had a friend whom he loved as he loved his life. Émile Jardin returned his passion, and the two, on account of their friendship, became the marvel of the city where they dwelt. One was never seen without the other; for they studied, walked, ate, and slept together.

Thus began Miss Blondeau, with the air of Fiammetta telling her prettiest story to the Florentines in the garden of Boccaccio.

Antoine and Émile were preparing to enter the Church; indeed, they had taken the preliminary steps, when a circumstance occurred which changed the color of their lives. A foreign lady, from some nameless island in the Pacific, had a few months before moved into their neighborhood. The lady died suddenly, leaving a girl of sixteen or seventeen, entirely friendless and unprovided for. The young men had been kind to the woman during her illness, and at her death — melting with pity at the forlorn situation of Anglice, the daughter — swore between themselves to love and watch over her as if she were their sister.

Now Anglice had a wild, strange beauty that made other women seem tame beside her; and in the course of time the young men found themselves regarding their ward not so much like brothers as at first. In brief, they found themselves in love with her.

They struggled with their hopeless passion month after month, neither betraying his secret to the other; for the austere orders which they were about to assume precluded the idea of love and marriage. Until then they had dwelt in the calm of religious meditations, unmoved except by that pious fervor which in other ages taught men to brave the tortures of the rack and to smile amid the flames. But a blond girl, with great eyes and a voice like the soft notes of a vesper hymn, had come in between them and their ascetic dreams of heaven. The ties that had bound the young men together snapped silently one by one. At length each read in the pale face of the other the story of his own despair.

And she? If Anglice shared their trouble, her face told no story. It was like the face of a saint on a cathedral window. Once, however, as she came suddenly upon the two men and overheard words that seemed to burn like fire on the lip of the speaker, her eyes grew luminous for an instant. Then she passed on, her face as immobile as before in its setting of wavy gold hair.

'Entre or et roux Dieu fit ses longs cheveux.'

One night Émile and Anglice were missing. They had flown,— but whither, nobody knew, and nobody, save Antoine, cared. It was a heavy blow to Antoine, — for he had himself half resolved to confess his love to Anglice and urge her to fly with him.

A strip of paper slipped from a volume on Antoine's prie-dieu, and fluttered to his feet.

'*Do not be angry,*' said the bit of paper, piteously; '*forgive us, for we love.*'

Three years went by wearily enough. Antoine had entered the Church, and was already looked upon as a rising man; but his face was pale and his heart leaden, for there was no sweetness in life for him.

Four years had elapsed, when a letter, covered with outlandish postmarks, was brought to the young priest,— a letter from Anglice. She was dying; — would he forgive her? Émile, the year previous, had fallen a victim to the fever that raged on the island; and their child, Anglice, was likely to follow him. In pitiful terms she begged Antoine to take charge of the child until she was old enough to enter the convent of the Sacré-Cœur. The epistle was finished hastily by another hand, informing Antoine of Madame Jardin's death; it also told him that Anglice had been placed on board a vessel shortly to leave the island for some Western port.

The letter, delayed by storm and shipwreck, was hardly read and wept over when little Anglice arrived.

On beholding her, Antoine uttered a cry of joy and surprise,— she was so like the woman he had worshiped.

The passion that had been crowded down in his heart broke out and lavished its richness on this child, who was to him not only the Anglice of years ago, but his friend Émile Jardin also.

Anglice possessed the wild, strange beauty of her mother,— the bending, willowy form, the rich tint of skin, the large

tropical eyes, that had almost made Antoine's sacred robes a mockery to him.

For a month or two Anglice was wildly unhappy in her new home. She talked continually of the bright country where she was born, the fruits and flowers and blue skies, the tall, fan-like trees, and the streams that went murmuring through them to the sea. Antoine could not pacify her.

By and by she ceased to weep, and went about the cottage in a weary, disconsolate way that cut Antoine to the heart. A long-tailed paroquet, which she had brought with her in the ship, walked solemnly behind her from room to room, mutely pining, it seemed, for those heavy Orient airs that used to ruffle its brilliant plumage.

Before the year ended, he noticed that the ruddy tinge had faded from her cheek, that her eyes had grown languid, and her slight figure more willowy than ever.

A physician was consulted. He could discover nothing wrong with the child, except this fading and drooping. He failed to account for that. It was some vague disease of the mind, he said, beyond his skill. So Anglice faded day by day. She seldom left the room now. At last Antoine could not shut out the fact that the child was passing away. He had learned to love her so!

'Dear heart,' he said once, 'what is't ails thee?'

'Nothing, mon père,' for so she called him.

The winter passed, the balmy spring had come with its magnolia blooms and orange blossoms, and Anglice seemed to revive. In her small bamboo chair, on the porch, she swayed to and fro in the fragrant breeze with a peculiar undulating motion, like a graceful tree.

At times something seemed to weigh upon her mind. Antoine observed it, and waited. At length she spoke.

'Near our house,' said little Anglice — 'near our house on the island, the palm-trees are waving under the blue sky. O how beautiful! I seem to lie beneath them all day long. I am very, very happy. I yearned for them so much I grew sick, — don't you think it was so, mon père?'

'Hélas, yes!' exclaimed Antoine, suddenly. 'Let us hasten to those pleasant islands where the palms are waving.'

Anglice smiled.

'I am going there; mon père.'

A week from that evening the wax candles burned at her feet and forehead, lighting her on the journey.

All was over. Now was Antoine's heart empty. Death, like another Émile, had stolen his new Anglice. He had nothing to do but to lay the blighted flower away.

Père Antoine made a shallow grave in his garden, and heaped the fresh brown mold over his idol.

In the tranquil spring evenings, the priest was seen sitting by the mound, his fingers closed in the unread breviary.

The summer broke on that sunny land; and in the cool morning twilight, and after nightfall, Antoine lingered by the grave. He could never be with it enough.

One morning he observed a delicate stem, with two curiously shaped emerald leaves, springing up from the center of the mound. At first he merely noticed it casually; but at length the plant grew so tall, and was so strangely unlike anything he had ever seen before, that he examined it with care.

How straight and graceful and exquisite it was! When it swung to and fro with the summer wind, in the twilight, it seemed to Antoine as if little Anglice was standing there in the garden.

The days stole by, and Antoine tended the fragile shoot, wondering what manner of blossom it would unfold, white, or scarlet, or golden. One Sunday, a stranger, with a bronzed, weather-beaten face like a sailor's, leaned over the garden rail, and said to him, 'What a fine young date-palm you have there, sir!'

'Mon Dieu!' cried Père Antoine, 'and is it a palm?'

'Yes, indeed,' returned the man. 'I did n't reckon the tree would flourish in this latitude.'

'Ah, mon Dieu!' was all the priest could say aloud; but he murmured to himself, 'C'est le bon Dieu qui m' a donné cela.'

If Père Antoine loved the tree before, he worshipped it now. He watered it and nurtured it, and could have clasped it in his arms. Here were Émile and Anglice and the child all in one!

The years glided away, and the date palm and the priest grew together,— one one became vigorous and the other feeble. Père Antoine had long passed the meridian of life. The tree was in its youth. It r

longer stood in an isolated garden; for the pretentious brick and stucco houses had clustered about Antoine's cottage. They looked down scowling on the humble thatched roof. The city was edging up, trying to crowd him off his land. But he clung to it like lichen and refused to sell.

Speculators piled gold on his doorsteps, and he laughed at them. Sometimes he was hungry and cold and thinly clad; but he laughed none the less.

'Get thee behind me, Satan!' said the old priest's smile.

Père Antoine was very old now, scarcely able to walk; but he could sit under the pliant, caressing leaves of this palm, loving it like an Arab; and there he sat till the grimmest of speculators came to him. But even in death Père Antoine was faithful to his trust.

The owner of that land loses it, if he harm the date-tree.

And there it stands in the narrow, dingy street, a beautiful, dreamy stranger, an exquisite foreign lady whose grace is a joy to the eye, the incense of whose breath makes the air enamored. May the hand wither that touches her ungently!

'*Because it grew from the heart of little Anglice,*' said Miss Blondeau, tenderly.

Atlantic Monthly, June, 1862.

CELIA LEIGHTON THAXTER (1836–1894) [1]

In all the best of Celia Thaxter's work,— in the *Drift-Weed: Poems*, 1878, and her *Among the Isles of Shoals*, 1873, poetic prose,— there is the roar and the odor of the ocean. Her childhood and youth had been spent on one of the small, storm-beaten islands off the New Hampshire coast, where her father was keeper of the light. She knew little of the main-land until after her marriage with the young pastor who had visited the islands as a mission worker. Her poem 'Land-Locked' in the ninth volume of the *Atlantic* introduced her to the reading public. She published at length several volumes of poems, the first in 1872, but the greater part of her product does not rise much above the mediocre average of her day. When she touched the ocean she was convincing. There is, moreover, in her best work a spontaneousness and a womanly sympathy and depth of feeling that make the verses not mere compositions, but real lyrics.

LAND-LOCKED

Black lie the hills, swiftly doth daylight flee,
And, catching gleams of sunset's dying smile,
Through the dusk land for many a changing mile
The river runneth softly to the sea.

O happy river, could I follow thee!
O yearning heart, that never can be still!
O wistful eyes, that watch the steadfast hill,
Longing for level line of solemn sea!

Have patience; here are flowers and songs of birds,
Beauty and fragrance, wealth of sound and sight,
All summer's glory thine from morn till night,
And life too full of joy for uttered words.

Neither am I ungrateful. But I dream
Deliciously, how twilight falls to-night
Over the glimmering water, how the light
Dies blissfully away, until I seem

To feel the wind sea-scented on my cheek,
To catch the sound of dusky flapping sail,
And dip of oars, and voices on the gale,
Afar off, calling softly, low and sweet.

O Earth, thy summer-song of joy may soar
Ringing to heaven in triumph! I but crave
The sad, caressing murmur of the wave
That breaks in tender music on the shore.

The Atlantic Monthly, March, 1861.

THE SPANIARDS' GRAVES AT THE ISLES OF SHOALS

O sailors, did sweet eyes look after you,
The day you sailed away from sunny Spain?
Bright eyes that followed fading ship and crew,
Melting in tender rain?

Did no one dream of that drear night to be,
Wild with the wind, fierce with the stinging snow,
When, on yon granite point that frets the sea,
The ship met her death-blow?

Fifty long years ago these sailors died:
(None know how many sleep beneath the waves:)
Fourteen gray headstones, rising side by side,
Point out their nameless graves,—

Lonely, unknown, deserted, but for me,
And the wild birds that flit with mournful cry,
And sadder winds, and voices of the sea
That moans perpetually.

Wives, mothers, maidens, wistfully, in vain
Questioned the distance for the yearning sail,
That, leaning landward, should have stretched again
White arms wide on the gale,

1 Thaxter selections copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

To bring back their beloved. Year by year,
Weary they watched, till youth and beauty passed,
And lustrous eyes grew dim, and age drew near,
And hope was dead at last.

Still summer broods o'er that delicious land,
Rich, fragrant, warm with skies of golden glow:
Live any yet of that forsaken band
Who loved so long ago?

O Spanish women, over the far seas,
Could I but show you where your dead repose!
Could I send tidings on this northern breeze,
That strong and steady blows!

Dear dark-eyed sisters, you remember yet
These you have lost, but you can never know
One stands at their bleak graves whose eyes are wet
With thinking of your woe!

The Atlantic Monthly, April, 1865.

THE SANDPIPER

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I,
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry.
He starts not at my fitful song,
Or flash of fluttering drapery.
He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye:
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

EMILY DICKINSON (1830–1886)

The three volumes of Emily Dickinson's poetry, the first edited by Thomas Wentworth Higginson four years after her death, the second and third by Mabel Loomis Todd in 1891 and 1896 respectively, stand unique in American literature. They are the posthumously revealed work of one who for years lived in almost complete seclusion and who resisted all the importunities of her friends to give them publication. She was a native of Amherst, Massachusetts; her father was a prominent lawyer and the treasurer of Amherst College, and in her father's house and secluded grounds she spent the fifty-six years of her life. Her poems, gathered from her private portfolios, are as pale and exotic as the Indian pipe flowers on the covers of the little volumes in which they have been printed. They are startlingly, even crudely, original. Their author never knew criticism: she wrote as the whim or the inspiration of the moment dictated and did little revising. Dr. Holland, who was an intimate friend of the family, declared that they were 'too ethereal for publication.' Some of them remind one of the work of Blake. They are the record of the inner life of an abnormally sensitive soul,— fragments lyrical ejaculations, childish conceits, little orphic sayings often illogical and meaningless, lines and couplets at times that are like glimpses of another world, spasmodic cries, always brief, always bearing upon the deepest things that life knows,— love, death, nature, time, eternity. Selections from her letters appeared in 1894.

VERSES

EMIGRAVIT

Went up a year this evening;
I recollect it well.
Amid no bells nor bravoes,
The bystanders will tell.
Cheerful, as to the village,
Tranquil, as to repose,
Chastened, as to the chapel,
This humble tourist rose.
Did not talk of returning—
Alluded to no time
When, were the gales propitious,
We might look for him;
Was grateful for the roses
In life's diverse bouquet;
Talked softly of new species
To pick, another day.
Beguiling thus the wonder,
The wondrous nearer drew;
Hands bustled at the moorings—
The crowd respectful grew.
Ascended from our vision
To countenances new.
A difference, a daisy,
Is all the rest I knew.

THE LOST JEWEL [1]

I held a Jewel in my fingers
And went to sleep.
The day was warm and winds were prosy
I said: ''T will keep.'

I woke, and chid my honest fingers—
The gem was gone;
And now an amethyst remembrance
Is all I own.

FRINGED GENTIAN [1]

God made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose
And failed—and all the summer laughed.
But just before the snows
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill;
And summer hid her forehead,
And mockery was still.
The frosts were her condition;
The Tyrian would not come
Until the north evoked it.
Creator! Shall I bloom?

The Independent, February 5, 1891.

CALLED BACK [1]

Just lost, when I was saved!
Just heard the world go by!
Just girt me for the onset with eternity,
When breath drew back,
And on the other side
I heard recede the disappointed tide.

Therefore as one returned, I feel,
Odd secrets of 'the Line' to tell!
Some sailor skirting novel shores!
Some pale 'reporter' from the awful doors
Before the Seal!

Next time to stay!
Next time the things to see
By ear unheard,
Unscrutinized by eye!
Next time to tarry
While the ages steal,
Tramp the slow centuries
And the Cycles wheel!

The Independent, March 12, 1891.

THE MARTYRS [1]

Through the strait pass of suffering
The martyrs even trod,
Their feet upon temptation,
Their foreheads upon God;

A stately, shriven company —
Convulsion playing round,
Harmless as streaks of meteor
Upon a planet bound;

Their faith, the everlasting troth,
Their expectation sure;
The needle to the North degree,
Wades so, through polar air.

The Independent, March 12, 1891.

TIME'S HEALING

They say that 'time assuages,'
Time never did assuage;
An actual suffering strengthens
As sinews do, with age.

Time is a test of trouble,
But not a remedy;
If such it prove, it proves too,
There was no malady.

The Independent, May 21, 1896.

VERSES

HOPE [1]

Hope is a subtle glutton;
He feeds upon the fair,—
And yet, inspected closely,
What abstinence is there.

His is the halcyon table
That never seats but one;
And whatsoever is consumed,
The same amounts remain.

DISENCHANTMENT [1]

It dropped so low in my regard
I heard it hit the ground,
And go to pieces on the stones
At bottom of my mind.

Yet blamed the fate that fractured less
Than I reviled myself
For entertaining plated wares
Upon my silver shelf.

THE PAST [1]

The Past is such a curious creature,
To look her in the face
A transport may reward us,
Or a disgrace.

Unarmed, if any meet her,
I charge him, Fly!
Her rusty ammunition
Might yet reply!

CONSECRATION [1]

Proud of my broken heart, since thou didst break it;
Proud of the pain I did not feel till thee;
Proud of my night, since thou with moons dost slake it;
Not to partake thy passion my humility.

The Independent, July 2, 1896.

SPRING'S ORCHESTRA

The saddest noise, the sweetest noise,
The maddest noise that grows,—
The birds, they make it in the spring,
At night's delicious close,

Between the March and April line —
That magical frontier
Beyond which summer hesitates,
Almost too heavenly near.

It makes us think of all the dead
That sauntered with us here,
By separation's sorcery
Made cruelly more dear.

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1 Copyright by Little, Brown & Co.

It makes us think of what we had,
And what we now deplore.
We almost wish those siren throats
Would go and sing no more.

An ear can break a human heart
As quickly as a spear.
We wish the ear had not a heart
So dangerously near.

Independent, June 2, 1898.

OTHER TRANSITION POETS

Of the other poets caught between two periods, listening longingly to the older music and impatient with the new, trying it, perhaps at times half-heartedly, there need be mentioned only three: Thomas Buchanan Read, a Pennsylvanian, an artist of real ability, a poet who did more than dabble in poetry since his collected poems fill three volumes, and George Henry Boker, also a Pennsylvanian, a man of wealth, a writer of tragedies, and voluminous to the extent that his published editions number at least eight volumes. Both were of the artistic school of poets, who loved the beauty world of Keats and Shelley and the early Tennyson, and labored over their lyrics. Once or twice they struck true poetic notes, but the greater part of all they wrote is without distinction. So with Richard Henry Stoddard, who at one time was counted with Taylor as sure of a place in the major group of poets. Stoddard was born at Hingham, Massachusetts, but went to New York City when he was a mere boy and lived there the rest of his life. From 1853 to 1870 he was employed in the New York Custom House. After 1870 he was connected with various newspapers, the *World*, the *Aldine*, a literary journal, and from 1880 to his death with *The New York Mail and Express* as literary editor. Poetry he wrote continually: one finds it in all the magazines of the period and he issued much of it in successive volumes, but almost none of it has survived. He is now out of print. The weakness of the whole school lay in the fact that they reacted not at all to the life of the nation and the period in which they lived, but dreamed of the romance world found only in books. While the intense drama of America was being enacted all about him, Stoddard sat in his book-lined study and wrote his *Book of the East*, with its Persian songs, and its odors of the Orient which he had never visited save in dreams.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, 1822–1872

THE CLOSING SCENE

Within this sober realm of leafless trees,
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
Like some tanned reaper in his hour of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills
O'er the dim waters widening in the vales,
Sent down the air a greeting to the mills,
On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed, and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed farther, and the streams sang low;
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter log with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed in gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood, like some sad beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On slumberous wings the vulture held his flight;
The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint;
And like a star slow drowning in the light,
The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel-cock upon the hill-side crew —
Crew thrice, and all was stiller than before,—
Silent till some replying warder blew
His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay, within the elm's tall crest,
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young,
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung; —

Where sang the noisy masons of the eves,
The busy swallows, circling ever near,
Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes,
An early harvest and a plenteous year; —

Where every bird which charmed the vernal feast,

Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east,—
All now was songless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone from out the stubble piped the quail,
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders wove their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by, passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most cheerless air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the Year stood there,
Firing the floor with his inverted torch;—

Amid all this, the center of the scene,
The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied her swift wheel, and with her joyless mien,
Sat like a Fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known Sorrow,—he had walked with her,
Oft supped and broke the bitter ashen crust;
And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir
Of his black mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom,
Her country summoned and she gave her all;
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Regave the swords to rust upon her wall.

Regave the swords,—but not the hand that drew
And struck for Liberty its dying blow,
Nor him who, to his sire and country true,
Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on.
Like the low murmurs of a hive at noon;
Long, but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tune.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed;
Life dropped the distaff through his hands serene,—
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While Death and Winter closed the autumn scene.

From *Poetical Works*, 1866.

GEORGE HENRY BOKER, 1823–1890

TO ENGLAND [1]

I

Stand, thou great bulwark of man's liberty!
Thou rock of shelter, rising from the wave,
Sole refuge to the overwearied brave
Who planned, arose, and battled to be free,
Fell undeterred, then sadly turned to thee;—
Saved the free spirit from their country's grave,
To rise again, and animate the slave,
When God shall ripen all things. Britons, ye
Who guard the sacred outpost, not in vain
Hold your proud peril! Freemen undefiled,
Keep watch and ward! Let battlements be piled
Around your cliffs; fleets marshalled, till the main
Sink under them; and if your courage wane,
Through force or fraud, look westward to your child.
1853.

II

At length the tempest from the North hath burst,
The threatened storm, by sages seen of old;
And into jarring anarchy is rolled
Harmonious peace, so long and fondly nursed
By watchful nations. Tyranny accursed
Has broken bounds—the wolf makes towards the fold.

Up! ere your priceless liberties be sold
Into degrading slavery! The worst
That can befall you is the brunt of war,
Dealt on a shield that oft has felt the weight
Of foeman's blows.—Up! ere it be too late!
For God has squandered all his precious store
Of right and mercy, if the time's so sore
That slaves can bring you to their own base state.

III

Far from the Baltic to the Euxine's strand,
Peals the vast clamor of commencing war;
And we, O England, on another shore,
Like brothers bound, with wistful faces stand—
With shouts of cheer, with wavings of the hand—
With eager throbbings of the heart, to pour
Our warlike files amid the battle's war,
And nerve the terrors of thy lifted brand.
Old wrongs have vanished in thy evil hours;
The blood that fell between us, in the fight,
Has dried away before a heavenly light.
We 'll strew thy paths of victory with flowers,
Weep o'er thy woes, and cry, with all our powers,
Thy cause is God's, because thy cause is right!
1854.

IV

O, Men of England, with an anxious heart
We see you arming for the coming fight.
Pale lips that quiver, in our pride's despite,
Bid you God speed! Be this our tenderer part.
Yours is the frown of war, the martial start
That wakes to glory and resistless might,
When your great standard rises on the sight,
Blazoned with memories; an awful chart
Of grand adventures done in olden days,—
At once a pride and terror. Ill bestead
The soul that shrinks from duty through its dread;
Or seeks another outlet than the ways
Marked down for you, amid the whole world's praise—
The noble ways on which your fathers led.

V

Once more old England's banner on the gale
Flames like the comet in our western sky;
Beneath its fiery glare are lifted high
Long lines of steel, and clouds of snowy sail.
O, ye who bear it through the eastern gale,
Think how it shone in Cœur de Lion's eye!
Ye who behold it on the waters fly,
Think how it answered Nelson's dauntless hail!
From the Crusader to the Sailor turn,
And mark the lines of glory that appear
Stretched through your chronicles, starred far and near
With names heroical—dread names that burn,
Like deathless lamps, above each funeral urn,
To light you onward in your grand career.

VI

Faint not nor tremble, birthplace of my sires,
Because the dreadful ark of war is bare,
And thy sons bleed with many wounds that glare
In pleading misery on thee. Household fires
Must quench; there 's trouble in the land. Desires
For peace, old longings, that with loathful stare
Take up the sword with such a backward air,
Must vanish now. I know thy soul aspires
Toward all that 's manly, liberal, and great:
Therefore, when you behold your children come,
Gored by the cursed Cossack, wounded home,
Shed not a useless tear; but edge thy hate
With double fury! Sound the mustering drum,
And fill your ranks up to their wonted state!
1854.

From *Plays and Poems*, 1856.

TO AMERICA [1]

I

What, cringe to Europe! Band it all in one,
Stilt its decrepit strength, renew its age,
Wipe out its debts, contract a loan to wage
Its venal battles — and, by yon bright sun,
Our God is false, and liberty undone,
If slaves have power to win your heritage!
Look on your country, God's appointed stage,
Where man's vast mind its boundless course shall run:
For that it was your stormy coast He spread —
A fear in winter; girdled you about
With granite hills, and made you strong and dread.
Let him who fears before the foeman shout,
Or gives an inch before a vein has bled,
Turn on himself, and let the tratior out!

II

What though the cities blaze, the ports be sealed,
The fields untilled, the hands of labor still,
Ay, every arm of commerce and of skill
Palsied and broken; shall we therefore yield —
Break up the sword, put by the dintless shield?
Have we no home upon the wooded hill,
That mocks a siege? No patriot ranks to drill?
No nobler labor in the battlefield?
Or grant us beaten. While we gather might,
Is there no comfort in the solemn wood?
No cataracts whose angry roar shall smite
Our hearts with courage? No eternal brood
Of thoughts begotten by the eagle's flight?
No God to strengthen us in solitude?

From *Plays and Poems,* 1856.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER [1]

In Memory of General Philip Kearney.
Killed September 1, 1862.

Close his eyes; his work is done!
What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
Sleep forever and forever.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
What but death bemocking folly?
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
Trust him to the hand that made him.
Mortal love weeps idly by:
God alone has power to aid him.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow!
What cares he? he cannot know:
Lay him low!

From *Poems of the War,* 1864.

[1] Permission by Mrs. Edith Boker.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, 1825–1903

THE FLIGHT OF YOUTH

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain;
But when youth, the dream, departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.

We are stronger, and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign:
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth, with flying feet,
And will never come again.

Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain:
We behold it everywhere,
On the earth, and in the air,
But it never comes again!

From *Songs of Summer,* 1856.

BIRDS

Birds are singing round my window,
  Tunes the sweetest ever heard,
And I hang my cage there daily,
  But I never catch a bird.

So with thoughts my brain is peopled,
  And they sing there all day long:
But they will not fold their pinions
  In the little cage of song!

Songs of Summer, 1856.

PERSIA

We parted in the streets of Ispahan.
I stopped my camel at the city gate;
Why did I stop? I left my heart behind.

I heard the sighing of thy garden palms,
I saw the roses burning up with love;
I saw thee not: thou wert no longer there,

We parted in the streets of Ispahan.
A moon has passed since that unhappy day;
It seems an age: The days are long as years!

I send thee gifts by every caravan;
I send thee flasks of attar, spices, pearls;
I write thee songs on golden-powdered scrolls.

I meet the caravans when they return.
'What news?' I ask: The drivers shake their heads:
We parted in the streets of Ispahan.

Songs of Summer, 1856.

'POEMS OF THE ORIENT'

We read your little book of Orient lays,
And half believe old superstitions true;
No Saxon like ourselves, an Arab, you,
Stolen in your babyhood by Saxon fays.
That you in fervid songs recall the blaze
Of eastern suns; behold the deep-blue skies;
Lie under rustling palms; breathe winds of spice,
And dream of veiled sultanas, is no praise.
All this is native to you as the air;
You but regain the birthright lost of yore:
The marvel is it now becomes your own.
We wind the turban round our Frankish hair,
Spring on our steeds, that paw the desert's floor,
And take the sandy solitude alone!

Songs of Summer, 1856

TO GEORGE H. BOKER

Not mine the tragic poet's art,
His empire of the human heart:
  That world is shut from me,
  But you possess the key.

I see you in your wide domain,
Surrounded by a stately train,
  That lived, and died of yore:
  But now they die no more!

The Moor Calaynos: Anne Boleyn:
The Guzman and the cruel queen;
  And that unhappy Pair
  That float in Hell's murk air!

Anon your bitter Fool appears,
Masking in mirth his cynic sneers;
  We hear his bells, and smile,
  But long to weep the while.

A narrower range to me belongs,
A little land of summer songs,
  A realm of thought apart
  From all that wrings the heart.

To win you to my small estate,
Old friend, I greet you at the gate,
  And from its fairest bower
  Bring you this simple flower.

Songs of Summer, 1856.

V

THE NATIONAL PERIOD

1870–1914

V

THE NATIONAL PERIOD

1870–1914

THE HUMORISTS

The National period of American literature, which began in the sixties, was marked by the appearance of a new type of humor,— one that had been evolved gradually from the national life. It was of western birth: it came from the settlement of the great mid-land region, from the steam-boats of the Mississippi, from the camps of the gold coast, and the bivouacs of the civil war. It is impossible to sample all the leading humorists of the period: one can only take a few typical figures. Five, perhaps, are enough to illustrate the various elements that went to make up the new product.

Pioneer humorists there had been, like Longstreet and Harris and Baldwin, but the real father of the new school was an engineer, George Horatio Derby, who found relief at times from the perplexities of an exacting profession by writing his "John Phoenix" papers, in which he embodied the spirit of the early California where for a long time he was stationed. In his "Phoenixiana" we find the elements of exaggeration, irreverence, euphemistic statement, understatement, and Yankee aphorism. The second humorist in the school was Charles Farrar Browne, a Maine Yankee, who worked his way into the middle west, established one of the first of the newspaper funny columns, lectured extensively, at one time reaching the California coast, and finally went to London, the complete winning of which critical city made him universally famous. By the irony of fate, however, he was to die of consumption just at the moment of victory. His "Artemus Ward" papers are unique. They are redolent of a droll personality. He added cacography to the stock of American humorous devices, and he added also whimsical incongruity, the element of the grotesquely unexpected. Ever since the day of Franklin aphorism had been a prominent American product; it remained for Henry Wheeler Shaw to become the American comic Solomon. Shaw, or "Josh Billings," as he called himself, had had a varied career as college student, deck-hand on the Ohio River, farmer, and auctioneer in western towns, before he began to write. In 1859, when he was forty, he published an "Essay on the Mule" and from that time his writings became more and more familiar until his name was well-known in every American household, and deservedly so, for behind his grotesque spelling is real wisdom. From his quaint store of aphorisms one may construct the very soul of our Americanism. In the great number of political satirists called forth by the war the two leaders perhaps were David Ross Locke, on the Northern side, and Charles H. Smith on the Southern. The work of both of these men helped greatly in the troubled days in which they wrote. Satire, however, generally perishes with the period that calls it forth, and even now the writings of the two men are unintelligible unless accompanied by numerous foot-notes.

GEORGE HORATIO DERBY, "JOHN PHOENIX," (1823–1861)

A MUSICAL REVIEW

THE PLAINS. ODE SYMPHONIE PAR JABEZ TARBOX.— This glorious composition was produced at the San Diego Odeon, on the 31st of June, ult., for the first time in this or any other country, by a very full orchestra (the performance taking place immediately after supper), and a chorus composed of the entire 'Sauer Kraut-Verein,' the 'Wee Gates Association,' and choice selections from the 'Gyascutus' and 'Pikeharmonic' societies. The solos were rendered by Herr Tuden Links, the recitations by Herr Von Hyden Schnapps, both performers being assisted by Messrs. John Smith and Joseph Brown, who held their coats, fanned them, and furnished water during the more overpowering passages.

The Plains we consider the greatest musical achievement that has been presented to an enraptured public. Like Waterloo among battles; Napoleon among warriors; Niagara among falls, and Peck among senators, this magnificent composition stands among Oratorios, Operas, Musical

Melodramas and performances of Ethiopian Serenaders, peerless and unrivaled. *Il frappe toute chose parfaitment froid.*

'It does not depend for its success' upon its plot, its theme, its school or its master, for it has very little if any of them, but upon its soul-subduing, all-absorbing, high-faluting effect upon the audience, every member of which it causes to experience the most singular and exquisite sensations. Its strains at times remind us of those of the old master of the steamer *McKim,* who never went to sea without being unpleasantly affected; — a straining after effect he used to term it. Blair in his lecture on beauty, and Mills in his treatise on logic (p. 31), have alluded to the feeling which might be produced in the human mind, by something of this transcendentally sublime description, but it has remained for M. Tarbox, in the production of *The Plains,* to call this feeling forth.

The symphonie opens upon the wide and boundless plains, in longitude 115° W., latitude 35° 21′ 03″ N., and about sixty miles from the west bank of Pitt River. These data are beautifully and clearly expressed by a long (topographically) drawn note from an E flat clarionet. The sandy nature of the soil, sparsely dotted with bunches of cactus and artemisia, the extended view, flat and unbroken to the horizon, save by the rising smoke in the extreme verge, denoting the vicinity of a Pi Utah village, are represented by the bass drum. A few notes on the piccolo, calls the attention to a solitary antelope, picking up mescal beans in the foreground. The sun having an altitude of 36° 27′, blazes down upon the scene in indescribable majesty. 'Gradually the sounds roll forth in a song' of rejoicing to the God of Day.

'Of thy intensity
And great immensity
Now then we sing;
Beholding in gratitude
Thee in this latitude,
Curious thing.'

Which swells out into 'Hey Jim along, Jim along Josey,' then *decrescendo, mas o menos, poco pocita,* dies away and dries up.

Suddenly we hear approaching a train from Pike County, consisting of seven families, with forty-six wagons, each drawn by thirteen oxen; each family consists of a man in butternut-colored clothing driving the oxen; a wife in butternut-colored clothing riding in the wagon, holding a butternut baby, and seventeen butternut children running promiscuously about the establishment; all are barefooted, dusty, and smell unpleasantly. (All these circumstances are expressed by pretty rapid fiddling for some minutes, winding up with a puff from the orpheclide, played by an intoxicated Teuton with an atrocious breath — it is impossible to misunderstand the description.) Now rises o'er the plains in mellifluous accents, the grand Pike County Chorus.

'Oh we'll soon be thar
In the land of gold,
Through the forest old,
O'er the mounting cold,
With spirits bold —
Oh, we come, we come,
And we'll soon be thar.
Gee up Bolly! whoo, up, whoo haw!'

The train now encamp. The unpacking of the kettles and mess-pans, the unyoking of the oxen, the gathering about the various camp-fires, the frizzling of the pork, are so clearly expressed by the music, that the most untutored savage could readily comprehend it. Indeed, so vivid and lifelike was the representation, that a lady sitting near us, involuntarily exclaimed aloud, at a certain passage, *'Thar, that pork's burning!'* and it was truly interesting to watch the gratified expression of her face when, by a few notes of the guitar, the pan was removed from the fire, and the blazing pork extinguished.

This is followed by the beautiful *aria:* —

'O! marm, I want a pancake!'

Followed by that touching *recitative:* —

'Shet up, or I will spank you!'

To which succeeds a grand *crescendo* movement, representing the flight of the child, with the pancake, the pursuit of the mother, and the final arrest and summary punishment of the former, represented by

the rapid and successive strokes of the castanet.

The turning in for the night follows; and the deep and stertorous breathing of the encampment, is well given by the bassoon, while the sufferings and trials of an unhappy father with an unpleasant infant, are touchingly set forth by the *cornet à piston*.

Part Second — The night attack of the Pi Utahs; the fearful cries of the demoniac Indians; the shrieks of the females and children; the rapid and effective fire of the rifles; the stampede of the oxen; their recovery and the final repulse; the Pi Utahs being routed after a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded, while the Pikes lose but one scalp (from an old fellow who wore a wig, and lost it in the scuffle), are faithfully given, and excite the most intense interest in the minds of the hearers; the emotions of fear, admiration and delight, succeeding each other in their minds, with almost painful rapidity. Then follows the grand chorus:

'Oh! we gin them fits,
The Ingen Utahs,
With our six-shooters —
We gin 'em pertickuler fits.'

After which, we have the charming recitative of Herr Tuden Links, to the infant, which is really one of the most charming gems in the performance:

'Now, dern your skin, *can't* you be easy?'

Morning succeeds. The sun rises magnificently (octavo flute) — breakfast is eaten,— in a rapid movement on three sharps; the oxen are caught and yoked up — with a small drum and triangle; the watches, purses, and other valuables of the conquered Pi Utahs, are stored away in a camp-kettle, to a small movement on the piccolo, and the train moves on, with the grand chorus: —

'We 'll soon be thar,
Gee up Bolly! Whoo hup! whoo haw!'

The whole concludes with the grand hymn and chorus: —

'When we die we 'll go to Benton,
Whup! Whoo, haw!
The greatest man that e'er land saw,
Gee!
Who this little airth was sent on
Whup! Whoo, haw!
To tell a "hawk from a hand-saw!"
Gee!'

The immense expense attending the production of this magnificent work; the length of time required to prepare the chorus; the incredible number of instruments destroyed at each rehearsal, have hitherto prevented M. Tarbox from placing it before the American public, and it has remained for San Diego to show herself superior to her sister cities of the Union, in musical taste and appreciation, and in high souled liberality, by patronizing this immortal prodigy, and enabling its author to bring it forth in accordance with his wishes and its capabilities. We trust every citizen of San Diego and Vallecetos will listen to it ere it is withdrawn; and if there yet lingers in San Francisco one spark of musical fervor, or a remnant of taste for pure harmony, we can only say that the Southerner sails from that place once a fortnight, and that the passage money is but forty-five dollars.

San Diego, July 10th, 1854.

From *Phœnixiana*, 1855.

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE,
"Artemus Ward,"
(1834–1867)

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN

I have no politics. Nary a one. I 'm not in the bizniss. If I was I spose I should holler versiffrusly in the streets at nite and go home to Betsy Jane smellen of coal ile and gin, in the mornin. I should go to the Poles arly. I should stay there all day. I should see to it that my nabers was thar. I should git carriages to take the kripples, the infirm and the indignant thar. I should be on guard agin frauds and sich. I should be on the look out for the infamus lise of the enemy, got up jest be4 elecshun for perlitical effeck. When all was over and my candydate was elected, I should move heving & arth — so to speak — until I got orfice, which if I did n't git a orfice I should turn round and abooze the Admin-

istration with all my mite and maine. But I 'm not in the bizniss. I 'm in a far more respectful bizniss nor what pollertics is. I would n't giv two cents to be a Congresser. The wus insult I ever received was when sertin citizens of Baldinsville axed me to run fur the Legislater. Sez I, My frends, dostest think I 'd stoop to that there?' They turned as white as a sheet. I spoke in my most orfullest tones, & they knowd I was n't to be trifled with. They slunked out of site to onct.

There4, havin no politics, I made bold to visit Old Abe at his humstid in Springfield. I found the old feller in his parler, surrounded by a perfeck swarm of orfice seekers. Knowin he had been capting of a flat boat on the roarin Mississippy I thought I 'd address him in sailor lingo, so sez I 'Old Abe, ahoy! Let out yer main-suls, reef hum the forecastle & throw yer jibpoop over-board! Shiver my timbers, my harty!' (N.B. This is ginuine mariner langwidge. I know, becawz I 've seen sailor plays acted out by them New York theater fellers.) Old Abe lookt up quite cross & sez, 'Send in yer petition by & by. I can't possibly look at it now. Indeed I can't. It 's onpossible, sir!'

'Mr. Linkin, who do you spect I air!' sed I.

'A orfice-seeker, to be sure!' sed he.

'Wall, sir,' sed I, 'you 's never more mistaken in your life. You hain't gut a orfiss I 'd take under no circumstances. I 'm A. Ward. Wax figgers is my perfeshun. I 'm the father of Twins, and they look like me — both of them. I cum to pay a frendly visit to the President eleck of the United States. If so be you wants to see me, say so — if not, say so, & I 'm orf like a jug handle.'

'Mr. Ward, sit down. I am glad to see you, Sir.'

'Repose in Abraham's Buzzum!' said one of the orfice seekers, his idee to begin to git orf a goak at my expense.

'Wall,' sez I, 'ef all you fellers repose in that there Buzzum thare 'll be mity poor nussin for sum of you!' whereupon Old Abe buttoned his weskit clear up and blusht like a maidin of sweet 16. Jest at this pint of the conversation another swarm of orfice-seekers arrove & cum pilin into the parler. Sum wanted post orfices, sum wanted collectorships, sum wantid furrin missions, and all wanted sumthin. I thought Old Abe would go crazy. He had n't more than had time to shake hands with 'em, before another trenjis crowd cum porein onto his premises. His house and dooryard was now perfeckly overflowed with orfice seekers, all clameruss for a immejit interview with Old Abe. One man from Ohio, who had about seven inches of corn whisky into him, mistook me for Old Abe and addrest me as 'The Pra-hayrie Flower of the West' Thinks I *you* want a offiss putty bad. Another man with a gold headed cane and a red nose told Old Abe he was 'a seckind Washington & the Pride of the Boundliss West.'

Sez I, 'Square, you would n't take a small post-offis if you could get it, would you?'

Sez he, 'a patrit is abuv them things, sir!'

'There 's a putty big crop of patrits this season, ain't there, Squire?' sez I, when *another* crowd of offiss seekers pored in. The house, dooryard, barn & woodshed was now all full, and when *another* crowd cum I told 'em not to go away for want of room as the hog-pen was still empty. One patrit from a small town in Michygan went up on top the house, got into the chimney and slid down into the parler where Old Abe was endeverin to keep the hungry pack of orfice-seekers from chawin him up alive without benefit of clergy. The minit he reached the fire-place he jumpt up, brusht the soot out of his eyes, and yelled: 'Don't make eny pintment at the Spunkville postoffiss til you've read my papers. All the respectful men in our town is signers to that there dockyment!'

'Good God!' cride Old Abe, 'they cum upon me from the skize — down the chimneys, and from the bowels of the yearth!' He had n't more 'n got them words out of his delikit mouth before two fat offiss-seekers from Wisconsin, in endeverin to crawl atween his legs for the purpuss of applyin for the tollgateship at Milwawky, upsot the President eleck & he would hev gone sprawlin into the fireplace if I had n't caught him in these arms. But I had n't more'n stood him up strate before another man cum crashin down the chimney, his head strikin me vilently agin the inards and prostratin my voluptoous form onto the floor. 'Mr.

Linkin,' shoutid the infatooated being, 'my papers is signed by every clergyman in our town, and likewise the skool-master!'

Sez I, 'you egrejis ass,' gettin up & brushin the dust from my eyes, 'I'll sign your papers with this bunch of bones, if if you don't be a little more kéerful how you make my bread basket a depot in the futer. How do you like that air perfumery?' sez I, shuving my fist under his nose. 'Them's the kind of papers I'll give you! Them's the paper's *you* want!'

'But I workt hard for the ticket; I toiled night and day! The patrit should be rewarded!'

'Virtoo,' sed I, holdin' the infatooated man by the coat-collar, 'virtoo, sir, is its own reward. Look at me!' He did look at me, and qualed be4 my gase. 'The fact is,' I continued, lookin' round on the hungry crowd, 'there is scacely a offiss for every ile lamp carrid round durin' this campane. I wish thare was. I wish thare was furrin missions to be filled on varis lonely Islands where eppydemics rage incessantly, and if I was in Old Abe's place I'd send every mother's son of you to them. What air you here for?' I continnered, warmin up considerable, 'can't you give Abe a minit's peace? Don't you see he's worrid most to death! Go home, you miserable men, go home & till the sile! Go to peddlin tinware — go to choppin' wood — go to bilin' sope — stuff sassengers — black boots — git a clerkship on sum respectable manure cart — go round as original Swiss Bell Ringers — becum "origenal and only" Campbell Minstrels — go to lecturin at 50 dollars a nite — imbark in the peanut bizniss — *write for the Ledger* — saw off your legs and go round givin' concerts, with techin appeals to a charitable public, printed on your handbills — anything for a honest livin, but don't come round here drivin Old Abe crazy by your outrajis cuttings up! Go home. "Stand not upon the order of your goin," but go to onct! If in five minits from this time,' sez I, pullin' out my new sixteen dollar huntin cased watch, and brandishin' it before their eyes, 'Ef in five minits from this time a single sole of you remains on these here premises, I'll go out to my cage near by, and let my Boy Constructor loose! & ef he gits amung you, you'll think old Solferino has cum again and no mistake!' You ought to hev seen them scamper, Mr. Fair. They run orf as though Satun hisself was arter them with a red hot ten pronged pitchfork. In five minits the premises was clear.

'How kin I ever repay you,' Mr. Ward, for your kindness?' sed Old Abe, advancin and shakin me warmly by the hand. 'How kin I ever repay you, sir?'

'By givin the whole country a good, sound administration. By poerin' ile upon the troubled waturs, North and South. By pursooin' a patriotic, firm, and just course, and then if any State wants to secede, let 'em Sesesh!'

'How 'bout my Cabinit, Mister Ward?' sed Abe.

'Fill it up with Showmen, sir! Showmen is devoid of politics. They hain't got any principles! They know how to cater for the public. They know what the public wants, North & South. Showmen, sir, is honest men. Ef you doubt their literary ability, look at their posters, and see small bills! Ef you want a Cabinit as is a Cabinit fill it up with showmen, but don't call on me. The moral wax figger perfeshun must n't be permitted to go down while there's a drop of blood in these vains! A. Linkin, I wish you well! Ef Powers or Walcutt wus to pick out a model for a beautiful man, I scacely think they'd sculp you; but ef you do the fair thing by your country you'll make as putty a angel as any of us! A. Linkin, use the talents which Nature has put into you judishusly and firmly, and all will be well! A. Linkin, adoo!'

He shook me cordyully by the hand — we exchanged picters, so we could gaze upon each others' liniments when far away from one another — he at the hellum of the ship of State and I at the hellum of the show bizniss — admittance only 15 cents.

From *Artemus Ward, His Book*, 1862.

HENRY WHEELER SHAW

"Josh Billings,"

(1818–1885)

AFFURISMS

Young man, when yu hav tew sarch Webster's Dickshinnary tew find words big enuff tew convey youre meaning yu

kan make up yure mind that yu don't mean mutch.

Genuine grief iz like penutence, not klamorous but subdued; sorrow from the hous tops and penutence in the market place shows more ambishun than piety.

It iz a grate art tew kno how tew 'gather figs from thistles,' but philosophy teaches it.

Don't never phrovesy, yung man, for if yu phrovesy wrong, noboddy will forgit it, and if you phrovesy right nobody will remember it.

Vain men should be treated az boys treat bladders, blo them up till they bust.

Thare iz not only phun but thare is virtew in a harty laff; animals kant laff and devils won't.

I never had a man cum tew me for advise yet but what i soon diskovered that he thought more ov hiz own opinyun than he did ov mine.

The grate desire ov mi life is tew amuze sumboddy. I had rather be able tew set the multiplikashun table tew sum lively tune than hev bin the author ov it.

The man who never makes enny blunders seldum makes enny good hits.

Forms and cerimonys are just az mutch necessary in the church az uniforms are in the field; strip an army ov its cockades and brass buttons, and it would bekum a mob.

If you want tew be good, all yu hav tew do is tew obey God, luv man, and hate the devil.

It requires more good judgment to kno when tew talk, than what tew say.

When a man gits so low down that he iz willing tew be despized, he has tuched bottom.

After all, great conversashional powers make a man more feared than beloved.

A sekret ceases tew be a sekret if it iz once confided — it iz like a dollar bill, once broken, it iz never a dollar agin.

Thar iz a grate difference between holding a hi offiss, or having a hi offis hold us.

If a man iz full ov himself, don't tap him, but rather plugg him up, and let him choke tew deth or bust.

He who duz a good thing sekretly, steals a march on heaven.

Hunting after health, iz like hunting after fleas, the more yu hunt them, the more the flea.

When we are more anxus tew pleaze than tew be pleazed, then we are in love in good arnest.

Every man haz a perfekt right tew hiz opinyun, provided it agrees with ours.

Confession iz not the whole ov repentance, but it is the butt end of it.

Cunning iz not an evidence ov wisdom, but iz prima facie evidence ov the want of it. If we were wize enuff tew ketch a fox bi argument, we should n't hav to set a trap for him.

Every man thinks hiz nabor happier than he iz, but if he swops places with him he will want tew trade back next morning.

Love iz like the meazles; we kant have it bad but onst, and the later in life we have it the tuffer it goes with us.

Ploiteness iz a shrewd way folks haz ov flattring themselfs.

No man ever yet increased hiz reputashun bi contradikting lies.

I don't beleave in total depravity, every man haz sumthing in him to show that God made him.

I suppoze that one reason whi the 'road to ruin' iz broad, iz tew accomadate the grate amount ov travel in that direkshun.

Put an Englishman into the garden of Eden, and he would find fault with the whole blassted consarn — put a Yankee in, and he would see whare he could alter it to advantage — put an Irishman in, and he would want tew boss the thing — put a Dutchman in, and he would proceed at once to plant it.

Natur iz a kind mother. She could n't well afford to make us perfekt, and so she made us blind to our failings.

Friendship iz simply the galantry of self interest.

Better make a weak man your enemy than your friend.

Whenever i find a real handsum woman engaged in the 'wimmins' rights bizzness,' then i am going to take mi hat under mi arm and jine the procession.

Nine men, out uv every 10, that yu meet in New York City, are in a grate hurry, and are either mad, petulant, or sassy, and the reazon iz they are all ov them in pursuit ov munny, and only one out ov 10 gets it.

Death iz an arrow, shot into a crowd, the only reazon whi it hit another, iz bekauze it missed us.

Early genius iz like early cabbage, don't head well.

Go up hill as fast az you pleaze, but go down hill slow.

The man who iz alwus bragging ov hiz wife in publik, duz it more out of pride of himself, than love for her.

If a man haz got 80 thousand dollars at interest, and owns the house he livs in, it aint mutch trouble to be a philosopher.

The hardest man in this world tew cheat, iz the man who is alwus honest with himself.

One ov the best temporary reliefs for vanity, that i kno ov, iz a sharp tutch ov the billyus kolick.

A man whom yu kan trust with a sekret, yu kan trust with ennything.

Silence iz one ov the hardest arguments to refute.

Love iz sed tew be blind, but i kno lots ov phellows in love who kan see twice az much in their galls az i kan.

Fortune iz like a coquette, if you don't run after her she will run after you.

Did you ebver hear a very ritch man sing?

Men who hav a good deal tew say, use the fewest words.

Shame iz the dieing embers of virtew.

I never knu a man trubbled with melankolly, who had plenty to dew, and did it.

Natur iz jist az honest az a cow.

Az a ginral thing the man who marrys a woman ov more uppercrust than himself will find the woman more anxious tew preserve the distance between them than tew bring him up tew her grade or go down tew hiz level.

Marrying for muney iz a meaner way tew git it than counterfiting.

The miser who heaps up gains tew gloat over iz like a hog in a pen fatted for a show.

It ain't bekauze lovers are so sensitiff that they quarrel so often, it iz bekauze thare iz so mutch phun in making up.

Trusting tew luck iz only another name for trusting to laziness.

Thare iz no sutch thing az acksidents, if one thing happens by acksident awl things may; Heaven haz no beureau ov acksidents.

Whenever yu see a doktor who alwus travels on the jump, yu kan bet he is looking for a job.

Most men lament their condishun in life, but thare are but phew, after all, who are superior to it.

Self-made men are mostly alwus apt tew be a leetle too proud ov the job.

Marrying for buty iz a poor spekulashun, for enny man who sees yure wife, has got just about az mutch stock in her az you hav.

Thare iz this mutch kan be said in favour ov good-breeding, it iz the only thing that kan make a phool endurable.

If you want tew find out the ruling pashun ov a hoss, feed him high on oats — it iz jiss so with mankind.

Bachelors are alwus a braggin ov their freedom!! — freedom to darn their own stockings, and poultiss their own shins! I had rather be a widower once in 2 years, reglar, than tew be a grunting, old, hair-dyed bachelor only for 90 days.

The lazyest man i kan think ov now, waz Israel Dunbar, ov Billingsville. He dried up a new milch cow in milkin her 3 times, and planted a aker of beans, last spring, awl in one hill. He is 45 years old, and hain't had the meazles yet; he haz alwus bin tew lazy tew ketch them. He had one son, who was jist like him. This boy died when he was 18 years old, in crossing a korn-field; the punkin-vines took after him and smothered him to death.

There is but phew people in this world underrated.

If you pull the sting out ov a hornet hiz moral power iz gone in a minute.

Az long az we are lucky we attribute it tew our smartness; our bad luck we give the gods credit for.

The devil holds poor kards, but he plays them mighty well.

Most authors in writing neglekt their punktuashuns, espeshily the full stop.

Poverty iz the step mother ov genius.

Az a general thing an individual who iz neat in hiz person iz neat in hiz morals.

What do yu bet Fame iz? I bet it iz climeing a greased pole tew win a puss of 10 dollars and spileing a suit ov clothes worth fifteen.

A kicking cow never lets drive untill just az the pail iz full, and seldom misses the mark; it iz jist so with sum men's blunders.

Most people when they cum tew you for advice cum tew hav their own opinyuns strengthened, not correkted.

I look upon a pure joke with the same venerashun that i do upon the 10 cammandments.

One man, of good 40 hoss power common sens, iz worth more in the world than a whole drove of geniuses.
From *Josh Billings: His Sayings,* 1865.

CHARLES HENRY SMITH,
"Bill Arp, So-Called"
(1826–1903)

BILL ARP ADDRESSES ARTEMUS WARD

Rome, Ga., *September* 1, 1865.
Mr. Artemus Ward, *Showman* —

Sir, — The reason I write to you in perticler, is becaus you are about the only man I know in all 'God's country' *so-called.* For some several weeks I have been wantin to say sumthin. For some several years we rebs, *so-called,* but now late of said county deceased, have been tryin mighty hard to do somethin. We did n't quite do it, and now it 's very painful, I assure you, to dry up all of a sudden, and make out like we was n't there.

My friend, I want to say somethin. I suppose there is no law agin thinkin, but thinkin don't help me. It don't let down my thermometer. I must explode myself generally so as to feel better. You see I 'm tryin to harmonize. I 'm tryin to soften down my feelin's. I 'm endeavoring to subjugate myself to the level of surroundin circumstances, *so-called.* But I can't do it until I am allowed to say somethin. I want to quarrel with somebody and then make friends. I ain't no giant-killer. I ain't no Norwegian bar. I ain't no boar-constrickter, but I 'll be hornswaggled if the talkin and writin and slanderin has got to be all done on one side any longer. Some of your folks have got to dry up or turn our folks loose. It 's a blamed outrage, *so-called.* Ain't your editors got nothing else to do but peck at us, and squib at us, and crow over us? Is every man what kan write a paragraph to consider us bars in a cage, and always be a-jabbin at us to hear us growl? Now you see, my friend, that 's what 's disharmonious, and do you jest tell 'em, one and all, e pluribus unum, *so-called,* that if they don't stop it at once or turn us loose to say what we please, why we rebs, *so-called,* have unanimously and jointly and severally resolved to — to — to — think very hard of it — if not harder.

That 's the way to talk it. I ain't agoin to commit myself. I know when to put on the brakes. I ain't going to say *all* I think, like Mr. Etheridge, or *Mr. Addering so-called.* Nary time. No, sir. But I 'll jest tell you, Artemus, and you may tell it to your show: If we ain't allowed to express our sentiments, we can take it out in *hatin;* and hatin runs heavy in my family, shure. I hated a man so bad once that all the hair cum off my head, and the man drownd himself in a hog-wallow that night. I could do it agin, but you see, I 'm tryin to harmonize, to acquiese, to becum calm and sereen.

Now I suppose that, poetically speakin,

> 'In Dixie's fall,
> We sinned all.'

But talkin the way I see it, a big feller and a little feller, *so-called,* got into a fite, and they fout and fout and fout a long time, and everybody all round kep hollerin hands off, but kep helpin the big feller, until finally the little feller caved in and hollered enuf. He made a bully fite, I tell you, Selah. Well, what did the big feller do? Take him by the hand and help him up, and brush dirt off his clothes? Narry time! No, sur! But he kicked him arter he was down, and throwed mud on him, and drug him about and rubbed sand in his eyes, and now he 's gwine about huntin up his poor little property. Wants to confiscate it, *so-called.* Blame my jacket if it ain't enuf to make your head swim.

But *I 'm* a good Union man, *so-called. I* ain't agwine to fight no more. *I* sha'n't vote for the next war. *I* ain't no gurilla. I 've done tuk the oath, and I 'm gwine to keep it, but as to my bein subjugated, and humilyated, and amalgamated, and enervated, as Mr. Chase says, it ain't so — narry time. I ain't ashamed of nuthin neither — ain't repentin — ain't axin for no one-horse, short-winded pardon. Nobody needn't be playin priest around me. I ain't got no twenty thousand dollars. Wish I had; I 'd give it to these poor widders and orfins. I 'd fatten my own numerous and interestin offspring in about two minits and a half. They should n't eat roots and drink branch-water no longer. Poor, unfortunate things! to cum into this subloonary world

at sich a time. There 's four or five of 'em that never saw a sirkis nor a monky-show — never had a pocket-knife, nor a piece of cheese, nor a reesin. There 's Bull Run Arp, and Harper's Ferry Arp, and Chicahominy Arp, that never saw the pikters in a spellin book. I tell you, my friend, we are the poorest people on the face of the earth — but we are poor and proud. We made a bully fite, Selah, and the whole American nation ought to feel proud of it. It shows what Americans can do when they think they are imposed on — 'so-called.' Did n't our four fathers fight, bleed, and die about a little tax on tea, when not one in a thousand drunk it? Bekaus they succeeded, was n't it glory? But if they had n't, I suppose it would have been treason, and they would have been bowin and scrapin round King George for pardon. So it goes, Artemus, and to my mind, if the whole thing was stewed down it would make about a half pint of humbug. We had good men, great men, Christian men, who thought we was right, and many of 'em have gone to the undiscovered country, and have got a pardon as is a pardon. When I die I am mighty willing to risk myself under the shadow of their wings, whether the climate be hot or cold. So mote it be. Selah!

Well, maybe I 'v said enough. But I don't feel easy yet. I 'm a good Union man, certain and sure. I 've had my breeches died *blue,* and I 've bot a *blue* bucket, and I very often feel *blue,* and about twice in a while I go to the doggery and git *blue,* and then I look up at the *blue* serulean heavens and sing the melancholy chorus of the *Blue*-tailed fly. I 'm doin my durndest to harmonize, and I think I could sucseed if it was n't for sum things. When I see a black-guard goin around the streets with a gun on his shoulder, why right then, for a few minutes, I hate the whole Yanky nation. Jerusalem! how my blood biles! The institution that was handed down to us by the heavenly kingdom of Massachusetts, now put over us with powder and ball! Harmonize the devil! Ain't we human beings? Ain't we got eyes and ears and feelin and thinkin? Why, the whole of Africa has cum to town, women and children and babies and baboons and all. A man can tell how fur it is to the city by the smell better than by the milepost. They won't work for us, and they won't work for themselves, and they 'll perish to death this winter as shure as the devil is a hog, *so-called.* They are now basking in the summer's sun, livin on rosting ears and freedom, with nary idee that the winter will come agin, or that castor-oil and salts costs money. Sum of 'em, a hundred years old, are whining around about going to kawlidge. The truth is, my friend, somebody's badly fooled about this bizness. Somebody has drawd the elefant in the lottery, and don't know what to do with him. He 's jest throwing his snout loose, and by and by he 'll hurt somebody. These niggers will have to go back to the plantations and work. I ain't agoin to support nary one of 'em, and when you hear any one say so you tell him 'it 's a lie,' *so-called.* I golly, I ain't got nuthin to support myself on. We fought ourselves out of everything excepting children and land, and I suppose the land are to be turned over to the niggers for grave-yards.

Well, my friend, I don't want much. I ain't ambitious, as I used to was. You all have got your shows and monkeys and sircusses and brass band and organs, and can play on the petrolyum and the harp of a thousand strings, and so on, but I 've got only one favor to ax you. I want enough powder to kill a big yaller stump-tail dog that prowls around my premises at night. Pon honor, I won't shoot at anything blue or black or mulatter. Will you send it? Are you and your folks so skeered of me and my folks that you won't let us have any ammunition? Are the squirrels and crows and black racoons to eat up our poor little corn-patches? Are the wild turkeys to gobble all around us with impunity? If a mad dog takes the hiderphoby, is the whole community to run itself to death to get out of the way? I golly! it looks like your people had all took the rebelfoby for good, and was never gwine to get over it. See here, my friend, you must send me a little powder and a ticket to your show, and me and you will harmonize sertin.

With these few remarks I think I feel better, and hope I hain't made nobody fitin mad, for I 'm not on that line at this time.

I am truly your friend, all present or accounted for.

BILL ARP, *So-called.*

P. S.— Old man Harris wanted to buy my fiddle the other day with Confederit money. *He* sed it would be good agin. *He* says Jim Funderbuk told him that Warren's Jack seen a man who had jest come from Virginny, and *he* said a man had told his cousin Mandy that Lee had whipped 'em *agin*. Old Harris says that a feller by the name of Mack C. Million is coming over with a million of men. But nevertheless, notwithstandin, somehow, or somehow else, I 'm dubus about the money. If you was me, Artemus, would you make the fiddle trade?

From *Bill Arp, So Called*, 1866.

DAVID ROSS LOCKE,

"PETROLEUM V. NASBY,"

(1833–1888)

PREACHES — SUBJECT: 'THE PRODIGAL SON'

Church uv the Noo Dispensashun,
January the 31st, 1864.

MY BRETHREN AND SISTEREN: I shall maik sum remarks this mornin based upon the bootiful Parable of the Proddygal Sun. I wood reed *2* yoo the passij, but the Bible I hev is the only wun in the township, and I lent it yisterday *2* Square Gavitt, who sed swarin witnesses on almanacs woodent do in hoss cases, and he hase n't brung it back. The skripter sez, in substance:

Ther was a certin man who hed *2* suns. The yungist hed a taist for that branch of agricultooral persoots known ez soowin wild oats, so he askt the old man for his sheer in the estait. He got it, turnd it into greenbax, and went off. He commenst livin high — bording at big hotels, and keepin trottin hosses, and playin billyards, and sich. In about a year he run thro his pile, and wuz ded broak. Then his credit playd out, and he wuz in a tight place for his daily bred. The idee struck him that he had better put for hum, wich he did. The old man saw him cumin, and he run out and met him, and giv him a new cote, and a order for a pare uv shoes, and kild a fat caff, and hed flour doins. The oldest boy obgected *2* these, sayin, 'Lo, I hev servd thee these menny yeres, and thou never madest no splurge over me, but when this thy son, who hez fooled away his pile, returns, you kill calves and sich.' Then the old man retorts, sayin, 'My son who wuz lost is found; the sheep who went astray is cum back; let us be merry.'

My brethren, this parable applize ez well to the present time ez though it wuz made for it. Uncle Samyuel is the old man, the Suthern wing uv the Dimekratik party is the proddygal, and the Abolishnists is the oldest son. The South got tired, and went off on its own hook. It hez, I maik no doubt, spent the heft uv its substance, and will shortly conclude to cum home. Now, the grate question uv the hour is — How shel he be reseeved? My frends, the Dimekratik rool is to foller the scripter wen yoo can make a pint by so doin. In this pertikeler case, godlinis is gane. Halleloogy! therefour, let us be godly. Let Uncle Samyuel see the repentant proddygal afar orf — let him go out to seek him, er send Fernandywood, and when he haz found him, let him fall, not upon his neck, but at his feet — let him put on to him the purple robe, wich is royalty, and upon his hand a ring, wich is dominion, wich is a improvement upon Scripter.

But the Abolishnist, who is the elder son, steps up and sez: 'Nary. He wuz a doin well, and he wented out frum us, takin awl that wuz his own, and sech ez he cood steel, all uv wich he hez spent upon such harlots as Afrikin Slaivry, Stait Rites, and Suthern Independence, wich last two menshund is whited sepulkers. I sent my sons, Grant and Rosycrance, and Benbutler after him; but, lo! wen he wuz strong and wiggerus, he did despitefully use them. Now that he is week from hunger, let him brindle. Ef we take him to our buzems, let him cum on his knees; let him cast off the harlots that hev sedoost him, that ther may be no moar trubble in all the land.'

My brethren, we must taik him back ez the old man did in the Bible. Why? do you ask. Becoz he wuz alluz the old man's pet, and had things his own way. We wuz his frends, and shared with him the steelins, but sence we went out, the Abolishn brother and his frends hev controld things, and whare air we? Eko ansers, No whair! We okepy low plasis in the sinagog, and the doggery-keepers go mournin about the streets, and refuse to be comforted, becoz ther cash is not,

and ef we taik back the proddygal, shorn of his strength, uv what avail is he to us? He must cum back ez strong as ever; he must bring his harlots with him — he must ROOL! Then shel we hev the post-orifises, and then shel we agin live on the fat uv the land, dodgin the cuss uv labor. Brethrin, let us be dillygent in this grate work, instant in seeson and out of seeson.

A collecshun wuz takin up for the perpus uv sending a mishunary 2 Massychusits, wich yeelded 7 dolars. Ez the amount woodent pay the ralerode fair, it wuz voted to apply it on repairs on the church, wich I did by havin my boots haff-sold, and buyin a new hankercher.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Paster uv sed Church, in charge.
From *The Nasby Papers,* 1864.

SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS (1835–1910)

Samuel L. Clemens, or "Mark Twain" as he is better known to readers, was the first literary man of high rank to be born west of the Mississippi. His father was a member of that restless horde who during the greater part of the nineteenth century pushed westward into the new lands of the Mississippi and beyond, their picturesque caravans and border settlements making romantic a whole era of our history. It was at Florida, Missouri, on the west bank of the great river, that he finally settled, and it was in the shiftless river town of Hannibal, made vivid to us by the adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, that the future humorist spent his boyhood. His schooling was meager. He found work early in the local printing office, learned his trade in due time, and at eighteen, longing for a glimpse of the world, he started on a tramp trip east, supporting himself as a typesettter as he went. Thus he saw New York and Philadelphia. Fifteen months later, he was back again, now as a "cub" on one of the river boats, and after eighteen months he realized the first great ambition of his life,—he was a professional pilot on the Mississippi.

Suddenly, however, he found his profession useless. The war had broken out, and the river was closed. Out of employment, he went home, served for a time in an improvised troop which tried to join the Confederate army, and then, his brother Orion having been appointed secretary to the Governor of Nevada, he started with him by stage coach across the plains. The next period of his life reads like romance: he saw the beginnings of the picturesque new state, reported its first legislative sessions, joined the excited tide of gold-seekers which was moving ever into the mountains, lived for two years at Virginia City, the home of the Comstock lode at its highest boom period, drifted down to San Francisco and became acquainted with Bret Harte and his circle, was connected with the city papers and for them made at one time a trip to the Sandwich Islands, as they were then called, and at length drifted again into the Sierras as a pocket miner and adventurer.

The next period of his life began in 1867 when he went to New York to publish his first book, *The Jumping Frog.* While there he was attracted by a notice that *The Quaker City* was to start early in the summer with a personally conducted band of tourists for the Mediterranean lands. With a commission from *The Alta California* newspaper for letters, he joined it. The letters finally became *Innocents Abroad*, 1869, and from the date of its publication its author became a man of letters with a constantly increasing fame. He was married to Miss Olivia Langdon of Elmira, New York, lived in her home town for a time, then moved to Hartford, Connecticut, which he thenceforth made his home. He traveled much abroad, and after the failure of his publishing house which plunged him heavily in debt, made a prolonged lecture trip through all the English-speaking parts of the world, finally, like Sir Walter Scott, succeeding in clearing himself of all obligations.

His writings fall into three classes: books like *Roughing It, Life on the Mississippi, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn*, which may be termed studies in the romance of early American life; secondly, his purely humorous work, like *The Jumping Frog* and much of his earlier farce; and thirdly, his more serious work, like his *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*, and his purpose stories like *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg.* Of these the first are the most valuable. He has shown with rare faithfulness a picturesque area of American life that has passed away forever.

THE CELEBRATED JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY[1]

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W.* Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W.* Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim* Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me

1 Published by express permission of the Trustees of the Estate of Samuel L. Clemens, the Mark Twain Company and Harper & Brothers, Publishers

nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named *Leonidas W.* Smiley — *Rev. Leonidas W.* Smiley — a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling, was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49 — or may be it was the spring of '50 — I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume was n't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about always betting on any thing that turned up you ever see, if he could get any body to bet on the other side; and if he could n't, he 'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him — any way just so 's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there could n't be no solitary thing mentioned but that feller 'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you 'd find him flush, or you 'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he 'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he 'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he 'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about there, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would follow that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him* — he would bet on *any* thing — the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they war n't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better — thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy — and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she 'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, 'Well, I 'll risk two-and-a-half that she won't, any way.'

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare — the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that — and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she 'd get excited and desperate-like, and

come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust, and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose — and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you 'd think he wa' n't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was up on him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw 'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson — which was the name of the pup — Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and had n't expected nothing else — and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg and freeze to it — not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that did n't have no hind legs, because they 'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he 'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and did n't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that had n't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he 'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius — I know it, because he had n't had no opportunity to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he had n't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his 'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you could n't rest, and you could n't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he 'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet he *did* learn him, too. He 'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you 'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut — see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he 'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything — and I believe him. Why, I 've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor — Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog — and sing out, 'Flies, Dan'l, flies!' and quicker 'n you could wink, he 'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off 'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he had n't no idea he 'd been doin' any more 'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had traveled and been everywheres, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller — a stranger in the camp, he was — come across him with his box, and says:

'What might it be that you've got in the box?'

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, 'It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, may be, but it ain't — it's only just a frog.'

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, 'H'm — so 't is. Well, what 's *he* good for?'

'Well,' Smiley says, easy and careless, 'He 's good enough for *one* thing. I should judge — he can outjump ary frog in Calaveras county.'

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, 'Well, I don't see no p'ints about that frog that 's any better 'n any other frog.'

'May be you don't,' Smiley says. 'May be you understand frogs, and maybe you don't understand 'em; may be you 've had experience, and may be you an't only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I 've got *my* opinion, and I 'll risk forty dollars he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.'

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, 'Well, I 'm only a stranger here, and I an't got no frog, but if I had a frog, I 'd bet you.'

And then Smiley says, 'That 's all right — that 's all right — if you 'll hold my box a minute, I 'll go and get you a frog.' And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley's, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot — filled him pretty near up to his chin — and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and give him to this feller, and says:

'Now, if you 're ready, set him alongside of Dan'l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan'l, and I 'll give the word.' Then he says, 'One — two — three — jump!' and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan'l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders — so — like a Frenchman, but it want no use — could n't budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he could n't no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he did n't have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out of the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulders — this way — at Dan'l, and says again, very deliberate, 'Well, *I* don' see no p'ints about that frog that 's any better 'n any other frog.'

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan'l a long time, and at last he says, 'I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw'd off for — I wonder if there ain't something the matter with him — he 'pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.' And he ketched Dan'l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, 'Why, blame my cats, if he don't weigh five pound!' and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man — he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And —

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said: 'Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy — I an't going to be gone a second.'

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the Rev. *Leonidas* W. Smiley, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he buttonholed me and recommenced:

'Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that did n't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and —'

'Oh! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow!' I muttered, good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good-day, I departed.

The New York *Saturday Press,* Nov. 18, 1865.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE (1839–1902)

Unlike Mark Twain, Bret Harte was reared among bookish surroundings. His father, like Twain's, was a wanderer, but a wanderer from school to school. When his son was born, the father was a teacher of languages at Albany, New York, and before the boy was nine he had lived at Providence, Rhode Island, at Philadelphia, at Lowell, Massachusetts, at Brooklyn, and New York City. A frail, precocious lad, he read almost continuously during the years when boys are most active. He was fifteen and was dreaming over his Irving and his Dickens when his mother, who had become a widow several years before, broke up the little home in New York to go to live with her eldest son in California, and much against his will he followed shortly afterwards. For a time he worked as druggist's clerk, then as a teacher, and later, in Humboldt County, whither he had gone as a private tutor, he may have seen something of the mines, but soon he was learning the printer's trade. Returning to San Francisco he found work on the *Golden Eagle*, first as type-setter and finally as editor, and with this journal he was connected for some years. Later he was married, secured a position in the San Francisco mint, and in 1868 was made editor of the newly established *Overland Monthly*, a literary magazine which was designed to be the *Atlantic Monthly* of the Pacific coast. "The Luck of Roaring Camp" in the second number made him known for the first time in the East, and the song known popularly as "The Heathen Chinee," 1870, gave him an international reputation. After an offer from the *Atlantic Monthly* publishers, Boston, he left with joy his California exile never to return. His later biography is brief. After a short stay in the East he accepted a small consulship in Germany, was soon transferred to Glasgow, and spent his last years in England, never once returning to his native land.

Harte preëminently was a short story writer. He wrote a few good poems, one or two novels of negligible value, and a great mass of short stories, the greater part of them dealing with early California life. His first collection, *The Luck of Roaring Camp and other Sketches*, 1870, contains by far his best work. In the history of the short story he occupies a unique place: he blended the Irving sketch with the Dickens sentiment and the Dickens type of characters, added a melodramatic element, and presented the picture before the wild and picturesque background of the California gold era. His influence upon later American writers has been great. After his early volumes there began to appear the work of that "local color" school which for several decades dominated American fiction.

THE MISSION DOLORES[1]

The Mission Dolores is destined to be 'The Last Sigh' of the native Californian. When the last 'Greaser' shall indolently give way to the bustling Yankee, I can imagine he will, like the Moorish King, ascend one of the Mission hills to take his last lingering look at the hilled city. For a long time he will cling tenaciously to Pacific Street. He will delve in the rocky fastnesses of Telegraph Hill until progress shall remove it. He will haunt Vallejo Street, and those back slums which so vividly typify the degradation of a people; but he will eventually make way for improvement. The Mission will be last to drop from his nerveless fingers.

As I stand here this pleasant afternoon, looking up at the old chapel,— its ragged senility contrasting with the smart spring sunshine, its two gouty pillars with the plaster dropping away like tattered bandages, its rayless windows, its crumbling entrances, the leper spots on its whitewashed wall eating through the dark adobe,— I give the poor old mendicant but a few years longer to sit by the highway and ask alms in the names of the blessed saints. Already the vicinity is haunted with the shadow of its dissolution. The shriek of the locomotive discords with the Angelus bell. An Episcopal church, of a green Gothic type, with massive buttresses of Oregon pine, even now mocks its hoary age with imitation and supplants it with a sham. Vain, alas! were those rural accessories, the nurseries

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and market-gardens, that once gathered about its walls and resisted civil encroachment. They, too, are passing away. Even those queer little adobe buildings with tiled roofs like longitudinal slips of cinnamon, and walled enclosures sacredly guarding a few bullock horns and strips of hide. I look in vain for the half-reclaimed Mexican, whose respectability stopped at his waist, and whose red sash under his vest was the utter undoing of his black broadcloth. I miss, too, those black-haired women, with swaying unstable busts, whose dresses were always unseasonable in texture and pattern; whose wearing of a shawl was a terrible awakening from the poetic dream of the Spanish mantilla. Traces of another nationality are visible. The railroad 'navvy' has builded his shanty near the chapel, and smokes his pipe in the Posada. Gutturals have taken the place of linguals and sibilants; I miss the half-chanted, half-drawled cadences that used to mingle with the cheery 'All aboard' of the stage-driver, in those good old days when the stages ran hourly to the Mission, and a trip thither was an excursion. At the very gates of the temple, in the place of those 'who sell doves for sacrifice,' a vender of mechanical spiders has halted with his unhallowed wares. Even the old Padre — last type of the Missionary, and descendant of the good Junipero — I cannot find to-day; in his stead a light-haired Celt is reading a lesson from a Vulgate that is wonderfully replete with double r's. Gentle priest, in thy R-isons, let the stranger and heretic be remembered.

I open a little gate and enter the Mission Churchyard. There is no change here, though perhaps the graves lie closer together. A willow-tree, growing beside the deep, brown wall, has burst into tufted plumes in the fullness of spring. The tall grass-blades over each mound show a strange quickening of the soil below. It is pleasanter here than on the bleak mountain seaward, where distracting winds continually bring the strife and turmoil of the ocean. The Mission hills lovingly embrace the little cemetery, whose decorative taste is less ostentatious. The foreign flavor is strong; here are never-failing garlands of *immortelles*, with their sepulchral spicery; here are little cheap medallions of pewter, with the adornment of three black tears, that would look like the three of clubs, but that the simple humility of the inscription counterbalances all sense of the ridiculous. Here are children's graves with guardian angels of great specific gravity; but here, too, are the little one's toys in a glass case beside them. Here is the average quantity of execrable original verses; but one stanza — over a sailor's grave — is striking, for it expresses a hope of salvation through the 'Lord High Admiral Christ!' Over the foreign graves there is a notable lack of scriptural quotation, and an increase, if I may say it, of humanity and tenderness. I cannot help thinking that too many of my countrymen are influenced by a morbid desire to make a practical point of this occasion, and are too apt hastily to crowd a whole life of omission into the culminating act. But when I see the gray *immortelles* crowning a tombstone, I know I shall find the mysteries of the resurrection shown rather in symbols, and only the love taught in His new commandment left for the graphic touch. But 'they manage these things better in France.'

During my purposeless ramble the sun has been steadily climbing the brown wall of the church, and the air seems to grow cold and raw. The bright green dies out of the grass, and the rich bronze comes down from the wall. The willow-tree seems half inclined to doff its plumes, and wears the dejected air of a broken faith and violated trust. The spice of the *immortelles* mixes with the incense that steals through the open window. Within, the barbaric gilt and crimson look cold and cheap in this searching air; by this light the church certainly is old and ugly. I cannot help wondering whether the old Fathers, if they ever revisit the scene of their former labors, in their larger comprehensions, view with regret the impending change, or mourn over the day when the Mission Dolores shall appropriately come to grief.

From *Condensed Novels and Other Papers*, 1867.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS[1]

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is
Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful
games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know
about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a
proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-
man,
And, if a member don't agree with his pecul-
iar whim,
To lay for that same member for to 'put
a head' on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beauti-
ful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of
that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of
fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tene-
ment of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he recon-
structed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was
extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a sus-
pension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones
was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and
said he was at fault.
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's
family vault:
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr.
Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out
the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific
gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all
intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be
meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great
extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point
of order — when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the
abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and
curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested
him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every mem-
ber did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a
palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in
their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the
head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper
games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is
Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I
know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanis-
low.

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DOW'S FLAT[1]
1856

Dow's Flat. That's its name.
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true,—
For thar is n't a man on the river as can't
spot the place at first view.

It was called after Dow,—
Which the same was an ass,—
And as to the how
Thet the thing kem to pass,—
Jest tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit
ye down here in the grass:

You see this 'yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck;
He slipped up somehow
On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he 'd a straddled thet fence-rail
the derned thing 'ed get up and
buck.

He mined on the bar
Till he could n't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car
When he tunnelled with Bates;

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And right on the top of his trouble kem
his wife and five kids from the
States.

It was rough,— mighty rough;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly;
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took on when no one was
nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's
Was so powerful mean
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green;
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but
nary a drop to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys would n't stay;
And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away;
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his
usual ridikilous way.

One day,— it was June,—
And a year ago, jest,—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer hid in his
breast.

He goes to the well,
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell
Jest to listen and think:
For the sun in his eyes, (jest like this, sir) you see, kinder made the cuss
blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay:
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his
all,— as I 've heer'd the folks say.

And — That 's a peart hoss
Thet you 've got,— ain't it now?
What might be her cost?
Eh? Oh! — Well, then, Dow —
Let 's see,— well, that forty-foot grave was n't
his, sir, that day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
Sorter caved in the side,
And he looked and turned sick,
Then he trembled and cried.
For you see the dern cuss had struck — 'Water?'— Beg your parding, young
man, there you lied!

It was *gold*,— in the quartz,
And it ran all alike;
And I reckon five oughts
Was the worth of that strike;
And that house with the coopilow's his'n,— which the same is n't bad for a
Pike.

Thet 's why it 's Dow's flat;
And the thing of it is
That he kinder got that
Through sheer contrairiness:
For 't was *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck made him certain to
miss.

Thet 's so. Thar 's your way
To the left of yon tree;
But — a — look h'yur, say?
Won't you come up to tea?
No? Well, then the next time you 're passin'; and ask after Dow,— and
thet 's *me*.

THE LUCK OF ROARING CAMP[1]

There was commotion in Roaring Camp. It could not have been a fight, for in 1850 that was not novel enough to have called together the entire settlement. The ditches and claims were not only deserted, but 'Tuttle's' grocery had contributed its gamblers, who, it will be remembered, calmly continued their game the day that French Pete and Kanaka Joe shot each other to death over the bar in the front room. The whole camp was collected before a rude cabin on the outer edge of the clearing. Conversation was carried on in a low tone, but the name of a woman was frequently repeated. It was a name familiar enough in the camp,—'Cherokee Sal.'

Perhaps the less said of her the better. She was a coarse, and, it is to be feared, a very sinful woman. But at that time she was the only woman in Roaring Camp, and was just then lying in sore extremity, when she most needed the ministration

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of her own sex. Dissolute, abandoned, and irreclaimable, she was yet suffering a martyrdom hard enough to bear even when veiled by sympathizing womanhood, but now terrible in her loneliness. The primal curse had come to her in that original isolation which must have made the punishment of the first transgression so dreadful. It was, perhaps, part of the expiation of her sin, that, at a moment when she most lacked her sex's intuitive tenderness and care, she met only the half-contemptuous faces of her masculine associates. Yet a few of the spectators were, I think, touched by her sufferings. Sandy Tipton thought it was 'rough on Sal,' and, in the contemplation of her condition, for a moment rose superior to the fact that he had an ace and two bowers in his sleeve.

It will be seen, also, that the situation was novel. Deaths were by no means uncommon in Roaring Camp, but a birth was a new thing. People had been dismissed the camp effectively, finally, and with no possibility of return; but this was the first time that anybody had been introduced *ab initio*. Hence the excitement.

'You go in there, Stumpy,' said a prominent citizen known as 'Kentuck,' addressing one of the loungers. 'Go in there, and see what you kin do. You've had experience in them things.'

Perhaps there was a fitness in the selection. Stumpy, in other climes, had been the putative head of two families; in fact, it was owing to some legal informality in these proceedings that Roaring Camp — a city of refuge — was indebted to his company. The crowd approved the choice, and Stumpy was wise enough to bow to the majority. The door closed upon the extempore surgeon and midwife, and Roaring Camp sat down outside, smoked its pipe, and awaited the issue.

The assemblage numbered about a hundred men. One or two of these were actual fugitives from justice, some were criminal, and all were reckless. Physically, they exhibited no indication of their past lives and character. The greatest scamp had a Raphael face, with a profusion of blond hair; Oakhurst, a gambler, had the melancholy air and intellectual abstraction of a Hamlet; the coolest and most courageous man was scarcely over five feet in height, with a soft voice and an embarrassed, timid manner. The terms 'roughs' applied to them was a distinction rather than a definition. Perhaps in the minor details of fingers, toes, ears, etc., the camp may have been deficient, but these slight omissions did not detract from their aggregate force. The strongest man had but three fingers on his right hand; the best shot had but one eye.

Such was the physical aspect of the men that were dispersed around the cabin. The camp lay in a triangular valley, between two hills and a river. The only outlet was a steep trail over the summit of a hill that faced the cabin, now illuminated by the rising moon. The suffering woman might have seen it from the rude bunk whereon she lay,— seen it winding like a silver thread until it was lost in the stars above.

A fire of withered pine boughs added sociability to the gathering. By degrees the natural levity of Roaring Camp returned. Bets were freely offered and taken regarding the result. Three to five that 'Sal would get through with it'; even, that the child would survive; side bets as to the sex and complexion of the coming stranger. In the midst of an excited discussion an exclamation came from those nearest the door, and the camp stopped to listen. Above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire rose a sharp, querulous cry — a cry unlike anything heard before in the camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.

The camp rose to its feet as one man! It was proposed to explode a barrel of gunpowder, but, in consideration of the situation of the mother, better counsels prevailed, and only a few revolvers were discharged; for, whether owing to the rude surgery of the camp, or some other reason, Cherokee Sal was sinking fast. Within an hour she had climbed, as it were, that rugged road that led to the stars, and so passed out of Roaring Camp, its sin and shame forever. I do not think that the announcement disturbed them much, except in speculation as to the fate of the child. 'Can he live now?' was asked of Stumpy. The answer was doubtful. The only other being of Cherokee Sal's sex and maternal condition in the settlement was an ass. There was some conjecture as to fitness, but the experiment

was tried. It was less problematical than the ancient treatment of Romulus and Remus, and apparently as successful.

When these details were completed, which exhausted another hour, the door was opened, and the anxious crowd, who had already formed themselves into a queue, entered in single file. Beside the low bunk or shelf, on which the figure of the mother was starkly outlined below the blankets, stood a pine table. On this a candle-box was placed, and within it, swathed in staring red flannel, lay the last arrival at Roaring Camp. Beside the candle-box was placed a hat. Its use was soon indicated. 'Gentlemen,' said Stumpy, with a singular mixture of authority and *ex officio* complacency — 'Gentlemen will please pass in at the front door, round the table, and out at the back door. Them as wishes to contribute anything toward the orphan will find a hat handy.' The first man entered with his hat on; he uncovered, however, as he looked about him, and so, unconsciously, set an example to the next. In such communities good and bad actions are catching. As the procession filed in, comments were audible,— criticisms addressed, perhaps, rather to Stumpy, in the character of showman,—'Is that him?'; 'mighty small specimen'; 'has n't more 'n got the color'; 'ain't bigger nor a derringer.' The contributions were as characteristic: A silver tobacco box; a doubloon; a navy revolver, silver mounted; a gold specimen; a very beautifully embroidered lady's handkerchief (from Oakhurst the gambler); a diamond breastpin; a diamond ring (suggested by the pin, with the remark from the giver that he 'saw that pin and went two diamonds better'); a slung shot; a Bible (contributor not detected); a golden spur; a silver teaspoon (the initials, I regret to say, were not the giver's); a pair of surgeon's shears; a lancet; a Bank of England note for £5; and about $200 in loose gold and silver coin. During these proceedings Stumpy maintained a silence as impassive as the dead on his left — a gravity as inscrutable as that of the newly-born on his right. Only one incident occurred to break the monotony of the curious procession. As Kentuck bent over the candle-box half curiously, the child turned, and, in a spasm of pain, caught at his groping finger, and held it fast for a moment. Kentuck looked foolish and embarrassed. Something like a blush tried to assert itself in his weather-beaten cheek. 'The d—d little cuss!' he said, as he extricated his finger, with, perhaps, more tenderness and care than he might have been deemed capable of showing. He held that finger a little apart from its fellows as he went out, and examined it curiously. The examination provoked the same original remark in regard to the child. In fact, he seemed to enjoy repeating it. 'He rastled with my finger,' he remarked to Tipton, holding up the member, 'the d—d little cuss!'

It was four o'clock before the camp sought repose. A light burnt in the cabin where the watchers sat, for Stumpy did not go to bed that night. Nor did Kentuck. He drank quite freely and related with great gusto his experience, invariably ending with his characteristic condemnation of the new comer. It seemed to relieve him of any unjust implication of sentiment, and Kentuck had the weaknesses of the nobler sex. When everybody else had gone to bed, he walked down to the river, and whistled reflectingly. Then he walked up the gulch, past the cabin, still whistling with demonstrative unconcern. At a large redwood tree he paused and retraced his steps, and again passed the cabin. Half-way down to the river's bank he again paused, and then returned and knocked at the door. It was opened by Stumpy. 'How goes it?' said Kentuck, looking past Stumpy toward the candle-box. 'All serene,' replied Stumpy. 'Anything up?' 'Nothing.' There was a pause — an embarrassing one — Stumpy still holding the door. Then Kentuck had recourse to his finger, which he held up to Stumpy. 'Rastled with it,— the d—d little cuss,' he said, and retired.

The next day Cherokee Sal had such rude sepulture as Roaring Camp afforded. After her body had been committed to the hillside, there was a formal meeting of the camp to discuss what should be done with her infant. A resolution to adopt it was unanimous and enthusiastic. But an animated discussion in regard to the manner and feasibility of providing for its wants at once sprung up. It was remarkable that the argument partook of none of those fierce personalities with which discussions were usually conducted at Roaring Camp. Tipton proposed that

they should send the child to Red Dog — a distance of forty miles — where female attention could be procured. But the unlucky suggestion met with fierce and unanimous opposition. It was evident that no plan which entailed parting from their new acquisition would for a moment be entertained. 'Besides,' said Tom Ryder, 'them fellows at Red Dog would swap it, and ring in somebody else on us.' A disbelief in the honesty of other camps prevailed at Roaring Camp as in other places.

The introduction of a female nurse in the camp also met with objection. It was argued that no decent woman could be prevailed to accept Roaring Camp as her home, and the speaker urged that 'they did n't want any more of the other kind.' This unkind allusion to the defunct mother, harsh as it may seem, was the first spasm of propriety — the first symptom of the camp's regeneration. Stumpy advanced nothing. Perhaps he felt a certain delicacy in interfering with the selection of a possible successor in office. But when questioned, he averred stoutly that he and 'Jinny'— the mammal before alluded to — could manage to rear the child. There was something original, independent, and heroic about the plan that pleased the camp. Stumpy was retained. Certain articles were sent for to Sacramento. 'Mind,' said the treasurer, as he pressed a bag of gold-dust into the express-man's hand, 'the best that can be got — lace, you know, and filigree-work and frills,— d — n the cost!'

Strange to say, the child thrived. Perhaps the invigorating climate of the mountain camp was compensation for material deficiencies. Nature took the foundling to her broader breast. In that rare atmosphere of the Sierra foothills — that air pungent with balsamic odor, that ethereal cordial, at once bracing and exhilarating, he may have found food and nourishment, or a subtle chemistry that transmuted asses' milk to lime and phosphorus. Stumpy inclined to the belief that it was the latter and good nursing. 'Me and that ass,' he would say, 'has been father and mother to him! Don't you,' he would add, apostrophizing the helpless bundle before him, 'never go back on us.'

By the time he was a month old, the necessity of giving him a name became apparent. He had generally been known as 'the Kid,' 'Stumpy's boy,' 'the Cayote' (an allusion to his vocal powers) and even by Kentuck's endearing diminutive of 'the d—d little cuss.' But these were felt to be vague and unsatisfactory, and were at last dismissed under another influence. Gamblers and adventurers are generally superstitious, and Oakhurst one day declared that the baby had brought 'the luck' to Roaring Camp. It was certain that of late they had been successful. 'Luck' was the name agreed upon, with the prefix of Tommy for greater convenience. No allusion was made to the mother, and the father was unknown. 'It 's better,' said the philosophical Oakhurst, 'to take a fresh deal all round. Call him Luck, and start him fair.' A day was accordingly set apart for the christening. What was meant by this ceremony the reader may imagine, who has already gathered some idea of the reckless irreverence of Roaring Camp. The master of ceremonies was one 'Boston,' a noted wag, and the occasion seemed to promise the greatest facetiousness. This ingenious satirist had spent two days in preparing a burlesque of the church service, with pointed local allusions. The choir was properly trained, and Sandy Tipton was to stand godfather. But after the procession had marched to the grove with music and banners, and the child had been deposited before a mock altar, Stumpy stepped before the expectant crowd. 'It ain't my style to spoil fun, boys,' said the little man, stoutly, eyeing the faces around him, 'but it strikes me that this thing ain't exactly on the squar. It 's playing it pretty low down on this yer baby to ring in fun on him that he ain't goin' to understand. And ef there 's going to be any godfathers round, I 'd like to see who 's got any better rights than me.' A silence followed Stumpy's speech. To the credit of all humorists be it said that the first man to acknowledge its justice was the satirist, thus stopped of his fun. 'But,' said Stumpy, quickly, following up his advantage, 'we 're here for a christening, and we 'll have it. I proclaim you Thomas Luck, according to the laws of the United States and the State of California, so help me God.' It was the first time that the name of the Deity had been uttered otherwise but profanely in the camp. The form of christening was perhaps even more ludicrous than the satirist had conceived; but strangely enough,

nobody saw it and nobody laughed. 'Tommy' was christened as seriously as he would have been under a Christian roof, and cried and was comforted in as orthodox fashion.

And so the work of regeneration began in Roaring Camp. Almost imperceptibly a change came over the settlement. The cabin assigned to 'Tommy Luck'— or 'The Luck,' as he was more frequently called — first showed signs of improvement. It was kept scrupulously clean and whitewashed. Then it was boarded, clothed, and papered. The rosewood cradle — packed eighty miles by mule — had, in Stumpy's way of putting it, 'sorter killed the rest of the furniture.' So the rehabilitation of the cabin became a necessity. The men who were in the habit of lounging in at Stumpy's to see 'how The Luck got on' seemed to appreciate the change, and, in self-defense, the rival establishment of 'Tuttle's grocery' bestirred itself, and imported a carpet and mirrors. The reflections of the latter on the appearance of Roaring Camp tended to produce stricter habits of personal cleanliness. Again Stumpy imposed a kind of quarantine upon those who aspired to the honor and privilege of holding 'The Luck.' It was a cruel mortification to Kentuck — who, in the carelessness of a large nature and the habits of frontier life, had begun to regard all garments as a second cuticle, which, like a snake's, only sloughed off through decay — to be debarred this privilege from certain prudential reasons. Yet such was the subtle influence of innovation that he thereafter appeared regularly every afternoon in a clean shirt, and face still shining from his ablutions. Nor were moral and social sanitary laws neglected. 'Tommy,' who was supposed to spend his whole existence in a persistent attempt to repose, must not be disturbed by noise. The shouting and yelling which had gained the camp its felicitous title were not permitted within hearing distance of Stumpy's. The men conversed in whispers, or smoked with Indian gravity. Profanity was tacitly given up in these sacred precincts, and throughout the camp a popular form of expletive, known as 'D—n the luck!' and 'Curse the luck!' was abandoned, as having a new personal bearing. Vocal music was not interdicted, being supposed to have a soothing, tranquilizing quality, and one song, sung by 'Man-O'-War Jack,' an English sailor from Her Majesty's Australian colonies, was quite popular as a lullaby. It was a lugubrious recital of the exploits of 'the *Arethusa,* Seventy-four,' in a muffled minor, ending with a prolonged dying fall at the burden of each verse, 'On b-o-o-o-ard of the *Arethusa.*' It was a fine sight to see Jack holding The Luck, rocking from side to side as if with the motion of a ship, and crooning forth this naval ditty. Either through the peculiar rocking of Jack or the length of his song — it contained ninety stanzas, and was continued with conscientious deliberation to the bitter end — the lullaby generally had the desired effect. At such times the men would lie at full length under the trees, in the soft summer twilight, smoking their pipes and drinking in the melodious utterances. An indistinct idea that this was pastoral happiness pervaded the camp. 'This 'ere kind o' think,' said the Cockney Simmons, meditatively reclining on his elbow, 'is 'evingly.' It reminded him of Greenwich.

On the long summer days The Luck was usually carried to the gulch, from whence the golden store of Roaring Camp was taken. There, on a blanket spread over pine boughs, he would lie while the men were working in the ditches below. Latterly, there was a rude attempt to decorate this bower with flowers and sweet-smelling shrubs, and generally some one would bring him a cluster of wild honeysuckles, azaleas, or the painted blossoms of Las Mariposas. The men had suddenly awakened to the fact that there were beauty and significance in these trifles, which they had so long trodden carelessly beneath their feet. A flake of glittering mica, a fragment of variegated quartz, a bright pebble from the bed of the creek, became beautiful to eyes thus cleared and strengthened, and were invariably put aside for 'The Luck.' It was wonderful how many treasures the woods and hillsides yielded that 'would do for Tommy.' Surrounded by playthings such as never child out of fairyland had before, it is to be hoped that Tommy was content. He appeared to be serenely happy, albeit there was an infantine gravity about him, a contemplative light in his round gray eyes, that sometimes worried Stumpy. He was al-

ways tractable and quiet, and it is recorded that once, having crept beyond his 'corral'—a hedge of tessellated pine boughs, which surrounded his bed—he dropped over the bank on his head in the soft earth, and remained with his mottled legs in the air in that position for at least five minutes with unflinching gravity. He was extricated without a murmur. I hesitate to record the many other instances of his sagacity, which rest, unfortunately, upon the statements of prejudiced friends. Some of them were not without a tinge of superstition. 'I crep' up the bank just now,' said Kentuck one day, in a breathless state of excitement, 'and dern my skin if he was n't a talking to a jay bird as was a-sittin on his lap. There they was, just as free and sociable as anything you please, a-jawin at each other just like two cherry bums.' Howbeit, whether creeping over the pine boughs or lying lazily on his back, blinking at the leaves above him, to him the birds sang, the squirrels chattered, and the flowers bloomed. Nature was his nurse and playfellow. For him she would let slip between the leaves golden shafts of sunlight that fell just within his grasp; she would send wandering breezes to visit him with the balm of bay and resinous gums; to him the tall redwoods nodded familiarly and sleepily, the bumble bees buzzed, and the rooks cawed a slumbrous accompaniment.

Such was the golden summer of Roaring Camp. They were 'flush times'—and the Luck was with them. The claims had yielded enormously. The camp was jealous of its privileges and looked suspiciously on strangers. No encouragement was given to immigration, and, to make their seclusion more perfect, the land on either side of the mountain wall that surrounded the camp they duly preempted. This, and a reputation for singular proficiency with the revolver, kept the reserve of Roaring Camp inviolate. The expressman—their only connecting link with the surrounding world—sometimes told wonderful stories of the camp. He would say, 'They 've a street up there in "Roaring," that would lay over any street in Red Dog. They 've got vines and flowers round their houses, and they wash themselves twice a day. But they 're mighty rough on strangers, and they worship an Ingin baby.'

With the prosperity of the camp came a desire for further improvement. It was proposed to build a hotel in the following spring, and to invite one or two decent families to reside there for the sake of 'The Luck,' who might perhaps profit by female companionship. The sacrifice that this concession to the sex cost these men, who were fiercely skeptical in regard to its general virtue and usefulness, can only be accounted for by their affection for Tommy. A few still held out. But the resolve could not be carried into effect for three months, and the minority meekly yielded in the hope that something might turn up to prevent it. And it did.

The winter of '51 will long be remembered in the foothills. The snow lay deep on the Sierras, and every mountain creek became a river, and every river a lake. Each gorge and gulch was transformed into a tumultuous water-course that descended the hill-sides, tearing down giant trees and scattering its drift and débris along the plain. Red Dog had been twice under water, and Roaring Camp had been forewarned. 'Water put the gold into them gulches,' said Stumpy; 'it 's been here once and will be here again!' And that night the North Fork suddenly leaped over its banks, and swept up the triangular valley of Roaring Camp.

In the confusion of rushing water, crashing trees, and crackling timber, and the darkness which seemed to flow with the water and blot out the fair valley, but little could be done to collect the scattered camp. When the morning broke, the cabin of Stumpy nearest the river-bank was gone. Higher up the gulch they found the body of its unlucky owner; but the pride—the hope—the joy—the Luck—of Roaring Camp had disappeared. They were returning with sad hearts, when a shout from the bank recalled them.

It was a relief boat from down the river. They had picked up, they said, a man and an infant, nearly exhausted, about two miles below. Did anybody know them, and did they belong here?

It needed but a glance to show them Kentuck lying there, cruelly crushed and bruised, but still holding The Luck of Roaring Camp in his arms. As they bent over the strangely assorted pair, they saw that the child was cold and pulseless. 'He is dead,' said one. Kentuck opened

his eyes. 'Dead?' he repeated feebly. 'Yes, my man, and you are dying too.' A smile lit the eyes of the expiring Kentuck. 'Dying,' he repeated, 'he 's a taking me with him — tell the boys I 've got the Luck with me, now'; and the strong man clinging to the frail babe as a drowning man is said to cling to a straw, drifted away into the shadowy river that flows forever to the unknown sea.

The Overland Monthly, August, 1868.

HER LETTER [1]

I 'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France;
I 'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, 'the belle of the season'
Is wasting an hour upon you.

A dozen engagements I 've broken;
I left in the midst of a set;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits — on the stairs — for me yet.
They say he 'll be rich,— when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed;
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off as you read.

'And how do I like my position?
And what do I think of New York?'
'And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?'
'And is n't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds and silks, and all that?'
'And are n't they a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat?'

Well, yes,— if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You 'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this minute, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The 'finest *soirée* of the year,'
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the 'Ferry,'
And the dance that we had on 'The Fork;'

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft luster
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis;*
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bed clothes of snow;
Of that ride,— that to me was the rarest:
Of — the something you said at the gate.
Ah, Joe, then I was n't an heiress
To 'the best-paying lead in the State.'

Well, well, it 's all past; yet it 's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I 'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I 'm spooning on Joseph,— heigh-ho!
And I 'm to be 'finished' by travel,—
Whatever 's the meaning of that.
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night! — here 's the end of my paper;
Good-night! — if the longitude please,—
For may be, while wasting my taper,
Your sun 's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you have n't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart 's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you 've struck it,— on Poverty Flat.

From *The Independent*, Feb. 2, 1871.

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CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (1829–1900)

The career of Charles Dudley Warner was preëminently that of a journalist. Born in Massachusetts, educated at Hamilton College, New York, and at the University of Pennsylvania law school, he practiced his profession for four years in Chicago, then removed to Hartford, Connecticut, as a member of the editorial staff of the *Hartford Courant*, with which paper he was connected in one way or another the rest of his life. Literary fame came to him almost by accident. He was forty when he contributed a rambling series of papers to the *Courant* and later collected them as *My Summer in a Garden*, 1870. The immediate success of the publication led him to write for the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Backlog Studies*, sketches of the Donald G. Mitchell variety, and from that time his books became many.

It is realized now that his own generation overestimated Warner, yet it cannot be denied that his influence in directing at a critical time the current of American literature was considerable. He was peculiarly a transition figure: the last of the old-time *Sketch Book* essayists, and yet enough in sympathy with the new period to collaborate with Mark Twain on such a book as *The Gilded Age*. His own day regarded him as a humorist, but the readers of the present generation are apt to find him, except at rare intervals, rather dry reading.

WASHINGTON IRVING[1]

I do not know any other author whose writings so perfectly reproduce his character, or whose character may be more certainly measured by his writings. His character is perfectly transparent: his predominant traits were humor and sentiment; his temperament was gay with a dash of melancholy; his inner life and his mental operations were the reverse of complex, and his literary method is simple. He *felt* his subject, and he expressed his conception not so much by direct statement or description as by almost imperceptible touches and shadings here and there, by a diffused tone and color, with very little show of analysis. Perhaps it is a sufficient definition to say that his method was sympathetic. In the end the reader is put in possession of the luminous and complete idea upon which the author has been brooding, though he may not be able to say exactly how the impression has been conveyed to him; and I doubt if the author could have explained his sympathetic process. He certainly would have lacked precision in any philosophical or metaphysical theme, and when, in his letters, he touches upon politics there is a little vagueness of definition that indicates want of mental grip in that direction. But in the region of feeling his genius is sufficient to his purpose; either when that purpose is a highly creative one, as in the character and achievements of his Dutch heroes, or merely that of portraiture, as in the 'Columbus' and the 'Washington.' The analysis of a nature so simple and a character so transparent as Irving's, who lived in the sunlight and had no envelope of mystery, has not the fascination that attaches to Hawthorne.

Although the direction of his work as a man of letters was largely determined by his early surroundings,— that is, by his birth in a land void of traditions, and into a society without much literary life, so that his intellectual food was of necessity a foreign literature that was at the moment becoming a little antiquated in the land of its birth, and his warm imagination was forced to revert to the past for that nourishment which his crude environment did not offer,— yet he was by nature a retrospective man. His face was set towards the past, not towards the future. He never caught the restlessness of this century, nor the prophetic light that shone in the faces of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats; if he apprehended the stir of the new spirit he still, by mental affiliation, belonged rather to the age of

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Addison than to that of Macaulay. And his placid, retrospective, optimistic strain pleased a public that were excited and harrowed by the mocking and lamenting Lord Byron, and, singularly enough, pleased even the great pessimist himself.

His writings induce to reflection, to quiet musing, to tenderness for tradition; they amuse, they entertain, they call a check to the feverishness of modern life; but they are rarely stimulating or suggestive. They are better adapted, it must be owned, to please the many than the critical few, who demand more incisive treatment and a deeper consideration of the problems of life. And it is very fortunate that a writer who can reach the great public and entertain it can also elevate and refine its tastes, set before it high ideas, instruct it agreeably, and all this in a style that belongs to the best literature. It is a safe model for young readers; and for young readers there is very little in the overwhelming flood of to-day that is comparable to Irving's books, and, especially, it seems to me, because they were not written for children.

Irving's position in American literature, or in that of the English tongue, will only be determined by the slow settling of opinion, which no critic can foretell, and the operation of which no criticism seems able to explain. I venture to believe, however, that the verdict will not be in accord with much of the present prevalent criticism. The service he rendered to American letters no critic disputes; nor is there any question of our national indebtedness to him for investing a crude and new land with the enduring charms of romance and tradition. In this respect, our obligation to him is that of Scotland to Scott and Burns; and it is an obligation due only, in all history, to here and there a fortunate creator to whose genius opportunity is kind. The Knickerbocker Legend and the romance with which Irving has invested the Hudson are a priceless legacy; and this would remain an imperishable possession in popular tradition if the literature creating it were destroyed. This sort of creation is unique in modern times. New York is the Knickerbocker city; its whole social life remains colored by his fiction; and the romantic background it owes to him in some measure supplies to it what great age has given to European cities. This creation is sufficient to secure for him an immortality, a length of earthly remembrance that all the rest of his writings together might not give.

Irving was always the literary man; he had the habits, the idiosyncrasies, of his small genius. I mean that he regarded life not from the philanthropic, the economic, the political, the philosophic, the metaphysic, the scientific, or the theologic, but purely from the literary point of view. He belongs to that small class of which Johnson and Goldsmith are perhaps as good types as any, and to which America has added very few. The literary point of view is taken by few in any generation; it may seem to the world of very little consequence in the pressure of all the complex interests of life, and it may even seem trivial amid the tremendous energies applied to immediate affairs; but it is the point of view that endures; if its creations do not mold human life, like the Roman law, they remain to charm and civilize, like the poems of Horace. You must not ask more of them than that. This attitude toward life is defensible on the highest grounds. A man with Irving's gifts has the right to take the position of an observer and describer, and not to be called on for a more active participation in affairs than he chooses to take. He is doing the world the highest service of which he is capable, and the most enduring it can receive from any man. It is not a question whether the work of the literary man is higher than that of the reformer or the statesman; it is distinct work, and is justified by the result, even when the work is that of the humorist only. We recognize this in the case of the poet. Although Goethe has been reproached for his lack of sympathy with the liberalizing movement of his day (as if his novels were quieting social influences), it is felt by this generation that the author of *Faust* needs no apology that he did not spend his energies in the effervescing politics of the German states. I mean, that while we may like or dislike the man for his sympathy or want of sympathy, we concede to the author the right of his attitude; if Goethe had not assumed freedom from moral responsibility, I suppose that criticism of his aloofness would long ago have ceased. Irving did not lack sympathy with humanity in the concrete; it colored whatever he

wrote. But he regarded the politics of his own country, the revolutions in France, the long struggle in Spain, without heat; and he held aloof from projects of agitation and reform, and maintained the attitude of an observer, regarding the life about him from the point of view of the literary artist, as he was justified in doing.

Irving had the defects of his peculiar genius, and these have no doubt helped to fix upon him the complimentary disparagement of 'genial.' He was not aggressive; in his nature he was wholly unpartizan, and full of lenient charity; and I suspect that his kindly regard of the world, although returned with kindly liking, cost him something of that respect for sturdiness and force which men feel for writers who flout them as fools in the main. Like Scott, he belonged to the idealists, and not to the realists, whom our generation affects. Both writers stimulate the longing for something better. Their creed was short: 'Love God and honor the King.' It is a very good one for a literary man, and might do for a Christian. The supernatural was still a reality in the age in which they wrote. Irving's faith in God and his love of humanity were very simple; I do not suppose he was much disturbed by the deep problems that have set us all adrift. In every age, whatever is astir, literature, theology, all intellectual activity, takes one and the same drift, and approximates in color. The bent of Irving's spirit was fixed in his youth, and he escaped the desperate realism of this generation, which has no outcome, and is likely to produce little that is noble.

I do not know how to account, on principles of culture which we recognize, for our author's style. His education was exceedingly defective, nor was his want of discipline supplied by subsequent desultory application. He seems to have been born with a rare sense of literary proportion and form; into this, as into a mold, were run his apparently lazy and really accurate observations of life. That he thoroughly mastered such literature as he fancied there is abundant evidence; that his style was influenced by the purest English models is also apparent. But there remains a large margin for wonder how, with his want of training, he could have elaborated a style which is distinctly his own, and is as copious, felicitous in the choice of words, flowing, spontaneous, flexible, engaging, clear, and as little wearisome when read continuously in quantity as any in the English tongue. This is saying a great deal, though it is not claiming for him the compactness, nor the robust vigor, nor the depth of thought, of many other masters in it. It is sometimes praised for its simplicity. It is certainly lucid, but its simplicity is not that of Benjamin Franklin's style; it is often ornate, not seldom somewhat diffuse, and always exceedingly melodious. It is noticeable for its metaphorical felicity. But it was not in the sympathetic nature of the author, to which I just referred, to come sharply to the point. It is much to have merited the eulogy of Campbell that he had 'added clarity to the English tongue.' This elegance and finish of style (which seems to have been as natural to the man as his amiable manner) is sometimes made his reproach, as if it were his sole merit, and as if he had concealed under this charming form a want of substance. In literature form is vital. But his case does not rest upon that. As an illustration his *Life of Washington* may be put in evidence. Probably this work lost something in incisiveness and brilliancy by being postponed till the writer's old age. But whatever this loss, it is impossible for any biography to be less pretentious in style, or less ambitious in proclamation. The only pretension of matter is in the early chapters, in which a more than doubtful genealogy is elaborated, and in which it is thought necessary to Washington's dignity to give a fictitious importance to his family and his childhood, and to accept the southern estimate of the hut in which he was born as a 'mansion.' In much of this false estimate Irving was doubtless misled by the fables of Weems. But while he has given us a dignified portrait of Washington, it is as far as possible removed from that of the smileless sprig which has begun to weary even the popular fancy. The man he paints is flesh and blood, presented, I believe, with substantial faithfulness to his character; with a recognition of the defects of his education and the deliberation of his mental operations; with at least a hint of that want of breadth of culture and knowledge of the past, the possession of which character-

ized many of his great associates; and with no concealment that he had a dower of passions and a temper which only vigorous self-watchfulness kept under. But he portrays, with an admiration not too highly colored, the magnificent patience, the courage to bear misconstruction, the unfailing patriotism, the practical sagacity, the level balance of judgment combined with the wisest toleration, the dignity of mind, and the lofty moral nature which made him the great man of his epoch. Irving's grasp of this character; his lucid marshaling of the scattered, often wearisome and uninteresting details of our dragging, unpicturesque Revolutionary War; his just judgment of men; his even, almost judicial, moderation of tone; and his admirable proportion of space to events, render the discussion of style in reference to this work superfluous. Another writer might have made a more brilliant performance; descriptions sparkling with antitheses, characters projected into startling attitudes by the use of epithets; a work more exciting and more piquant, that would have started a thousand controversies, and engaged the attention by daring conjectures and attempts to make a dramatic spectacle; a book interesting and notable, but false in philosophy and untrue in fact.

When the *Sketch-Book* appeared, an English critic said it should have been first published in England, for Irving was an English writer. The idea has been more than once echoed here. The truth is that while Irving was intensely American in feeling he was first of all a man of letters, and in that capacity he was cosmopolitan; he certainly was not insular. He had a rare accommodation of tone to his theme. Of England, whose traditions kindled his susceptible fancy, he wrote as Englishmen would like to write about it. In Spain he was saturated with the romantic story of the people and the fascination of the clime; and he was so true an interpreter of both as to earn from the Spaniards the title of 'the poet Irving.' I chanced once, in an inn at Frascati, to take up *The Tales of a Traveller*, which I had not seen for many years. I expected to revive the somewhat faded humor and fancy of the past generation. But I found not only a sprightly humor and vivacity which are modern, but a truth to Italian local color that is very rare to any writer foreign to the soil. As to America, I do not know what can be more characteristically American than the Knickerbocker, the Hudson River tales, the sketches of life and adventure in the far West. But underneath all this diversity there is one constant quality,—the flavor of the author. Open by chance and read almost anywhere in his score of books,—it may be the *Tour on the Prairies*, the familiar dream of the Alhambra, or the narratives of the brilliant exploits of New World explorers; surrender yourself to the flowing current of his transparent style, and you are conscious of a beguilement which is the crowning excellence of all lighter literature, for which we have no word but 'charm.'

The consensus of opinion about Irving in England and America for thirty years was very remarkable. He had a universal popularity rarely enjoyed by any writer. England returned him to America medaled by the king, honored by the university which is chary of its favors, followed by the applause of the whole English people. In English households, in drawing-rooms of the metropolis, in political circles no less than among the literary coteries, in the best reviews, and in the popular newspapers the opinion of him was pretty much the same. And even in the lapse of time and the change of literary fashion authors so unlike as Byron and Dickens were equally warm in admiration of him. To the English endorsement America added her own enthusiasm, which was as universal. His readers were the million, and all his readers were admirers. Even American statesmen who feed their minds on food we know not of read Irving. It is true that the uncritical opinion of New York was never exactly reëchoed in the cool recesses of Boston culture; but the magnates of the *North American Review* gave him their meed of cordial praise. The country at large put him on the pinnacle. If you attempt to account for the position he occupied by his character, which won the love of all men, it must be remembered that the quality which won this, whatever its value, pervades his books also.

And yet it must be said that the total impression left upon the mind by the man and his works is not that of the greatest intellectual force. I have no doubt that

this was the impression he made upon his ablest contemporaries. And this fact, when I consider the effect the man produced, makes the study of him all the more interesting. As an intellectual personality he makes no such impression, for instance, as Carlyle, or a dozen other writers now living who could be named. The incisive critical faculty was almost entirely wanting in him. He had neither the power nor the disposition to cut his way transversely across popular opinion and prejudice that Ruskin has, not to draw around him disciples equally well pleased to see him fiercely demolish today what they had delighted to see him set up yesterday as eternal. He evoked neither violent partizanship nor violent opposition. He was an extremely sensitive man, and if he had been capable of creating a conflict he would only have been miserable in it. The play of his mind depended upon the sunshine of approval. And all this shows a certain want of intellectual virility.

A recent anonymous writer has said that most of the writing of our day is characterized by an intellectual strain. I have no doubt that this will appear to be the case to the next generation. It is a strain to say something new even at the risk of paradox, or to say something in a new way at the risk of obscurity. From this Irving was entirely free. There is no visible straining to attract attention. His mood is calm and unexaggerated. Even in some of his pathos, which is open to the suspicion of being 'literary,' there is no literary exaggeration. He seems always writing from an internal calm, which is the necessary condition of his production. If he wins at all by his style, by his humor, by his portraiture of scenes or of character, it is by a gentle force, like that of the sun in spring. There are many men now living, or recently dead, intellectual prodigies, who have stimulated thought, upset opinions, created mental eras, to whom Irving stands hardly in as fair a relation as Goldsmith to Johnson. What verdict the next generation will put upon their achievements I do not know; but it is safe to say that their position and that of Irving as well will depend largely upon the affirmation or the reversal of their views of life and their judgments of characters. I think the calm work of Irving will stand when much of the more startling and perhaps more brilliant intellectual achievement of this age has passed away.

And this leads me to speak of Irving's moral quality, which I cannot bring myself to exclude from a literary estimate, even in the face of the current gospel of art for art's sake. There is something that made Scott and Irving personally loved by the millions of their readers, who had only the dimmest ideas of their personality. This was some quality perceived in what they wrote. Each one can define it for himself; there it is, and I do not see why it is not as integral a part of the authors — an element in the estimate of their future position — as what we term their intellect, their knowledge, their skill, their art. However you rate it, you cannot account for Irving's influence in the world without it. In his tender tribute to Irving, the great-hearted Thackeray, who saw as clearly as anybody the place of mere literary art in the sum total of life, quoted the dying words of Scott to Lockhart,—'Be a good man, my dear.' We know well enough that the great author of *The Newcomes* and the great author of *The Heart of Midlothian* recognized the abiding value in literature of integrity, sincerity, purity, charity, faith. These are beneficences; and Irving's literature, walk round it and measure it by whatever critical instruments you will, is a beneficent literature. The author loved good women and little children and a pure life; he had faith in his fellow-men, a kindly sympathy with the lowest, without any subservience to the highest; he retained a belief in the possibility of chivalrous actions, and did not care to envelop them in a cynical suspicion; he was an author still capable of an enthusiasm. His books are wholesome, full of sweetness and charm, of humor without any sting, of amusement without any stain: and their more solid qualities are marred by neither pedantry nor pretension.

From *Washington Irving,* 1881.

JOHN BURROUGHS (1837–)

One does not read long in the Nature studies of John Burroughs without realizing that their author was country born, a farmer's boy, who learned in the fields and woods those secrets of nature which only the country-reared may know. Roxbury, New York, was his birthplace. The usual farm round of work in the summer, a little schooling in the winter, a year or two of academy courses after he was seventeen, marriage at twenty, school teaching for a period, Treasury Department work at Washington for nine years, inspector of national banks for eleven years more, and then, in 1884, retirement to his native region and uninterrupted literary work,— these are the external facts of his biography. For his real biography, however, one must go to his books. He was thirty when he put forth his salutatory, his literary declaration of independence, *Notes on Walt Whitman, as Poet and Person*, and it was four years later, 1871, when he issued his first distinctive book, *Wake-Robin*, so named from the early, homely, native blossom which all country people know. The papers had been written spontaneously out of the heart of the writer. A countryman, shut up in the city the whole year long, he dreamed of the scenes and the birds and the wild life of the woods and fields, and he wrote with an idealizing pen, and yet with the accuracy of the farmer's boy that he was. He followed the book with *Winter Sunshine*, 1875, *Birds and Poets*, 1877, *Locusts and Wild Honey*, 1879, and *Pepacton*, 1881, books which take one into the very heart of nature. The author is a most delightful companion for he takes his reader at once into his confidence, points out a thousand things he never would have seen had he been alone, gossips delightfully of the happenings in woods and meadow, tells story after story of the tragedies and the comedies of the fields, and then perhaps, leads him into his rural study and chats just as entertainingly about books and men and the various bearings of philosophy.

Of the eighteen books in the standard set of Burroughs, the eight earlier ones deal prevailingly with Nature study. The later ones are more distinctly scientific and critical. It is in the earlier part that his distinctive work is to be found. He is an out-of-doors classic, the leader, after Thoreau, of the whole out-of-doors school of writers. Thoreau was fundamentally a poet, a transcendentalist, a mystic who went to Nature for eternal truths and for the mystic meanings of nature; Burroughs is a scientist who sees with sharp eyes and who is able to make others see. Moreover, he is able to throw over his writings at their best the golden light of memory, that mellow atmosphere that transforms them from bare science into distinctive literature.

LEAVES OF GRASS

STANDARD OF THE NATURAL UNIVERSAL

What is the reason that the inexorable and perhaps deciding standard by which poems, and other productions of art, must be tried, after the application of all minor tests, is the standard of absolute Nature? The question can hardly be answered, but the answer may be hinted at. The standard of form, for instance, is presented by Nature, out of the prevailing shapes of her growths, and appears to perfection in the human body. All the forms in art, sculpture, architecture, etc., follow it. Of course the same in colors; and, in fact, the same even in music, though more human and carried higher.

But a nearer hint still. The same moral elements and qualities that exist in man in a conscious state, exist, says the great German philosopher, in manifold material Nature, and all her products, in an unconscious state. Powerful and susceptible men — in other words, poets, naturally so — have an affiliation and identity with the material Nature in its entirety and parts, that the majority of people (including most especially intellectual persons) cannot begin to understand; so passionate is it, and so convertible seems to be the essence of the demonstrative human spirit, with the undemonstrative spirit of the hill and wood, the river, field, and sky.

I know that, at first sight, certain works of art, in some branches, do not exhibit this identity and controvertibility. But

it needs only a little trouble and thought to trace them. I assert that every true work of art has arisen, primarily, out of its maker, apart from his talent of manipulation, being filled fuller than other men with this passionate affiliation and identity with Nature. Then I go a step further, and, without being an artist myself, I feel that every good artist of any age would join me in subordinating the most vaunted beauties of the best artificial productions, to the daily and hourly beauty of the shows and objects of outward Nature. I mean inclusively, the objects of Nature in their human relations.

To him that is pregnable, the rocks, the hills, the evening, the grassy bank, the young trees and old trees, the various subtle dynamic forces, the sky, the seasons, the birds, the domestic animals, etc., furnish intimate and precious relations at first hand, which nothing at second hand can supply. Their spirit affords to man's spirit, I sometimes think, its only inlet to clear views of the highest Philosophy and Religion. Only in their spirit can he himself have health, sweetness, and proportion; and only in their spirit can he give any essentially sound judgment of a poem, no matter what the subject of it may be.

But it seems to me that the spirit or influence I allude to is, in our age, entirely lacking, either as an inspirer, or any part of the inspiration of poems, or as a part of the critical faculty which judges them, or judges of any work of art. We have swarms of little poetlings, producing swarms of soft and sickly little rhymelets, on a par with the feeble caliber and vague and puerile inward melancholy, and outward affectation and small talk, of that genteel mob called 'society.' We have, also, more or less of statues and statuettes, and plenty of architecture and upholstery, and filigree work, very pretty and ornamental, and fit for those who are fit for it. But everything, in any of these fields, contributed at first hand, in the spirit I have spoken of, or able to give tonic and elevating results to the people, we certainly have not. Who thinks of it? Who comes forward capable of producing it? Who even realizes the necessity of producing it?

The whole stress of Walt Whitman is the supply of what is wanted in this direction. He possesses almost to excess the quality in which our imaginative writers and artists are all and each of them barren. The inspiration of the facts *per se* to the human body, and of rude abysmal man, are upon him; and he speaks out of them without being diverted a moment by the current conventions, or any inquiry as to what is the literary mode, or what the public taste.

He says plainly enough: I do not wish to speak from the atmosphere of books, or art, or the parlor; nor in the interest of the elegant and conventional modes. I pitch my voice in the open air.

'Not for an embroiderer;
(There will always be plenty of embroiderers
—I welcome them also);
But for the fiber of things, and for inherent men and women.
Not to chisel ornaments,
But to chisel with free stroke the heads and limbs of plenteous Supreme Gods, that The States may realize them, walking and talking.'

Who is the great poet, and where the perfect poem? Nature itself is the only perfect poem, and the Kosmos is the only great poet. The Kosmos:

'Who includes diversity, and is Nature,
Who is the amplitude of the earth, and the coarseness and sexuality of the earth, and the great charity of the earth, and the equilibrium also,
Who has not look'd forth from the windows, the eyes, for nothing, or whose brain held audience with messengers for nothing;
Who contains believers and disbelievers—
Who is the most majestic lover;
Who holds duly his or her triune proportion of realism, spiritualism, and of the æsthetic, or intellectual,
Who, having consider'd the Body, finds all its organs and parts good;
Who, out of the theory of the earth, and of his or her body, understands by subtle analogies all other theories,
The theory of a city, a poem, and of the large politics of These States.'

The image Walt Whitman seems generally to have in his mind is that of the Earth, 'round, rolling, compact,' and he aims to produce effects analogous to those produced by it; to address the mind as the landscape or the mountains, or ideas of space or time, address it; not to excite

admiration by fine and minute effects, but to feed the mind by exhibitions of power; to make demands upon it, like those made by Nature; to give it the grasp and wholesomeness which come from contact with realities; to vitalize it by bringing to bear upon it material forms, and the width of the globe, as the atmosphere bears upon the blood through the lungs; working always by indirections, and depending on a corresponsive working of the mind that reads or hears, with the mind that produces, as the female with the male; careless of mere art, yet loyally achieving the effects of highest art; not unmindful of details, yet subordinating everything to the total effect.

Yet no modern book of poems says so little about Nature, or contains so few compliments to her. Its subject, from beginning to end, is Man, and whatever pertains to or grows out of him; the facts of mechanics, the life of cities and farms, and the various trades and occupations. What I describe, therefore, must be sought in its interior. The poet is not merely an observer of Nature, but is immersed in her, and from thence turns his gaze upon people, upon the age, and upon America. Heretofore, we have had Nature talked of and discussed; these poems approximate to a direct utterance of Nature herself.

From this comes, in a sense, the male principle of the book, which gives that erect, proud, aggressive, forenoon character, the opposite of dallying, or sentimentalism, or poetic sweetness, or reclining at ease — but which tallies a man's rude health and strength, and goes forward with sinewy life and action. From the same source also comes that quality of the book which makes it, on the surface, almost as little literary or recondite as the rocks and the trees are, or as a spring morning is. Yet a careful analysis shows that the author has certainly wrought with all the resources of literary composition at command. In the same degree that the book is great in a primordial, aboriginal sense, is it great in a Goethean, Emersonian literary sense. It touches and includes both extremes; not only is the bottom here, but the top also; not only all that science can give, but more besides. No doubt this fact greatly misled the critics, who failed to discriminate between mere wildness and savagery, as waiting for science and culture, and that vital sympathy with Nature, and freedom from conventional literary restraint, which comes only with the fullest science and culture, and which is one of the distinguishing features of our author.

Of the current condition of criticism in this country, the future literary historian will need no more painful or decisive proof than the fact that a production like *Leaves of Grass* could pass as merely a crude and awkward attempt at poetry, by an unlettered man, perhaps a common laborer, who (it was graciously admitted), with the advantages of 'culture' and 'good society,' might have made sleek little rhymes, like his contemporaries. I know the common rule that aspirants to literary fame must be measured by the standards of art and literature in vogue at the time. But when a man comes who justifies new standards and principles, the question then is, not whether he can stand the tests of the academy, but whether the academy can stand his tests. . . .

The highest art is not to express art, but to express life and communicate power. Let those persons who have been so fast to criticize *Leaves of Grass* in this respect reflect if Nature be not open to the same objections, and if the living figure be not less than the marble statue, because it does not stimulate the art faculty. Both readers and writers need to be told that a poet may propose to himself higher ends than lace or needlework. Modern verse does not express the great liberating power of Art, but only its conventional limitations, and the elegant finish of details to which society runs. It never once ceases to appeal directly to that part of the mind which is cognizant of mere form — form denoted by regular lines. It is never so bold as music, which in the analysis is discord, but the synthesis harmony; and falls far short of painting, which puts in masses of subdued color to one brilliant point, and which is forever escaping out of mere form into vista.

To accuse Walt Whitman, therefore, of want of art, is to overlook his generic quality, and shows ignorance of the ends for which Nature and Time exist to the mind. He has the art which surrounds all art, as the sphere holds all form. He works, it may be said, after the pure method of Nature, and nothing less; and includes not only the artist of the beau-

tiful, but forestalls the preacher and the moralist by his synthesis and kosmical integrity.

Dating mainly from Wordsworth and his school, there is in modern literature, and especially in current poetry, a great deal of what is technically called Nature. Indeed it might seem that this subject was worn threadbare long ago, and that something else was needed. The word Nature, now, to most readers, suggests only some flower bank, or summer cloud, or pretty scene that appeals to the sentiments. None of this is in Walt Whitman. And it is because he corrects this false, artificial Nature, and shows me the real article, that I hail his appearance as the most important literary event of our times.

Wordsworth was truly a devout and loving observer of Nature, and perhaps has indicated more surely than any other poet the healthful moral influence of the milder aspects of rural scenery. But to have spoken in the full spirit of the least fact which he describes would have rent him to atoms. To have accepted Nature in her entirety, as the absolutely good and the absolutely beautiful, would have been to him tantamount to moral and intellectual destruction. He is simply a rural and metaphysical poet whose subjects are drawn mostly from Nature, instead of from society, or the domain of romance; and he tells in so many words what he sees and feels in the presence of natural objects. He has definite aim, like a preacher or moralist as he was, and his effects are nearer akin to those of pretty vases and parlor ornaments than to trees or hills.

In Nature everything is held in solution; there are no discriminations, or failures, or ends; there is no poetry or philosophy — but there is that which is better, and which feeds the soul, diffusing itself through the mind in calm and equable showers. To give the analogy of this in the least degree was not the success of Wordsworth. Neither has it been the success of any of the so-called poets of Nature since his time. Admirable as many of these poets are in some respects, they are but visiting-card callers upon Nature, going to her for tropes and figures only. In the products of the lesser fry of them I recognize merely a small toying with Nature — a kind of sentimental flirtation with birds and butterflies.

I am aware, also, that the Germanic literary 'storm and stress periods,' during the latter part of the last century, screamed vehemently for 'Nature' too; but they knew not what they said. The applauded works of that period and place were far from the spirit of Nature, which is health, not disease.

If it appears that I am devoting my pages to the exclusive consideration of literature from the point of view of Nature and the spirit of Nature, it is not because I am unaware of other and very important standards and points of view. But these others, at the present day, need no urging, nor even a statement from me. Their claims are not only acknowledged — they tyrannize out of all proportion. The standards of Nature apply just as much to what is called artificial life, all that belongs to cities and to modern manufactures and machinery, and the life rising out of them. Walt Whitman's poems, though entirely gathered, as it were, under the banner of the Natural Universe, include, for themes, as has been already stated, all modern artificial combinations, and the facts of machinery, trades, &c. These are an essential part of his chants. It is, indeed, all the more indispensable to resume and apply to these, the genuine standards.

Our civilization is not an escape from Nature, but a mastery over, and following out of, Nature. We do not keep the air and the sunlight out of our houses, but only the rain and the cold; and the untamed and unrefined elements of the earth are just as truly the sources of our health and strength as they are of the savages. In speaking of Walt Whitman's poetry, I do not mean raw, unreclaimed Nature. I mean the human absorption of Nature like the earths in fruit and grain, or in the animal economy. The dominant facts of his poetry, carried out strictly and invariably from these principles, are Life, Love, and the Immortal identity of the Soul. Here he culminates, and here are the regions where, in all his themes, after reading them, he finally ascends with them, soaring high and cleaving the heavens.

BEAUTY

Is beauty ornament, or is it an inherency? Is it an outside addition and polish, or does it reside in the fiber and

quality of things themselves? Would our search for beauty lead us to regard only the brilliancies, the flowers, the accordant sounds, the reflections in the pond? or have the rocks and the weeds a part to play also?

In ancient mythology, beauty is represented as riding on the back of a lion; meaning, probably, that beauty cannot be enjoyed alone — cannot be separated from power or even savage necessity. In short, that it is linked with its opposite. This is the invariable order of Nature.

It comes to me, that there is something implied or understood when we look upon a beautiful object, that has quite as much to do with the impression made upon the mind as anything in the object itself; perhaps more. There is somehow an immense and undefined background of vast and unconscionable energy, as of earthquakes, and ocean storms, and cleft mountains, across which things of beauty play, and to which they constantly defer; and when this background is wanting, as it is in most current poetry, beauty sickens and dies, or at most has only a feeble existence.

Nature does nothing merely for beauty; beauty follows as the inevitable result; and the impression of total health and finish which her works make upon the mind is owing as much to those things which are not technically called beautiful, as to those which are. The former give identity to the latter. The one is to the other what substance is to form, or bone to flesh. The beauty of Nature includes all that is called beautiful, as its flower; and all that is not called beautiful, as its stalk and roots.

Indeed when I go to the woods or fields, or ascend to the hill-top, I do not seem to be gazing upon beauty at all, but to be breathing it like the air. I am not dazzled or astonished; I am in no hurry to look, lest it be gone. I would not have the litter and débris removed, or the banks trimmed, or the ground painted. What I enjoy is commensurate with the earth and sky itself. It clings to the rocks and trees; it is kindred to the roughness and savagery; it lurks in every tangle and chasm; it perches on the dry oak stubs; the fox and the coon give it out as they pass; the crows caw it, and weave it into their nests of coarse sticks; the cattle low it, and every mountain path leads to its haunts. I am not a spectator of, but a participator in it. It becomes as the iron and lime and oxygen in my blood and bones. It is not an adornment; its roots strike to the center of the earth.

After fullest experience, one surely comes to feel that art, as such, is death; and that only that invigorates which leaves an office to be performed by the eye that sees. Such alone stimulates desire, and blends with the mind. The commonest and the nearest are at last the most acceptable. The old chamber without ceiling or plaster, the litter of outhouses, the hut in the woods, the rustic bridge, the farmer with his team, or foddering his cattle from a stack upon the new snow — one feels that it is from such that he himself came, and from such, after all due acknowledgments to books and to civilization have been made, that he still draws the breath of life.

'I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the
journey-work of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a
grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the
highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the
parlors of heaven,
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts
to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with deprest head
surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger
sextillions of infidels,
And I could come every afternoon of my
life to look at the farmer's girl boiling
her iron tea-kettle and baking short-
cake.'

It must be ever present to the true artist in his attempt to report Nature, that every object as it stands in the sequence of cause and effect has a history which involves its surroundings, and that the depth of the interest which it awakens in us is in proportion as its integrity in this respect is preserved. In Nature we are prepared for any opulence of color, or vegetation, or freak of form, or display of any kind, by the preponderance of the common, ever-present features of the earth. I never knew how beautiful a red-bird was till I saw one darting through the recesses of a shaggy old hemlock wood. In like manner the bird of the naturalist can

never interest us like the thrush the farm boy heard singing in the cedars at twilight as he drove the cows to pasture, or like the swallow that flew gleefully in the air above him as he picked the stones from the early May meadow.

The current poetry of the day is an attempt to give us beauty without the lion. It aims at great surface charm — possesses the merit of form, of color, of jewels, of perfume — but has none of the charm of power and aboriginal might, or the charm shown by the best Greek and oldest Asiatic bards, which is above all color and sparkle, and upon which these things wait as willing slaves. It proceeds on the theory that beauty is a dainty discriminate, something to be arrived at by a shifting, clarifying process; that it is quite accidental, residing in certain things and not in others; that it is entirely distinct from use and economy, and is peculiarly the province of poetry, being achieved here by a lucky combination of sweet, picked words and tropes, etc. Hence, on opening a book of modern poetry, one feels like exclaiming, Well, here is the beautiful at last, divested of everything else — of truth, of power, of economy; and one may add, of beauty, too.

'Labor for labor's sake,' says Locke, 'is against nature'; and beauty sought directly as beauty is the spinal weakness of modern verse. Because some objects are, to girls and young men, more obviously beautiful than others, and attract common beholders, the mind which has not yet opened to the perception of law — of that which makes beautiful — jumps to the conclusion that beauty has an objective existence, and that to collect together those objects of Nature that first awaken the sentiment, and string them on some thread of romance, or delicate thought, is the secret of making beautiful poems!

Woe to that poet, musician, or any artist, who disengages beauty from the wide background of rudeness, darkness, and strength — and disengages her from absolute Nature! The mild and beneficent aspects of Nature — what gulfs and abysses of power underlie them! The great, ugly, barbaric earth — yet the summing up, the plenum of all we know, or can know, of beauty! So the orbic poems of the world have a foundation as of the earth itself, and are beautiful because they are something else first. Homer chose for his groundwork War, clinching, tearing, tugging war; in Dante it is Hell; in Milton, Satan and the Fall; in Shakespeare it is pride and diabolic passion. What is it in Tennyson? Soft aristocratic ennui and luxury, and love-sick sentiment. The dainty poets, 'the eye singers, ear singers, love singers,' have not the courage, the stamina, to accept the gross in Nature or life; that which is the basis of all else. Only the great masters accept all. It is this which gives genesis to their works.

Do I say, then, that beauty is not the object or attribute of *Leaves of Grass?* Not directly the object, but indirectly. The love of eternal beauty and of truth move the author to his work, producing a poem without a single piece of embroidery or hung-on ornament, yet in its quality, and proportion dominating, in this very attribute, all rivals.

It is on the clear eye, the firm and limber step, the sweet breath, the loving lip, the magnetism of sex, the lofty and religious soul, eloquent in figure as in face, that Walt Whitman has depended for beauty's attractiveness in his poems.

He is by no means insensible to what is called the poetic aspect of things; only he uses this element sparingly, and well seasoned with the salt of the earth. Where others bring a flower from the woods or a shell from the shore, he brings the woods and the shore also, so that his charm lies in the completed integrity of his statements.

Of a long account of a battle which I once read in some old Grecian history I remember only the fact, casually mentioned by the historian, that the whereabouts of one army was betrayed to the other by the glint of the moonlight upon the shield of a soldier as he stood on a high hill. The touches in *Leaves of Grass* are of like significance, and by their singleness and peculiarity not one is lost to the mind.

But this is not the final statement. That which in every instance has been counted the defect of Walt Whitman's writings, namely, that they are not markedly poetical, as that term is used, constitutes their transcendent merit. Unlike all others, this poet's words seem dressed for work, with hands and arms bare. At first sight they appear as careless of mere beauty, or mere art, as do the leaves of the forest about numbers, or the snow-flakes as to where

they shall fall; yet his poems do more to the mind for this very reason, than the most ostentatiously elaborated works. They indicate fresh and near at hand the exhaustless sources of beauty and art. Comparatively few minds are impressed with the organic beauty of the world. That there are gleams and touches here and there which not only have no reference 'to the compact truth of the whole,' but which are lucky exceptions to the general rule, and which it is the province of art to fix and perpetuate in color or form, is the notion of all our poets and poetlings. Outside of *Leaves of Grass* there is no theory or practice in modern letters that keeps in view the principle after which the highest artists, like Michael Angelo, have wrought, namely, that in the unimpeachable health and rectitude and latent power of the world are to be found the true sources of beauty for purposes of Art.

The perception of such high, kosmical beauty comes by a vital original process of the mind. It is in some measure a creative act, and those works that rest upon it make demands — perhaps extraordinary demands — upon the reader or beholder. We regard mere surface glitter, or mere verbal sweetness, in a mood entirely passive, and with a pleasure entirely profitless. The beauty of excellent stage scenery seems much more obvious and easy of apprehension than the beauty of the trees and hills themselves, inasmuch as the act of association in the mind is easier and inferior to the act of original perception.

Only the greatest works in any department afford any explanation of this wonder we call Nature, or aid the mind in arriving at correct notions concerning it. To copy here and there a line or a tint is no explanation; but to translate Nature into another language — to repeat, in some sort, the act of creation itself — as is done in *Leaves of Grass*, is the final and crowning triumph of poetic art.

From *Notes on Walt Whitman*, 1867.

FUSS AND FEATHERS[1]

Probably we have no other familiar birds keyed up to the same degree of intensity as the house-wren. He seems to be the one bird whose cup of life is always overflowing. The wren is habitually either in an ecstasy of delight or of rage. He probably gets on the nerves of more persons than any other of our birds. He is so shrilly and overflowingly joyous, or else so sharply and harshly angry and pugnacious — a lyrical burst one minute, and a volley of chiding, staccato notes the next. More restless than the wind, he is a tiny dynamo of bird energy. From his appearance in May till his last brood is out in midsummer, he repeats his shrill, hurried little strain about ten times a minute for about ten hours a day, and cackles and chatters between-times. He expends enough energy in giving expression to his happiness, or vent to his anger, in the course of each day to carry him halfway to the Gulf. He sputters, he chatters, he carols, he excites the wrath of bluebirds, phœbes, orioles, robins; he darts into holes; he bobs up in unexpected places; he nests in old hats, in dinner-pails, in pumps, in old shoes. Give him a twig and a feather and a hole in almost anything, and his cup is full. How absurdly happy he is over a few dry twigs there in that box, and his little freckled mate sitting upon her eggs! His throat swells and throbs as if he had all the winds of Boreas imprisoned in it, and the little tempest of joy in there rages all the time. His song goes off as suddenly as if some one had touched a spring, or switched on a current. If feathers can have a feathered edge, the wren has it.

'What bird is that?' asked an invalid wife, seated on the porch near a wren-box. 'Is it never still, and never silent? It gets on my nerves.'

'Neither still nor silent long at a time,' replied her husband, 'except when asleep.'

It repeats its song at least six thousand times a day for two or three months, at the same time that it brings many scores of insects to feed its young. But this activity does not use up all the energy of the wren. He gets rid of some of the surplus in building cock or sham nests in every unoccupied bird-box near him. He fills the cavities up with twigs, and I have even seen him carry food into these sham nests, playing that he had young there. Repeatedly I have seen him doing it, holding in his beak the while a small green worm or some such dainty. Not even these activities use up all his energy —

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it overflows in his shaking and vibrating wings while in song.

The song of the house-wren is rather harsh and shrill, far inferior as a musical performance to that of the winter wren. The songs of the two differ as their nests differ, or as soft, green moss and feathers differ from dry twigs and a little dry grass. A truly sylvan strain is that of the winter wren, suggesting deep, wild-wood solitudes, while that of the house-wren is more in keeping with the noise and clatter of the farm and dooryard. He begins singing by four o'clock in the morning, and for the first hour hardly stops to take breath, and all the forenoon the pauses between his volleys of notes are of but a few seconds.

I find that there are good bird observers who accuse the wren of destroying the eggs of other birds. I have no first-hand evidence that such is a fact, but the hostility of several other species of birds toward the wren gives color to the charge. Why, for instance, should the phœbe-bird make a savage drive at him, if she has not some old score of that kind to wipe out? Or the song-sparrow chase him into a vine or a bush and keep him a prisoner there for a few moments, as I have seen him do?

As I was sitting on the platform of the fruit-house one morning, watching the wood-thrushes at nest-building, there was a rustle of wings almost at my elbow, and the snapping of a phœbe's beak. I turned in time to see a brown speck darting under the floor, and a phœbe-bird close on to its heels. The speck was a wren, and the phœbe was driving for it viciously. How spitefully her beak did snap! As the wren eluded her, phœbe turned quickly and disappeared down the hill where she had a nest on a rafter in the lower fruit-house.

This season there are four wrens' nests about my place, in boxes and hollow limbs which we have put up, and three bluebirds' nests. The wrens and the bluebirds often come in collision; mainly, I think, because they are rivals for the same nesting sites. The bluebird with all his soft, plaintive notes has a marked vein of pugnacity in him, and is at times a lively 'scrapper'; and the wren is no 'peace-at-any-price' bird, and will stand up for his rights very bravely against his big, blue-coated rival.

Late one afternoon when I was busy in the garden near the end of the vineyard where there was a bird-box, I suddenly heard the loud, emphatic note of a bluebird mingled with the chiding cackle and chatter of a house-wren. I saw the bluebird dive savagely at the wren and drive him into a currant-bush, where he would scold and 'sass back,' and then break out in a shrill, brief song. Presently a female oriole came and joined the bluebird in persecuting the wren, which answered back from its safe retreat in the bushes with harsh chatter and snatches of tantalizing song. The bluebird took up his stand on the grape-post that supported the bird-box in which the wren had a nest, and from this outlook he grew eloquent in his denunciation of wrens. His loud, rapid voice and the answering cackle of the wren attracted the attention of their bird neighbors. Four robins came, one after another, and perched on the tops of surrounding posts, silent but interested spectators. A male oriole came, a catbird came, two song-sparrows came, and then a male goldfinch perched near by. The birds were evidently curious to know what all this loud altercation was about — very human in this respect.

After the bluebird had eased his mind a little about wrens, he dropped down to the box, and, clinging to the entrance to the nest, looked in. Instantly the wren was on his back, scolding excitedly. The bluebird turned to seize him, but was not quick enough, and there was a brown streak, with a blue streak close behind it, to the nearest currant-bush, in which the wren again chattered and sang in derision. The bluebird again resumed his perch above the nest and was louder and more emphatic than ever in his protests. It was really very amusing to see the bluebird stand up so straight there on the post, like a stump orator, delivering his philipic against the wren. His whole bearing and tone expressed indignation and an outraged sense of justice. I fancied him saying: 'My friends and neighbors, I want to bear witness before you of the despicable character of this chattering, skulking, impudent house-wren. He is an intolerable nuisance. He crosses my path daily. Every honest bird hates him. He fills up the boxes he cannot occupy with his rubbish, and assaults me if I look into them and criticize his conduct. He is sly and

meddlesome, and a disturber of the peace. He has the manners of a blackguard and the habits of a thief and a despoiler. His throat and tongue are brass, and his song is as harsh as the dry twigs he makes his nest of. I ask you to join me in putting him down.' His audience listened and looked on with interest, I will not say with amusement. The humor of the situation probably appealed to me alone. The birds were only anxious to find out if a possible common danger threatened them all. But to me the situation had an element of comedy in it, and made me laugh in spite of myself.

Again the bluebird essayed to look into that hole, and as quick as a flash the wren was on his back. Whether or not he used his sharp beak, I could not tell, as the assailed turned upon his assailant so quickly; but not quick enough to get in a counter-stroke. The vines and bushes were again a house of safety for the wren. Three or four times the bluebird asserted his natural right to look into any hole or cavity he had a mind to, and each time the wren denied that right in the way I have described. But such jangles among the birds are usually brief. One by one the spectators flew away; and finally the chief actor in the little drama flew away, and the wren warbled in a strain of triumph.

The next day I discovered that the wren had only begun building a nest in the box, probably a cock nest. One thing arrested my attention; the box had a big crack in it from the entrance nearly to the bottom, this crack the wren had evidently essayed to stop with twigs. At first sight my impression was that the twigs had accidentally got caught in the crack in the bird's effort to get them into the nest. But after carefully considering the matter, I see I must credit him with a purpose to mend his house. He had first put two small twigs into the crack and then finished the job with a much larger twig, eight inches long, which closed the opening very effectively. This last twig was larger and longer than wrens ever use in their nests. It was a very clever stroke.

I think the male wrens have sham battles as well as sham nests; they must work off their superfluous animation in some way. For hours one early July afternoon two males, one of whom had a cock nest a few yards below me in a box on a grape-post, and the other a few yards above me in a box on the corner of the veranda, amused and delayed me in my eager reading of the war news (the British had just begun their great offensive in France) by engaging in what appeared to be a most determined song contest from their respective perches a few yards apart. How their throats were convulsed! Under what pressure of jealousy or rivalry they did hurl shrill defiance at each other in that, to me, languid summer afternoon! Back and forth, back and forth, went the voluble challenges, the birds facing each other with drooping wings and throbbing breasts. The grape-post wren seemed to be in the most aggressive mood. When he could stand it no longer he would dart up the hill at his opponent on the low branch of a maple, who never stood to his guns, and the two would make a brown streak in a wide circle around the maples and the study, and down the hill around the summerhouse, keeping just so far apart, and never actually coming to blows. Then they would take up their old positions and renew the vocal contest with the same spirit as before, till one of them was again carried off his feet and hurled himself at his rival on the maple branch. Round and round they would go, squeaking and chattering, but never ruffling a feather. Hour after hour, with brief intervals, and at times day after day, these two little hot but happy spirits played the comedy of this mimic war. It was not even a tempest in a teapot; it was tempest in a nut-shell, but there was a vast deal of nature in it for all that. Both birds simply overflowed with the emotions proper to the season and the conditions. The mate of the grape-post bird had a nest in a box farther down the hill, where the care of her young occupied her most of her time. She scolded as only wrens can scold when I went poking about her box, but my poking about the box of the male did not agitate the owner at all. I tried to explore the inside with my finger, but found it apparently packed full of twigs. I had often seen the bird enter it and disappear for some moments, but my finger found no vacant space. Then one day I saw the female enter it, much to the joy and loud acclaim of her mate. I finally saw her carry in fine spears of dry grass. To clear up the mystery I took off the top of the box, and found that there was barely room enough between its top and

the twigs for a body the size of my finger to squeeze in, and enter a small, deep pocket in one corner which the cock had cunningly arranged. He had made sure that no bird larger than a wren — no usurping bluebird nor meddling English sparrow — could gain entrance — and as for inquisitive wrens, he could meet them at an advantage. Then I examined the lower box, where the young were, and which had an opening large enough for a high-hole, or a great-crested fly-catcher, and found that the foresighted little creatures had used the same tactics here — they had built a barricade of twigs in front of the nest, which could be entered by the wrens only by a close squeeze. Artful little people, I said, living joyous and intensive lives, and as full of character and spirit as an egg is full of meat.

This little bird loves to be near your house, but give it a chance and it will come inside of it and nest in the room you occupy. I knew of a pair that came through a screen door left ajar, into a room on the second floor of a famous inn in the valley of the Rondout, and built a nest on the sash behind a heavy green window-curtain — a real nest on one side of the door where the brood was raised, and a cock or dummy nest on the other side. The room was occupied by a well-known woman artist and writer who seems to have extended a hearty welcome to the little feathered intruders. They seem to have cultivated her, sitting on the corner of her table when she was at work, and chattering and singing to her in the most pointed manner. The people in the house who knew of the situation were not slow in coming to the conclusion that the birds recognized in the artist a kindred spirit, and were drawn to her as they are not to other people. The case is at least a suggestive one. I can relate but one somewhat analogous experience from my own life — remotely analogous, I may say, as I was not alone concerned in the case and the bird involved was not a wren. Some years ago, while on a visit to friends in one of the large cities of the western part of New York State, some members of a bird club and one or two officials of the city government drove me about through the various parks. We came to a park where there was a small aviary, a space thirty or forty feet square, inclosed by wire netting. In this cage were a number of our common birds, but the one that made a lasting impression upon me, and upon all who accompanied me, was a fox-sparrow. No sooner had we paused before the big cage than a strange excitement seemed to seize this bird, and it began flying from one end of the inclosure to the other, clinging for a moment to the wires at each end, and singing in the most ecstatic manner, and by its enthusiasm kindling one or two other birds into song. I had heard the fox-sparrow many times, but never before one that approached this one in power and brilliancy. It sang in a strain varied and copious beyond compare — a kind of musical frenzy. The man in charge said he had never heard it sing before, nor had any of my companions. I saw at once that the thought in all minds was that the bird was singing to me; that it had recognized me as a bird-lover. There were other bird-lovers in the company. There is, of course, some other explanation of the extraordinary performance, but what it is no one could suggest. There was nothing striking or unusual in the appearance of any of us, yet our presence seemed to act like fire to a fuse, and that one bird was the rocket that astonished us all. It darted about the inclosure as if its joy was uncontrollable, and sang in a spirit to match. I venture to say that none of those present will ever forget the incident. The more I thought about it the more it impressed me. I have never observed that the birds, or other wild creatures, behave in any way exceptional toward me, or toward any one else. The legends in the old literature of the power of certain saintly persons, like St. Francis of Assisi, over the birds and animals, I look upon as legend merely. The movements, the tones of the voice, the expression of the face, all play a part in the impression we make upon man or beast. I have always been successful in handling bees, because I am not afraid of bees, and go among them as if I had a right there. I am successful in making friends with dogs, because I show no suspicion toward them, and, as it were, extend the hand of fellowship. But the case of the fox-sparrows is the single incident I can recall that might be interpreted, in the spirit of the old legends, as showing special sympathy and understanding between man and birds. The incident of the woman artist with the wrens nesting in her room is of the same

character. Such things may afford hints of some psychic condition, some community of mind between the human and the animal, as yet but little understood, but they are far from convincing.

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NATURE LORE[1]

Emerson in his journal says, 'All facts in nature interest us because they are deep and not accidental.' Facts of nature are undoubtedly of interest to most persons, though whether or not Emerson gives the true reason may be questioned. I would sooner venture the explanation that it is because nature is a sort of outlying province of ourselves. We feel a kinship with her works, and in bird and beast, in tree and flower, we behold the workings of the same life principle that has brought us where we are and relates us to all living things.

Explain the matter as we may, the facts and doings of nature interest us, and our interest is bound to grow as we enlarge our acquaintance with them, which is about like saying that our interest keeps pace with our interest. But so it is. Water does not taste good to us until we are thirsty. Before we ask questions we must have questions to ask, and before we have questions to ask we must feel an awakened interest or curiosity. Action and reaction go hand in hand; interest begets interest; knowledge breeds knowledge. Once started in pursuit of nature lore, we are pretty sure to keep on. When people ask me, 'How shall we teach our children to love nature?' I reply: 'Do not try to teach them at all. Just turn them loose in the country and trust to luck.' It is time enough to answer children's questions when they are interested enough to ask them. Knowledge without love does not stick; but if love comes first, knowledge is pretty sure to follow. I do not know how I first got my own love for nature, but I suppose it was because I was born and passed my youth on the farm, and reacted spontaneously to the natural objects about me. I felt a certain privacy and kinship with the woods and fields and streams long before the naturalist awoke to self-consciousness within me. A feeling of companionship with nature came long prior to any conscious desire for accurate and specific knowledge about her works. I loved the flowers and the wild creatures, as most healthy children do, long before I knew there was such a study as botany or natural history. And when I take a walk now, thoughts of natural history play only a secondary part; I suspect it is more to bathe the spirit in natural influences than to store the mind with natural facts. I think I know what Emerson means when he says elsewhere in his journal that a walk in the woods is one of the secrets for dodging old age. I understand what the poet means when he sang,

> Sweet is the lore which Nature brings.

Nature lore—that is it. Not so much a note-book full of notes of birds and trees and flowers as a heart warmed and refreshed by sympathetic intercourse and contact with these primal forces. When 'the press of one's foot to the earth springs a hundred affections,' as Whitman says, then one gets something more precious than exact science. Nature lore is a mixture of love and knowledge, and it comes more by way of the heart than of the head. We absorb it with the air we breathe; it awaits us at the side of the spring when we stoop to drink; it drops upon us from the trees beneath which we fondly linger; it is written large on the rocks and ledges where as boys we prowled about on Sundays, putting our hands in the niches or on the rocky shelves older than Thebes or Karnak, touching carefully the phœbe's mossy nest, with its pearl-white eggs, or noting the spore of coon or fox, or coming face to face with the oldest inhabitant of the region, who saw the foundations of the hills laid, and the valleys scooped out — Geologic Time, whose tent is the gray, overhanging rocks.

Many a walk I take in the fields and woods when I gather no new facts and make no new observations; and yet I feel enriched. I have been for an hour or more on intimate terms with trees and rocks and grass and birds and with 'Nature's primal sanities'; the fragrance of the wild things lingers about my mind for days.

Yet the close observation of nature, the

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training of the eye and mind to read her signals, to penetrate her screens, to disentangle her skeins, to catch her significant facts, add greatly to the pleasure of a walk and to life in the country. Natural history is on the wing, and all about us on the foot. It hides in holes, it perches on trees, it runs to cover under the stones and into the stone walls; it soars, it sings, it drums, it calls by day, it barks and prowls and hoots by night. It eats your fruit, it plunders your garden, it raids your hen-roost, and maybe disturbs your midnight slumbers.

At Woodchuck Lodge the woodchucks eat up my peas and melons and dig under the foundations of my house; the coons come down off the mountain for sweet apples in my orchard. I surprise the foxes among the cows on my early morning walks, or am awakened in the dawn by the hue and cry of the crows over a fox passing near, a little late in getting back to the cover of the woods.

All such things add interest to country life. No wild creature comes amiss even though it rob your hen-roost. I sometimes grow tender toward the woodchuck, even though he raids my garden; he is such a characteristic bit of wild nature, creeping about the fields, or sitting upon his haunches to see if danger is near. He is of the earth, earthy, its true offspring, steeped in its savors, hugging it close, harmonizing with its soil and rocks, almost as liquid as its fountains and as perennial as its grass.

I even get reconciled to the unsavory, but gentle-mannered, skunk. He does not disturb me if I do not disturb him, and if he chances to get into a trap which I have set for some other animal, his composure is great, and he looks the injured innocent that he is, only I must keep my eye upon that tail when it starts to rise over his back. There is a masked battery there the noiseless shot of which is usually well aimed, and is pretty sure to rout the foe whether it hit the mark or not. Last summer the morning light revealed one held by the leg in a steel trap that I had set for rats that were helping themselves too freely to my roasting ears. How sorry and deprecatory he looked as I approached, slowly straining to pull away from the cruel trap, and turning upon me a half-appealing, half-reproachful look. By imitating his slow, gentle manners, I lifted him and the trap to the mouth of a woodchuck-hole, into which he quickly crept, leaving his trap-held foot outside. To release him then was an easy and safe matter. There is no danger in that masked battery when the tail is down.

The skunk is a night prowler, and subsists mainly upon insects and small rodents, though I would not insure the birds' eggs or the young birds that happen to be in his path.

There is no prettier bit of natural history upon four legs than the red fox, especially when you surprise him in your morning walk, or he surprises you in his. He, too, is a night prowler, but often he does not get home till after sun-up. Early one October morning, as I stood in the road looking out over the landscape, a belated fox jumped over the wall a few yards from me and loped unconcernedly along parallel to the highway, then turned and scaled the fence, and crossed the road, and went bounding up the hill toward the woods with a grace and ease impossible to describe. I suppose it was his massive tail held level with his body that helped give the idea of buoyancy. There was no apparent effort, as when the farm dog climbs the hill, but the ease and lightness that goes with floating and winged things. It was indeed a pleasing spectacle, such as I had not seen for many years. This winter the fox-hunter with his hound will be trailing him from mountain to mountain or from valley to valley, and he will drift along over the snow, pausing now and then to harken back along his trail, and reluctantly exposing himself to the eye of day in the broad, open spaces. Unless the day is wet and his tail and fur get draggled, he will run from sun to sun without much apparent fatigue. But if his burden gets too great, he knows of holes in the rocks where he can take refuge.

Any device that a plant or an animal has for getting on in the world interests us; it brings the lower orders nearer to us. We have our own devices and makeshifts, and we like to know how it is with our near or distant kin among the humbler orders. They are ourselves not yet come to consciousness and the elective franchise. When the bur of the burdock, reaching forth its arms for such a chance, seizes on to your coat-tail, take your pocket glass and examine the minute hooks that tip the ends of the seed-scales. They fish for

you and your dog and sheep and cow, and they catch you not with one hook, but with twenty or fifty, all at the same time. But in this case it is not the fish that is caught, but the fisherman. His plan is to go right along with his captor, the farther the better, and plant his progeny in a new territory. He lets go his hold upon the parent plant at the mere touch, but the touch gives him all the hold he wants. The hooks are fine and hard, like minute, sharp horns, not too much bent — that would defeat the end — and perfectly smooth and finished. Instead of hooks, the weed called 'bidens' has the teeth or prongs armed with barbs like a fish-hook, many of them on each prong. They are quite as sure a trap as the hooks of the burdock. Nature never fails to perfect her device. Natural selection attends to that. Her traps, her wings, her springs, her balloons, always work. The wings of the maple keys, the ash, and the linden, are all different, but they all work.

The advantage of that array of eager hooks to the burdock (there are more than two hundred of them on each bur), seems obvious, and yet here is the yellow dock alongside of it, a relative of our buckwheat, that has no hooks or other devices that I can discover for scattering its seed, and yet it appears to compete successfully with its more lusty neighbor. One is about as abundant and troublesome to the gardener as the other. The seeds of the yellow dock are like small, brown, polished buckwheat. I have never seen birds or squirrels eat them, and what secret way they have of keeping up with the burdocks I do not know. The burdock plants itself deeper in the ground, and defies your spading-fork the more successfully. I felt a new interest in an adder's-tongue, or fawn lily, as I prefer to call it, when I discovered a trick that it has for getting on in the world. Dig up the flowering ones and you will find the bulb deep in the earth. As it must start from seed at the surface, I was anxious to know how it got itself planted so deeply. Examine a bed of them, and you will find that those with only one leaf — the younger ones — are near the top of the ground. Examine them again later in the season, and you will find that those bulbs have started a scheme for getting deeper into the soil: they are sending out a big tap-root, which is forcing its way into the earth. If it succeeds, at the end of that tap-root a new bulb will be found, and the old bulb will be drawn off, or thus moved by piecemeal deeper into the earth. Once I saw some of those plants growing on a hard piece of ground, and their long, white tap-roots, unable to penetrate it, were coiling and twisting over the surface, feeling for a soft spot. They do not bloom till they have finally settled at the right depth, and can lift to the sunlight a pair of leaves.

I have always been curious to know why the birch is the only one among our many forest trees that seems to have an ambition to plant itself upon a rock. Other trees do so occasionally, but in the woods I am familiar with I see ten birches upon rock to one of any other tree. They sit down upon it as if it were a chair, and run their big roots off into the ground, apparently entirely at home. How in the first place they get enough foothold in the thick coat of leaf mold that covers the rocks to develop their roots and send them across the barren places and down into the soil is a puzzle. I have seen a small birch sapling that had obtained a foothold in a niche on the side of a cliff send one large root diagonally down across the face of the bare rock two or more yards to the ground, where it took hold and saved the situation. It was like a party going out from a starving camp for relief. To equip and provision the party required some resources. 'Yes,' you may say, 'and to know where to send it requires some wit.' But the roots of a tree always tend downward, as the branches go upward. We are at the end of our tether when we say that such is the rule of nature.

The winged seeds always find their proper habitat, as if they had eyes to see the way. The seeds of the cat tail flag find the ditches and marshes in the landscape as unerringly as if they were convoyed. But this intelligence, or self-direction, is only apparent. The wind carries the seed in all directions, and they fall everywhere, just as it happens, on the hills as well as in the ditches, but only the latter take root and flourish. Nature often resorts to this wholesale method. In scattering pollen and germs by the aid of the wind, this is her method: cover all the ground, and you will be sure to hit your mark night or day.

After one or more windy days in November I am sure to find huddled in the

recess of my kitchen door the branching heads of a certain species of wild grass that grows somewhere on the hills west of me. These heads find their ways across fields and highways, over fences, past tree and bushy barriers, down my steps, into the storm-house, and lie there, waiting on the door-sill like things of life, waiting to get into the house. Not one season alone, but every season, they come as punctually as the assessor. The watchful broom routs them; but the next day or the next week there they are again, and now and then one actually gets into the kitchen, slipping in between your feet as you open the door. They bring word from over the hills, and the word is: 'Sooner or later Nature hits her mark, hits all marks, because her aim is broadcast and her efforts ceaseless. The wind finds every crack and corner. We started on our journey not for your door, but for any door, all doors, any shelter where we could be at rest; and here we are!'

The purple loosestrife travels from marsh to marsh in the Hudson River Valley, and as its seeds are not winged, one may wonder how it gets about so easily. It travels by the aid of wings, but not of its own. Darwin discovered that the seeds of marsh plants are often carried in the mud on the feet of marsh birds. Years ago the loosestrife was in a large marsh six miles south of me. A few years later a few plants appeared in a pond near me, and now this and near-by ponds and marshes are lakes of royal purple in August. The loosestrife in late summer makes such a grand showing with its vast armies of tall, stately plants that one welcomes it to our unsightly marshes.

Only the present season did I observe a peculiar feature of our wild clematis that a little close attention might have shown me at any time: its conspicuous appearance in September, after its flowers have faded, which has earned for it the name of 'old-man's-beard,' is owing to the fact that its seeds have long feathered tails to aid in their dissemination. It is the only seed I know of that the wind carries by the tail. For some obscure reason it does not carry it very far, or at least does not plant it very successfully, as the clematis is rare with me. Instead of being sown broadcast over the hills and along the fences, it appears sparsely, at wide intervals. It is such a beautiful vine, both in flowering-time and seeding-time that one wishes it were more common.

The plants that travel by runners above or below ground are many; the plants that travel by walking are few. I recall only the 'walking fern,' which now seems to have walked away from my neighborhood, and the black raspberry. Both are slow travelers, but they do reach out and take steps.

There is a very pretty and human thing about some of the spruces, trees the branches of which come in whorls at regular intervals, and which are led upward by a central shoot. Destroy this central shoot, and a branch from the top whorl slowly rises up and takes the place of the lost leader. It is sometimes a strife between two branches as to which shall lead. In such a case the tree may have a forked top, or one of the competing branches may be distanced, in which case it slowly falls back into the ranks of the whorl from which its ambition lifted it — reduced to the ranks again, in military terms. Mutilate the top of almost any tree, and, if left to itself, it will in time develop a symmetrical top of its type. The conifers do not have the power to develop sprouts like the deciduous trees, cannot extemporize a new branch on occasion, but they can promote and modify branches already started.

Some trees can fight a much more successful battle against browsing animals than can others. The apple and the red thorn are notable examples. Trees like the linden, which the cattle freely crop, are easy victims; they put up no kind of fight. They sprout freely, but they make no headway; their new shoots are swept off every summer, and there the low stool of the tree remains. The beech does better amid grazing cattle, but I doubt if it ever wins the fight. But the apple and the thorn, though the struggle is a long and hard one, are sure to win in the end; after many years one central shoot gets a start from the top of the thorny mound of cropped twigs, makes rapid strides upward, and in due season stands there the perfected tree. It will now bear fruit for the short-sighted grazers that sought to destroy it.

Our belief in the uniformity of nature, or in the unchangeableness of natural law, is fundamental. We act upon it every hour of our lives; our bodies and minds

are built upon that plan. Yet in detail, and within narrow limits, Nature is unequal, capricious, incalculable. Can the farmer always foretell his crops or forecast a wet season or a dry? The problem is too complex, or our wits are too shallow.

Last season the hay-crop over a large part of the country broke the record. The meadows everywhere, and without any very obvious reason, doubled their yield; the farmers' barns from Pennsylvania to Maine were bursting with plenty, and at the end of haying a row of stacks encompassed or flanked most of them The trees all seem to have had a superabundance of leaves. On my own grounds we raked up and put under cover for stable use nearly double the usual quantity from the same number of trees. One important factor in this meadow and pasture and tree fertility was probably the continued deep snows of last winter. About one hundred inches fell in the Hudson Valley, and two feet at one fall in December. Snow warms and fertilizes. How it warmed up and quickened the mice beneath it! The meadows yielded double their usual number of meadow-mice. Never have I seen in the spring evidence of such a crop. Over a wide area, wherever I looked in meadow bottoms or grassy hillsides or shaven lawns, there were the runways, the grassy nests, the camping-grounds of this vast army of meadow-mice. They had evidently had a long picnic. They had had the world under there all to themselves. There had been nothing there to molest them or make them afraid,— no fox, no cat, no owl, no weasel, no mink,— and they had reveled in their freedom and security. One could read it all in the record upon the ground: their straw villages, their round tunnels and sunken runways through the grass, and the marks and refuse everywhere, as of temporary social and holiday gatherings. Spring quickly put an end to these winter festivities of the mice and compelled them to take to their old retreats and darkened lives under the ground. Evidently the old mother in this part of the country at least took good care of her children last winter, from grass and tree-roots to mice and insects.

In her subtler physical forces, Nature often seems capricious and lawless, probably on account of our limited vision. We see the lightning cleave the air in one blinding flash from the clouds to the earth, often shattering a tree or a house on its way down. Hence it is always a surprise to see the evidence that the thunderbolt strikes upward as well as downward. During an electric storm one summer night an enormous charge of electricity came up out of the earth under a maple-tree at the foot of the hill below my study, scattering the sod, the roots, and some small bushes like an explosion of powder or dynamite; then it rooted around on the ground like a pig, devouring or annihilating the turf, making a wide, ragged, zigzag trench seven or eight feet long, down the hill in the ground, when it dived beneath the wagon-track, five or six feet wide, bursting out here and there on the surface, then escaping out of the bank made by the plow on the edge of the vineyard. Here it seems to have leaped to the wire trellis of the grape-vines, running along it northward, scorching the leaves here and there, and finally venting its fury on a bird-box that was fastened to a post at the end of the row. It completely demolished the box, going a foot or more out of its way to do so. The box was not occupied, so there was not the anticlimax of a bolt of Jove slaughtering house wrens or bluebirds. Maybe it was the nails that drew the charge to the box. But why it was rooting around down the hill when it came out of the ground, instead of leaping upward, is a puzzle. It acted like some blind, crazy material body that did not know where to go. A cannon-shot would have made a much smoother trench. Its course on the ground was about twelve or fourteen feet, half above and half below ground, and its leap in the air about six feet. That a thing of such incredible speed and power should yet have time to loiter about and do such fool stunts! This space-annihilator left a trail like a slow, plodding thing. It burrowed like a mole, it delved like a plow, it leaped and ran like a squirrel, and it struck like a hammer. A spectator would have seen only a blinding blaze of fire there on the edge of the vineyard, and heard a crash that would have stunned him; but probably could not have told whether the bolt came upward or downward. Lightning is much quicker than our sensations.

On another occasion, beside my path through the woods to Slabsides, I saw where a bolt had come up out of a chipmunk's hole at the root of a tree, scattered the leaves and leaf mold about, and apparently disappeared in the air.

The lightning seems to have its favorite victims among the trees. I have never known it to strike a beech-tree. Hemlocks and pines are its favorites in my woods. In other regions the oak and the ash receive its attention. An oak on my father's farm was struck twice in the course of many years, the last bolt proving fatal. The hard, or sugar-maple, is frequently struck, but only in one instance have I known the tree to be injured. In this case a huge tree was simply demolished. Usually the bolt comes down on the outside of the tree, making a mark as if a knife had clipped off the outer surfaces of the bark, revealing the reddish-yellow interior. In several cases have I seen this effect. But a few summers ago an unusually large and solid sugar-maple in my neighbor's woods received a charge that simply reduced it to stove-wood. Such a scene of utter destruction I have never before witnessed in the woods. The tree was blown to pieces as if it had been filled with dynamite. Over a radius of fifty or more feet the fragments of the huge trunk lay scattered. It was as if the bolt, baffled so long by the rough coat of mail of the maple, had at last penetrated it and had taken full satisfaction. The explosive force probably came from the instantaneous vaporization of the sap of the tree by the bolt.

To get up an interest in any phase of nature you have only to — well, just to get up an interest, get the spark, and the flame will kindle. But you must first get the spark by some means. A chapter in almost any of Fabre's wonderful books will be pretty sure to kindle your interest in the insect world if you have any inflammable material in you. A dip into Audubon's enthusiastic pages ought to result in quickening your pulse when you see a bird. But these outward agencies can only wake up the naturalist that is slumbering in you. If there is no embyro naturalist within you, the case is hopeless.

Some friends of mine were inoculated with curiosity about insects by watching the transformation of the larvæ of one of the swallow-tailed butterflies, probably the *Papilio asterias*. As I was walking on their porch one morning in early October I chanced to see a black-and-green worm about two inches long posed in a meditative attitude upon the side of the house a foot or more above the floor. The latter half of its body was attached to the board wall, and the fore part curved up from it with bowed head. The creature was motionless, and apparently absorbed in deep meditation. I stooped down and examined it more closely. I saw that it was on the eve of a great change. The surface of the board immediately under the forward part of the body had been silvered over with a very fine silken web that was almost like a wash, rather than something woven. Anchored to this on both sides, as if grown out of the web, ran a very fine thread or cord up over the caterpillar's back, which served to hold it in place; it could lean against the thread as a sailor leans against a rope thrown around him and tied to the mast. With bowed head the future butterfly hung there, and with bowed head I waited and watched. Presently convulsive movements began to traverse its body; through segment after segment a wave of effort seemed to pass. It was a beginning of the travail pains of transformation. Then in a twinkling a slight rent appeared in the skin on the curve of the back, revealing the new light-green surface underneath, the first glimpse of the chrysalis. The butterfly was being born. Slowly, as the labor continued, the split in the skin extended down the back and over toward the head till the outlines of the chrysalis became plainly visible. I was witnessing that marvelous transformation in nature of a worm into a creature of a much higher and more attractive order; the worm-mask was being stripped off, and an embryo butterfly revealed to view. In a few minutes the head and forward part of the body were free, and the latter half was fast becoming so.

The fine silken cord over the back served its purpose well, holding the creature in place while it literally wriggled out of its skin, and when this feat was accomplished, holding it in position for its long winter sleep. The skin behaved as if it was an interested party in the enter-

prise; much better, I am sure, than one's garments would if one were to try to wriggle out of them without using one's limbs. It folded back, it drew together, it finally became a little pellet or pack of cast-off linen that clung to the tail-end of the chrysalis. To effect the final detachment, and not lose the grip which this end seemed to have on the board beneath it, required a good deal of struggling, probably a full minute of convulsive effort before the little bundle of cast-off habiliments let go and dropped, a dark pellet the size of a small pea. Then our insect was at rest, and seemed slowly to contract and stiffen. It had woven itself the silken loop to hold it to its support, and it had struggled out of its old skin on its own initiative or without being mothered or helped, as so many new-born creatures are.

I did not have the pleasure of seeing it spin the cord over the back which plays an important part in the process of transformation, mechanical part though it be; but a few days later, through the patient and clear-seeing eyes of my friend, Miss Grace Humphrey, I witnessed this operation also.

'The day after you left,' she wrote, 'we found another caterpillar a few feet away from yours. It had already made its saddle-cord and shed its silken robe when we found it, but we watched it change from gray-green to — not greenish-brown at all, but a grayness matching the concrete of the house; for it was higher up than yours, on the ledge below the window, hanging from the ledge against the plaster wall. Its cord, too, apparently grew thicker just at the ends, showing up more plainly for a bit; then like yours it dried up and more perfectly matched its background. In neither of them did the cord continue to look thicker.

'The same day I found a third caterpillar under the pear-tree, the very same kind, black with a wide green stripe marking off each segment, and the rows of yellow buttons. I carried it on a leaf up to the porch, where we put it under a glass bowl. But of course it thought that an unfavorable place for housing itself for the winter, and it would n't start, though we kept it there two days. At noon, when freed, it climbed up the wall of the house rather near yours (so they were photographed together), and we held our breaths to see if it would start building operations there. But no. Up the window-ledge it wormed its way, and thence up and up, by the side of the window, leaving all the way along a silky thread, and constantly going back and forth with its head.

'Mr. R—— knocked it down once to keep it in the sunlight in order to photograph it, and it immediately climbed up to the same spot, all the time leaving the white silk thread. It kept climbing up and up till I had to get on a chair to see it, and once I lost my balance and jumped down, jarring it so that I knocked it to the floor. But up it got, and climbed up, and spent the rest of the afternoon alternately wriggling about to find just the right place and making a silken background in one spot. The next day it was still on the window-ledge. About eleven o'clock it disappeared, and I hunted and hunted before I found it on the under side of the porch railing! It was busily making its network, but it made far less than either of the others, and most of the time it was staying quite still. The following day, about noon, it made its cord, anchoring that at one end, then at the other, and going back and forth to strengthen it. When the cord was ready, it put its head through (the cord was made ahead of it) and wriggled itself into the cord; it wriggled fully as hard as when yours got itself out of its striped cover. So slowly and carefully it made its way into place, being most careful not to strain the cord. We watched breathlessly. It pushed itself so far through that it was about half and half, and then it had to wriggle backward till its head and a third of its body was through, and two thirds not through; and wriggling back took far greater care than forward. It stayed just that way, all huddled up for nearly four days, when about eight o'clock in the morning it split and divested itself of its robe. It is matching the brown woodwork like yours, and there all three are!'

The incomparable French natural historian and felicitous writer Henri Fabre has witnessed what I never have: he has seen the caterpillar build its case, or cocoon. In the instance which he describes it was the small grub of one of the Psyches. The first thing the creature did was to collect bits of felt or pith from the

cast-off garment of its mother. These it tied together with a thread of its own silk, forming a band, or girdle, which it put around its own body, uniting the ends. This ring was the start and foundation of the sack in which it was to incase itself. The band was placed well forward, so that the insect could reach its edge by bending its head up and down and around in all directions. Then it proceeded to widen the girdle by attaching particles of down to its edges. As the garment grew toward its head, the weaver crept forward in it, thus causing it to cover more and more of its body till in a few hours it covered all of it, and the sack was complete, a very simple process, and, it would seem, the only possible one. The head, with the flexible neck that allowed it to swing through the circle, was the loom that did the weaving, the thread issuing from the spinneret on the lip. Did the silk issue from the other end of the body, as we are likely to think it does, the feat would be impossible. I suppose a woman might knit herself into her sweater in the same way by holding the ball of yarn in her bosom and turning the web around and pulling it down instead of turning her body — all but her arms. Here she would be balked. To understand how a grub weaves itself a close-fitting garment, closed at both ends, from its own hair, or by what sleight of hand it attaches its cocoon to the end of a branch, I suppose one would need to witness the process.

In October, these preparations and transformations in the insect world are taking place all about us, and we regard them not. The caterpillars are getting ready for a sleep out of which they awaken in the spring totally different creatures. They tuck themselves away under stones or into crevices, they hang themselves on bushes, they roll themselves up in dry leaves, and brave the cold of winter in tough garments, woolly or silky, of their own weaving. Some of them, as certain of the large moths, do what seems like an impossible stunt: they shut themselves up inside a tough case, or receptacle, and attach it by a long strong bit of home-made tape to the end of a bush, so that it swings freely in the wind. I have seen the downy woodpecker trying to break into one of these sealed-up, living tombs without avail. Its free, pendent position allows it to yield to the strokes of the bird, and all its efforts to penetrate the case are in vain.

How the big, clumsy worm, without help or hands, wove itself into this bird-proof case, and hung itself up at the end of a limb, would be a problem worth solving. Of course it had its material all within its own body, so is not encumbered with outside tools or refractory matter. It was the result of a mechanical and a vital process combined. The creature knew how to use the means which nature had given it for the purpose. Some of the caterpillars weave the chrysalis-case out of the hairs and wool that make their summer coats, others out of silk developed from within.

On October mornings I have had great pleasure in turning over the stones by the roadside and in lifting up those on the tops of the stone walls and noting the insect life preparing its winter quarters under them. The caterpillars and spiders are busy. One could gather enough of the white fine silk from spider tents and cocoons to make a rope big enough to hang himself with. The jumping spider may be found in his closely woven tent. Look at his head through a pocket-glass, and he looks like a miniature woodchuck. His smooth, dark-gray, hairy pate and his two bead-like eyes are very like; but his broad, blunt nose is unlike. It seems studded with a row of five or six jewels; but these jewels are eyes. What extra bounty nature seems to have bestowed upon some of these humble creatures! We find our one pair of eyes precious; think what three or four pairs would be if they added to our powers of vision proportionately! But probably the many-eyed spiders and the flies, with their compound eyes, see less than we do. This multitude of eyes seems only an awkward device of Nature's to make up for the movable eye like our own.

In some of the spiders' cocoons under the stones on the top of the walls you will find masses of small pink eggs, expected to survive the winter, I suppose, and hatch out in the spring. The under side of a stone on the top of a stone wall seems like a very cold cradle and nursery, but the caterpillars in their shrouds survive here, and may not the spiders' eggs?

In October you will find the caterpillars in all stages of making ready for winter. They first cover a small space on the stone

upon which they rest with a very fine silken web; it looks like a delicate silver wash. This is the foundation of the coming cocoon, but I could never catch any of them in the act of weaving their cocoons. I brought one to the house and kept it under observation for several days, but it was always passive whenever I glimpsed it through the crack between the stones. The nights were frosty and the days chilly, but sometime during the twenty-four hours the creature's loom was at work. One morning a thin veil of delicate silver threads, through which I could dimly see the worm, united the two stones. It seemed to be in the midst of a little thicket of vertical, shining silken threads. It was like some enchantment. A little later the thicket, or veil, had developed into a thin cradle in which lay the chrysalis and the cast-off skin of the worm. This caterpillar had been disturbed a good deal and made to waste some of its precious silk, so that its cocoon was finally a thin, poor one. 'Life under a stone' forms a chapter in nature's infinite book of secrecy which most persons skip, but which is well worth perusal.

The Century Magazine, June, 1918.

EDWARD EGGLESTON (1837–1902)

Of the new western school of writers of which Mark Twain and Bret Harte were pioneers, Edward Eggleston was the third member both in order of time and in importance. He was the first to introduce prominently the middle border states into literature. Indiana, at the time of his birth in 1837 was new and raw, and the "Hoosiers," like the early Missouri "Pikes," were in the more remote districts exceedingly crude and grotesque. The father of Eggleston, a Virginian, a graduate of William and Mary, an early pioneer who had settled as a lawyer in Vevay, was a brilliant man, and, though he died when his son was but nine years of age, undoubtedly was the force that turned the boy ultimately toward literature. When he was thirteen Eggleston went to live with his grandfather in the then crude regions of Decatur County where he first saw many of the picturesque types that later he was to use in his books. Later, after he had chosen the ministry for his profession and had been given a four-weeks' circuit in the Ohio River bottoms, he saw much more. His health breaking down, he was transferred to Minnesota, held pastorates in St. Paul and other places, settled at length in Chicago as the editor of the *Little Corporal*, a paper later merged in *St. Nicholas*, and finally was called to Brooklyn as a pastor, resigning after five years to devote himself wholly to literature.

Eggleston first attracted attention with his story first published in the staid columns of *Hearth and Home*, *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, 1871, a Dickens-like tale laid in the crude regions of early Indiana. Its humor, its strange types, and its undoubted moral atmosphere, gave it a circle of readers wider even than that which had greeted the first stories of Harte. He followed it with others even better: notably *The End of the World*, 1871, which treated of the Millerite delusion of the mid century, *The Circuit Rider*, 1874, and *The Graysons*, 1888, which had as one of its characters Abraham Lincoln. Undoubtedly there is much of crudeness in this early work, but parts of it are exceedingly valuable. *The End of the World* and *The Circuit Rider* 'are realistic studies, by one to the manner born, of an era in our national life that has vanished forever.' The influence of Eggleston in turning the period toward localized fiction dealing with unusual types, was undoubtedly considerable.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE[1]

The people who had seats in the court-room were, for the most part, too wise in their generation to vacate them during the noon recess. Jake Hogan clambered down from his uncomfortable window-roost for a little while, and Bob McCord took a plunge into the grateful fresh air, but both got back in time to secure their old points of observation. The lawyers came back early, and long before the judge returned, the ruddy-faced Magill was seated behind his little desk, facing the crowd and pretending to write. He was ill at ease; the heart of the man had gone out to Tom. He never for a moment doubted that Tom killed Lockwood, but then a sneak like Lockwood 'richly desarved it,' in Magill's estimation. Judge Watkins's austere face assumed a yet more severe expression; for though pity never interfered with justice in his nature, it often rendered the old man unhappy, and therefore more than usually irascible.

There was a painful pause after the judge had taken his seat and ordered the prisoner brought in. It was like a wait before a funeral service, but rendered ten times more distressing by the element of suspense. The judge's quill pen could be heard scratching on the paper as he noted points for his charge to the jury. To Hiram Mason the whole trial was unendurable. The law had the aspect of a relentless boa-constrictor, slowly winding itself about Tom, while all these spectators, with merely a curious interest in the horrible, watched the process. The deadly creature had now to make but one more coil, and then, in its cruel and de-

1 Copyright by the Century Company, 1888.

liberate fashion, it would proceed to tighten its twists until the poor boy should be done to death. Barbara and the mother were entwined by this fate as well, while Hiram had not a little finger of help for them. He watched Lincoln as he took his seat in moody silence. Why had the lawyer not done anything to help Tom? Any other lawyer with a desperate case would have had a stack of law-books in front of him, as a sort of dam against the flood. But Lincoln had neither law-books nor so much as a scrap of paper.

The prosecuting attorney, with a taste for climaxes, reserved his chief witness to the last. Even now he was not ready to call Sovine. He would add one more stone to the pyramid of presumptive proof before he capped it all with certainty. Markham was therefore put up to identify the old pistol which he had found in Tom's room. Lincoln again waived cross-examination. Blackman felt certain that he himself could have done better. He mentally constructed the questions that should have been put to the deputy sheriff. Was the pistol hot when you found it? Did it smell of powder? Did the family make any objection to your search? — Even if the judge had ruled out such questions the jury would have heard the questions, and a question often has weight in spite of rulings from the bench. The prosecuting attorney began to feel sure of his own case; he had come to his last witness and his great stroke.

'Call David Sovine,' he said, wiping his brow and looking relieved.

'David Sovine! David Sovine! David Sovine!' cried the sheriff in due and ancient form, though David sat almost within whispering distance of him.

The witness stood up.

'Howld up your roight hand,' said the clerk.

Then when Dave's right hand was up Magill rattled off the form of the oath in the most approved and clerkly style, only adding to its effect by the mild brogue of his pronunciation.

'Do sol'm swear 't yull tell th' truth, th' 'ole truth, en nuthin' b' th' truth, s' yilpye God,' said the clerk, without once pausing for breath.

Sovine ducked his head and dropped his hand, and the solemnity was over.

Dave, who was evidently not accustomed to stand before such a crowd, was apparently embarrassed. He had deteriorated in appearance lately. His patent-leather shoes were bright as ever, his trousers were trimly held down by straps, his hair was well kept in place by bear's oil or what was sold for bear's oil, but there was a nervousness in his expression and carriage that gave him the air of a man who had been drinking to excess. Tom looked at him with defiance, but Dave was standing at the right of the judge, while the prisoner's dock was on the left, and the witness did not regard Tom at all, but told his story with clearness. Something of the bold assurance which he displayed at the inquest was lacking. His coarse face twitched and quivered, and this appeared to annoy him; he sought to hide it by an affectation of nonchalance, as he rested his weight now on one foot and now on the other.

'Do you know the prisoner?' asked the prosecutor, with a motion of his head toward the dock.

'Yes, well enough;' but in saying this Dave did not look toward Tom, but out of the window.

'You 've played cards with him, have n't you?'

'Yes.'

'Tell his Honor and the jury when and where you played with him.'

'We played one night last July, in Wooden & Snyder's store.'

'Who proposed to Tom to play with you?'

'George Lockwood. He hollered up the stove-pipe for Tom to come down an' take a game or two with me.'

'What did you win that night from Tom?'

'Thirteen dollars, an' his hat an' coat an' boots, an' his han'ke'chi'f an' knife.'

'Who, if anybody, lent him the money to get back his things which you had won?'

'George Lockwood.'

Here the counsel paused a moment, laid down a memorandum he had been using, and looked about his table until he found another; then he resumed his questions.

'Tell the jury whether you were at the Timber Creek camp-meeting on the 9th of August.'

'Yes; I was.'

'What did you see there? Tell about the shooting.'

Dave told the story, with a little prompt-

ing in the way of questions from the lawyer, substantially as he had told it at the coroner's inquest. He related his parting from Lockwood, Tom's appearance on the scene, Tom's threatening speech, Lockwood's entreaty that Tom would not shoot him, and then Tom's shooting. In making these statements Dave looked at the stairway in the corner of the courtroom with an air of entire indifference, and he even made one or two efforts to yawn, as though the case was a rather dull affair to him.

'How far away from Grayson and Lockwood were you when the shooting took place?' asked the prosecutor.

'Twenty foot or more.'

'What did Tom shoot with?'

'A pistol.'

'What kind of a pistol?'

'One of the ole-fashion' sort — flintlock, weth a ruther long barrel.'

The prosecuting lawyer now beckoned to the sheriff, who handed down to him, from off his high desk, Tom's pistol.

'Tell the jury whether this looks like the pistol.'

''T was just such a one as that. I can't say it was that, but it was hung to the stock like that, an' about as long in the barrel.'

'What did Grayson do when he had shot George, and what did you do?'

'Tom run off as fast as his feet could carry him, an' I went up towards George, who 'd fell over. He was dead ag'inst I could get there. Then purty soon the crowd come a-runnin' up to see what the fracas was.'

After bringing out some further details Allen turned to his opponent with an air of confidence and said:

'You can have the witness, Mr. Lincoln.'

There was a brief pause, during which the jurymen changed their positions on the hard seats, making a little rustle as they took their right legs from off their left and hung their left legs over their right knees, or vice versa. In making these changes they looked inquiringly at one another, and it was clear that their minds were so well made up that even a judge's charge in favor of the prisoner, if such a thing had been conceivable, would have gone for nothing. Lincoln at length rose slowly from his chair, and stood awhile in silence, regarding Sovine, who seemed excited and nervous, and who visibly paled a little as his eyes sought to escape from the lawyer's gaze.

'You said you were with Lockwood just before the shooting?' the counsel asked.

'Yes.' Dave was all alert and answered promptly.

'Were you not pretty close to him when he was shot?'

'No, I was n't,' said Dave, his suspicions excited by this mode of attack. It appeared that the lawyer, for some reason, wanted to make him confess to having been nearer to the scene and perhaps implicated, and he therefore resolved to fight off.

'Are you sure you were as much as ten feet away?'

'I was more than twenty,' said Dave, huskily.

'What had you and George Lockwood been doing together?'

'We 'd — been — talking.' Manifestly Dave took fresh alarm at this line of questioning.

'Oh, you had?'

'Yes.'

'In a friendly way?'

'Yes, tubby shore; we never had any fuss.'

'You parted from him as a friend?'

'Yes, of course.'

'By the time Tom came up you 'd got — how far away? Be careful now.'

'I 've told you twiste. More than twenty feet.'

'You might have been mistaken about its being Tom then?'

'No, I was n't.'

'Did you know it was Tom before he fired?'

'Tubby shore, I did.'

'What time of night was it?'

'Long *towards* 10, I sh'd think.'

'It might have been 11?'

'No, 't wus n't later 'n about 10.' This was said doggedly.

'Nor before 9?'

'No, 't wus nigh onto 10, I said.' And the witness showed some irritation, and spoke louder than before.

'How far away were you from the pulpit and meeting place?'

''Twixt a half a mile an' a mile.'

'Not over a mile?'

'No, skiercely a mile.'

'But don't you think it might have been a little less than half a mile?'

'No, it 's nigh onto a mile. I did n't measure it, but it 's a mighty big three-quarters.'

The witness answered combatively, and in this mood he made a better impression than he did on his direct examination. The prosecuting attorney looked relieved. Tom listened with an attention painful to see, his eyes moving anxiously from Lincoln to Dave as he wondered what point in Dave's armor the lawyer could be driving at. He saw plainly that his salvation was staked on some last throw.

'You did n't have any candle in your hand, did you, at any time during the evening?'

'No!' said Dave, positively. For some reason this question disconcerted him and awakened his suspicion. 'What should we have a candle for?' he added.

'Did either George Lockwood or Tom have a candle?'

'No, of course not! What 'd they have candles for?'

'Where were the lights on the camp-ground?'

'Closte by the preachers' tent.'

'More than three-quarters of a mile away from the place where the murder took place?'

'Anyway as much as three-quarters,' said Dave, who began to wish that he could modify his previous statement of the distance.

'How far away were you from Lockwood when the murder took place?'

'Twenty feet.'

'You said "or more" awhile ago.'

'Well, 't wus n't no less, p'r'aps,' said Dave, showing signs of worry. 'You don't think I measured it, do yeh?'

'There were no lights nearer than three-quarters of a mile?'

'No,' said the witness, the cold perspiration beading on his face as he saw Lincoln's trap opening to receive him.

'You don't mean to say that the platform torches up by the preachers' tent gave any light three-quarters of a mile away and in the woods?'

'No, of course not.'

'How could you see Tom and know that it was he that fired, when the only light was nearly a mile away, and inside a circle of tents?'

'Saw by moonlight,' said Sovine, snappishly, disposed to dash at any gap that offered a possible way of escape.

'What sort of trees were there on the ground?'

'Beech.'

'Beech-leaves are pretty thick in August?' asked Lincoln.

'Ye-es, ruther,' gasped the witness, seeing a new pitfall yawning just ahead of him.

'And yet light enough from the moon came through these thick beech-trees to let you know Tom Grayson?'

'Yes.'

'And you could see him shoot?'

'Yes.'

'And you full twenty feet away?'

'Well, about that; nearly twenty, anyhow.' Dave shifted his weight to his right foot.

'And you pretend to say to this court that by the moonlight that you got through the beech-trees in August you could even see that it was a pistol that Tom had?'

'Ye-es.' Dave now stood on his left foot.

'And you could see what kind of a pistol it was?' This was said with a little laugh very exasperating to the witness.

'Yes, I could,' answered Dave, with dogged resolution not to be faced down.

'And just how the barrel was hung to the stock?' There was a positive sneer in Lincoln's voice now.

'Yes.' This was spoken feebly.

'And you twenty feet or more away?'

'I 've got awful good eyes, an' I know what I see,' whined the witness, apologetically.

Here Lincoln paused and looked at Sovine, whose extreme distress was only made the more apparent by his feeble endeavor to conceal his agitation. The counsel, after regarding his uneasy victim for a quarter of a minute, thrust his hand into the tail-pocket of his blue coat, and after a little needless fumbling drew forth a small pamphlet in green covers. He turned the leaves of this with extreme deliberation, while the court-room was utterly silent. The members of the bar had as by general consent put their chairs down on all-fours, and were intently watching the struggle between the counsel and the witness. The sallow-faced judge had stopped the scratching of his quill, and had lowered his spectacles on his nose,

that he might study the distressed face of the tormented Sovine. Mrs. Grayson's hands were on her lap, palms downward; her eyes were fixed on Abra'm, and her mouth was half open, as though she were going to speak.

Barbara found it hard to keep her seat, she was so eager for Lincoln to go on, and Tom was leaning forward breathlessly in the dock; his throat felt dry, and he choked when he tried to swallow; it seemed to him that he would smother with the beating of his heart. But it was worth while to turn away from these more interested parties to look for a moment at the ruddy face of Bob McCord, which was puckered to a kind of focus with an expression that was customary with him in a moment of supreme interest, as when he was drawing a sure bead on a bear or deer. It was worth while to regard Rachel Albaugh, who had lifted the veil from her face radiant with interest. Lincoln appeared to be the only perfectly deliberate person in the room. He seemed disposed to protract the situation as long as possible. He held his victim on the rack and he let him suffer. He would turn a leaf or two in his pamphlet and then look up at the demoralized witness, as though to fathom the depth of his torture and to measure the result. At last he fixed his thumb firmly at a certain place on a page and turned his eyes to the judge.

'Now, your Honor,' he said to the court, 'this witness,' with a half-contemptuous gesture of his awkward left hand toward Sovine, 'has sworn over and over that he recognized the accused as the person who shot George Lockwood, near the Union camp-meeting on the night of the 9th of last August, and that he, the witness, was standing at the time twenty feet or more away, while the scene of the shooting was nearly a mile distant from the torches inside the circle of tents. So remarkably sharp are this witness's eyes that he even saw what kind of pistol the prisoner held in his hands, and how the barrel was hung to the stock, and he is able to identify this pistol of Grayson's as precisely like and probably the identical weapon.' Here Lincoln paused and scrutinized Sovine. 'All these details he saw and observed in the brief space of time preceding the fatal shot,— saw and observed them at 10 o'clock at night, by means of moonlight shining through the trees — beech-trees in full leaf. This is a pretty hard story. How much light does even a full moon shed in a beech woods like that on the Union camp-ground? Not enough to see your way by, as everybody knows who has had to stumble through such woods.' Lincoln paused here, that the words he had spoken might have time to produce their due effect on the judge, and especially on the slower wits of some of the jury. Meanwhile he turned the leaves of his pamphlet. Then he began once more. 'But, may it please the court, before proceeding with the witness I would like to have the jury look at the almanac which I hold in my hand. They will here see that on the night of the 9th of last August, when this extraordinary witness'— with a sneer at Dave, who had sunk down on a chair in exhaustion —' saw the shape of a pistol at twenty feet away, at 10 o'clock, by moonlight, the moon did not rise until half-past 1 in the morning.'

Sovine had been gasping like a fish newly taken from the water while Lincoln uttered these words, and he now began to mutter something.

'You may have a chance to explain when the jury get done looking at the almanac,' said the lawyer to him. 'For the present you 'd better keep silence.'

There was a rustle of excitement in the court-room, but at a word from the judge the sheriff's gavel fell and all was still. Lincoln walked slowly toward the jury-box and gave the almanac to the foreman, an intelligent farmer. Countrymen in that day were used to consulting almanacs, and one group after another of the jurymen satisfied themselves that on the night of the 9th, that is, on the morning of the 10th, the moon came up at half-past 1 o'clock. When all had examined the page, the counsel recovered his little book.

'Will you let me look at it?' asked the judge.

'Certainly, your Honor;' and the little witness was handed up to the judge, who with habitual caution looked it all over, outside and in, even examining the title-page to make sure that the book was genuine and belonged to the current year. Then he took note on a slip of paper of the moon's rising on the night of August 9 and 10, and handed back the almanac to Lincoln, who slowly laid it face down-

ward on the table in front of him, open at the place of its testimony. The audience in the court-room was utterly silent and expectant. The prosecuting attorney got halfway to his feet to object to Lincoln's course, but he thought better of it and sat down again.

'Now, may it please the court,' Lincoln went on, 'I wish at this point to make a motion. I think the court will not regard it as out of order, as the case is very exceptional — a matter of life and death. This witness has solemnly sworn to a story that has manifestly not one word of truth in it. It is one unbroken falsehood. In order to take away the life of an innocent man he has invented this atrocious web of lies, to the falsity of which the very heavens above bear witness, as this almanac shows you. Now why does David Sovine go to all this trouble to perjure himself? Why does he wish to swear away the life of that young man who never did him any harm?' Lincoln stood still a moment, and looked at the witness, who had grown ghastly pale about the lips. Then he went on, very slowly. 'Because that witness shot and killed George Lockwood himself. I move your Honor, that David Sovine be arrested at once for murder.'

These words, spoken with extreme deliberation and careful emphasis, shook the audience like an explosion.

The prosecutor got to his feet, probably to suggest that the motion was not in order, since he had yet a right to a redirect examination of Sovine, but, as the attorney for the State, his duty was now a divided one as regarded two men charged with the same crime. So he waved his hand irresolutely, stammered inarticulately, and sat down.

'This is at least a case of extraordinary perjury,' said the judge. 'Sheriff, arrest David Sovine! This matter will have to be looked into.'

The sheriff came down from his seat, and went up to the now stunned and bewildered Sovine.

'I arrest you,' he said, taking him by the arm.

The day-and-night fear of detection in which Dave had lived for all these weeks had wrecked his self-control at last.

'God!' he muttered, dropping his head with a sort of shudder. ''T ain't any use keepin' it back any longer. I — did n't mean to shoot him, an' I would n't 'a' come here ag'inst Tom if I could 'a' got away.'

The words appeared to be wrung from him by some internal agony too strong for him to master; they were the involuntary result of the breaking down of his forces under prolonged suffering and terror, culminating in the slow torture inflicted by his cross-examination. A minute later, when his spasm of irresolution had passed off, he would have retracted his confession if he could. But the sheriff's deputy, with the assistance of a constable, was already leading him through the swaying crowd in the aisle, while many people got up and stood on the benches to watch the exit of the new prisoner. When at length Sovine had disappeared out of the door the spectators turned and looked at Tom, sitting yet in the dock, but with the certainty of speedy release before him. The whole result of Lincoln's masterful stroke was now for the first time realized, and the excitement bade fair to break over bounds. McCord doubled himself up once or twice in the effort to repress his feelings out of respect for the court, but his emotions were too much for him; his big fist, grasping his ragged hat, appeared above his head.

'Goshamity! Hooray!' he burst out with a stentorian voice, stamping his foot as he waved his hat.

At this the whole court-roomful of people burst into cheers, laughter, cries, and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, in spite of the sheriff's sharp rapping and shouts of 'Order in court!' And when at length the people were quieted a little, Mrs. Grayson spoke up, with a choking voice:

'Jedge, ain't you a-goin' to let him go now?'

There was a new movement of feeling, and the judge called out, 'Sheriff, order in court!' But his voice was husky and tremulous. He took off his spectacles to wipe them, and he looked out of the window behind him, and put his handkerchief first to one eye, then to the other, before he put his glasses back.

'May it please the court,' said the tall lawyer, who had remained standing, waiting for the tempest to subside, and who now spoke in a subdued voice, 'I move your Honor, that the jury be instructed to render a verdict of "Not guilty."' The

judge turned to the prosecuting attorney.

'I don't think, your Honor,' stammered Allen, 'that I ought to object to the motion of my learned brother, under the peculiar circumstances of this case.'

'I don't think you ought,' said the judge, promptly, and he proceeded to give the jury instructions to render the desired verdict. As soon as the jury, nothing loath, had gone through the formality of a verdict, the sheriff came and opened the door of the box to allow Tom to come out.

. . . . . .

'Abr'am,' said Mrs. Grayson, 'd' yeh know I kind uv lost confidence in you when you sot there so long without doin' *an*ything.' Then, after a moment of pause: 'Abr'am, I 'm thinkin' I 'd ort to deed you my farm. You 've 'arned it, my son; the good Lord A'mighty knows you have.'

'I 'll never take one cent, Aunt Marthy — not a single red cent;' and the lawyer turned away to grasp Tom's hand. But the poor fellow who had so recently felt the halter about his neck could not yet speak his gratitude. 'Tom here,' said Lincoln, 'will be a help in your old days, Aunt Marthy, and then I 'll be paid a hundred times. You see it 'll tickle me to think that when you talk about this you 'll say: "That 's the same Abe Lincoln that I used to knit stockings for when he was a poor little fellow, with his bare toes sticking out of ragged shoes in the snow."

Mrs. Grayson tried to say something more, but she could not.

From *The Graysons*, 1888.

JOHN HAY (1838–1905)

The early life of John Hay was like that of Eggleston. He too was born in a refined home in early Indiana, and he too was sent when thirteen to live with a relative in a region full of crude western types,— Pike County, Illinois; but here the parallel stops. At sixteen he was sent to Brown University in Rhode Island where he came into contact with a little literary circle and became deeply interested in poetry and the finer things of art. After his graduation and his return to the West as a law student in his uncle's office, he looked upon himself as 'a poet in exile' and for a time he went on writing lyrics of the Heine, Longfellow type. But the headlong West was about him: dreams and Keats-like lyrics had no place in the stirring office where Lincoln came as a visitor and where political campaigns were planned. At length he gave himself wholly to the law, and after the election of Lincoln was enabled, through his uncle's influence, to secure the position of secretary to the President. Later, after the war, he was given diplomatic work at Paris, at Vienna, and at Madrid, returning in 1870 with a delightful series of Spanish sketches, *Castilian Days*, which was published in the *Atlantic*. His later biography is concerned largely with his career as a diplomatist and a statesman,— a career brilliant and far-reaching in its influence.

In the field of letters Hay produced little and that little always during the intervals of a busy career, but all that he wrote was singularly influential. In 1870, for instance, he wrote with careless abandon a half dozen ballads of homely western frontier life, collected later as *Pike County Ballads*, and all unconsciously set in motion that school of political local colorists, and dialect versifiers of whom James Whitcomb Riley is perhaps the typical figure. His anonymous novel, *The Bread Winners*, 1883, was widely commented on, but his most notable work, his supreme literary achievement, was his life of Lincoln written in conjunction with John G. Nicolay, a work that covers with completeness one whole vital period in American history. His was one of those rare germinal minds that appear now and then to break into new regions and to scatter seed from which others are to reap the harvest.

JIM BLUDSO[1]

(Of The Prairie Belle)

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he 's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you have n't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks,
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He were n't no saint — them engineers
Is all pretty much alike —
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill
And another here, in Pike.
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward man in a row —
But he never flunked, and he never lied,
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had —
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the Pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire —
A thousand times he swore,
He 'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,
And her day come at last —
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *would n't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night —
The oldest craft on the line,
With a nigger squat on her safety valve
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.

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There was running and cursing, but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
'I 'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore.'

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And sure 's you 're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell —
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He were n't no saint — but at jedgment
I 'd run my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That would n't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing —
And went for it thar and then:
And Christ ain't a goin' to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

New York Tribune, Jan. 5, 1871.

LINCOLN'S FAME[1]

The death of Lincoln awoke all over the world a quick and deep emotion of grief and admiration. If he had died in the days of doubt and gloom which preceded his reëlection, he would have been sincerely mourned and praised by the friends of the Union, but its enemies would have curtly dismissed him as one of the necessary and misguided victims of sectional hate. They would have used his death to justify their malevolent forebodings, to point the moral of new lectures on the instability of democracies. But as he had fallen in the moment of a stupendous victory, the halo of a radiant success enveloped his memory and dazzled the eyes even of his most hostile critics. That portion of the press of England and the Continent which had persistently vilified him now joined in the universal chorus of elegiac praise. Cabinets and courts which had been cold or unfriendly sent their messages of condolence. The French government, spurred on by their Liberal opponents, took prompt measures to express their admiration for his character and their horror at his taking-off. In the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies the imperialists and the republicans vied with each other in utterances of grief and of praise; the Emperor and Empress sent their personal condolences to Mrs. Lincoln. In England there was perhaps a trifle of self-consciousness at the bottom of the official expressions of sympathy. The Foreign Office searched the records for precedence, finding nothing which suited the occasion since the assassination of Henry IV. The sterling English character could not, so gracefully as the courtiers of Napoleon III., bend to praise one who had been treated almost as an enemy for so long. When Sir George Grey opened his dignified and pathetic speech in the House of Commons, by saying that a majority of the people of England sympathized with the North, he was greeted with loud protestations and denials on the part of those who favored the Confederacy. But his references to Lincoln's virtues were cordially received, and when he said that the Queen had written to Mrs. Lincoln with her own hand, 'as a widow to a widow,' the house broke out in loud cheering. Mr. Disraeli spoke on behalf of the Conservatives with his usual dexterity and with a touch of factitious feeling.

There is [he said] in the character of the victim, and even in the accessories of his last moments, something so homely and innocent, that it takes the question, as it were, out of all the pomp of history and the ceremonial of diplomacy; it touches the heart of nations and appeals to the domestic sentiment of mankind.

In the House of Lords the matter was treated with characteristic reticence. The speech of Lord Russell was full of that rugged truthfulness, that unbending integrity of spirit, which appeared at the time to disguise his real friendliness to America, and which was only the natural expression of a mind extraordinarily upright, and English to the verge of caricature. Lord Derby followed him in a speech of curious elegance, the object of which was rather to launch a polished shaft against his opponents than to show honor to the dead President; and the address proposed by the Government was voted. While these reserved and careful public proceedings were going on, the

[1] Copyright by the Century Company, 1887.

heart of England was expressing its sympathy with the kindred beyond the sea by its thousand organs of utterance in the press, the resolutions of municipal bodies, the pulpit, and the platform.

In Germany the same manifestations were seen of official expressions of sympathy from royalty and its ministers, and of heartfelt affection and grief from the people and their representatives. Otto von Bismarck, then at the beginning of the events which have made his career so illustrious, gave utterance to the courteous regrets of the King of Prussia; the eloquent deputy, William Loewe, from his place in the House, made a brief and touching speech.

The man [he said] who accomplished such great deeds from the simple desire conscientiously to perform his duty, the man who never wished to be more or less than the most faithful servant of his people, will find his own glorious place in the pages of history. In the deepest reverence I bow my head before this modest greatness; and I think it is especially agreeable to the spirit of our own nation, with its deep inner life and admiration of self-sacrificing devotion and effort after the ideal, to pay the tribute of veneration to such greatness, exalted as it is by simplicity and modesty.

Two hundred and fifty members of the Chamber signed an address to the American minister in Berlin, full of the cordial sympathy and admiration felt, not only for the dead President, but for the national cause, by the people of Germany.

You are aware [they said] that Germany has looked with pride and joy on the thousands of her sons who in this struggle have placed themselves so resolutely on the side of law and right. You have seen with what pleasure the victories of the Union have been hailed, and how confident the faith in the final triumph of the great cause and the restoration of the Union in all its greatness has ever been, even in the midst of calamity.

Workingmen's clubs, artisans' unions, sent numberless addresses, not merely expressive of sympathy, but conveying singularly just appreciations of the character and career of Lincoln. His death seemed to have marked a step in the education of the people everywhere.

In fact it was among the common people of the entire civilized world that the most genuine and spontaneous manifestations of sorrow and appreciation were produced, and to this fact we attribute the sudden and solid foundation of Lincoln's fame. It requires years, perhaps centuries, to build the structure of a reputation which rests upon the opinion of those distinguished for learning or intelligence; the progress of opinion from the few to the many is slow and painful. But in the case of Lincoln the many imposed their opinions all at once; he was canonized as he lay on his bier, by the irresistible decree of countless millions. The greater part of the aristocracy of England thought little of him, but the burst of grief from the English people silenced in an instant every discordant voice. It would have been as imprudent to speak slightingly of him in London as it was in New York. Especially among the Dissenters was honor and reverence shown to his name. The humbler people instinctively felt that their order had lost its wisest champion.

Not only among those of Saxon blood was this outburst of emotion seen. In France a national manifestation took place which the government disliked, but did not think it wise to suppress. The students of Paris marched in a body to the American Legation to express their sympathy. A two-cent subscription was started to strike a massive gold medal; the money was soon raised, but the Committee was forced to have the work done in Switzerland. A committee of French Liberals brought the medal to the American minister, to be sent to Mrs. Lincoln. 'Tell her,' said Eugène Pelletan, 'the heart of France is in that little box.' The inscription had a double sense; while honoring the dead Republican, it struck at the Empire. 'Lincoln — the Honest Man; abolished slavery, reëstablished the Union; saved the Republic, without veiling the statue of Liberty.' Everywhere on the Continent the same swift apotheosis of the people's hero was seen. An Austrian deputy said to the writer, 'Among my people his memory has already assumed superhuman proportions; he has become a myth, a type of ideal democracy.' Almost before the earth closed over him he began to be the subject of fable. The Freemasons of Europe generally regard him as one of them —

his portrait in Masonic garb is often displayed; but he was not one of that brotherhood. The Spiritualists claim him as their most illustrious adept, but he was not a spiritualist; and there is hardly a sect in the Western world, from the Calvinist to the atheist, but affects to believe he was of their opinion.

A collection of the expressions of sympathy and condolence which came to Washington from foreign governments, associations, and public bodies of all sorts was made by the State Department, and afterwards published by order of Congress. It forms a large quarto of a thousand pages, and embraces the utterances of grief and regret from every country under the sun, in almost every language spoken by man.

But admired and venerated as he was in Europe, he was the best understood and appreciated at home. It is not to be denied that in his case, as in that of all heroic personages who occupy a great place in history, a certain element of legend mingles with his righteous fame. He was a man, in fact, especially liable to legend. We have been told by farmers in central Illinois that the brown thrush did not sing for a year after he died. He was gentle and merciful, and therefore he seems in a certain class of annals to have passed all his time in soothing misfortune and pardoning crime. He had more than his share of the shrewd native humor, and therefore the loose jest books of two centuries have been ransacked for anecdotes to be attributed to him. He was a great and powerful lover of mankind, especially of those not favored by fortune. One night he had a dream, which he repeated the next morning to the writer of these lines, which quaintly illustrates his unpretending and kindly democracy. He was in some great assembly; the people made a lane to let him pass. 'He is a common-looking fellow,' some one said. Lincoln in his dream turned to his critic and replied, in his Quaker phrase, 'Friend, the Lord prefers common-looking people: that is why he made so many of them.' He that abases himself shall be exalted. Because Lincoln kept himself in such constant sympathy with the common people, whom he respected too highly to flatter or mislead, he was rewarded by a reverence and a love hardly ever given to a human being. Among the humble working people of the South whom he had made free this veneration and affection easily passed into the supernatural. At a religious meeting among the negroes of the Sea Islands a young man expressed the wish that he might see Lincoln. A gray-headed negro rebuked the rash aspiration: 'No man see Linkum.' Linkum walk as Jesus walk — no man see Linkum.' But leaving aside these fables, which are a natural enough expression of a popular awe and love, it seems to us no calmer nor more just estimate of Lincoln's relation to his time has ever been made — nor perhaps ever will be — than that uttered by one of the wisest and most American of thinkers, Ralph Waldo Emerson, a few days after the assassination. We cannot forbear quoting a few words of this remarkable discourse, which shows how Lincoln seemed to the greatest of his contemporaries.

> A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, 'Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones fortune.'— His occupying the chair of state was a triumph of the good sense of mankind and of the public conscience. . . . He grew according to the need; his mind mastered the problem of the day; and as the problem grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was a man so fitted to the event. . . . It cannot be said that there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. . . . Then what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was no place for holiday magistrate, nor fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years — four years of battle-days — his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried and never found wanting. There by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the center of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time; the true representative of this continent — father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

The quick instinct by which the world recognized him. even at the moment of

his death, as one of its greatest men, was not deceived. It has been confirmed by the sober thought of a quarter of a century. The writers of each nation compare him with their first popular hero. The French find points of resemblance in him to Henry IV.; the Dutch liken him to William of Orange; the cruel stroke of murder and treason by which all three perished in the height of their power naturally suggests the comparison, which is strangely justified in both cases, though the two princes were so widely different in character. Lincoln had the wit, the bonhomie, the keen, practical insight into affairs of the Béarnais; and the tyrannous moral sense, the wide comprehension, the heroic patience of the Dutch patriot, whose motto might have served equally well for the American President — *Saevis tranquillus in undis.* European historians speak of him in words reserved for the most illustrious names. Merle d'Aubigné says, 'The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals.' Henri Martin predicts nothing less than a universal apotheosis: 'This man will stand out in the traditions of his country and the world as an incarnation of the people, and of modern democracy itself.'

In this country, where millions still live who were his contemporaries, and thousands who knew him personally, where the envies and jealousies which dog the footsteps of success still linger in the hearts of a few, where journals still exist that loaded his name for four years with daily calumny, and writers of memoirs vainly try to make themselves important by belittling him, his fame has become as universal as the air, as deeply rooted as the hills. The faint discords are not heard in the wide chorus that hails him second to none and equaled by Washington alone. The eulogies of him form a special literature. Preachers, poets, soldiers, and statesmen employ the same phrases of unconditional love and reverence. Men speaking with the authority of fame use unqualified superlatives. Lowell, in an immortal ode, calls him 'New birth of our new soil, the first American.' General Sherman says, 'Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other.' General Grant, after having met the rulers of almost every civilized country on earth, said Lincoln impressed him as the greatest intellectual force with which he had ever come in contact.

He is spoken of, with scarcely less of enthusiasm, by the more generous and liberal spirits among those who revolted against his election and were vanquished by his power. General Longstreet calls him 'the greatest man of rebellion times, the one matchless among forty millions for the peculiar difficulties of the period.' An eminent Southern orator, referring to our mixed Northern and Southern ancestry, says:

> From the union of those colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic — Abraham Lincoln.

It is not difficult to perceive the basis of this sudden and world-wide fame, nor rash to predict its indefinite duration. There are two classes of men whose names are more enduring than any monument — the great writers, and the men of great achievement; the founders of states, the conquerors. Lincoln has the singular fortune to belong to both these categories; upon these broad and stable foundations his renown is securely built. Nothing would have more amazed him while he lived than to hear himself called a man of letters; but this age has produced few greater writers. We are only recording here the judgment of his peers. Emerson ranks him with Æsop and Pilpay in his lighter moods, and says:

> The weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions, what unerring common sense, what foresight, and on great occasions what lofty, and more than national, what human tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by words on any recorded occasion.

His style extorted the high praise of French Academicians; Montalembert commended it as a model for the imitation of

princes. Many of his phrases form part of the common speech of mankind. It is true that in his writings the range of subjects is not great; he is concerned chiefly with the political problems of the time, and the moral considerations involved in them. But the range of treatment is remarkably wide; it runs from the wit, the gay humor, the florid eloquence of his stump speeches to the marvelous sententiousness and brevity of the letter to Greeley and the address at Gettysburg, and the sustained and lofty grandeur of the Second Inaugural.

The more his writings are studied in connection with the important transactions of his age the higher will his reputation stand in the opinion of the lettered class. But the men of study and research are never numerous; and it is principally as a man of action that the world at large will regard him. It is the story of his objective life that will forever touch and hold the heart of mankind. His birthright was privation and ignorance — not peculiar to his family, but the universal environment of his place and time; he burst through those enchaining conditions by the force of native genius and will; vice had no temptation for him; his course was as naturally upward as the skylark's; he won, against all conceivable obstacles, a high place in an exacting profession and an honorable position in public and private life; he became the foremost representative of a party founded on an uprising of the national conscience against a secular wrong, and thus came to the awful responsibilities of power in a time of terror and gloom. He met them with incomparable strength and virtue. Caring for nothing but the public good, free from envy or jealous fears, he surrounded himself with the leading men of his party, his worst formidable rivals in public esteem, and through four years of stupendous difficulties he was head and shoulders above them all in the vital qualities of wisdom, foresight, knowledge of men, and thorough comprehension of measures. Personally opposed, as the radicals claim, by more than half of his own party in Congress, and bitterly denounced and maligned by his open adversaries, he yet bore himself with such extraordinary discretion and skill, that he obtained for the Government all the legislation it required, and so impressed himself upon the national mind that without personal effort or solicitation he became the only possible candidate of his party for reëlection, and was chosen by an almost unanimous vote of the Electoral Colleges.

His qualities would have rendered his administration illustrious even in time of peace; but when we consider that in addition to the ordinary work of the executive office he was forced to assume the duties of commander-in-chief of the national forces engaged in the most complex and difficult war of modern times, the greatness of spirit as well as the intellectual strength he evinced in that capacity is nothing short of prodigious. After times will wonder, not at the few and unimportant mistakes he may have committed, but at the intuitive knowledge of his business that he displayed. We would not presume to express a personal opinion in this matter. We use the testimony only of the most authoritative names. General W. T. Sherman has repeatedly expressed the admiration and surprise with which he has read Mr. Lincoln's correspondence with his generals, and his opinion of the remarkable correctness of his military views. General W. F. Smith says:

> I have long held to the opinion that at the close of the war Mr. Lincoln was the superior of his generals in his comprehension of the effect of strategic movements and the proper method of following up victories to their legitimate conclusions.

General J. H. Wilson holds the same opinion; and Colonel Robert N. Scott, in whose lamented death the army lost one of its most vigorous and best-trained intellects, frequently called Mr. Lincoln 'the ablest strategist of the war.'

To these qualifications of high literary excellence, and easy practical mastery of affairs of transcendent importance, we must add, as an explanation of his immediate and world-wide fame, his possession of certain moral qualities rarely combined, in such high degree, in one individual. His heart was so tender, that he would dismount from his horse in a forest to replace in their nest young birds which had fallen by the roadside; he could not sleep at night if he knew that a soldier-boy was under sentence of death; he could not,

even at the bidding of duty or policy, refuse the prayer of age or helplessness in distress. Children instinctively loved him; they never found his rugged features ugly; his sympathies were quick and seemingly unlimited. He was absolutely without prejudice of class or condition. Frederick Douglass says he was the only man of distinction he ever met who never reminded him by word or manner of his color; he was as just and generous to the rich and well born as to the poor and humble — a thing rare among politicians. He was tolerant even of evil: though no man can ever have lived with a loftier scorn of meanness and selfishness, he yet recognized their existence and counted with them. He said one day, with a flash of cynical wisdom worthy of La Rochefoucauld, that honest statesmanship was the employment of individual meannesses for the public good. He never asked perfection of any one; he did not even insist, for others, upon the high standards he set up for himself. At a time before the word was invented he was the first of opportunists. With the fire of a reformer and a martyr in his heart he yet proceeded by the ways of cautious and practical statescraft. He always worked with things as they were, while never relinquishing the desire and effort to make them better. To a hope that saw the Delectable Mountains of absolute justice and peace in the future, to a faith that God in his own time would give to all men the things convenient to them, he added a charity which embraced in its deep bosom all the good and the bad, all the virtues and the infirmities of men, and a patience like that of nature, which in its vast and fruitful activity knows neither haste nor rest.

A character like this is among the precious heirlooms of the Republic; and by a special good fortune every part of the country has an equal claim and pride in it. Lincoln's blood came from the veins of New England emigrants, of Middle State Quakers, of Virginia planters, of Kentucky pioneers; he himself was one of the men who grew up with the earliest growth of the Great West. Every jewel of his mind or his conduct sheds radiance on each portion of the nation. The marvelous symmetry and balance of his intellect and character may have owed something to this varied environment of his race, and they may fitly typify the variety and solidity of the Republic. It may not be unreasonable to hope that his name and his renown may be forever a bond of union to the country which he loved with an affection so impartial, and served — in life and in death — with such entire devotion.

From *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, 1887.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS (1837–)

As one follows chronologically the course of American literature, one notes that beginning in the mid-thirties more and more writers were born outside the New England environment, and that most of those who were to be leaders of the new period came from beyond the Hudson, and even beyond the Alleghanies. One thinks of Harte and Burroughs and James born in New York, and of Mark Twain, Eggleston, Hay, Miller, Lew Wallace, and Howells born in the Midlands. Howells was a native of Ohio and until he was long past twenty he had never been beyond the bounds of his state. He was largely self educated: his college was a country printing office and then a city daily at Columbus, Ohio, supplemented constantly during his boyhood and early manhood by a most remarkable course of reading in all the classics of the world. A campaign life of Lincoln brought him a consulship of four years at Venice — his university course it really was — and he returned at last more really educated and cultured than any of his generation who had had formal academic training. He became, in 1866, assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and from 1871 to 1881 the editor, resigning to take up literary work in New York City in connection with the *Century Magazine*, and finally with *Harper's Monthly*, following after an interval George William Curtis as occupant of the 'Editor's Easy Chair.'

He began as a poet, contributed poetry to the early volumes of the *Atlantic*, and in 1860 with John J. Piatt issued a volume entitled *Poems of Two Friends*. During his years at Venice he wrote sketches of Italian life, publishing them in 1866 as *Venetian Life*, and in 1867 adding to them *Italian Journeys*. His *Suburban Sketches*, 1871, was a blending of the realistic sketch and the short story in which characterization is predominant. From it to his first novel, *Their Wedding Journey*, 1872, was only a step. It has slight plot, but much careful study of details and of manners. The strongest work of Howells came after 1881 when he left the *Atlantic* editorship and devoted himself wholly to literary creation. To this period belong *A Modern Instance*, *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, *The Minister's Charge*, and *Indian Summer*, and the earliest and best of his parlor comedies like *The Mouse-Trap*. The list of his novels is a long one, and to them he has added volumes of autobiography, as well as much critical and biographical and essay material. His industry has been remarkable and the level excellence of all his work has been uniformly high.

Howells has long been summed up in terms of 'realism.' He has dealt with the average of American life, and he has drawn his pictures with careful attention to detail and manners and unidealized truth, as he saw the truth. He has the power to make a character actually live before the reader, and he has lightness of touch, especially in his parlor comedies, which are so closely akin to the short story form of the period, and a mastery of dialogue, all of which unite to place him among the rare prose artists like Aldrich. Few American writers have so uniformly expressed themselves with verbal exactness, with felicity of phrasing, and sustained ease of expression. His style is natural and clear, a model of pure and idiomatic English. He seldom touches the deeps of human life; he seldom moves deeply his reader or chastens him with the tragedy of life or convulses him with outright laughter. He is a classicist: restrained, correct, scientific, though in making himself a classicist he was forced to gain control over the romance and the poetry with which nature had freely endowed him.

A MODERN INSTANCE[1]

CHAPTER XL

Halleck woke at daybreak from the drowse into which he had fallen. The train was creeping slowly over the track, feeling its way, and he heard fragments of talk among the passengers about a broken rail that the conductor had been warned of. He turned to ask some question, when the pull of rising speed came from the locomotive, and at the same moment the car stopped with a jolting pitch. It settled upon the track again; but the two cars in front were overturned, and the passengers were still climbing from their windows, when Halleck got his be-

[1] Reprinted from *A Modern Instance* by special arrangement with the holders of the copyright, Harper and Brothers.

wildered party to the ground. Children were crying, and a woman was led by with her face cut and bleeding from the broken glass; but it was reported that no one else was hurt, and the trainmen gave their helplessness to the inspection of the rotten cross-tie that had caused the accident. One of the passengers kicked the decayed wood with his boot. 'Well,' he said, 'I always liked a little accident like this, early; it makes us safe the rest of the day.' The sentiment apparently commended itself to popular acceptance; Halleck went forward with part of the crowd to see what was the matter with the locomotive: it had kept the track, but seemed to be injured somehow; the engineer was working at it, hammer in hand; he exchanged some dry pleasantries with a passenger who asked him if there was any chance of hiring a real fast ox-team in that neighborhood, in case a man was in a hurry to get on to Tecumseh.

They were in the midst of a level prairie that stretched all round to the horizon, where it was broken by patches of timber; the rising sun slanted across the green expanse, and turned its distance to gold; the grass at their feet was full of wild-flowers, upon which Flavia flung herself as soon as they got out of the car. By the time Halleck returned to them, she was running with cries of joy and wonder toward a windmill that rose beautiful above the roofs of a group of commonplace houses, at a little distance from the track; it stirred its mighty vans in the thin, sweet inland breeze, and took the sun gaily on the light gallery that encircled it.

A vision of Belgian plains swept before Halleck's eyes. 'There ought to be storks on its roof,' he said, absently.

'How strange that it should be here, away out in the West!' said Olive.

'If it were less strange than we are, here, I could n't stand it,' he answered.

A brakeman came up with a flag in his hand, and nodded toward Flavia. 'She 's on the right track for breakfast,' he said. 'There 's an old Dutchman at that mill, and his wife knows how to make coffee like a fellow's mother. You 'll have plenty of time. This train has come here to *stay* — till somebody can walk back five miles and telegraph for help.'

'How far are we from Tecumseh?' asked Halleck.

'Fifty miles,' the brakeman called back over his shoulder.

'Don't you worry any, Marcia,' said her father, moving off in pursuit of Flavia. 'This accident makes it all right for us, if we don't get there for a week.'

Marcia answered nothing. Halleck began to talk to her of that Belgian landscape in which he had first seen a windmill, and he laughed at the blank unintelligence with which she received his reminiscences of travel. For the moment, the torturing stress was lifted from his soul; he wished that the breakfast in the miller's house might never come to an end; he explored the mill with Flavia; he bantered the Squire on his saturnine preference for steam power in the milling business; he made the others share his mood; he pushed far from him the series of tragic or squalid facts which had continually brought the end to him in reveries in which he found himself holding his breath, as if he might hold it till the end really came.

But this respite could not last. A puff of white steam showed on the horizon, and after an interval the sound of the locomotive whistle reached them, as it came backing down a train of empty cars towards them. They were quickly on their journey again, and a scanty hour before noon they arrived at Tecumseh.

The pretty town, which in prospect had worn to Olive Halleck's imagination the blended hideousness of Sodom and Gomorrah, was certainly very much like a New England village in fact. After the brick farmsteads and coal-smoked towns of Central Ohio, its wooden houses, set back from the street with an ample depth of door-yard, were appealingly familiar, and she exchanged some homesick whispers with Marcia about them, as they drove along under the full-leaved maples which shadowed the way. The grass was denser and darker than in New England, and, pretty as the town was, it wore a more careless and unscrupulous air than the true New England village; the South had touched it, and here and there it showed a wavering line of fence and a faltering conscientiousness in its paint. Presently all aspects of village quiet and seclusion ceased, and a section of conventional American city, with flat-roofed brick blocks, showy hotel, stores, paved street, and stone sidewalks, expressed the

readiness of Tecumseh to fulfil the destiny of every Western town, and become a metropolis at a day's notice, if need be. The second-hand omnibus, which reflected the actuality of Tecumseh, set them down at the broad steps of the courthouse, fronting on an avenue which for a city street was not very crowded or busy. Such passers-by as there were had leisure and inclination, as they loitered by, to turn and stare at the strangers; and the voice of the sheriff, as he called from an upper window of the court-house the names of absentee litigants or witnesses required to come into court, easily made itself heard above all the other noises.

It seemed to Halleck as if the sheriff were calling them; he lifted his head and looked at Olive, but she would not meet his eye; she led by the hand the little girl, who kept asking, 'Is this the house where papa lives?' with the merciless iteration of a child. Halleck dragged lamely after the Squire, who had mounted the steps with unnatural vigor; he promptly found his way to the clerk's office, where he examined the docket, and then returned to his party triumphant. 'We are in time,' he said, and he led them on up into the court-room.

A few spectators, scattered about on the rows of benching, turned to look at them as they walked up the aisle, where the cocoa matting, soaked and dried, and soaked again, with perpetual libations of tobacco-juice, mercifully silenced their footsteps; most of the faces turned upon them showed a slow and thoughtful movement of the jaws, and, as they were dropped or averted, a general discharge of tobacco-juice seemed to express the general adoption of the new-comers, whoever they were, as a necessary element of the scene, which it were useless to oppose, and about which it was idle to speculate. Before the Squire had found his party seats on one of the benches next the bar, the spectators had again given their languid attention to the administration of justice, which is everywhere informal with us, and is only a little more informal in the West than in the East. An effect of serene disoccupation pervaded the place, such as comes at the termination of an interesting affair; and no one seemed to care for what the clerk was reading aloud in a set, mechanical tone. The judge was busy with his docket; the lawyers, at their several little tables within the bar, lounged in their chairs, or stalked about laughing and whispering to each other; the prosecuting attorney leaned upon the shoulder of a jolly-looking man, who lifted his face to joke up at him, as he tilted his chair back; a very stout, youngish person, who sat next him, kept his face dropped while the clerk proceeded: —

'And now, on motion of plaintiff, it is ordered by the Court that said defendant be now here three times called, which is done in open court, and she comes not; but wholly makes default herein. And this cause is now submitted to the Court for trial, and the Court having heard the evidence, and being fully advised, find for the plaintiff,— that the allegations of his complaint are true, and that he is entitled to a divorce. It is therefore considered by the Court, that said plaintiff be and he is hereby divorced, and the bonds of matrimony heretofore existing between said parties are dissolved and held for naught.'

As the clerk closed the large volume before him, the jolly lawyer as if the record had been read at his request, nodded to the Court, and said, 'The record of the decree seems correct, your honor.' He leaned forward, and struck the fat man's expanse of back with the flat of his hand. 'Congratulate you, my dear boy!' he said in a stage whisper that was heard through the room. 'Many happy returns of the day!'

A laugh went round, and the judge said severely, 'Mr. Sheriff, see that order is kept in the court-room.'

The fat man rose to shake hands with another friend, and at the same moment Squire Gaylord stretched himself to his full height before stooping over to touch the shoulder of one of the lawyers within the bar, and his eyes encountered those of Bartley Hubbard in mutual recognition.

It was not the fat on Bartley's ribs only that had increased: his broad cheeks stood out and hung down with it, and his chin descended by the three successive steps to his breast. His complexion was of a tender pink, on which his blond mustache showed white; it almost vanished in the tallowy pallor to which the pink turned as he saw his father-in-law, and then the whole group which the intervening spectators had hitherto hidden from him. He dropped back into his chair, and intimated to his lawyer, with a wave of

his hand and a twist of his head, that some hopeless turn in his fortunes had taken place. That jolly soul turned to him for explanation, and at the same time the lawyer whom Squire Gaylord had touched on the shoulder responded to a few whispered words from him by bekoning to the prosecuting attorney, who stepped briskly across to where they stood. A brief dumb-show ensued, and the prosecutor ended by taking the Squire's hand, and inviting him within the bar; the other attorney politely made room for him at his table, and the prosecutor returned to his place near the jury-box, where he remained standing for a moment.

'If it please the Court,' he began, in a voice breaking heavily upon the silence that had somehow fallen upon the whole room, 'I wish to state that the defendant in the case of Hubbard *vs.* Hubbard is now and here present, having been prevented by an accident on the road between this place and Indianapolis from arriving in time to make defense. She desires to move the Court to set aside the default.'

The prosecutor retired a few paces, and nodded triumphantly at Bartley's lawyer, who could not wholly suppress his enjoyment of the joke, though it told so heavily against him and his client. But he was instantly on his feet with a technical objection.

The judge heard him through, and then opened his docket, at the case of Hubbard *vs.* Hubbard. 'What name shall I enter for the defense?' he inquired formally.

Squire Gaylord turned with an old-fashioned state and deliberation which had their effect, and cast a glance of professional satisfaction in the situation at the attorneys and spectators, 'I ask to be allowed to appear for the defense in this case, if the Court please. My friend, Mr. Hathaway, will move my admission to this bar.'

The attorney to whom the Squire had first introduced himself promptly complied: 'Your honor, I move the admission of Mr. F. J. Gaylord, of Equity, Equity County, Maine, to practice at this bar.'

The judge bowed to the Squire, and directed the clerk to administer the usual oath. 'I have entered your name for the defense, Mr. Gaylord. Do you desire to make any motion in the case?' he pursued, the natural courtesy of his manner further qualified by a feeling which something pathetic in the old Squire's bearing inspired.

'Yes, your honor, I move to set aside the default, and I shall offer in support of this motion my affidavit, setting forth the reasons for the non-appearance of the defendant at the calling of the cause.'

'Shall I note your motion as filed?' asked the judge.

'Yes, your honor,' replied the old man. He made a futile attempt to prepare the paper; the pen flew out of his trembling hand. '*I* can't write,' he said in despair that made other hands quick to aid him. A young lawyer at the next desk rapidly drew up the paper, and the Squire duly offered it to the clerk of the Court. The clerk stamped it with the file-mark of the Court, and returned it to the Squire, who read aloud the motion and affidavit, setting forth the facts of the defendant's failure to receive the notice in time to prepare for her defense, and of the accident which had contributed to delay her appearance, declaring that she had a just defense to the plaintiff's bill, and asking to be heard upon the facts.

Bartley's attorney was prompt to interpose again. He protested that the printed advertisement was sufficient notice to the defendant, whenever it came to her knowledge, or even if it never came to her knowledge, and that her plea of failure to receive it in time was not a competent excuse. This might be alleged in any case, and any delay of travel might be brought forward to account for non-appearance as plausibly as this trumped-up accident in which nobody was hurt. He did his best, which was also his worst, and the judge once more addressed the Squire, who stood waiting for Bartley's counsel to close. 'I was about to adjourn the Court,' said the judge, in that accent which is the gift of the South to some parts of the West; it is curiously soft and gentle, and expressive, when the speaker will, of a caressing deference, 'But we have still some minutes before noon in which we can hear you in support of your motion, if you are ready.'

'I am m-ready, your honor!' The old man's nasals cut across the judge's rounded tones, almost before they had ceased. His lips compressed themselves to a waving line, and his high hawk-beak came down over them; the fierce light

burned in his cavernous eyes, and his grizzled hair erected itself like a crest. He swayed slightly back and forth at the table, behind which he stood, and paused as if waiting for his hate to gather head.

In this interval it struck several of the spectators, who had appreciative friends outside, that it was a pity they should miss the coming music, and they risked the loss of some strains themselves that they might step out and inform these *dilettanti*. One of them was stopped by a man at the door. 'What's up, now?' The other impatiently explained; but the inquirer, instead of hurrying in to enjoy the fun, turned quickly about, and ran down the stairs. He crossed the street, and, by a system of alleys and byways, modestly made his way to the outlying fields of Tecumseh, which he traversed at heightened speed, plunging at last into the belt of timber beyond. This excursion, which had so much the appearance of a chase, was an exigency of the witness who had corroborated on oath the testimony of Bartley in regard to his wife's desertion. Such an establishment of facts, purely imaginary with the witness, was simple enough in the absence of rebutting testimony; but confronted with this, it became another affair; it had its embarrassments, its risks.

'M-ready,' repeated Squire Gaylord, 'm-ready with facts and *witnesses!*' The word, in which he exulted till it rang and echoed through the room, drew the eyes of all to the little group on the bench next the bar, where Marcia, heavily veiled in the black which she had worn ever since Bartley's disappearance, sat with Halleck and Olive. The little girl, spent with her long journey, rested her head on her mother's lap, and the mother's hand tremulously smoothed her hair, and tried to hush the grieving whisper in which she incessantly repeated, 'Where is papa? I want to see papa!'

Olive looked straight before her, and Halleck's eyes were fixed upon the floor. After the first glance at them Bartley did not lift his head, but held it bent forward where he sat, and showed only a fold of fat red neck above his coat-collar. Marcia might have seen his face in that moment before it blanched and he sank into his chair; she did not look toward him again.

'Mr. Sheriff, keep silence in the Court!' ordered the judge, in reprimand of the stir that ensued upon the general effort to catch sight of the witnesses.

'Silence in the Court! Keep your seats, gentlemen!' cried the sheriff.

'And I thank the Court,' resumed the Squire, 'for this immediate opportunity to redress an atrocious wrong, and to vindicate an innocent and injured woman. Sir, I think it will prejudice our cause with no one, when I say that we are here not only in the relation of attorney and client, but in that of father and daughter, and that I stand in this place singularly and sacredly privileged to demand justice for my own child!'

'Order, order!' shouted the sheriff. But he could not quell the sensation that followed; the point had been effectively made, and it was some moments before the noise of the people beginning to arrive from the outside permitted the Squire to continue. He waited, with one lean hand hanging at his side, and the other resting in a loosely folded fist on the table before him. He took this fist up as if it were some implement he had laid hold of, and swung it in the air.

'By a chance which *I* shall not be the last to describe as providential,'—he paused, and looked round the room as if defying any one there to challenge the sincerity of his assertion,—'the notice, which your law requires to be given by newspaper advertisement to the non-resident defendant in such a case as this, came, by one chance in millions, to her hand. By one chance more or less, it would not have reached her, and a monstrous crime against justice would have been irrevocably accomplished. For she had mourned this man as dead,—dead to the universal frame of things, when he was only dead to honor, dead to duty, and dead to her; and it was that newspaper, sent almost at random through the mail, and wandering from hand to hand, and everywhere rejected, for weeks, before it reached her at last, which convinced her that he was still in such life as a man may live who had survived his own soul. We are therefore *here,* standing upon our right, and prepared to prove it God's right, and the everlasting truth. Two days ago, a thousand miles and a thousand uncertainties intervened between us and this right, but *now* we are here to show that the defendant, basely defamed by the plea

of abandonment, returned to her home within an hour after she parted there with the plaintiff, and has remained there day and night ever since.' He stopped. 'Did I say she had never absented herself during all this time? I was wrong. I spoke hastily. I forgot.' He dropped his voice. 'She did absent herself at one time,— for three days,— while she could come home to close her mother's dying eyes, and help me to lay her in the grave!' He tried to close his lips firmly again, but the sinuous line was broken by a convulsive twitching. 'Perhaps,' he resumed with the utmost gentleness, 'the plaintiff returned in this interval, and finding her gone, was confirmed in his belief that she had abandoned him.'

He felt blindly about on the table with his trembling hands, and his whole figure had a pathos that gave the old dress-coat statuesque dignity. The spectators quietly changed their places, and occupied the benches near him, till Bartley was left sitting alone with his counsel. We are beginning to talk here at the East of the decline of oratory; but it is still a passion in the West, and his listeners now clustered about the Squire in keen appreciation of his power; it seemed to summon even the loiterers in the street, whose ascending tramp on the stairs continually made itself heard; the lawyers, the officers of the court, the judge, forgot their dinner, and posed themselves anew in their chairs to listen.

No doubt the electrical sphere of sympathy and admiration penetrated to the old man's consciousness. When he pulled off his black satin stock — the relic of ancient fashion which the piety of his daughter kept in repair — and laid it on the table, there was a deep inarticulate murmur of satisfaction which he could not have mistaken. His voice rose again: —

'If the plaintiff indeed came at that time, the walls of those empty rooms, into which he peered like a thief in the night, might have told him — if walls had tongues to speak as they have ears to hear — a tale that would have melted even *his* heart with remorse and shame. They might have told him of a woman waiting in hunger and cold for his return, and willing to starve and freeze, rather than own herself forsaken,— waiting till she was hunted from her door by the creditors whom he had defrauded, and forced to confess her disgrace and her despair, in order to save herself from the unknown terrors of the law, invoked upon her innocent head by his villainy. This is the history of the first two weeks of those two years, during which, as his perjured lips have sworn, he was using every effort to secure her return to him. I will not enlarge now upon this history, nor upon that of the days and weeks and months that followed, wringing the heart and all but crazing the brain of the wife who would not, in the darkest hours of her desolation, believe herself wilfully abandoned. But we have the record, unbroken and irrefragable, which shall not only right his victim, but shall bring yonder perjurer to justice.'

The words had an iron weight; they fell like blows. Bartley did not stir; but Marcia moved uneasily in her chair, and a low pitiful murmur broke from behind her veil. Her father stopped again, panting, and his dry lips closed and parted several times before he could find his voice again. But at that sound of grief he partially recovered himself, and went on brokenly.

'I now ask this Court, for due cause, to set aside the default upon which judgment has been rendered against the defendant, and I shall then ask leave to file her cross-petition for divorce.'

Marcia started half-way from her chair, and then fell back again; she looked round at Halleck as if for help, and hid her face in her hands. Her father cast a glance at her as if for her approval of this development of his plan.

'Then, may it please the Court, upon the rendition of judgment in our favor upon that petition — a result of which I have no more doubt than of my own existence — I shall demand under your law the indictment of yonder perjurer for his crime, and I shall await in security the sentence which shall consign him to a felon's cell in a felon's garb —'

Marcia flung herself upon her father's arm, outstretched toward Bartley. 'No! No! No!' she cried, with deep, shuddering breaths, in a voice thick with horror. 'Never! Let him go! I will not have it! I did n't understand! I never meant to harm him! Let him go! It is *my* cause, and I say —'

The old man's arm dropped; he fixed a ghastly, bewildered look upon his daughter, and fell forward across the table at

which he stood. The judge started from his chair; the people leaped over the benches, and crushed about the Squire, who fetched his breath in convulsive gasps. 'Keep back!' 'Give him air!' 'Open the window!' 'Get a doctor!' cried those next to him.

Even Bartley's counsel had joined the crowd about the Squire, from the midst of which broke the long, frightened wail of a child. This was Bartley's opportunity. When his counsel turned to look for him, and advise his withdrawal from a place where he could do no good, and where possibly he might come to harm, he found that his advice had been anticipated: Bartley's chair was vacant.

The Century Magazine, October, 1882.

THE MOUSE-TRAP[1]

I

In her drawing-room, Mrs. Amy Somers, young, pretty, stylish, in the last evanescent traces of widowhood, stands confronting Mr. Willis Campbell. She has a newspaper in her hand, folded to the width of a single column, which she extends towards him with an effect of indignant menace.

Mrs. Somers: 'Then you acknowledge that it is yours?'

Campbell: 'I acknowledge that I made a speech before the legislative committee on behalf of the anti-suffragists. You knew I was going to do that. I don't know how they've reported it.'

Mrs. Somers, with severity: 'Very well, then; I will read it. "'Willis Campbell, Esq., was next heard on behalf of the petitioners. He touched briefly upon the fact that the suffrage was evidently not desired by the vast majority of educated women."'

Campbell: 'You've always said they did n't want it.'

Mrs. Somers: 'That is not the point.' Reading: '"And many of them would feel it an onerous burden, and not a privilege."'

Campbell: 'Well, did n't you —'

Mrs. Somers: 'Don't interrupt!' Reading: '"Which would compel them, at the cost of serious sacrifices, to contend at the polls with the ignorant classes who would be sure to exercise the right if conferred."'

Campbell: 'That was your argument, Amy. They're almost your own words.'

Mrs. Somers: 'That is n't what I object to.' Reading: '"Mr. Campbell then referred in a more humorous strain to the argument, frequently used by the suffragists, that every tax-payer should have the right to vote. He said that he objected to this, because it implied that non-tax-payers should not have the right to vote, which would deprive of the suffrage a large body of adoptive citizens, who voted all the elections with great promptness and assiduity. He thought the exemption of women from some duties required of men by the State fairly offset the loss of the ballot in their case, and that until we were prepared to send ladies to battle we ought not to oblige them to go to the polls. Some skirmishing ensued between Mr. Campbell and Mr. Willington, on the part of the suffragists, the latter gentleman affirming that in great crises of the world's history women had shown as much courage as men, and the former contending that this did not at all affect his position, since the courage of women was in high degree a moral courage, which was not evoked by the ordinary conditions of peace or war, but required the imminence of some emergency."'

Campbell: 'Well, what do you object to in all that?'

Mrs. Somers, tossing the paper on the table, and confronting him with her head lifted and her hands clasped upon her left side: 'Everything! It is an insult to women.'

Campbell: '*Woman,* you mean. I don't think *women* would mind it. Who 's been talking to you, Amy?'

Mrs. Somers: 'Nobody. It does n't matter who 's been talking to me. That is not the question.'

Campbell: 'It 's the question I asked.'

Mrs. Somers: 'It is n't the question I asked. I wish simply to know what you mean by that speech.'

Campbell: 'I wish you knew how pretty you look in that dress.' Mrs. Somers involuntarily glances down at the skirt of it on either side, and rearranges it a little, folding her hands again as before. 'But perhaps you do.'

Mrs. Somers, with dignity: 'Will you answer my question?'

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Campbell: 'Certainly. I meant what I said.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Oh, you did! Very well, then! When a woman stands by the bedside of her sick child, and risks her life from contagion, what kind of courage do you call that?'

Campbell: 'Moral.'

Mrs. Somers: 'And when she remains in a burning building or a sinking ship — as they often do — and perishes, while her child is saved, what kind of courage is it?'

Campbell: 'Moral.'

Mrs. Somers: 'When she seizes an ax and defends her little ones against a bear or a wolf that 's just bursting in the cabin door, what kind of courage does she show?'

Campbell: 'Moral.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Or when her babe crawls up the track, and she snatches it from the very jaws of the cow-catcher —'

Campbell: 'Oh, hold on, now, Amy! Be fair! It 's the engineer who does that: he runs along the side of the locomotive, and catches the smiling infant up, and lays it in the mother's arms as the train thunders by. His name is usually Hank Rollins. The mother is always paralyzed with terror.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Of course she is. But in those other cases how does her courage differ from a man's? If hers is always moral, what kind of courage does a man show when he faces the cannon?'

Campbell: 'Immoral. Come, Amy, are you trying to prove that women are braver than men? Well, they are. I never was in danger yet that I did n't wish I was a woman, for then I should have the courage to face it, or else I could turn and run without disgrace. All that I said in that speech was that women have n't so much nerve as men.'

Mrs. Somers: 'They have more.'

Campbell: 'Nerves — yes.'

Mrs. Somers: 'No, nerve. Take Dr. Cissy Gay, that little, slender, delicate, sensitive thing: what do you suppose she went through when she was studying medicine, and walking the hospitals, and all those disgusting things? And Mrs. J. Plunkett Harmon: do you mean to say that *she* has no nerve, facing all sorts of audiences, on the platform, everywhere? Or Rev. Lily Barber, living down all that ridicule, and going quietly on in her work —'

Campbell: 'Oh, *they've* been talking to you.'

Mrs. Somers: 'They have *not!* And if they have, Dr. Gay is as much opposed to suffrage as you are.'

Campbell: 'As I? Are n't you opposed to it too?'

Mrs. Somers: 'Of course I am. Or I was till you made that speech.'

Campbell: 'It was n't exactly intended to convert you.'

Mrs. Somers: 'It has placed me in a false position. Everybody knows, or the same as knows, that we 're engaged —'

Campbell: 'Well, *I 'm* not ashamed of it, Amy.'

Mrs. Somers, severely; 'No matter! And now it will look as if I had no ideas of my own, and was just swayed about any way by you. A woman is despicable that joins with men in ridiculing women.'

Campbell: 'Who 's been saying that?'

Mrs. Somers: 'No one. It does n't matter who 's been saying it. Mrs. Mervane has been saying it.'

Campbell: 'Mrs. Mervane?'

Mrs. Somers: 'Yes, Mrs. Mervane, that you 're always praising and admiring so for her good sense and her right ideas. Did n't you say she wrote as logically and forcibly as a man?'

Campbell: 'Yes, I did.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Very well, then, she says that if anything could turn her in favor of suffrage, it is that speech of yours. She says it 's a subtle attack upon the whole sex.'

Campbell: 'Well, I give it up! You are all alike. You take everything personally, in the first place, and then you say it 's an attack on all women. Could n't I make this right by publishing a card to acknowledge your physical courage before the whole community, Amy? Then your friends would have to say that I had recognized the pluck of universal womanhood.'

Mrs. Somers: 'No, sir; you can't make it right now. And I 'm sorry, sorry, *sorry,* I signed the anti-suffrage petition. Nothing will ever teach men to appreciate women till women practically assert themselves.'

Campbell: 'That sounds very much like another quotation, Amy.'

Mrs. Somers: 'And they must expect to be treated as cowards till they show

themselves heroes. And they must first of all have the ballot.'

Campbell: 'Oh!'

Mrs. Somers: 'Yes. Then, and not till then, will men acknowledge their equality in all that is admirable in both. Then there will be no more puling insolence about moral courage and vital emergencies to evoke it.'

Campbell: 'I don't see the steps to this conclusion, but the master-mind of Mrs. J. Plunkett Harmon reaches conclusions at a bound.'

Mrs. Somers: 'It *was n't* Mrs. Harmon.'

Campbell: 'Oh, well, Rev. Lily Barber, then. You need n't tell me *you* originated that stuff, Amy. But I submit for the present. Think it over, my dear, and when I come back to-morrow —'

Mrs. Somers: 'Perhaps you had better not come back to-morrow.'

Campbell: 'Why?'

Mrs. Somers: 'Because — because I 'm afraid we are not in sympathy. Because if you thought that I needed some vital emergency to make me show that I was ready to die for you any moment —'

Campbell: 'Die for me? I want you to live for me, Amy.'

Mrs. Somers: '— and the emergency never came, you would despise me.'

Campbell: 'Never!'

Mrs. Somers: 'If you have such a low opinion of women generally —'

Campbell: 'I a low opinion of women!'

Mrs. Somers: 'You said they were cowards.'

Campbell: 'I did n't say they were cowards. And if I seemed to say so, it was my misfortune. I honestly and truly think, Amy, that when a woman is roused she is n't afraid of anything in heaven or on —' He stops abruptly and looks towards the corner of the room.

Mrs. Somers: 'What is it?'

Campbell: 'Oh, nothing. I thought I saw a mouse.'

Mrs. Somers: 'A mouse!' She flings herself upon him with convulsive energy. Then suddenly freeing him, she leaps upon a chair, and stoops over to hold her train from the floor. 'Oh, drive it out, drive it *out!* Don't *kill* it. Oh — e-e-e-e-e! *Drive* it out! Oh, what shall I do? Oh, Willis, love, jump on a chair! Oh, horrid little dreadful reptile! Oh, *drive* it out!' In uttering these appeals Mrs. Somers alternately looses her hold upon her train in order to clasp her face in her hands, and then uncovers her face to seize her train. 'Oh, is it *gone?* Come here, Willis, and let me hold your hand! Or no! Drive it, drive it, *drive* it out!'

Campbell, going about the room in deliberate examination: 'I can't find it. I guess it 's gone into its hole again.'

Mrs. Somers: 'No, it has n't! It has n't got any hole here. It must have come in from somewhere else. Oh, I *hope* I shall have a little wisdom *some* time, and never, never, never have cake and wine brought into the drawing-room again, no matter *how* faint with walking any one is. Of course it was the smell of the fruit and crumbs attracted it; and they might just as well take the horse-cars, but they said they had walked all the way to get me to sign the suffrage petition, and when I said I 'd signed the anti-suffrage, of course I had to offer them something; I could n't do less. Have you driven it out?'

Campbell: 'I 've done my best. But I can't find it, and I can't drive it out till I *do* find it.'

Mrs. Somers: 'It 's run into the fireplace. Rattle the tongs!' Campbell goes to the fireplace, rattles the tongs against the shovel, Mrs. Somers meanwhile covering her face. 'Ow — ugh-e-e-e-e! Is it gone?' She uncovers her eyes.

Campbell: 'It never was there.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Yes, it was, Willis. Don't tell me it was n't! Where else was it if it was n't there? Look under the book-table!'

Campbell: 'Which one?'

Mrs. Somers: 'That one with the shelf coming down almost to the carpet. Poke under it with the poker!' As Campbell obeys, she again hides her face. 'U-u-u-gh! Is it gone *now?*'

Campbell: 'It was n't there.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Poke hard! Bang against the mop-board! Bang!'

Campbell, poking and banging: 'There! I tell you it never was there.'

Mrs. Somers, uncovering her face: 'Oh, what shall I do? It must be somewhere in the room, and I never can breathe till you 've found it. Bang again!'

Campbell: 'Nonsense! It 's gone long ago. Do you suppose a mouse of any pres-

ence of mind or self-respect would stay here after all this uproar?' He restores the tongs to their stand with a clash.

Mrs. Somers, responsive to the clash: 'Ow!'

Campbell, advancing towards her and extending his hand: 'Come, Amy; get down now. I must be going.'

Mrs. Somers, in horror: 'Get down? Going?'

Campbell: 'Certainly. I can't stay here all day. I've got to follow that mouse out into the street and have him arrested. It's a public duty.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Don't throw ridicule on it!' After a moment: 'You know I can't let you go till I've seen that mouse leave this room. Go all around, and stamp in the corners.' She covers her face again. 'Ugh!'

Campbell: 'How are you going to see him leave the room if you won't look? He's left long ago. I would n't stay if I was a mouse. And I've got to go, anyway.'

Mrs. Somers, uncovering her face: 'No! I beg, I *command* you to stay, or I shall never get out of this room alive. You *know* I sha'n't.' A ring at the street door is heard. 'Oh *dear,* what shall I do? I've told Jane I would see anybody that called, and now I dare n't step my foot to the floor! What *shall* I do?'

Campbell, with authority: 'You must get down. There's no mouse here, I tell you; and if people come and find you standing on a chair in your drawing-room, what will they think?'

Mrs. Somers: 'I can kneel on it.' She drops to her knees on the chair. 'There!'

Campbell: 'That's no better. It's worse.'

Mrs. Somers, listening to the party at the door below, which the maid has opened: ''Sh! I want to make out who it is. 'Sh! Yes — it is!' After listening: 'Yes; it's Mrs. Miller and Lou Bemis and Mrs. Curwen! I don't see how they happen to come together, for Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Curwen perfectly hate each other. Oh yes! I know! They're all on the way to Mrs. Ransom's reception; he's showing his pictures and some of her things — horrid daubs; I don't see how she can have the face — and they've met here by accident. 'Sh! She's showing them into the reception-room. Yes, that's quite right.' Mrs. Somers delivers these sentences in a piercing whisper of extreme volubility. 'Now, as soon as she brings up their cards, I'll say I'm not at all well — that I'm engaged — just going out. No, that won't do. I *must* be sick. Anything else would be perfectly insulting after saying that I was at home; and Jane has got to go back and tell them she forgot that I had gone to bed with a severe headache.' As Jane appears at the drawing-room door, and falters at sight of Mrs. Somers kneeling on her chair, that lady beckons to her, frowning, shaking her head, and pressing her finger on her lip to enforce silence, and takes the cards from her, while she continues in whisper: 'Yes. All right, Jane! Go straight back and tell them you forgot I had gone to bed with a perfectly blinding headache; and don't let another soul into the house. Mr. Campbell saw a mouse, and I can't get down till he's caught it. Go!'

II

Jane, after a moment of petrification: 'A mouse! In the room, here? Oh, my goodness gracious me!' She leaps upon the chair next to Mrs. Somers, who again springs to her feet.

Mrs. Somers: 'Did you *see* it? Oh, e-e-e-e!'

Jane: 'W-o-o-o-o! I don't know! Where was it? Oh yes, I thought —' They clutch each other convulsively, and blend their cries, at the sound of which the ladies in the reception-room below come flocking up-stairs into the drawing-room.

The Ladies, at sight of Mrs. Somers and her servant: 'What is it? what is it?'

Mrs. Somers: 'Oh, there's a *mouse* in the room. Oh, jump on chairs!'

Mrs. Miller, vaulting into the middle of the sofa: 'A mouse!'

Mrs. Lou Bemis, alighting upon a slight reception-chair: 'Oh, not in *this* room, Mrs. Somers! *Don't* say it!'

Mrs. Curwen, with a laugh of mingled terror and enjoyment, from the top of the table where she finds herself: 'Where is it?'

Mrs. Somers: 'I don't know. I did n't see it. But, oh! it's here somewhere. Mr. Campbell saw it, and Jane did when she came up with your cards, and he's been trying to drive it out, but he can't even *budge* it; and —'

Campbell, desperately: 'Ladies, there is n't any mouse here! I 've been racketing round here with the shovel and tongs all over the room, and the mouse is gone. You can depend upon that. You 're as safe here as you would be in your own rooms.'

Mrs. Somers: 'How can you say such a thing? No, I won't be responsible if anything happens. The mouse is in this room. No one has seen it go out, and it 's here still.'

Mrs. Bemis, balancing herself with difficulty on her chair: 'Oh dear! how tippy it is! I 'm sure it 's going to break.'

Mrs. Curwen: 'Get up here with me, Mrs. Bemis. We can protect each other.'

Mrs. Miller: 'You would both fall off. Better come here on the sofa, Mrs. Bemis.'

Mrs. Curwen: 'The mouse could run up that ottoman sofa as easily as the ground.'

Mrs. Miller, covering her face: 'Oh, how can you say such a thing?'

Mrs. Bemis: 'Oh, I know I 'm going to fall!'

Mrs. Somers: 'Willis, for shame! Help her!'

Campbell: 'But how — how can I help —'

Mrs. Somers: 'Get her another chair.'

Campbell: 'Oh!' He pushes a large arm-chair towards Mrs. Bemis, who leaps into it with a wild cry, spurning the reception-chair half across the room in her flight.

Mrs. Bemis: 'Oh, thank you, thank you, Mr. Campbell! Oh, I shall always bless you!'

Mrs. Curwen: 'Yes, you have saved all our lives. Where there 's a man, I don't care for a thousand mice.'

Mrs. Miller: 'Oh, how very frank!'

Mrs. Curwen: 'Yes, I 'm nothing if not reminded.'

Campbell, surveying her with amusement and interest: 'I don't believe you 're very much scared.'

Mrs. Bemis: 'Oh yes, she is, Mr. Campbell. She keeps up that way, and then the first thing she faints.'

Mrs. Curwen: 'Not on center-tables, my dear; there is n't room.'

Campbell, with increasing fascination: 'Why don't you get down, and set the rest an example of courage?'

Mrs. Curwen: 'I prefer to set the example here: it 's safer.'

Campbell: 'You look like the statue of some goddess on her altar — or saint —'

Mrs. Curwen: 'Thank you. If you will say victim, I will agree with you. Say Iphigenia. But the others are too much. I draw the line at goddesses and saints.'

Campbell: 'And *you 're* afraid of mice, too?'

Mrs. Curwen: 'To be sure I am.'

Campbell: 'Well, there is no mouse down here — nothing but a miserable man. Now, will you get down?'

Mrs. Somers: 'Mrs. Curwen, don't think of it! He 's just *saying* it. The mouse *is* there.' To Campbell: 'You are placing us all in a very ridiculous position.'

Campbell: 'I am sorry for that; I am, indeed. I give you my word of honor that I don't believe there 's any mouse in the room.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Jane just saw it.'

Campbell: 'She *thought* she saw it, but I don't think she did. A lion would have been scared out by this time.' A ring at the door is heard.

Mrs. Somers: 'There, Jane, there 's some one ringing! You must go to the door.'

Jane, throwing her apron over head: 'Oh, please, Mrs. Somers, I can't go! I 'm so afraid of mice!'

Mrs. Somers: 'Nonsense! you *must* go. It 's perfectly ridiculous your pretending not.'

Jane: 'Oh, I could n't, Mrs. Somers! I was always so from a child. I can't bear 'em.'

Mrs. Somers: 'This is disgraceful. Do you mean to say that you won't do what I ask you? Very well, then, you can *go!* You need n't stay the week out; I will pay you, and you can go at once. Do you understand?'

Jane: 'Yes, I do, and I 'd be glad to go this very minute, but I don't dare to get down.'

Mrs. Somers: 'But why should n't you get down? There is n't the least danger. Is there any danger now, Mr. Campbell?'

Campbell: 'Not the least in the world. Mouse gone long ago.'

Mrs. Somers: 'There!'

Jane: 'I can't help it. There are so many in the dining-room —'

Mrs. Somers: 'In *my* dining-room?

Oh, my goodness! why did n't you tell me before?'

Jane: 'And one ran right over my foot.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Your foot? Oh, I wonder that you live to tell it! Why have n't you put traps? Where 's the cat?'

Jane: 'The cook 's spoiled the cat, feeding it so much.'

Mrs. Miller: 'Yes, that 's the worst of cooks: they always spoil cats.'

Mrs. Bemis: 'They overfeed them.'

Mrs. Miller: 'And then, of course, the cats are worth nothing as mousers. I had a cat —' The bell sounds again.

Mrs. Somers: 'There! Some one *must* go.'

Campbell: 'Why, *I'll* go to the door.'

Mrs. Somers: 'And leave *us* here? Never! How can you propose such a thing? If you dare to go, I shall die. Don't think of such a thing.'

Jane: 'The cook will go, if they keep ringing. Oh! ugh! hu, hu! When ever shall I get out of this?'

Mrs. Somers: 'Stop crying, Jane! Be calm! You 're perfectly safe. You may be glad it 's no worse. 'Sh! There 's the cook going to the door at last. Who can it be? Listen.'

Jane, clutching Mrs. Somers: 'Oh! ugh! W-o-o-o!'

All the Ladies: 'E-e-e-e!'

Mrs. Somers: 'What 's the *matter,* Jane? Let me go! *What 's* the matter?'

Jane: 'Oh, I thought I was falling — right down in among it!'

Mrs. Agnes Roberts, calling up from below: 'What in the world *is* it, Amy?'

Campbell: 'Oh, my prophetic soul, my sister!'

Mrs. Somers, shouting: 'Is that you, Agnes? Don't come up! Don't come up, for your *life! Don't* come up, unless you wish to perish instantly. Oh, it 's dreadful, your coming now. Keep away! Go right straight out of the house, unless you wish to fling your life away.'

The other Ladies: 'Don't come! Don't come! Keep away! It will do no good.'

III

Mrs. Roberts, mounting the stairs, as if lured to her doom by an irresistible fascination: 'Not come? Keep away? Who 's talking? What is it? Oh, *Amy,* what is it?' As she reaches the stair-landing space before the drawing-room and looks in, where Campbell stands in the middle of the floor with his hands in his pockets and despair in his face. 'You here, Willis? What are you doing? What is it?' Her eye wanders to the ladies trembling in their several refuges, and a dawning apprehension makes itself seen in her face. 'What is — Oh, it is — it is n't — it is n't a — mouse! Oh, *Amy!* Amy! Amy! Oh, how *could* you let me come right into the room with it? Oh, I never can forgive you! I thought it was somebody getting killed. Oh, why did n't you *tell* me it was a mouse?' She alights on the piano-stool, and keeps it from rocking by staying herself with one hand on the piano-top.

Campbell: 'Now look here, Agnes —'

Mrs. Roberts: 'Hush! Don't speak to me, Willis! You unnatural, cruel, heartless — Why did *you* let me come in? I wonder at you, Willis! If you had been *half* the brother you ought to be — Oh dear, dear! I know how you will go away and laugh now, and tell everybody. I suppose you think it corroborates that silly speech of yours before the legislative committee that 's wounded all your best friends so, and that I 've been talking myself dumb defending you about.' Mrs. Roberts unconsciously gives a little push for emphasis, and the stool revolves with her. 'E-e-e-e! Oh, Amy, how can you have one of these old-fashioned, horrid, whirling things, fit for nothing but boarding-house parlors!'

Mrs. Somers, with just pique: 'I 'm very sorry you don't like my piano-stool, Agnes. I keep it because it was my poor mother's; but if you 'll give me due notice another time, I 'll try to have a different —'

Mrs. Roberts, bursting into tears: 'Oh, don't say another word, Amy dear! I 'm so ashamed of myself that I can hardly breathe now!'

Campbell: 'And I 'm ashamed of you too, Agnes! Get down off that stool, and behave yourself like a sensible woman.' He goes towards her as if to lift her down. 'The mouse is gone long ago. And if it was here, it would n't bite you.'

Mrs. Roberts, repelling him with one hand while she clings insecurely to the piano with the other: 'Bite? Do you suppose I care for a mouse's *biting,* Wil-

lis? I would n't care for the bite of an elephant. It 's the *idea*. Can't you understand?'

The other Ladies: 'Oh yes, it 's the idea.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Yes, I told him in the first place, Agnes, that it was the *idea* of a mouse.'

Mrs. Curwen: 'It 's the innate repugnance.'

Campbell: 'It 's the enmity put between the mouse that tempted Eve and the woman —'

Mrs. Roberts: 'Don't be — sacrilegious, Willis! Don't, for your own sake!'

Mrs. Somers: 'Yes, it 's very easy to make fun of the Bible.'

Mrs. Roberts: 'Or woman. And the wit is equally contemptible in either case.'

Mrs. Miller: 'Other animals feel about mice just as we do. I was reading only the other day of an elephant — your mentioning an elephant reminded me of it, Mrs.—'

Mrs. Roberts: 'Oh!'

The other Ladies: 'E-e-e-e!'

Mrs. Somers: 'What is it?'

Mrs. Roberts: 'Nothing. I thought that the elephant was asleep, and a mouse ran up its trunk —'

All the Ladies: 'Horrors!'

Mrs. Miller: 'And the poor creature sprang up in the greatest alarm, and bellowed till it woke the whole menagerie. It simply shows that it is n't because women are nervously constituted that they 're afraid of mice, for the nervous organism of an elephant —'

Mrs. Somers: 'The first time I went to Europe I found a mouse in one of *my* trunks. It was a steamer trunk, that you push under the berth, and I 've perfectly loathed them ever since.'

Mrs. Bemis: 'Once in a farm-house where we were staying the summer, a mouse ran right across the table.'

All the Ladies: 'Oh!'

Mrs. Curwen: 'One morning I found one in the bath-tub.'

All the Ladies: 'Oh, Mrs. Curwen!'

Mrs. Curwen: 'We 'd heard it scrambling round all night. It was stone-dead.'

All the Ladies: 'Hideous!'

Campbell: 'Why, bless my soul! If the mouse was dead —'

Mrs. Somers: 'Then it was ten times as bad as if it was alive. Can't you understand? It 's the *idea*. But, oh, let 's not talk of it any more, ladies! Let 's talk of something else. Agnes, are you going to Mrs. Ransom's?'

Mrs. Roberts: 'I 've been. Nearly everybody 's coming away.'

Mrs. Miller: 'Why, what time is it, Mrs. Somers?'

Mrs. Somers: 'I don't know.'

Campbell, looking at his watch: 'It 's ten minutes of six, and I 've missed my appointment.'

Mrs. Curwen: 'And if we don't go now we shall miss the reception.'

Mrs. Bemis: 'Papa was very particular I should go, because he could n't.'

Mrs. Miller: 'We must go at once.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Oh, I 'm sorry! Jane, go down with the ladies.'

Jane: 'Oh, *please,* Mrs. Somers!'

Mrs. Miller: 'But how are we to go? We are imprisoned here. We cannot get away. You must do something.'

Mrs. Curwen: 'It is your house, Mrs. Somers. You are responsible.'

Mrs. Somers: 'But what can I do? I can't get down myself. And if I did, what good would it do?'

Mrs. Roberts: 'For shame, Willis, to laugh!'

Campbell: 'I was n't laughing. I was merely smiling aloud.'

Mrs. Roberts: 'It 's the same thing. You ought to think of something.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Oh yes, do, Willis. Think of something for my — for goodness' sake, and I will always thank you. You 're so ingenious.'

Campbell: 'Well, in the first place, I don't believe there 's any mouse in the room.'

Mrs. Somers: 'That is nonsense; Jane saw it. Is that all your ingenuity amounts to?'

Mrs. Roberts, electrically: 'Amy, I have an idea!'

Mrs. Somers: 'Oh, Agnes! How *like* you!'

Mrs. Roberts: 'Not at all. It 's the simplest thing in the world. It 's the only way. And no thanks to Willis, either.'

All the Ladies: 'Well? Well? Well?'

Mrs. Roberts: 'It 's just this: all make a rush, one after another, and the rest scream. And Willis must keep beating the floor.'

Mrs. Somers: 'How perfectly magnificent! Well, Agnes, you *have* got your wits about you! It is the very thing!

Now, Mrs. Curwen, if you will jump down and make a rush —'

Mrs. Curwen: 'It 's for you to make the rush first, Mrs. Somers. You are the hostess.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Yes, but I 'm not going, don't you see? I 've sent my card to Mrs. Ransom.'

Mrs. Curwen: 'Then, Mrs. Miller, will you, please —'

Mrs. Miller: 'Mrs. Bemis is nearest the door. I think she will start first.'

Mrs. Bemis: 'No; I will wait for the rest.'

Mrs. Somers: 'That is a good idea. They ought to all rush together, not one after another. Don't you think so, Agnes?'

Mrs. Roberts: 'Yes, that was what I meant. And we ought to all scream just before they start, so as to scare it.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Oh, how capital! You *have* got a brain, Agnes! *Now* I begin to believe we shall live through it. And Mr. Campbell ought to beat the floor first, ought n't he?'

Campbell: 'I have n't got anything to beat it with.' He looks about the room. 'But I can go down and get my cane.'

All: 'No!'

Mrs. Somers: 'Jane will go down and get it for you.'

Jane: 'Oh, I could n't, Mrs. Somers!'

Campbell: 'Perhaps the poker — but it would spoil your carpet.'

Mrs. Somers: 'No matter for the carpet; you can beat it into — pulp.' Campbell gets the poker and beats the carpet in different places. 'Harder! Beat harder!'

Mrs. Roberts: 'You 're not beating at all, Willis. You 're just — temporizing.' Campbell wildly thrashes the carpet.

Mrs. Somers: 'There! that is something like. Now scream, Agnes! Scream, Mrs. Curwen! Mrs. Miller, Lou, scream, please!'

All: 'E-e-e-e!'

Mrs. Somers: 'But nobody started!'

Mrs. Curwen: 'I did n't believe the rest would start, and so I did n't.'

Mrs. Miller: 'I was sure no one else would start.'

Mrs. Bemis: 'So was I.'

Mrs. Roberts: 'We must have faith in each other, or else the plan 's a failure. Now all scream!' They scream.

Mrs. Somers: 'E-e-e-e! Keep beating the carpet, Willis! Hard, hard, hard!' The other ladies all leap down from their perches, and rush screaming out of the drawing-room, followed by Jane, with a whoop that prolongs itself into the depths of the basement, after the retreating wails and hysterical laughter of the ladies have died out of the street door. 'Oh, was n't it splendid? It was a perfect success.'

Campbell, leaning on his poker, and panting with exhaustion: 'They got out alive.'

Mrs. Somers: 'And it was all Agnes's idea. Why, Agnes is gone too!'

Campbell: 'Yes, Agnes is gone. I think it was a ruse of hers to save her own life. She 's quite capable of it.'

Mrs. Somers, with justice: 'No, I don't think that. She was just carried away by the excitement of the moment.'

Campbell: 'At any rate, she 's gone. And now, Amy, don't you think you 'd better get down?'

Mrs. Somers, in astonishment: 'Get *down?* Why, you must be crazy. How can I get down if it 's still there?'

Campbell: 'What?'

Mrs. Somers: 'The mouse.'

Campbell: 'But it *is n't* there, my dear. You saw for yourself that it was n't there.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Did you see it run out?'

Campbell: 'No; but —'

Mrs. Somers: 'Very well, then, it 's there still. Of course it is. I would n't get down for worlds.'

Campbell: 'Oh, good heavens! Do you expect to spend the rest of your life up there in that chair?'

Mrs. Somers: 'I don't know. I shall not get down till I see that mouse leave this room.'

Campbell, desperately: 'Well, then, I must make a clean breast of it. There never was any mouse here.'

Mrs. Somers: 'What do you mean?'

Campbell: 'I mean that when we were talking — arguing — about the physical courage of women, I thought I would try a mouse. It 's succeeded only too well. I 'll never try another.'

Mrs. Somers: 'And could you really be guilty of such a cruel —'

Campbell: 'Yes.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Shameless —'

Campbell: 'I was.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Despicable deception?'

Campbell: 'It was vile, I know, but I did it.'

Mrs. Somers: 'I don't believe it. No, rather than believe that of *you,* Willis, I would believe there were a million mice in the room.'

Campbell: 'Amy, indeed —'

Mrs. Somers: 'No; if you could deceive me then, you can deceive me now. If you could say there was a mouse in the room when there was n't, you are quite capable of saying there is n't when there is. You are just saying it now to get me down.'

Campbell: 'Upon my honor, I 'm not.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Oh, don't talk to me of honor! The honor of a man who could revel — yes, *revel* — in the terrors of helpless women —'

Campbell: 'No, no; I 'd no idea of it, Amy.'

Mrs. Somers: 'You will please not address me in that way, Mr. Campbell. You have forfeited all right to do so.'

Campbell: 'I know it. What I did was very foolish and thoughtless.'

Mrs. Somers: 'It was very low and ungentlemanly. I suppose you will go away and laugh over it with your — associates.'

Campbell: 'Why not say my ruffianly accomplices at once, Amy? No, I assure you that unless you tell of the affair, nobody shall ever hear of it from me. It 's too disastrous a victory. I 'm hoist by my own petard, caught in my own mouse-trap. There is such a thing as succeeding too well.'

Mrs. Somers: 'I should *think* you would be ashamed of it. Suppose you *have* shown that women are nervous and excitable, does that prove anything?'

Campbell: 'Nothing in the world.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Very likely some of us will be sick from it. I dare say you think that would be another triumphant argument.'

Campbell: 'I should n't exult in it.'

Mrs. Somers: 'I don't know when I shall ever get over it myself. I have had a dreadful shock.'

Campbell: 'I 'm sorry with all my heart — I am, indeed. I had no conception that you cared so much for mice — despised them so much.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Oh yes, laugh, do! It 's quite in character. But if you have such a contempt for women, of course you would n't want to *marry* one.'

Campbell: 'Yes, I should, my dear. But *only* one.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Very well, then! You can find some *other* one. All is over between *us.* Yes! I will send you back the precious gifts you have lavished upon me, and I will thank you for mine. A man who can turn the sex that his mother and sister belong to into ridicule can have no real love for his wife. I am glad that I found you out in time.'

Campbell: 'Do you really mean it, Amy?'

Mrs. Somers: 'Yes, I mean it. And I hope it will be a lesson to you. If you find any other poor, silly, trusting creature that you can impose yourself upon for a gentleman as you have upon me, I advise you to reserve your low, vulgar, boyish tricks till after she is helplessly yours, or she may tear your hateful ring from her finger and fling it —' She attempts to pull a ring from her finger, but it will not come off. 'Never mind! I will get it off with a little soapsuds; and then —'

Campbell: 'Oh no, my dear! Come, I can allow for your excitement, but I can't stand everything, though I admit everything. When a man has said he 's played a silly part he does n't like to be told so, and as for imposing myself upon you for a gentleman — you must take that back, Amy.'

Mrs. Somers: 'I do. I take it back. There has n't been any imposture. I *knew* you were not a gentleman.'

Campbell: 'Very good! Then I 'm not fit for a lady's company, and I don't deny, though you 're so hard upon me, that you 're a lady, Amy. Good-by.' He bows and walks out of the room.

Mrs. Somers, sending her voice after him in a wail of despair: 'Willis!'

Campbell, coming back: 'Well?'

Mrs. Somers: 'I can't let you go.' He runs towards her, but she shrinks back on her chair against the wall. 'No, no!'

Campbell, hesitating: 'Why did you call me back, then?'

Mrs. Somers: 'I — I did n't call you back; I just said — Willis.'

Campbell: 'This is unworthy — even of *you.*'

Mrs. Somers: 'Oh!'

Campbell: 'Do you admit that you have been too severe?'

Mrs. Somers: 'I don't know. What did I say?'

Campbell: 'A number of pleasant things; that I was a fraud, and no gentleman.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Did I say that?'

Campbell: 'Yes, you did.'

Mrs. Somers: 'I must have been very much incensed against you. I beg your pardon for — being so angry.'

Campbell: 'That won't do. I don't care how angry you are if you don't call me names. You must take them back.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Do you see my handkerchief anywhere about on the carpet?'

Campbell, looking about, and then finding it: 'Yes; here it is.' He hands it to her, and she bends forward and takes it from him at arm's-length, whipping it nervously out of his hand. 'What's the matter?'

Mrs. Somers: ''Oh, nothing — nothing! Will you please give me my fan from the table there?' He obeys, and she catches it from him as she has caught the handkerchief. 'Thank you! Keep away, please!'

Campbell, angrily: 'Really this is too much. If you are afraid of touching me —'

Mrs. Somers: 'No, I don't mind touching you; that is n't it. But if you stood so near, don't you see, it might run up *you,* and jump on to *me.*'

Campbell: 'What might?'

Mrs. Somers: 'You know. The mouse.'

Campbell: 'The mouse! There *is* no mouse.'

Mrs. Somers: 'That's what you said before.'

Campbell: 'Well, it's true. There is n't any mouse, and there never was.'

Mrs. Somers: 'There's the *idea.* And that's all I ever cared for.'

Campbell: 'Well, what are you going to do? I can't kill the idea of a mouse, and I can't drive it out of the room.'

Mrs. Somers: 'I don't know what I'm going to do. I suppose I shall die here.' She presses her handkerchief to her eyes. 'I shall never get out of the room alive. Then I hope you will be satisfied.'

Campbell: 'Amy, how can you say such things to me?'

Mrs. Somers: 'Oh, I suppose you're fond of me, in your contemptuous way. I never denied that. And I'm sorry, I'm sure, if I wounded your feelings by anything I said.'

Campbell: 'Then you admit that I am a gentleman?'

Mrs. Somers: 'I did n't say that.'

Campbell: 'And I can't be satisfied with less. I 'll own that I've been stupid, but I have n't been ungentlemanly. I can't remain unless you do.'

Mrs. Somers: 'And do you think threatening me is gentlemanly?'

Campbell: 'That is n't the question. Do you think I 'm a gentleman?'

Mrs. Somers: 'You're what the *world* calls a gentleman — yes.'

Campbell: 'Do *you* think I 'm one?'

Mrs. Somers: 'How can I tell? I can't think at all, perched up here.'

Campbell: 'Why don't you get down, then?'

Mrs. Somers: 'You know very well why.'

Campbell: 'But you 'll have to get down some time. You can't stay there always.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Why should you care?'

Campbell: 'You know I do care. You know that I love you dearly, and that I can't bear to see you in distress. Shall I beat the carpet, and you scream and make a rush?'

Mrs. Somers: 'No; I have n't the strength for that. I should drop in a faint as soon as I touched the floor.'

Campbell: 'Oh, good heavens! What am I going to do, then?'

Mrs. Somers: 'I don't know. You got me into the trouble. I should think you could get me out of it.'

Campbell, after walking distractedly up and down the room: 'There's only one way that I can think of, and if we're not engaged any longer, it would n't do.'

Mrs. Somers, yielding to her curiosity, after a moment's hesitation: 'What is it?'

Campbell: 'Oh, unless we're still engaged, it's no use proposing it.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Can't you tell me without?'

Campbell: 'Impossible.'

Mrs. Somers, looking down at her fan: 'Well, suppose we are still engaged, then?' Looking up: 'Yes, say we *are* engaged.'

Campbell: 'It's to carry you out.'

Mrs. Somers, recoiling a little: 'Oh, do you think that would be very nice?'

Campbell: 'Yes, I think it would. We can both scream, you know.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Yes?'

Campbell: 'And then you fling yourself into my arms.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Yes?'

Campbell: 'And I rush out of the room with you.'

Mrs. Somers, with a deep breath: 'I would never do it in the world.'

Campbell: 'Well, then, you must stay where you are.'

Mrs. Somers, closing her fan: 'You 're not strong enough.' She puts her handkerchief into her pocket. 'You would be sure to fall.' She gathers her train in one hand. 'Well, then, look the other way!' Campbell turns his face aside and waits. 'No, I can't do it.'

Campbell, retiring wrathfully to the other side of the room: 'What shall we do, then?'

Mrs. Somers, after reflection: 'I don't know what we shall do. But if I were a man —'

Campbell: 'Well, if you were a man —'

Mrs. Somers: 'Don't you think Mrs. Curwen is fascinating?'

Campbell: '*She* does.'

Mrs. Somers: 'You must admit she 's clever? And awfully stylish?'

Campbell: 'I don't admit anything of the kind. She 's always posing. I think she made herself ridiculous standing there on the table.'

Mrs. Somers, fondly: 'Oh, do you think so? You are very severe.'

Campbell: 'Come, now, Amy, what has all this got to do with it?'

Mrs. Somers: 'Nothing. But if I were a man —'

Campbell: 'Well.'

Mrs. Somers: 'Well, in the first place, I would n't have got you wrought up so.'

Campbell: 'Well, but if you had! Suppose you had done all that I 've done, and that I was up there in your place standing on a chair, and would n't let you leave the room, and would n't get down and walk out, and would n't allow myself to be carried, what should you do?'

Mrs. Somers, who has been regarding him attentively over the top of the fan, which she holds pressed against her face: 'Why, I suppose if you would n't let me help you willingly — I *should use violence.*'

Campbell: 'You witch!' As he makes a wild rush upon her, the curtain, which in the plays of this author has a strict regard for the *convenances,* abruptly descends.

Harper's Monthly, December, 1886.

JOAQUIN MILLER (1841–1913)

Cincinnatus Heiner Miller — he adopted the 'Joaquin' later as a pen name — was born, according to his own statement, on the line between Ohio and Indiana while his parents were migrating westward. 'My cradle was a covered wagon, pointed west.' He spent his early boyhood in a frontier settlement east of the Mississippi, and when he was eleven went with his family across the continent in oxen-drawn wagons, arriving in Oregon after seven months. He saw much of frontier life, and, if we may trust his autobiographical narrative, went through a surprising series of adventures with Indians, miners, desperadoes, and finally with the Walker filibustering expedition to Nicaragua. He returned at length to Oregon, picked up a smattering of culture at a mission school, edited a paper which was suppressed for disloyalty at the beginning of the war, studied law for a few weeks, became a frontier judge, wrote Byronic verses, and in 1868 published them in a volume entitled *Specimens*, published another, *Joaquin et al*, 1869, and the following year went to San Francisco to join the brotherhood of poets. Disappointed by his reception, he started eastward, and disappointed again in New York, went on to London. After a most discouraging year in the metropolis,— a year devoted almost feverishly to poetic composition and to efforts to secure a publisher,— he was enabled in 1871 to bring out his volume *Songs of the Sierras*. Its reception by the poets and critics of England was enough to turn the head of a far more balanced nature than his. He started in to make poetry his profession, but after the first outburst of surprise the public became more critical. He did not overcome his early crudenesses as it was supposed he would do, but rather tended more and more to cheapness and mediocrity. His later life was a picturesque one. He lived for a time in a log cabin of his own construction in Washington, D .C,. but finally settled in California, which he made his home during his later years. After his first London volume he published in various places no less than twenty-four books of prose and verse, but in America he was not taken with seriousness, and his poetry, save for a few lyrics, is little read.

There is a vein of the flamboyant and the high-falutin in Miller that is apt to disgust his reader so completely that he has no patience to find the really strong pieces that here and there are to be found in his work. The greater part of all he wrote is worthless, but the small residue,— poems dealing with the Sierras and the great plains,— is thoroughly American and, moreover, really poetic. The lyric 'Columbus' bids fair to hold its place in the most select American anthologies.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE[1]

Room, room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,
To grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway or route or a rein.
Room! room to be free where the white border'd sea
Blows a kiss to a brother as boundless as he;
Where the buffalo come like a cloud on the plain,
Pouring on like the tide of a storm-driven main,
And the lodge of the hunter to friend or to foe
Offers rest; and unquestion'd you come or you go.
My plains of America! Seas of wild lands!
From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,
That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,
I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hands.

Run? Run? See this flank, sir, and I do love him so!
But he 's blind, badger blind. Whoa, Pache, boy, whoa.
No, you would n't believe it to look at his eyes,
But he 's blind, badger blind, and it happen'd this wise:

[1] Permission to use the poems of Miller in this collection was granted by the Harr Wagner Publishing Co., San Francisco, Cal., publishers of the complete works of Joaquin Miller.

'We lay in the grass and the sunburnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
Northward and southward, and west and away
To the Brazos, where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken level of brown.
We were waiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us trio and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

'We lounged in the grass — her eyes were in mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine red, and press'd never by one.
Her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
Burnt brown as it reach'd to the kiss of the sun.
Her words they were low as the lute-throated dove.
And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
In its hot, eager answer to earliest love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burthen of sweets.

'We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride!
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Comanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
As he peer'd at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerk'd at his steed
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropp'd, as if shot, with an ear to the ground;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like flame, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as both trumpet and reed,—
"Pull, pull in your lassoes, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed.
Aye, ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride!
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And the feet of wild horses hard flying before
I heard like a sea breaking high on the shore,
While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

'We drew in the lassoes, seized the saddle and rein,
Threw them on, cinched them on, cinched them over again,
And again drew the girth; and spring we to horse,
With head to Brazos, with a sound in the air
Like the surge of a sea, with a flash in the eye,
From that red wall of flame reaching up to the sky;
A red wall of flame and a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blown hollow and hoarse.

'Not a word, not a wail from a lip was left fall,
We broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles! . . . a dim distant speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight!
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup, and look'd to my right —
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder

And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
He rode neck to neck with a buffalo bull,
That made the earth shake where he came in his course,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings hoarse.
His keen, crooked horns, through the storm of his mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And Revels was gone, as we rode two and two.

'I look'd to my left then — and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs,
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes,
With a longing and love yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames leaping far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking horse falter'd, plunged, fell and was gone
As I reach'd through the flame and I bore her still on.
On! into the Brazos, she, Pache and I —
Poor, burnt, blinded Pache. I love him . . .
That 's why.'

Songs of the Sierras, 1871.
Revised in 1908.

BY THE SUN-DOWN SEAS

Part I

Like fragments of an uncompleted world,
From bleak Alaska, bound in ice and spray,
To where the peaks of Darien lie curl'd
In clouds, the broken lands loom bold and gray.
The seamen nearing San Francisco Bay
Forget the compass here; with sturdy hand
They seize the wheel, look up, then bravely lay
The ship to shore by rugged peaks that stand
The stern and proud patrician fathers of the land.

They stand white stairs of heaven,— stand a line
Of lifting, endless, and eternal white.
They look upon the far and flashing brine,
Upon the boundless plains, the broken height
Of Kamiakin's battlements. The flight
Of time is underneath their untopp'd towers.
They seem to push aside the moon at night,
To jostle and to loose the stars. The flowers
Of heaven fall about their brows in shining showers.

They stand a line of lifted snowy isles
High held above a toss'd and tumbled sea,—
A sea of wood in wild unmeasured miles:
White pyramids of Faith where man is free;
White monuments of hope that yet shall be
The mounts of matchless and immortal song. . . .
I look far down the hollow days; I see
The bearded prophets, simple-soul'd and strong,
That strike the sounding harp and thrill the heeding throng.

Serene and satisfied. Supreme! as lone
As God, they loom like God's archangels churl'd:
They look as cold as kings upon a throne:
The mantling winds of night are crush'd and curl'd
As feathers curl. The elements are hurl'd
From off their bosoms, and are bidden go,
Like evil spirits, to an under-world.
They stretch from Cariboo to Mexico.
A line of battle-tents in everlasting snow.

. . . . . .

Part II

A tale half told and hardly understood;
The talk of bearded men that chanced to meet,
That lean'd on long quaint rifles in the wood,
That look'd in fellow faces, spoke discreet
And low, as half in doubt and in defeat
Of hope; a tale it was of lands of gold
That lay below the sun. Wild-wing'd and fleet

It spread among the swift Missouri's bold
Unbridled men, and reach'd to where Ohio roll'd.

The long chain'd lines of yoked and patient steers;
The long white trains that pointed to the west,
Beyond the savage west; the hopes and fears
Of blunt, untutor'd men, who hardly guess'd
Their course; the brave and silent women, dress'd
In homely spun attire, the boys in bands,
The cheery babes that laugh'd at all, and bless'd
The doubting hearts, with laughing lifted hands,
Proclaim'd an exodus for far untraversed lands:

The Plains! The shouting drivers at the wheel;
The crash of leather whips; the crush and roll
Of wheels; the groan of yokes and grinding steel
And iron chain, and lo! at last the whole
Vast line, that reach'd as if to touch the goal,
Began to stretch and stream away and wind
Toward the west, as if with one control;
Then hope loom'd fair, and home lay far behind;
Before, the boundless plain, and fiercest of their kind.

The way lay wide and green and fresh as seas,
And far away as any reach of wave;
The sunny streams went by in belt of trees;
And here and there the tassel'd tawny brave
Swept by on horse, look'd back, stretch'd forth and gave
A yell of warn, and then did wheel and rein
Awhile, and point away, dark-brow'd and grave,
Into the far and dim and distant plain
With signs and prophecies, and then plunged on again.

Some hills at last began to lift and break;
Some streams began to fail of wood and tide,
The somber plain began betime to take
A hue of weary brown, and wild and wide
It stretch'd its naked breast on every side.
A babe was heard at last to cry for bread
Amid the deserts; cattle low'd and died,
And dying men went by with broken tread,
And left a long black serpent line of wreck and dead.

Strange hunger'd birds, black-wing'd, and still as death,
And crown'd of red with hooked beaks, blew low
And close about, till we could touch their breath —
Strange unnamed birds, that seem'd to come and go
In circles now, and now direct and slow,
Continual, yet never touch the earth;
Slim foxes shied and shuttled to and fro
At times across the dusty weary dearth
Of life, look'd back, then sank like crickets in a hearth.

The dust arose, a long dim line like smoke
From out a riven earth. The wheels went by,
The thousand feet in harness and in yoke,
They tore the ways of ashen alkali,
And desert winds blew sudden, swift and dry.
The dust! it sat upon and fill'd the train!
It seem'd to fret and fill the very sky.
Lo! dust upon the beasts, the tent, the plain,
And dust, alas! on breasts that rose not up again.

They sat in desolation and in dust
By dried-up desert streams; the mother's hands
Hid all her bended face; the cattle thrust
Their tongues and faintly call'd across the lands.
The babes, that knew not what the way through sands
Could mean, would ask if it would end to-day. . . .
The panting wolves slid by, red-eyed, in bands
To streams beyond. The men look'd far away,
And silent saw that all a boundless desert lay.

They rose by night; they struggled on and on
As thin and still as ghosts; then here and there
Beside the dusty way before the dawn,
Men silent laid them down in their despair,
And died. But woman! Woman, frail as fair!

May man have strength to give to you your due;
You falter'd not, nor murmur'd anywhere,
You held your babes, held to your course, and you
Bore on through burning hell your double burdens through.

They stood at last, the decimated few,
Above a land of running streams, and they—?
They push'd aside the boughs, and peering through
Beheld afar the cool, refreshing bay;
Then some did curse, and some bend hands to pray;
But some look'd back upon the desert, wide
And desolate with death, then all the day
They wept. But one, with nothing left beside
His dog to love, crept down among the ferns and died.

. . . . . .

I stand upon the green Sierra's wall;
Toward the east, beyond the yellow grass,
I see the broken hill-tops lift and fall,
Then sands that shimmer like a sea of glass,
In all the shining summer days that pass.
There lies the nation's great high road of death.
Forgotten aye, unnumber'd, and alas!
Unchronicled in deed or death; instead,
The stiff aristocrat lifts high a lordly head.

My brave and unremember'd heroes, rest;
You fell in silence, silent lie and sleep.
Sleep on unsung, for this, I say, were best;
The world to-day has hardly time to weep;
The world to-day will hardly care to keep
In heart her plain and unpretending brave.
The desert winds, they rustle by and sweep
About you; brown'd and russet grasses wave
Along a thousand leagues that lie one common grave.

The proud and careless pass in palace car
Along the line you blazon'd white with bones;
Pass swift to people, and possess and mar
Your lands with monuments and letter'd stones
Unto themselves. Thank God! this waste disowns
Their touch. His everlasting hand has drawn
A shining line around you. Wealth bemoans
The waste your splendid grave employs. Sleep on,
No hand shall touch your dust this side of God and dawn.

There came another, far less noble race;
They shot across the iron grooves, a host
Of school'd and cunning men; they push'd from place
The simple pioneer, and mock'd, and most
Of all set strife along the peaceful coast.
The rude unletter'd settler, bound and coil'd
In controversy, then before the boast
Of bold contentious men, confused and foiled,
Turn'd mute to wilder lands, and left his home dispoil'd.

I let them stride across with grasping hands
And strive for brief possession; mark and line
With lifted walls the new divided lands,
And gather growing herds of lowing kine.
I could not covet these, could not confine
My heart to one; all seem'd to me the same,
And all below my mountain home, divine
And beautiful held in another's name,
As if the herds and lands were mine, subdued and tame.

. . . . . .

I have not been, shall not be, understood;
I have not wit, nor will, to well explain,
But that which men call good I find not good.
The lands the savage held, shall hold again,
The gold the savage spurned in proud disdain
For centuries; go, take them all; build high
Your gilded temples; strive and strike and strain
And crowd and controvert and curse and lie
In church and state, in town and citadel, and — die.

And who shall grow the nobler for it all?
The mute and unsung savage loved as true,—
He felt, as grateful felt, God's blessing fall
About his lodge and tawny babes as you
In temples. — Moslem, Christian monk, or Jew.
. . . The sea, the great white, braided, bounding sea,
Is laughing in your face; the arching blue
Remains to God; the mountains still are free,
A refuge to the few remaining tribes and me.

Your cities! from the first the hand of God
Has been against them; sword and flood and flame,

The earthquake's march, and pestilence, have trod
To undiscerning dust the very name
Of antique capitals; and still the same
Sad destiny besets the battlefields
Of Mammon and the harlot's house of shame.
Lo! man with monuments and lifted shields
Against his city's fate. A flame! his city yields.
. . . . . .

Whose ill had I devised, what evil done,
That I was bidden to arise and go?
I hear the clear Columbian waters run,
I see the white Pacific flash and flow
Below the swaying cedar-trees that grow
On peaks preëminent; but never mine
Again the wooded way on steed of snow,
The freeman's mountain camp in cloud or shine,
Or pure companionship of meek-eyed mottled kine.

What wonder that I swore a prophet's oath
Of after days. . . . I push'd the boughs apart,
I stood, look'd forth, and then look'd back, all loath
To leave my shadow'd wood. I gather'd heart
From very fearfulness; with sudden start
I plunged in the arena; stood a wild
Uncertain thing, and artless all in art. . . .
The brave approved, the fair lean'd fair and smiled,—
True lions touch with velvet-touch a timid child.

But now enough of men. Enough, brief day
Of tamer life. The court, the castle gate
That open'd wide along a pleasant way,
The gracious converse of the kingly great
Had made another glad and well elate
With hope. A world of thanks; but I am grown
Aweary. . . . I am not of this estate;
The poor, the plain brave border-men alone
Were my first love, and these I will not now disown.

Who loves the least may oft lament most loud:
I stand mute-mouth'd upon a far gray shore;
The soul lifts up, a lone and white-wing'd cloud,
And like some sea-bird back and then before
The storm of seas, it seeks my land once more;
And here about the peaceful peaks, as white
As steps of God, until the fates restore
My feet, shall it abide: the sea to-night
Has flash'd reflections back from foamy fields of light.

I know a grassy slope above the sea,
The utmost limit of the westmost land.
In savage, gnarl'd, and antique majesty
The great trees belt about the place, and stand
In guard, with mailèd limb and lifted hand,
Against the cold approaching civic pride.
The foamy brooklets seaward leap; the bland
Still air is fresh with touch of wood and tide,
And peace, eternal peace, possesses wild and wide.

Here I return, here I abide and rest;
Some flocks and herds shall feed along the stream;
Some corn and climbing vines shall make us blest
With bread and luscious fruit. . . . The sunny dream
Of savage men in moccasins that seem
To come and go in silence, girt in shell,
Before a sun-clad cabin-door, I deem
The harbinger of peace. Hope weaves her spell
Again about the wearied heart, and all is well.

Here I shall sit in sunlit life's decline
Beneath my vine and somber verdant tree.
Some tawny maids in other tongues than mine
Shall minister. Some memories shall be
Before me. I shall sit and I shall see,
That last vast day that dawn shall reinspire,
The sun fall down upon the farther sea,
Fall wearied down to rest, and so retire,
A splendid sinking isle of far-off fading fire.

From Songs of the Sun-Lands, 1873.

THE MISSOURI

Where ranged they black-maned, woolly bulls
By millions, fat and unafraid;
Where gold, unclaimed in cradlefuls,
Slept 'mid the grass roots, gorge, and glade;
Where peaks companioned with the stars,
And propped the blue with shining white

With massive silver beams and bars,
  With copper bastions, height on height—
There wast thou born, O lord of strength!
O yellow lion, leap and length
Of arm from out an Arctic chine
To far, fair Mexic seas are thine!

What colors? Copper, silver, gold
  With sudden sweep and fury blent,
Enwound, unwound, inrolled, unrolled,
  Mad molder of the continent!
What whirlpools and what choking cries
  From out the concave swirl and sweep
As when some god cries out and dies
  Ten fathoms down thy tawny deep!
Yet on, right on, no time for death,
No time to gasp a second breath!
You plow a pathway through the main
To Morro's castle, Cuba's plain.

Hoar sire of hot, sweet Cuban seas,
  Gray father of the continent,
Fierce fashioner of destinies,
  Of states thou hast upreared or rent,
Thou know'st no limit; seas turn back,
  Bent, broken from the shaggy shore;
But thou, in thy resistless track,
  Art lord and master evermore.
Missouri, surge and sing and sweep!
Missouri, master of the deep,
From snow-reared Rockies to the sea
Sweep on, sweep on eternally!

WESTWARD HO!

What strength! what strife! what rude unrest!
What shocks! what half-shaped armies met!
A mighty nation moving west,
With all its steely sinews set
Against the living forests. Hear
The shouts, the shots of pioneer,
The rended forests, rolling wheels,
As if some half-check'd army reels,
Recoils, redoubles, comes again,
Loud sounding like a hurricane.

O bearded, stalwart, westmost men,
So tower-like, so Gothic built!
A kingdom won without the guilt
Of studied battle, that hath been
Your blood's inheritance. . . . Your heirs
Know not your tombs: the great plowshares
Cleave softly through the mellow loam
Where you have made eternal home,
And set no sign. Your epitaphs
Are writ in furrows. Beauty laughs
While through the green ways wandering
Beside her love, slow gathering
White, starry-hearted May-time blooms
Above your lowly leveled tombs;
And then below the spotted sky
She stops, she leans, she wonders why
The ground is heaved and broken so,
And why the grasses darker grow
And droop and trail like wounded wing.

Yea, Time, the grand old harvester,
Has gather'd you from wood and plain.
We call to you again, again;
The rush and rumble of the car
Comes back in answer. Deep and wide
The wheels of progress have passed on;
The silent pioneer is gone.
His ghost is moving down the trees,
And now we push the memories
Of bluff, bold men who dared and died
In foremost battle, quite aside. .

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
  Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
  Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: 'Now must we pray,
  For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Adm'r'l, speak; what shall I say?'
  'Why, say: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"'

'My men grow mutinous day by day;
  My men grow ghastly wan and weak.'
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
  Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
'What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say,
  If we sight naught but seas at dawn?'
'Why, you shall say at break of day:
  "Sail on! sail on! and on!"'

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
  Until at last the blanched mate said:
'Why, now not even God would know
  Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
  For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Adm'r'l, speak and say'—
  He said: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
  'This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
  He lifts his teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Adm'r'l, say but one good word:

What shall we do when hope is gone?'
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
'Sail on! sail on! and on!'

Then pale and worn, he paced his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! At last a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: 'On! sail on!'

PRELUDE TO 'DAWN AT SAN DIEGO'

My city sits amid her palms;
The perfume of her twilight breath
Is something as the sacred balms
That bound sweet Jesus after death,
Such soft, warm twilight sense as lies
Against the gates of Paradise.

Such prayerful palms, wide palms unpreached!
This sea mist is as incense smoke,
Yon mission walls a sermon preached—
White lily with a heart of oak.
And O, this twilight! O the grace
Of twilight on yon lifted face!

I love you, twilight,—love with love
So loyal, loving, fond that I
When folding these worn hands to die,
Shall pray God lead me not above,
But leave me, twilight, sad and true,
To walk this lonesome world with you.

Yea, God knows I have walked with night;
I have not seen, I have not known
Such light as beats upon His throne.
I know I could not bear such light;
Therefore, I beg, sad sister true,
To share your shadow-world with you.

I love you, love you, maid of night,
Your perfumed breath, your dreamful eyes,
Your holy silences, your sighs
Of mateless longing; your delight
When might says, Hang on yon moon's horn
Your russet gown, and rest till morn.

PRELUDE TO EVEN SO

Sierras, and eternal tents
Of snow that flash o'er battlements
Of mountains! My land of the sun,
Am I not true? have I not done
All things for thine, for thee alone,
O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit with lifted face,
And drink the sun as drinking wine:
Where sweeps the Oregon, and where
White storms carouse on perfumed air.

LEW WALLACE (1827–1905)

General Lewis Wallace, known in literature as 'Lew' Wallace, was a native of Indiana. the oldest indeed of the Indiana group of writers. Law was his profession, though he won more distinction as a soldier in the Mexican and Civil Wars, and as a novelist. He was forty-six and a busy lawyer when he wrote his *The Fair God,* a historical novel founded on the occupation of Mexico by Cortez. He had become interested in Aztec antiquities during his campaigning in Mexico, and had written his book from the enthusiasm of an antiquarian rather than from the standpoint of the novelist. but he had found an attractive style,— the brilliant and vivid narrative of Prescott joined with the colorful romantic atmosphere of Bulwer-Lytton. The success of the book led him in 1880 to issue his *Ben-Hur, a Tale of the Christ,* one of the most successful novels of the later nineteenth century. His *The Prince of India,* and the poems which followed it are inferior work.

Ben-Hur has many of the elements which are to be found in *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* It combines sentiment, melodrama, stirring action, and picturesque background. It is crude at times, its colors are often spread on too lavishly, but on the whole it is strangely moving. Its characters are alive, its scenes of action are rapid and compelling, and its pictures of the Roman World satisfy the imagination.

THE SEA FIGHT[1]

Every soul aboard, even the ship, awoke. Officers went to their quarters. The marines took arms, and were led out, looking in all respects like legionaries. Sheaves of arrows and armfuls of javelins were carried on deck. By the central stairs the oil-tanks and fire-balls were set ready for use. Additional lanterns were lighted. Buckets were filled with water. The rowers in relief assembled under guard in front of the chief. As Providence would have it, Ben-Hur was one of the latter. Overhead he heard the muffled noise of the final preparations — of the sailors furling sail, spreading the nettings, unslinging the machines, and hanging the armor of bull-hide over the side. Presently quiet settled about the gallery again; quite full of vague dread and expectation, which, interpreted, means *ready.*

At a signal passed down from the deck, and communicated to the hortator by a petty officer stationed on the stairs, all at once the oars stopped.

What did it mean?

Of the hundred and twenty slaves chained to the benches, not one but asked himself the question. They were without incentive. Patriotism, love of honor, sense of duty, brought them no inspiration. They felt the thrill common to men rushed helpless and blind into danger. It may be supposed the dullest of them, poising his oar, thought of all that might happen, yet could promise himself nothing; for victory would but rivet his chains the firmer, while the chances of the ship were his; sinking or on fire, he was doomed to her fate.

Of the situation without they might not ask. And who were the enemy? And what if they were friends, brethren, countrymen? The reader, carrying the suggestion forward, will see the necessity which governed the Roman when, in such emergencies, he locked the hapless wretches to their seats.

There was little time, however, for such thought with them. A sound like the rowing of galleys astern attracted Ben-Hur, and the *Astræa* rocked as if in the midst of countering waves. The idea of a fleet at hand broke upon him — a fleet in manœuvre — forming probably for attack. His blood started with the fancy.

Another signal order came down from deck. The oars dipped, and the galley started imperceptibly. No sound from without, none from within, yet each man

[1] Reprinted from *Ben-Hur* by permission of the holders of the copyright, Harper & Brothers.

in the cabin instinctively poised himself for a shock; the very ship seemed to catch the sense, and hold its breath, and go crouched tiger-like.

In such a situation time is inappreciable; so that Ben-Hur could form no judgment of distance gone. At last there was a sound of trumpets on deck, full, clear, long blown. The chief beat the sounding-board until it rang; the rowers reached forward full length, and, deepening the dip of their oars, pulled suddenly with all their united force. The galley, quivering in every timber, answered with a leap. Other trumpets joined in the clamor — all from the rear, none forward — from the latter quarter only a rising sound of voices in tumult heard briefly. There was a mighty blow; the rowers in front of the chief's platform reeled, some of them fell; the ship bounded back, recovered, and rushed on more irresistibly than before. Shrill and high arose the shrieks of men in terror; over the blare of trumpets, and the grind and crash of the collision, they arose; then under his feet, under the keel, pounding, rumbling, breaking to pieces, drowning, Ben-Hur felt something overridden. The men about him looked at each other afraid. A shout of triumph from the deck — the beak of the Roman had won! But who were they whom the sea had drunk? Of what tongue, from what land were they?

No pause, no stay! Forward rushed the *Astræa;* and, as it went, some sailors ran down, and, plunging the cotton balls into the oil-tanks, tossed them dripping to comrades at the head of the stairs: fire was to be added to other horrors of the combat.

Directly the galley heeled over so far that the oarsmen on the uppermost side with difficulty kept their benches. Again the hearty Roman cheer, and with it despairing shrieks. An opposing vessel, caught by the grappling-hooks of the great crane swinging from the prow, was being lifted into the air that it might be dropped and sunk.

The shouting increased on the right hand and on the left; before, behind, swelled an indescribable clamor. Occasionally there was a crash, followed by sudden peals of fright, telling of other ships ridden down, and their crews drowned in the vortexes.

Nor was the fight all on one side. Now and then a Roman in armor was borne down the hatchway, and laid bleeding, sometimes dying, on the floor.

Sometimes, also, puffs of smoke, blended with steam, and foul with the scent of roasting human flesh, poured into the cabin, turning the dimming light into yellow murk. Gasping for breath the while, Ben-Hur knew they were passing through the cloud of a ship on fire, and burning up with the rowers chained to the benches.

The *Astræa* all this time was in motion. Suddenly she stopped. The oars forward were dashed from the hands of the rowers, and the rowers from their benches. On deck, then, a furious trampling, and on the sides a grinding of ships afoul of each other. For the first time the beating of the gavel was lost in the uproar. Men sank on the floor in fear or looked about seeking a hiding-place. In the midst of the panic a body plunged or was pitched headlong down the hatchway, falling near Ben-Hur. He beheld the half naked carcass, a mass of hair blackening the face, and under it a shield of bull-hide and wicker-work — a barbarian from the white-skinned nations of the North whom death had robbed of plunder and revenge. How came he there? An iron hand had snatched him from the opposing deck — no, the *Astræa* had been boarded! The Romans were fighting on their own deck? A chill smote the young Jew: Arrius was hard pressed — he might be defending his own life. If he should be slain? God of Abraham forefend! The hopes and dreams so lately come, were they only hopes and dreams? Mother and sister — house — home — Holy Land — was he not to see them, after all? The tumult thundered above him; he looked around; in the cabin all was confusion — the rowers on the benches paralyzed; men running blindly hither and thither; only the chief on his seat imperturbable, vainly beating the sounding-board, and waiting the order of the tribune — in the red murk illustrating the matchless discipline which had won the world.

The example had a good effect upon Ben-Hur. He controlled himself enough to think. Honor and duty bound the Roman to the platform; but what had he to do with such motives then? The bench was a thing to run from; while, if he were to die a slave, who would be the better for

the sacrifice? With him living was duty, if not honor. His life belonged to his people. They arose before him never more real; he saw them, their arms outstretched; he heard them imploring him. And he would go to them. He started — stopped. Alas! a Roman judgment held him in doom. While it endured, escape would be profitless. In the wide, wide earth there was no place in which he would be safe from the imperial demand; upon the land none, nor upon the sea. Whereas he required freedom according to the forms of law, so only could he abide in Judea and execute the filial purpose to which he would devote himself: in other land he would not live. Dear God! How he had waited and watched and prayed for such a release! And how it had been delayed! But at last he had seen it in the promise of the tribune. What else the great men's meaning? And if the benefactor so belated should now be slain! The dead come not back to redeem the pledges of the living. It should not be — Arrius should not die. At least, better perish with him than to survive a galley-slave.

Once more Ben-Hur looked around. Upon the roof of the cabin the battle yet beat; against the sides the hostile vessels yet crushed and grided. On the benches, the slaves struggled to tear loose from their chains, and, finding their efforts vain, howled like madmen; the guards had gone up stairs; discipline was out, panic in. No, the chief kept his chair, unchanged, calm as ever — except the gavel, weaponless. Vainly with his clangor he filled the lulls in the din. Ben-Hur gave him a last look, then broke away — not in flight, but to seek the tribune.

A very short space lay between him and the stairs of the hatchway aft. He took it with a leap, and was half-way up the steps — up far enough to catch a glimpse of the sky blood-red with fire, of the ships alongside, of the sea covered with ships and wrecks, of the fight closed in about the pilot's quarter, the assailants many, the defenders few — when suddenly his foothold was knocked away, and he pitched backward. The floor, when he reached it, seemed to be lifting itself and breaking to pieces; then, in a twinkling, the whole after-part of the hull broke asunder, and, as if it had all the time been lying in wait. the sea, hissing and foaming, leaped in, and all became darkness and surging water to Ben-Hur.

It cannot be said that the young Jew helped himself in this stress. Besides his usual strength, he had the indefinite extra force which nature keeps in reserve for just such perils to life; yet the darkness, and the whirl and roar of water, stupefied him. Even the holding his breath was involuntary.

The influx of the flood tossed him like a log forward into the cabin, where he would have drowned but for the refluence of the sinking motion. As it was, fathoms under the surface the hollow mass vomited him forth, and he arose along with the loosed débris. In the act of rising, he clutched something, and held to it. The time he was under seemed an age longer than it really was; at last he gained the top; with a great gasp he filled his lungs afresh, and, tossing the water from his hair and eyes, climbed higher upon the plank he held, and looked about him. Death had pursued him closely under the waves; he found it waiting for him when he was risen — waiting multiform.

Smoke lay upon the sea like a semi-transparent fog, through which here and there shone cores of intense brilliance. A quick intelligence told him that they were ships of fire. The battle was yet on; nor could he say who was victor. Within the radius of his vision now and then ships passed, shooting shadows athwart lights. Out of the dun clouds farther on he caught the crash of other ships colliding. The danger, however, was closer at hand. When the *Astræa* went down, her deck, it will be recollected, held her own crew, and the crews of the two galleys which had attacked her at the same time, all of whom were ingulfed. Many of them came to the surface together, and on the same plank or support of whatever kind continued the combat, begun possibly in the vortex fathoms down. Writhing and twisting in deadly embrace, sometimes striking with sword or javelin, they kept the sea around them in agitation, at one place inky-black, at another aflame with fiery reflections. With their struggles he had nothing to do; they were all his enemies: not one of them but would kill him for the plank upon which he floated. He made haste to get away.

About that time he heard oars in quick-

est movement, and beheld a galley coming down upon him. The tall prow seemed doubly tall, and the red light playing upon its gilt and carving gave it an appearance of snaky life. Under its foot the water churned to flying foam.

He struck out, pushing the plank, which was very broad and unmanageable. Seconds were precious — half a second might save or lose him. In the crisis of the effort, up from the sea, within arm's reach, a helmet shot like a gleam of gold. Next came two hands with fingers extended — large hands were they, and strong — their hold once fixed, might not be loosed. Ben-Hur swerved from them appalled. Up rose the helmet and the head it encased — then two arms, which began to beat the water wildly — the head turned back, and gave the face to the light. The mouth gaping wide; the eyes open, but sightless, and the bloodless pallor of a drowning man — never anything more ghastly! Yet he gave a cry of joy at the sight, and as the face was going under again, he caught the sufferer by the chain which passed from the helmet beneath the chin, and drew him to the plank.

The man was Arrius, the tribune.

For a while the water foamed and eddied violently about Ben-Hur, taxing all his strength to hold to the support and at the same time keep the Roman's head above the surface. The galley had passed, leaving the two barely outside the stroke of its oars. Right through the floating men, over heads helmeted as well as heads bare, she drove, in her wake nothing but the sea sparkling with fire. A muffled crash, succeeded by a great outcry, made the rescuer look again from his charge. A certain savage pleasure touched his heart — the *Astræa* was avenged.

After that the battle moved on. Resistance turned to flight. But who were the victors? Ben-Hur was sensible how much his freedom and the life of the tribune depended upon that event. He pushed the plank under the latter until it floated him, after which all his care was to keep him there. The dawn came slowly. He watched its growing hopefully, yet sometimes afraid. Would it bring the Romans or the pirates? If the pirates, his charge was lost.

At last morning broke in full, the air without a breath. Off to the left he saw the land, too far to think of attempting to make it. Here and there men were adrift like himself. In spots the sea was blackened by charred and sometimes smoking fragments. A galley up a long way was lying to with a torn sail hanging from the tilted yard, and the oars all idle. Still farther away he could discern moving specks, which he thought might be ships in flight or pursuit, or they might be white birds a-wing.

An hour passed thus. His anxiety increased. If relief came not speedily, Arrius would die. Sometimes he seemed already dead, he lay so still. He took the helmet off, and then, with greater difficulty, the cuirass; the heart he found fluttering. He took hope at the sign, and held on. There was nothing to do but wait, and, after the manner of his people, pray.

The throes of recovery from drowning are more painful than the drowning. These Arrius passed through, and, at length, to Ben-Hur's delight, reached the point of speech.

Gradually, from incoherent questions as to where he was, and by whom and how he had been saved, he reverted to the battle. The doubt of the victory stimulated his faculties to full return, a result aided not a little by a long rest — such as could be had on their frail support. After a while he became talkative.

'Our rescue, I see, depends upon the result of the fight. I see also what thou hast done for me. To speak fairly, thou hast saved my life at the risk of thy own. I make the acknowledgment broadly; and, whatever cometh, thou hast my thanks. More than that, if fortune doth but serve me kindly, and we get well out of this peril, I will do thee such favor as becometh a Roman who hath power and opportunity to prove his gratitude. Yet, yet it is to be seen if, with thy good intent, thou hast really done me a kindness; or, rather, speaking to thy good-will' — he hesitated — 'I would exact of thee a promise to do me, in a certain event, the greatest favor one man can do another — and of that let me have thy pledge now.'

'If the thing be not forbidden, I will do it,' Ben-Hur replied.

Arrius rested again.

'Art thou, indeed, a son of Hur, the Jew?' he next asked.

'It is as I have said.'

'I knew thy father —'

Judah drew himself nearer, for the tribune's voice was weak — he drew nearer, and listened eagerly — at last he thought to hear of home.

'I knew him, and loved him,' Arrius continued.

There was another pause, during which something diverted the speaker's thought.

'It cannot be,' he proceeded, 'that thou, a son of his, hast not heard of Cato and Brutus. They were very great men, and never as great as in death. In their dying, they left this law — A Roman may not survive his good-fortune. Art thou listening?'

'I hear.'

'It is a custom of gentlemen in Rome to wear a ring. There is one on my hand. Take it now.'

He held the hand of Judah, who did as he asked.

'Now put it on thine own hand.'

Ben-Hur did so.

'The trinket hath its uses,' said Arrius next. 'I have property and money. I am accounted rich even in Rome. I have no family. Show the ring to my freedman, who hath control in my absence; you will find him in a villa near Misenum. Tell him how it came to thee, and ask anything, or all he may have; he will not refuse the demand. If I live, I will do better by thee. I will make thee free, and restore thee to thy home and people; or thou mayst give thyself to the pursuit that pleaseth thee most. Dost thou hear?'

'I could not choose but hear.'

'Then pledge me. By the gods —'

'Nay, good tribune, I am a Jew.'

'By the God, then, or in the form most sacred to those of thy faith — pledge me to do what I tell thee now, and as I tell thee; I am waiting, let me have thy promise.'

'Noble Arrius, I am warned by thy manner to expect something of gravest concern. Tell me thy wish first.'

'Wilt thou promise then?'

'That were to give the pledge, and — Blessed be the God of my fathers! yonder cometh a ship!'

'In what direction?'

'From the north.'

'Canst thou tell her nationality by outward signs?'

'No. My service hath been at the oars.'

'Hath she a flag?'

'I cannot see one.'

Arrius remained quiet some time, apparently in deep reflection.

'Does the ship told this way yet?' he at length asked.

'Still this way.'

'Look for the flag now.'

'She hath none.'

'Nor any other sign?'

'She hath a sail set, and is of three banks, and cometh swiftly — that is all I can say of her.'

'A Roman in triumph would have out many flags. She must be an enemy. Hear now,' said Arrius, becoming grave again, 'hear, while yet I may speak. If the galley be a pirate, thy life is safe; they may not give thee freedom; they may put thee to the oar again; but they will not kill thee. On the other hand, I —'

The tribune faltered.

'*Perpol!*' he continued, resolutely. 'I am too old to submit to dishonor. In Rome, let them tell how Quintus Arrius, as became a Roman tribune, went down with his ship in the midst of the foe. This is what I would have thee do. If the galley prove a pirate, push me from the plank and drown me. Dost thou hear? Swear thou wilt do it.'

'I will not swear,' said Ben-Hur, firmly; 'neither will I do the deed. The Law, which is to me most binding, O tribune, would make me answerable for thy life. Take back the ring' — he took the seal from his finger — 'take it back, and all thy promises of favor in the event of delivery from this peril. The judgment which sent me to the oar for life made me a slave, yet I am not a slave; no more am I thy freedman. I am a son of Israel, and this moment, at least, my own master. Take back the ring.'

Arrius remained passive.

'Thou wilt not?' Judah continued. 'Not in anger, then, nor in any despite, but to free myself from a hateful obligation, I will give thy gift to the sea. See, O tribune!'

He tossed the ring away. Arrius heard the splash where it struck and sank, though he did not look.

'Thou hast done a foolish thing,' he said; 'foolish for one placed as thou art. I am not dependent upon thee for death. Life is a thread I can break without thy help; and, if I do, what will become of thee? Men determined on death prefer it at the hands of others, for the reason

that the soul which Plato giveth us is rebellious at the thought of self-destruction; that is all. If the ship be a pirate, I will escape from the world. My mind is fixed. I am a Roman. Success and honor are all in all. Yet I would have served thee; thou wouldst not. The ring was the only witness of my will available in this situation. We are both lost. I will die regretting the victory and glory wrested from me; thou wilt live to die a little later, mourning the pious duties undone because of this folly. I pity thee."

Ben-Hur saw the consequences of his act more distinctly than before, yet he did not falter.

'In the three years of my servitude, O tribune, thou wert the first to look upon me kindly. No, no! There was another.' The voice dropped, the eyes became humid, and he saw plainly as if it were then before him the face of the boy who helped him to a drink by the old well at Nazareth. 'At least,' he proceeded, 'thou wert the the first to ask me who I was; and if, when I reached out and caught thee, blind and sinking the last time, I, too, had thought of the many ways in which thou couldst be useful to me in my wretchedness, still the act was not all selfish; this I pray you to believe. Moreover, seeing as God giveth me to now, the ends I dream of are to be wrought by fair means alone. As a thing of conscience, I would rather die with thee than be thy slayer. My mind is firmly set as thine; though thou wert to offer me all Rome, O tribune, and it belonged to thee to make the gift good, I would not kill thee. Thy Cato and Brutus were as little children compared to the Hebrew whose law a Jew must obey.'

'But my request. Hast —'

'Thy command would be of more weight, and that would not move me. I have said.'

Both became silent, waiting.

Ben-Hur looked often at the coming ship. Arrius rested with closed eyes, indifferent.

'Art thou sure she is an enemy?' Ben-Hur asked.

'I think so,' was the reply.

'She stops, and puts a boat over the side.'

'Dost thou see her flag?'

'Is there no other sign by which she may be known if Roman?'

'If Roman, she hath a helmet over the mast's top.'

'Then be of cheer, I see the helmet.'

Still Arrius was not assured.

'The men in the small boat are taking in the people afloat. Pirates are not humane.'

'They may need rowers,' Arrius replied, recurring, possibly, to times when he had made rescues for the purpose.

Ben-Hur was very watchful of the actions of the strangers.

'The ship moves off,' he said.

'Whither?'

'Over on our right there is a galley which I take to be deserted. The newcomer heads towards it. Now she is alongside. Now she is sending men aboard.'

Then Arrius opened his eyes and threw off his calm.

'Thank thou thy God,' he said to Ben-Hur, after a look at the galleys, 'thank thou thy God, as I do my many gods. A pirate would sink, not save, yon ship. By the act and the helmet on the mast I know a Roman. The victory is mine. Fortune hath not deserted me. We are saved. Wave thy hand — call to them — bring them quickly. I shall be duumvir, and thou! I knew thy father, and loved him. He was prince indeed. He taught me a Jew was not a barbarian. I will take thee with me. I will make thee my son. Give thy God thanks, and call the sailors. Haste! The pursuit must be kept. Not a robber shall escape. Hasten them!'

Judah raised himself upon the plank, and waved his hand, and called with all his might; at last he drew the attention of the sailors in the small boat, and they were speedily taken up.

Arrius was received on the galley with all the honors due a hero so the favorite of Fortune. Upon a couch on the deck he heard the particulars of the conclusion of the fight. When the survivors afloat upon the water were all saved and the prize secured, he spread his flag of commandment anew, and hurried northward to rejoin the fleet and perfect the victory. In due time the fifty vessels coming down the channel closed in upon the fugitive pirates, and crushed them utterly; not one escaped. To swell the tribune's glory, twenty galleys of the enemy were captured.

Upon his return from the cruise, Arrius

had warm welcome on the mole at Misenum. The young man attending him very early attracted the attention of his friends there; and to their questions as to who he was the tribune proceeded in the most affectionate manner to tell the story of his rescue and introduce the stranger, omitting carefully all that pertained to the latter's previous history. At the end of the narrative he called Ben-Hur to him, and said, with a hand resting affectionately upon his shoulder,

'Good friends, this is my son and heir, who, as he is to take my property — if it be the will of the gods that I leave any — shall be known to you by my name. I pray you all to love him as you love me.'

Speedily as opportunity permitted, the adoption was formally perfected. And in such manner the brave Roman kept his faith with Ben-Hur, giving him happy introduction into the imperial world. The month succeeding Arrius's return, the *armilustrium* was celebrated with the utmost magnificence in the theater of Scaurus. One side of the structure was taken up with military trophies; among which by far the most conspicuous and most admired were twenty prows, complemented by their corresponding aplustra, cut bodily from as many galleys; and over them, so as to be legible to the eighty thousand spectators in the seats, was this inscription:

> TAKEN FROM THE PIRATES IN THE GULF OF EURIPUS,
> BY
> QUINTUS ARRIUS,
> DUUMVIR.

From *Ben-Hur*, 1880.

JOHN FISKE (1842–1901)

The life of John Fiske falls into two distinct periods. After his graduation at Harvard, he was a scientist and philosopher, one of the earliest interpreters in America of the philosophy of Darwin and Spencer, an evolutionist in a day when the doctrine of evolution was supposed to be synonymous with atheism. His earliest books bore such titles as *The Destiny of Man Viewed in the Light of His Origin, Myths and Myth Makers*, 1872, *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*, 1874. With his *American Political Ideas*, 1885, he began upon the work by which he will be longest remembered, at least in literary circles,— his studies in American history. He followed *The Critical Period of American History*, 1888, and *The Beginnings of New England*, 1889, with volumes treating upon the Dutch and Quaker settlements, the discovery of America, and the American Revolution, and at the time of his death he was accumulating materials for what must have been, had he lived to accomplish it, a complete and brilliant history of the American people. His writings fully satisfy the modern demand for documentation and accuracy, and they have, moreover, especially in the department of the historical and biographical essay, a grace of style that admits them into the province of literature. He is simple and straightforward in his narrative, and he is critical and philosophic as well, a philosopher turned historian.

FRANCIS PARKMAN[1]

In the summer of 1865 I had occasion almost daily to pass by the pleasant windows of Little, Brown & Co., in Boston, and it was not an easy thing to do without stopping for a moment to look in upon their ample treasures. Among the freshest novelties there displayed were to be seen Lord Derby's translation of the *Iliad*, Forsyth's *Life of Cicero*, Colonel Higginson's *Epictetus*, a new edition of Edmund Burke's writings, and the tasteful reprint of Froude's *History of England*, just in from the Riverside Press. One day, in the midst of such time-honored classics and new books on well-worn themes, there appeared a stranger that claimed attention and aroused curiosity. It was a modest crown octavo, clad in somber garb, and bearing the title *Pioneers of France in the New World*. The author's name was not familiar to me, but presently I remembered having seen it upon a stouter volume labeled *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, of which many copies used to stand in a row far back in the inner and dusky regions of the shop. This older book I had once taken down from its shelf, just to quiet a lazy doubt as to whether Pontiac might be the name of a man or a place. Had that conspiracy been an event in Merovingian Gaul or in Borgia's Italy, I should have felt a twinge of conscience at not knowing about it; but the deeds of feathered and painted red men on the Great Lakes and the Alleghanies, only a century old, seemed remote and trivial. Indeed, with the old-fashioned study of the humanities, which tended to keep the Mediterranean too exclusively in the center of one's field of vision, it was not always easy to get one's historical perspective correctly adjusted. Scenes and events that come within the direct line of our spiritual ancestry, which until yesterday was all in the Old World, thus become unduly magnified, so as to deaden our sense of the interest and importance of the things that have happened since our forefathers went forth from their homesteads to grapple with the terrors of an outlying wilderness. We find no difficulty in realizing the historic significance of Marathon and Chalons, of the barons of Runnymede or Luther at Wittenberg; and scarcely a hill or a meadow in the Roman's Europe but blooms for us with flowers of romance. Literature and philosophy, art and song, have expended their

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richest treasures in adding to the witchery of Old World spots and New World themes.

But as we learn to broaden our horizon, the perspective becomes somewhat shifted. It begins to dawn upon us that in New World events, also, there is a rare and potent fascination. Not only is there the interest of their present importance, which nobody would be likely to deny, but there is the charm of a historic past as full of romance as any chapter whatever in the annals of mankind. The Alleghanies as well as the Apennines have looked down upon great causes lost and won, and the Mohawk Valley is classic ground no less than the banks of the Rhine. To appreciate these things thirty years ago required the vision of a master in the field of history; and when I carried home and read *The Pioneers of France,* I saw at once that in Francis Parkman we had found such a master. The reading of the book was for me, as doubtless for many others, a pioneer experience in this New World. It was a delightful experience, repeated and prolonged for many a year, as those glorious volumes came one after another from the press, until the story of the struggle between France and England for the possession of North America was at last completed. It was an experience of which the full significance required study in many and apparently diverse fields to realize. By step after step one would alight upon new ways of regarding America and its place in universal history.

First and most obvious, plainly visible from the threshold of the subject, was its extreme picturesqueness. It is a widespread notion that American history is commonplace and dull; and as for the American red man, he is often thought to be finally disposed of when we have stigmatized him as a bloodthirsty demon and groveling beast. It is safe to say that those who entertain such notions have never read Mr. Parkman. In the theme which occupied him his poet's eye saw nothing that was dull or commonplace. To bring him vividly before us, I will quote his own words from one of the introductory pages of his opening volume: —

'The French dominion is a memory of the past; and when we evoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us: an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests, priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here with their dauntless hardihood put to shame the boldest sons of toil.'

When a writer in sentences that are mere generalizations gives us such pictures as these, one has much to expect from his detailed narrative, glowing with sympathy and crowded with incident. In Parkman's books such expectations are never disappointed. What was an uncouth and howling wilderness in the world of literature he has taken for his own domain, and peopled it forever with living figures, dainty and winsome, or grim and terrible, or sprightly and gay. Never shall be forgotten the beautiful earnestness, the devout serenity, the blithe courage, of Champlain; never can we forget the saintly Marie de l'Incarnation, the delicate and long-suffering Lalemant, the lionlike Brébeuf, the chivalrous Maisonneuve, the grim and wily Pontiac, or that man against whom fate sickened of contending, the mighty and masterful La Salle. These, with many a comrade and foe, have now their place in literature as permanent and such as Tancred or St. Boniface, as the Cid or Robert Bruce. As the wand of Scott revealed unsuspected depths of human interest in Border castle and Highland glen, so it seems that North America was but awaiting the magician's touch that should invest its rivers and hillsides with memories of great days gone by. Parkman's sweep has been a wide one, and many are the spots that his

wand has touched, from the cliffs of the Saguenay to the Texas coast, and from Acadia to the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

I do not forget that earlier writers than Parkman had felt something of the picturesqueness and the elements of dramatic force in the history of the conquest of our continent. In particular, the characteristics of the red men and the incidents of forest life had long ago been made the theme of novels and poems, such as they were; I wonder how many people of today remember even the names of such books as *Yonnondio* or *Kabaosa?* All such work was thrown into the shade by that of Fenimore Cooper, whose genius, though limited, was undeniable. But when we mention Cooper we are brought at once by contrast to the secret of Parkman's power. It has long been recognized that Cooper's Indians are more or less unreal; just such creatures never existed anywhere. When Corneille and Racine put ancient Greeks or Romans on the stage they dressed them in velvet and gold lace, flowing wigs and high buckled shoes, and made them talk like Louis XIV's courtiers; in seventeenth-century dramatists the historical sense was lacking. In the next age it was not much better. When Rousseau had occasion to philosophize about men in a state of nature he invented the Noble Savage, an insufferable creature whom any real savage would justly loathe and despise. The noble savage has figured extensively in modern literature, and has left his mark upon Cooper's pleasant pages as well as upon many a chapter of serious history. But you cannot introduce unreal Indians as factors in the development of a narrative without throwing a shimmer of unreality about the whole story. It is like bringing in ghosts or goblins among live men and women; it instantly converts sober narrative into fairy tale; the two worlds will no more mix than oil and water. The ancient and medieval minds did not find it so, as the numberless histories encumbered with the supernatural testify; but the modern mind does find it so. The modern mind has taken a little draught, the prelude to deeper draughts, at the healing and purifying well of science; and it has begun to be dissatisfied with anything short of exact truth. When any unsound element enters into a narrative, the taint is quickly tasted, and its flavor spoils the whole.

We are then brought, I say, to the secret of Parkman's power. His Indians are true to life. In his pages Pontiac is a man of warm flesh and blood, as much so as Montcalm or Israel Putnam. This solid reality in the Indians makes the whole work real and convincing. Here is the great contrast between Parkman's work and that of Prescott, in so far as the latter dealt with American themes. In reading Prescott's account of the conquest of Mexico, one feels one's self in the world of the *Arabian Nights;* indeed, the author himself, in occasional comments, lets us see that he is unable to get rid of just such a feeling.

His story moves on in a region that is unreal to him, and therefore tantalizing to the reader; his Montezuma is a personality like none that ever existed beneath the moon. This is because Prescott simply followed his Spanish authorities not only in their statements of physical fact but in their inevitable misconceptions of the strange Aztec society which they encountered; the Aztecs in his story are unreal, and this false note vitiates it all. In his Peruvian story Prescott followed safer leaders in Garcilasso de la Vega and Cieza de Leon, and made a much truer picture; but he lacked the ethnological knowledge needful for coming into touch with that ancient society, and one often feels this as the weak spot in a narrative of marvelous power and beauty.

Now it was Parkman's good fortune at an early age to realize that in order to do his work it was first of all necessary to know the Indian by personal fellowship and contact. It was also his good fortune that the right sort of Indians were still accessible. What would not Prescott have given, what would not any student of human evolution give, for a chance to pass a week or even a day in such a community as the Tlascala of Xicotencatl or the Mexico of Montezuma! That phase of social development has long since disappeared. But fifty years ago, on our great western plains and among the Rocky Mountains, there still prevailed a state of society essentially similar to that which greeted the eyes of Champlain upon the St. Lawrence and of John Smith upon the Chickahominy. In

those days the Oregon Trail had changed but little since the memorable journey of Lewis and Clark in the beginning of the present century. In 1846, two years after taking his bachelor degree at Harvard, young Parkman had a taste of the excitements of savage life in that primeval wilderness. He was accompanied by his kinsman, Mr. Quincy Shaw. They joined a roving tribe of Sioux Indians, at a time when to do such a thing was to take their lives in their hands, and they spent a wild summer among the Black Hills of Dakota and the vast moorland solitudes through which the Platte River winds its interminable length. In the chase and in the wigwam, in watching the sorcery of which their religion chiefly consisted, or in listening to primitive folk tales by the evening camp fire, Parkman learned to understand the red man, to interpret his motives and his moods. With his naturalist's keen and accurate eye and his quick poetic apprehension, that youthful experience formed a safe foundation for all his future work. From that time forth he was fitted to absorb the records and memorials of the early explorers, and to make their strange experiences his own.

The next step was to gather these early records from government archives, and from libraries public and private, on both sides of the Atlantic,— a task, as Parkman himself calls it, 'abundantly irksome and laborious.' It extended over many years and involved several visits to Europe. It was performed with a thoroughness approaching finality. Already in the preface to the *Pioneers* the author was able to say that he had gained access to all the published materials in existence. Of his research among manuscript sources a notable monument exists in a cabinet now standing in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, containing nearly two hundred folio volumes of documents copied from the originals by expert copyists. Ability to incur heavy expense is, of course, a prerequisite for all undertakings of this sort, and herein our historian was favored by fortune. Against this chiefest among advantages were to be offset the hardships entailed by delicate health and inability to use the eyes for reading and writing. Parkman always dictated instead of holding the pen, and his huge mass of documents had to be read aloud to him. The heroism shown year after year in contending with physical ailments was the index of a character fit to be mated, for its pertinacious courage, with the heroes that live in those shining pages.

The progress in working up materials was slow and sure. *The Conspiracy of Pontiac,* which forms the sequel and conclusion of Parkman's work, was first published in 1851, only five years after the summer spent with the Indians; fourteen years then elapsed before the *Pioneers* made their appearance in Little, Brown & Co.'s window; and then there were yet seven-and-twenty years more before the final volumes came out in 1892. Altogether, about half a century was required for the building of this grand literary monument. Nowhere can we find a better illustration of the French critic's definition of a great life,— a thought conceived in youth, and realized in later years.

This elaborateness of preparation had its share in producing the intense vividness of Parkman's descriptions. Profusion of detail makes them seem like the accounts of an eye-witness. The realism is so strong that the author seems to have come in person fresh from the scenes he describes, with the smoke of the battle hovering about him and its fierce light glowing in his eyes. Such realism is usually the prerogative of the novelist rather than of the historian, and in one of his prefaces Parkman recognizes that the reader may feel this and suspect him. 'If at times,' he says, 'it may seem that range has been allowed to fancy, it is so in appearance only, since the minutest details of narrative or description rest on authentic documents or on personal observation.'

This kind of personal observation Parkman carried so far as to visit all the important localities, indeed well-nigh all the localities, that form the scenery of his story, and study them with the patience of a surveyor and the discerning eye of a landscape painter. His strong love of Nature added keen zest to this sort of work. From boyhood he was a trapper and hunter; in later years he became eminent as a horticulturist, originating new varieties of flowers. To sleep under the open sky was his delight. His books fairly reek with the fragrance of pine woods. I open one of them at random, and my eye falls upon such a sentence as this:

'There is softness in the mellow air, the warm sunshine, and the budding leaves of spring; and in the forest flower, which, more delicate than the pampered offspring of gardens, lifts its tender head through the refuse and decay of the wilderness.' Looking at the context, I find that this sentence comes in a remarkable passage suggested by Colonel Henry Bouquet's western expedition of 1764, when he compelled the Indians to set free so many French and English prisoners. Some of these captives were unwilling to leave the society of the red men; some positively refused to accept the boon of what was called freedom. In this strange conduct, exclaims Parkman, there was no unaccountable perversity; and he breaks out with two pages of noble dithyrambics in praise of savage life. 'To him who has once tasted the reckless independence, the haughty self-reliance, the sense of irresponsible freedom, which the forest life engenders, civilization thenceforth seems flat and stale. . . . The entrapped wanderer grows fierce and restless, and pants for breathing room. His path, it is true, was choked with difficulties, but his body and soul were hardened to meet them; it was beset with dangers, but these were the very spice of his life, gladdening his heart with exulting self-confidence, and sending the blood through his veins with a livelier current. The wilderness, rough, harsh, and inexorable, has charms more potent in their seductive influence than all the lures of luxury and sloth. And often he on whom it has cast its magic finds no heart to dissolve the spell, and remains a wanderer and an Ishmaelite to the hour of his death.'

No one can doubt that the man who could write like this had the kind of temperament that could look into the Indian's mind and portray him correctly. But for this inborn temperament all his microscopic industry would have availed him but little. To use his own words: 'Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. Such facts may be detailed with the most minute exactness, and yet the narrative, taken as a whole, may be unmeaning or untrue.' These are golden words for the student of the historical art to ponder. To make a faithful record of a vanished age patient scholarship is needed, and something more. Into the making of a historian there should enter something of the philosopher, something of the naturalist, something of the poet. In Parkman this rare union of qualities was realized in a greater degree than in any other American historian. Indeed, I doubt if the nineteenth century can show in any part of the world another historian quite his equal in respect of such a union.

There is one thing that lends to Parkman's work a peculiar interest, and will be sure to make it grow in fame with the ages. Not only has he left the truthful record of a vanished age so complete and final that the work will never need to be done again, but if any one should in future attempt to do it again he cannot approach the task with quite such equipment as Parkman. In an important sense, the age of Pontiac is far more remote from us than the age of Clovis or the age of Agamemnon. When barbaric society is overwhelmed by advancing waves of civilization, its vanishing is final: the thread of tradition is cut off forever with the shears of Fate. Where are Montezuma's Aztecs? Their physical offspring still dwell on the table-land of Mexico, and their ancient speech is still heard in the streets, but that old society is as extinct as the trilobites, and has to be painfully studied in fossil fragments of custom and tradition. So with the red men of the North: it is not true that they are dying out physically, as many people suppose, but their stage of society is fast disappearing, and soon it will have vanished forever. Soon their race will be swallowed up and forgotten, just as we overlook and ignore to-day the existence of five thousand Iroquois farmers in the state of New York.

Now the study of comparative ethnology has begun to teach us that the red Indian is one of the most interesting of men. He represents a stage of evolution through which civilized men have once passed,—a stage far more ancient and primitive than that which is depicted in the *Odyssey* or in the Book of Genesis. When Champlain and Frontenac met the feathered chieftains of the St. Lawrence, they talked with men of the Stone Age face to face. Phases of life that had vanished from Europe long before Rome was built survived in America long enough to be seen and studied by modern men. Behind Mr. Parkman's picturesqueness, therefore,

there lies a significance far more profound than one at first would suspect. He has portrayed for us a wondrous and forever fascinating stage in the evolution of humanity. We may well thank heaven for sending us such a scholar, such an artist, such a genius before it was too late. As we look at the changes wrought in the last fifty years, we realize that already the opportunities by which he profited in youth are in a large measure lost. He came not a moment too soon to catch the fleeting light and fix it upon his immortal canvas.

(1893)

From *A Century of Science,* 1899.

HENRY JAMES, JR. (1843–1916)

The inheritance and the early, as well as the later, training of Henry James and of his brother William James, the psychologist, were refining and cultural in the most exclusive sense. The father, Henry James, Senior, was a scholar, a mystic, a theorist of the Bronson Alcott type, who could live without a profession and write books for the few on such subjects as *Swedenborg* and *The Nature of Evil*. The younger Henry James was born in Albany and reared until early boyhood in New York City,— a sequestered childhood with little contact with other children, with education from carefully chosen tutors, and with books as the central interest. At twelve he was sent abroad for education with the privilege of pursuing only such studies as pleased him. He learned French and French literature, estheticism,— art. Returning to America, he attended a few lectures at the Harvard law school, but with no serious intention of learning a profession, and then settled down like his father to a life of intellectual and esthetic leisure. In France he had been impressed with the new brilliant school of novelists and short story writers, and, with abundance of leisure, he tried his own hand at fiction. His first story appeared in *The Atlantic* in 1865, and from time to time he contributed others, all of them finished and careful bits of work, with traces of the French influence. Four years later, in 1869, he removed again to Europe, and in Europe — chiefly in England — he spent the rest of his life. He was never married, he followed no profession, he held no office, civil or political: he gave himself wholly to literary art which he studied in all its details of technique. He wrote short stories at first, varied by critical studies of literary artists, especially French litterateurs, and later he made longer ventures in fiction —'international novels' since they dealt with characters and scenes on both sides of the ocean, and minute studies of character and manners. From the great number of his books one may choose for mention *Roderick Hudson*, 1875, *The American*, 1877, *Daisy Miller*, 1878, *The Portrait of a Lady*, 1881, and *What Maisie Knew*, 1897.

James approached fiction from the standpoint of the scientist. His realism was founded on the taking of many notes, on close observation of actual characters in their social relations, on skilful ability to note little peculiarities and tell-tale trifles. He evolves his plot slowly, so slowly indeed that the reader sometimes is in doubt if there be a plot at all. Character is analyzed with scientific thoroughness. Actions and reactions are explained, and motives are dissected with minute care. The characters reveal themselves in endless conversations. In his later novels he grew more and more individual in his style and treatment until many who had enjoyed his early work ceased to read him. A lifetime of analysis, of introspection, of self-conscious concentration, of eternal contemplation of manners, led to over refinement, to mannerism, to eccentricities. One may safely say that the later James is delightful only to the few.

ALPHONSE DAUDET[1]

I

'The novel of manners grows thick in England, and there are many reasons for it. In the first place it was born there, and a plant always flourishes in its own country.' So wrote M. Taine, the French critic, many years ago. But those were the years of Dickens and Thackeray (as a prelude to the study of the latter of whom the remark was made); and the branch of literature mentioned by M. Taine has no longer, in the soil of our English-speaking genius, so strong a vitality. The French may bear the palm to-day in the representation of manners by the aid of fiction. Formerly, it was possible to oppose Balzac and Madame Sand to Dickens and Thackeray; but at present we have no one, either in England or in America, to oppose to Alphonse Daudet. The appearance of a new novel by this admirable genius is to my mind the most delightful literary event that can occur just now; in other words Alphonse Daudet is at the head of his profession.

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I say of his profession advisedly, for he belongs to our modern class of trained men of letters; he is not an occasional or a desultory poet; he is a novelist to his finger-tips—a soldier in the great army of constant producers. But such as he is, he is master of his art, and I may as well say definitely that if I attempt to sketch in a few pages his literary countenance, it will be found that the portrait is from the hand of an admirer. We most of us feel that among the artists of our day certain talents have more to say to us and others less; we have our favorites, and we have our objects of indifference. The writer of these remarks has always had a sympathy for the author of the *Lettres de mon Moulin;* he began to read his novels with a prejudice in their favor. This prejudice sprang from the Letters aforesaid, which do not constitute a novel, but a volume of the lightest and briefest tales. They had, to my mind, an extraordinary charm; they put me quite on the side of Alphonse Daudet, whatever he might do in the future. One of the first things he did do was to publish the history of *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné.* It is true that this work did not give me the pleasure that some of its successors have done, and though it has been crowned by the French Academy, I still think it is weaker than *Les Rois en Exil* and *Numa Roumestan.* But I liked it better on a second reading than on a first; it contains some delightful things. After that came *Jack* and *Le Nabab,* and the two novels I have just mentioned, and that curious and interesting tale of *L'Evangéliste,* which appeared a few months since, and which proves that the author's genius, though on the whole he has pressed it hard, is still nervous, fresh, and young. Each of these things has been better than the last, with the exception, perhaps, of *L'Evangéliste,* which, to my taste, is not superior to *Numa Roumestan. Numa Roumestan* is a masterpiece; it is really a perfect work; it has no weakness, no roughness; it is a compact and harmonious whole. Daudet's other works have had their inequalities, their infirmities, certain places where, if you tapped them, they sounded hollow. His danger has always been a perceptible tendency to the factitious; sometimes he has fallen into the trap laid for him by a taste for superficial effects. In *Fromont Jeune,* for instance, it seems to me difficult to care much for the horrid little heroine herself, carefully as she is studied. She has been pursued, but she has not been caught, for she is not interesting (even for a *coquine*), not even human. She is a mechanical doll, with nothing for the imagination to take hold of. She is one more proof of the fact that it is difficult to give the air of consistency to vanity and depravity, though the portraiture of the vicious side of life would seem, from the pictorial point of view, to offer such attractions. The reader's quarrel with Sidonie Chèbe is not that she is bad, but that she is not *felt,* as the æsthetic people say. In *Jack* the hollow spot, as I have called it, is the episode of Doctor Rivals and his daughter Cécile, which reminds us of the more genial parts of Dickens. It is perhaps because to us readers of English speech the figure of the young girl, in a French novel, is almost always wanting in reality — seems to be thin and conventional; in any case poor Jack's love-affair, at the end of the book, does not produce the illusion of the rest of his touching history. In *Le Nabab* this artificial element is very considerable; it centers about the figure of Paul de Géry and embraces the whole group of M. Joyeuse and his blooming daughters, with their pretty attitudes — taking in also the very shadowy André Maranne, so touchingly re-united to his mother, who had lived for ten years with an Irish doctor to whom she was not married. In *Les Rois en Exil,* Tom Lévis and the diabolical Séphora seem to me purely fanciful creations, without any relation to reality; they are the inferior part of the book. They are composed by a master of composition, and the comedian Tom is described with immense spirit, an art which speaks volumes as to a certain sort of Parisian initiation. But if this artistic and malignant couple are very clever water-color, they are not really humanity. Ruffians and rascals have a certain moral nature, as well as the better-behaved; but in the case I have mentioned M. Daudet fails to put his finger upon it. The same with Madame Autheman, the evil genius of poor Eline Ebsen, in the *L'Evangéliste.* She is to me terribly, almost grotesquely, void. She is an elaborate portrait of a fanatic of Protestantism, a bigot to the point of monstrosity, cold-blooded, implacable, cruel. The figure is painted with Alphonse Daudet's

inimitable art; no one that handles the pen to-day is such a pictorial artist as he. But Madame Autheman strikes me as quite automatic; psychologically she is a blank. One does not see the operation of her character. She must have had a soul, and a very curious one. It was a great opportunity for a piece of spiritual portraiture; but we know nothing about Madame Autheman's inner springs, and I think we fail to believe in her. I should go so far as to say that we get little more of an inside view, as the phrase is, of Eline Ebsen; we are not shown the spiritual steps by which she went over to the enemy — vividly, admirably as the outward signs and consequences of this disaster are depicted. The logic of the matter is absent in both cases, and it takes all the magic of the author's legerdemain to prevent us from missing it. These things, however, are exceptions, and the tissue of each of his novels is, for all the rest, really pure gold. No one has such grace, such lightness and brilliancy of execution; it is a fascination to see him at work. The beauty of *Numa Roumestan* is that it has no hollow places; the idea and the pictures melt everywhere into one. Emile Zola, criticizing the work in a very friendly spirit, speaks of the episode of Hortense Le Quesnoy and the Provençal *tambourinaire* as a false note, and declares that it wounds his sense of delicacy. Valmajour is a peasant of the south of France; he is young, handsome, wears a costume, and is a master of the rustic life and tambourine — instruments that are much appreciated in his part of the country. Mademoiselle Le Quesnoy, living in Paris, daughter of a distinguished member of the French judiciary — 'le premier magastrat de France' — young, charming, imaginative, romantic, marked out for a malady of the chest, and with a certain innocent perversity of mind, sees him play before an applauding crowd in the old Roman arena at Nîmes, and forthwith conceives a secret, a singular but not, under the circumstances, an absolutely unnatural passion for him. He comes up to Paris to seek his fortune at the 'variety' theaters, where his feeble and primitive music quite fails to excite enthusiasm. The young girl, reckless and impulsive, and full of sympathy with his mortification, writes him in three words (upon one of her little photographs) an assurance of her devotion; and this innocent missive, falling soon into the hands of his rapacious and exasperated sister (a wonderful figure, one of the most living that has ever come from Daudet's pen), becomes a source of infinite alarm to the family of Mademoiselle Le Quesnoy, who see her compromised, calumniated and black-mailed, and finally of complete humiliation to poor Hortense herself, now fallen into a rapid consumption, and cured of her foolish infatuation by a nearer view of the vain and ignorant Valmajour. An agent of the family recovers the photograph (with the aid of ten thousand francs), and the young girl, with the bitter taste of her disappointment still in her soul, dies in her flower.

This little story, as I say, is very shocking to M. Zola, who cites it as an example of the folly of a departure from consistent realism. What is observed, says M. Zola, on the whole very justly, is strong; what is invented is always weak, especially what is invented to please the ladies. 'See in this case,' he writes, 'all the misery of invented episodes. This love of Hortense, with which the author has doubtless wished to give the impression of something touching, produces a discomfort, as if it were a violation of nature. It is therefore the pages written for the ladies that are repulsive — even to a man accustomed to the saddest dissections of the human corpse.' I am not of M. Zola's opinion — delightful as it would be to be of that opinion when M. Zola's sense of propriety is ruffled. The incident of Hortense and Valmajour is not (to my sense) a blot upon *Numa Roumestan;* on the contrary, it is perfectly conceivable, and is treated with admirable delicacy. 'This romantic stuff,' says M. Zola, elsewhere, 'is as painful as a pollution. That a young girl should lose her head over a tenor, that may be explained, for she loves the operatic personage in the interpreter. She has before her a young man sharpened and refined by life, elegant, having at least certain appearances of talent and intelligence. But this tambourinist, with his drum and penny-whistle, this village dandy, a poor devil who does n't even know how to speak! No, life has not such cruelties as that, I protest, I who certainly, as a general thing, am not accustomed to give ground before human aberrations!' This objection was

worth making; but I should look at the matter in another way. It seems to me much more natural that a girl of the temper and breeding that M. Daudet has described should take a momentary fancy to a prepossessing young rustic, bronzed by the sun of Provence (even if it be conceded that his soul was vulgar), than that she should fasten her affections upon a 'lyric artist,' suspected of pomatum and paint, and illuminated by the footlights. These are points which it is vain to discuss, however, both because they are delicate and because they are details. I have come so far simply from a desire to justify my high admiration of *Numa Roumestan*. But Emile Zola, again, has expressed this feeling more felicitously than I can hope to do. 'This, moreover, is a very slight blemish in a work which I regard as one of those, of all Daudet's productions, that is most personal to himself. He has put his whole nature into it, helped by his southern temperament, having only to make large draughts upon his innermost recollections and sensations. I do not think that he has hitherto reached such an intensity either of irony or of geniality. . . . Happy the books which arrive in this way, at the hour of the complete maturity of a talent! They are simply the widest unfolding of an artist's nature; they have in happy equilibrium the qualities of observation and the qualities of style. For Alphonse Daudet *Numa Roumestan* will mark the interfusion of a temperament and a subject that are made for each other, the perfect plenitude of a work which the writer exactly fills.'

II

As I say, however, these are details, and I have touched them prematurely. Alphonse Daudet is a charmer, and the effect of his brilliant, friendly, indefinable genius is to make it difficult, in speaking of him, to take things in their order or follow a plan. In writing of him some time ago, in another place, I so far lost my head as to remark, with levity, that he was 'a great little novelist.' The diminutive epithet then, I must now say, was nothing more than a term of endearment, the result of an irresistible impulse to express a sense of personal fondness. This kind of feeling is difficult to utter in English, and the utterance of it, so far as this is possible, is not thought consistent with the dignity of a critic. If we were talking French, nothing would be simpler than to say that Alphonse Daudet is adorable, and have done with it. But this resource is denied me, and I must arrive at my meaning by a series of circumlocutions. I am not able even to say that he is very 'personal'; that epithet, so valuable in the vocabulary of French literary criticism, has, when applied to the talent of an artist, a meaning different from the sense in which we use it. 'A novelist so personal and so penetrating,' says Emile Zola, speaking of the author of *Numa Roumestan*. That phrase, in English, means nothing in particular; so that I must add to it that the charm of Daudet's talent comes from its being charged to an extraordinary degree with his temperament, his feelings, his instincts, his natural qualities. This, of course, is a charm, in a style, only when nature has been generous. To Alphonse Daudet she has been exceptionally so; she has placed in his hands an instrument of many chords. A delicate, nervous organization, active and indefatigable in spite of its delicacy, and familiar with emotion of almost every kind, equally acquainted with pleasure and with pain; a light, quick, joyous, yet reflective, imagination, a faculty of seeing images, making images, at every turn, of conceiving everything in the visible form, in the plastic spirit; an extraordinary sensibility to all the impressions of life and a faculty of language which is in perfect harmony with his wonderful fineness of perception — these are some of the qualities of which he is the happy possessor, and which make his equipment for the work he has undertaken exceedingly rich. There are others besides; but enumerations are ponderous, and we should avoid that danger in speaking of a genius whose lightness of touch never belies itself. His elder brother, who has not his talent, has written a little book about him in which the word *modernité* perpetually occurs. M. Ernest Daudet, in *Mon Frère et Moi*, insists upon his possession of the qualities expressed by this barbarous substantive, which is so indispensable to the new school. Alphonse Daudet is, in truth, very modern; he has all the newly-developed, the newly-invented, perceptions. Nothing speaks so much to his imagination as the latest and most composite things, the refinements of current

civilization, the most delicate shades of the actual. It is scarcely too much to say that (especially in the Parisian race), modern manners, modern nerves, modern wealth, and modern improvements, have engendered a new sense, a sense not easily named nor classified, but recognizable in all the most characteristic productions of contemporary art. It is partly physical, partly moral, and the shortest way to describe it is to say that it is a more analytic consideration of appearances. It is known by its tendency to resolve its discoveries into pictorial form. It sees the connection between feelings and external conditions, and it expresses such relations as they have not been expressed hitherto. It deserves to win victories, because it has opened its eyes well to the fact that the magic of the arts of representation lies in their appeal to the associations awakened by things. It traces these associations into the most unlighted corners of our being, into the most devious paths of experience. The appearance of things is constantly more complicated as the world grows older, and it needs a more and more patient art, a closer notation, to divide it into its parts. Of this art Alphonse Daudet has a wonderfully large allowance, and that is why I say that he is peculiarly modern. It is very true that his manner is not the manner of patience — though he must always have had a great deal of that virtue in the preparation of his work. The new school of fiction in France is based very much on the taking of notes; the library of the great Flaubert, of the brothers de Goncourt, of Emile Zola, and of the writer of whom I speak, must have been in a large measure a library of memorandum-books. This of course only puts the patience back a stage or two. In composition Daudet proceeds by quick, instantaneous vision, by the happiest divination, by catching the idea as it suddenly springs up before him with a whirr of wings. What he mainly sees is the great surface of life and the parts that lie near the surface. But life is, immensely, a matter of surface, and if our emotions in general are interesting, the *form* of those emotions has the merit of being the most definite thing about them. Like most French imaginative writers (judged, at least, from the English standpoint), he is much less concerned with the moral, the metaphysical world, than with the sensible. We proceed usually from the former to the latter, while the French reverse the process. Except in politics, they are uncomfortable in the presence of abstractions, and lose no time in reducing them to the concrete. But even the concrete, for them, is a field for poetry, which brings us to the fact that the delightful thing in Daudet's talent is the inveterate poetical touch. This is what mainly distinguishes him from the other lights of the realistic school — modifies so completely in his case the hardness of consistent realism. There is something very hard, very dry, in Flaubert, in Edmond de Goncourt, in the robust Zola; but there is something very soft in Alphonse Daudet. 'Benevolent nature,' says Zola, 'has placed him at that exquisite point where poetry ends and reality begins.' That is happily said; Daudet's great characteristic is this mixture of the sense of the real with the sense of the beautiful. His imagination is constantly at play with his theme; it has a horror of the literal, the limited; it sees an object in all its intermingled relations — on its sentimental, its pathetic, its comical, its pictorial side. Flaubert, in whom Alphonse Daudet would probably recognize to a certain degree a literary paternity, is far from being a simple realist; but he was destitute of this sense of the beautiful, destitute of facility and grace. He had, to take its place, a sense of the strange, the grotesque, to which *Salambo*, *La Tentation de Saint-Antoine*, his indescribable posthumous novel of *Bouvard et Pecuchet*, abundantly testify. The talent of the brothers Goncourt strikes us as a talent that was associated originally with a sense of beauty; but we receive an impression that this feeling has been perverted and warped. It has ceased to be natural and free; it has become morbid and peevish, it has turned mainly to curiosity and mannerism. And these two authors are capable, during a whole book (as in *Germinie Lacerteux* or *La Fille Elisa*), of escaping from its influence altogether. No one would probably ever think of accusing Emile Zola of having a perception of the beautiful. He has an illimitable, and at times a very valuable, sense of the ugly, of the unclean; but when he addresses himself to the poetic aspect of things, as in *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*, he is apt to have terrible misadventures.

III

It is for the expressive talents that we feel an affection, and Daudet is eminently expressive. His manner is the manner of talk, and if the talk is sincere, that makes a writer touch us. Daudet expresses many things; but he most frequently expresses himself — his own temper in the presence of life, his own feelings on a thousand occasions. This personal note is especially to be observed in his earlier productions — in the *Lettres de mon Moulin,* the *Contes du Lundi, Le Petit Chose;* it is also very present in the series of prefaces which he has undertaken to supply to the octavo edition of his works. In these prefaces he gives the history of each successive book — relates the circumstances under which it was written. These things are ingeniously told, but what we are chiefly conscious of in regard to them, is that Alphonse Daudet must express himself. His brother informs us that he is writing his memoirs, and this will have been another opportunity for expression. Ernest Daudet, as well (as I have mentioned), has attempted to express him. *Mon Frère et Moi* is one of those productions which it is difficult for an English reader to judge with fairness: it is so much more confidential than we, in public, ever venture to be. The French have, on all occasions, the courage of their emotion, and M. Ernest Daudet's leading emotion is a boundless admiration for his junior. He lays it before us very frankly and gracefully — not, on the whole, indiscreetly; and I have no quarrel whatever with his volume, for it contains a considerable amount of information on a very interesting subject. Indirectly, indeed, as well as directly, it helps us to a knowledge of his brother. Alphonse Daudet was born in Provence; he comes of an expansive, a confidential race. His style is impregnated with the southern sunshine, and his talent has the sweetness of a fruit that has grown in the warm, open air. He has the advantage of being a Provençal converted as it were — of having a southern temperament and a northern reason. We know what he thinks of the southern temperament — *Numa Roumestan* is a vivid exposition of that. '*Gau de carriero, doulou d'oustau,*' as the Provençal has it; '*joie de rue, douleur de maison* — joy in the street and pain in the house' — and that proverb, says Alphonse Daudet, describes and formulates a whole race. It has given him the subject of an admirable story, in which he has depicted with equal force and tenderness the amiable weaknesses, the mingled violence and levity of the children of the clime of the fig and olive. He has put before us, above all, their mania for talk, their irrepressible chatter, the qualities that, with them, render all passion, all purpose, inordinately vocal. Himself a complete '*produit du Midi,*' like the famille Mèfre in *Numa Roumestan,* he has achieved the feat of becoming objective to his own vision, getting outside of his ingredients and judging them. This he has done by the aid of his Parisianized conscience, his exquisite taste, and that finer wisdom which resides in the artist, from whatever soil he springs. Successfully as he has done it, however, he has not done it so well but that he too does not show a little of the heightened color, the superabundant statement, the restless movement of his compatriots. He is nothing if not demonstrative; he is always in a state of feeling; he has not a very definite ideal of reserve. It must be added that he is a man of genius, and that genius never spends its capital; that he is an artist, and that an artist always has a certain method and order. But it remains characteristic of his origin that the author of *Numa Roumestan,* one of the happiest and most pointed of satires, should have about him the aroma of some of the qualities satirized. There are passages in his tales and in his prefaces that are genuine 'produits du Midi,' and his brother's account of him could only have been written of him by a Provençal brother.

To be *personnel* to that point, transparent, effusive, gushing, to give oneself away in one's books, has never been, and never will be, the ideal of us of English speech; but that does not prevent our enjoying immensely, when we meet it, a happy example of this alien spirit. For myself, I am free to confess, half my affection for Alphonse Daudet comes from the fact that he writes in a way in which I would not write even if I could. There are certain kinds of feeling and observation, certain impressions and ideas, to which we are rather ashamed to give a voice, and yet are ashamed not to have it in our scale. In these matters Alphonse

Daudet renders us a great service: he expresses such things on our behalf. I may add that he usually does it much better than the cleverest of us could do even if we were to try. I have said that he is a Provençal converted, and I should do him a great injustice if I did not dwell upon his conversion. His brother relates the circumstances under which he came up to Paris, at the age of twenty (in a threadbare overcoat and a pair of india-rubbers), to seek his literary fortune. His beginnings were difficult, his childhood had been hard, he was familiar with poverty and disaster. He had no adventitious aid to success — his whole fortune consisted in his exquisite organization. But Paris was to be, artistically, a mine of wealth to him, and of all the anxious and eager young spirits who, on the battlefield of uncarpeted *cinquièmes,* have laid siege to the indifferent city, none can have felt more deeply conscious of the mission to take possession of it. Alphonse Daudet, at the present hour, is in complete possession of Paris; he knows it, loves it, uses it; he has assimilated it to its last particle. He has made of it a Paris of his own — a Paris like a vast crisp water-color, one of the water-colors of the school of Fortuny. The French have a great advantage in the fact that they admire their capital very much as if it were a foreign city. Most of their artists, their men of letters, have come up from the provinces, and well as they may learn to know the metropolis, it never ceases to be a spectacle, a wonder, a fascination for them. This comes partly from the intrinsic brilliancy and interest of the place, partly from the poverty of provincial life, and partly from the degree to which the faculty of appreciation is developed in Frenchmen of the class of which I speak. To Daudet, at any rate, the familiar aspects of Paris are endlessly pictorial, and part of the charm of his novels (for those who share his relish for that huge flower of civilization) is in the way he recalls it, evokes it, suddenly presents it, in parts or as a whole, to our senses. The light, the sky, the feeling of the air, the odors of the streets, the look of certain vistas, the silvery, muddy Seine, the cool, gray tone of color, the physiognomy of particular quarters, the whole Parisian expression, meet you suddenly in his pages, and remind you again and again that if he paints with a pen he writes with a brush. I remember that when I read *Le Nabab* and *Les Rois en Exil* for the first time, I said to myself that this was the *article de Paris* in supreme perfection, and that no reader could understand such productions who had not had a copious experience of the scene. It is certain, at any rate, that those books have their full value only for minds more or less Parisianized; half their meaning, their magic, their subtlety of intention is liable to be lost. It may be said that this is a great limitation — that the works of the best novelists may be understood by all the world. There is something in that; but I know not, all the same, whether the fact I indicate be a great limitation. It is certainly a very illustrative quality. Daudet has caught the tone of a particular pitch of manners; he applies it with the lightest, surest hand, and his picture shines and lives. The most generalized representation of life cannot do more than that. . . .

M. Daudet has not (to my belief) any natural understanding of the religious passion; he has a quick perception of many things, but that province of the human mind cannot be *fait de chic* — experience, there, is the only explorer. Madame Autheman is not a real bigot; she is simply a dusky effigy, she is undemonstrated. Eline Ebsen is not a victim, inasmuch as she is but half alive, and victims are victims only in virtue of being thoroughly sentient. I do not easily perceive her spiritual joints. All the human part of the book, however, has the author's habitual felicity; and the reader of these remarks knows what I hold that to be. It may seem to him, indeed, that in making the concession I made just above — in saying that Alphonse Daudet's insight fails him when he begins to take the soul into account — I partly retract some of the admiration I have expressed for him. For that amounts, after all, to saying that he has no high imagination, and, as a consequence, no ideas. It is very true, I am afraid, that he has not a great number of ideas. There are certain things he does not conceive — certain forms that never appear to him. Imaginative writers of the first order always give us an impression that they have a kind of philosophy. We should be embarrassed to put our finger on Daudet's philosophy. 'And yet you have praised him so much,' we fancy we

hear it urged; 'you have praised him as if he were one of the very first.' All that is very true, and yet we take nothing back. Determinations of rank are a delicate matter, and it is sufficient priority for an author that one likes him immensely. Daudet is bright, vivid, tender; he has an intense artistic life. And then he is so free. For the spirit that moves slowly, going carefully from point to point, not sure whether this or that or the other will 'do,' the sight of such freedom is delightful.

1883.

The Century Magazine, August, 1883.

GREVILLE FANE [1]

Coming in to dress for dinner, I found a telegram: 'Mrs. Stormer dying; can you give us half a column for to-morrow evening? Let her off easy, but not too easy.' I was late; I was in a hurry; I had very little time to think, but at a venture I dispatched a reply: 'Will do what I can.' It was not till I had dressed and was rolling away to dinner that, in the hansom, I bethought myself of the difficulty of the condition attached. The difficulty was not of course in letting her off easy but in qualifying that indulgence. 'I simply won't qualify it,' I said to myself. I did n't admire her, but I liked her, and I had known her so long that I almost felt heartless in sitting down at such an hour to a feast of indifference. I must have seemed abstracted, for the early years of my acquaintance with her came back to me. I spoke of her to the lady I had taken down, but the lady I had taken down had never heard of Greville Fane. I tried my other neighbor, who pronounced her books 'too vile.' I had never thought them very good, but I should let her off easier than that.

I came away early, for the express purpose of driving to ask about her. The journey took time, for she lived in the north-west district, in the neighborhood of Primrose Hill. My apprehension that I should be too late was justified in a fuller sense than I had attached to it — I had only feared that the house would be shut up. There were lights in the windows, and the temperate tinkle of my bell brought a servant immediately to the door, but poor Mrs. Stormer had passed into a state in which the resonance of no earthly knocker was to be feared. A lady, in the hall, hovering behind the servant, came forward when she heard my voice. I recognized Lady Luard, but she had mistaken me for the doctor.

'Excuse my appearing at such an hour,' I said; 'it was the first possible moment after I heard.'

'It 's all over,' Lady Luard replied. 'Dearest mamma!'

She stood there under the lamp with her eyes on me; she was very tall, very stiff, very cold, and always looked as if these things, and some others beside, in her dress, her manner and even her name, were an implication that she was very admirable. I had never been able to follow the argument, but that is a detail. I expressed briefly and frankly what I felt, while the little mottled maidservant flattened herself against the wall of the narrow passage and tried to look detached without looking indifferent. It was not a moment to make a visit, and I was on the point of retreating when Lady Luard arrested me with a queer, casual, drawling 'Would you — a — would you, perhaps, be *writing* something?' I felt for the instant like an interviewer, which I was not. But I pleaded guilty to this intention, on which she rejoined: 'I 'm so very glad — but I think my brother would like to see you.' I detested her brother, but it was n't an occasion to act this out; so I suffered myself to be inducted, to my surprise, into a small back room which I immediately recognized as the scene, during the later years, of Mrs. Stormer's imperturbable industry. Her table was there, the battered and blotted accessory to innumerable literary lapses, with its contracted space for the arms (she wrote only from the elbow down) and the confusion of scrappy, scribbled sheets which had already become literary remains. Leolin was also there, smoking a cigarette before the fire and looking impudent even in his grief, sincere as it well might have been.

To meet him, to greet him, I had to make a sharp effort; for the air that he wore to me as he stood before me was quite that of his mother's murderer. She lay silent forever upstairs — as dead as an unsuccessful book, and his swaggering

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erectness was a kind of symbol of his having killed her. I wondered if he had already, with his sister, been calculating what they could get for the poor papers on the table; but I had not long to wait to learn, for in reply to the scanty words of sympathy I addressed him he puffed out: 'It's miserable, miserable, yes; but she has left three books complete.' His words had the oddest effect; they converted the cramped little room into a seat of trade and made the 'book' wonderfully feasible. He would certainly get all that could be got for the three. Lady Luard explained to me that her husband had been with them but had had to go down to the House. To her brother she explained that I was going to write something, and to me again she made it clear that she hoped I would 'do mamma justice.' She added that she did n't think this had ever been done. She said to her brother: 'Don't you think there are some things he ought thoroughly to understand?' and on his instantly exclaiming 'Oh, thoroughly — thoroughly!' she went on, rather austerely: 'I mean about mamma's birth.'

'Yes, and her connections,' Leolin added.

I professed every willingness, and for five minutes I listened, but it would be too much to say that I understood. I don't even now, but it is not important. My vision was of other matters than those they put before me, and while they desired there should be no mistake about their ancestors I became more and more lucid about themselves. I got away as soon as possible, and walked home through the great dusky, empty London — the best of all conditions for thought. By the time I reached my door my little article was practically composed — ready to be transferred on the morrow from the polished plate of fancy. I believe it attracted some notice, was thought 'graceful' and was said to be by some one else. I had to be pointed without being lively, and it took some tact. But what I said was much less interesting than what I thought — especially during the half-hour I spent in my arm-chair by the fire, smoking the cigar I always light before going to bed. I went to sleep there, I believe; but I continued to moralize about Greville Fane. I am reluctant to lose that retrospect altogether, and this is a dim little memory of it, a document not to 'serve.' The dear woman had written a hundred stories, but none so curious as her own.

When first I knew her she had published half-a-dozen fictions, and I believe I had also perpetrated a novel. She was more than a dozen years older than I, but she was a person who always acknowledged her relativity. It was not so very long ago, but in London, amid the big waves of the present, even a near horizon gets hidden. I met her at some dinner and took her down, rather flattered at offering my arm to a celebrity. She did n't look like one, with her matronly, mild, inanimate face, but I supposed her greatness would come out in her conversation. I gave it all the opportunities I could, but I was not disappointed when I found her only a dull, kind woman. This was why I liked her — she rested me so from literature. To myself literature was an irritation, a torment; but Greville Fane slumbered in the intellectual part of it like a Creole in a hammock. She was not a woman of genius, but her faculty was so special, so much a gift out of hand, that I have often wondered why she fell below that distinction. This was doubtless because the transaction, in her case, had remained incomplete; genius always pays for the gift, feels the debt, and she was placidly unconscious of obligation. She could invent stories by the yard, but she could n't write a page of English. She went down to her grave without suspecting that though she had contributed volumes to the diversion of her contemporaries she had not contributed a sentence to the language. This had not prevented bushels of criticism from being heaped upon her head; she was worth a couple of columns any day to the weekly papers, in which it was shown that her pictures of life were dreadful but her style really charming. She asked me to come and see her, and I went. She lived then in Montpellier Square; which helped me to see how dissociated her imagination was from her character.

An industrious widow, devoted to her daily stint, to meeting the butcher and baker and making a home for her son and daughter, from the moment she took her pen in her hand she became a creature of passion. She thought the English novel deplorably wanting in that element, and the task she had cut out for herself was to supply the deficiency. Passion in high life was the general formula of this work,

for her imagination was at home only in the most exalted circles. She adored, in truth, the aristocracy, and they constituted for her the romance of the world or, what is more to the point, the prime material of fiction. Their beauty and luxury, their loves and revenges, their temptations and surrenders, their immoralities and diamonds were as familiar to her as the blots on her writing-table. She was not a belated producer of the old fashionable novel, she had a cleverness and a modernness of her own, she had freshened up the fly-blown tinsel. She turned off plots by the hundred and — so far as her flying quill could convey her — was perpetually going abroad. Her types, her illustrations, her tone were nothing if not cosmopolitan. She recognized nothing less provincial than European society, and her fine folk knew each other and made love to each other from Doncaster to Bucharest. She had an idea that she resembled Balzac, and her favorite historical characters were Lucien de Rubempré and the Vidame de Pamiers. I must add that when I once asked her who the latter personage was she was unable to tell me. She was very brave and healthy and cheerful, very abundant and innocent and wicked. She was clever and vulgar and snobbish, and never so intensely British as when she was particularly foreign.

This combination of qualities had brought her early success, and I remember having heard with wonder and envy of what she 'got,' in those days, for a novel. The revelation gave me a pang: it was such a proof that, practising a totally different style, I should never make my fortune. And yet when, as I knew her better she told me her real tariff and I saw how rumor had quadrupled it, I liked her enough to be sorry. After a while I discovered too that if she got less it was not that *I* was to get any more. My failure never had what Mrs. Stormer would have called the banality of being relative — it was always admirably absolute. She lived at ease however in those days — ease is exactly the word, though she produced three novels a year. She scorned me when I spoke of difficulty — it was the only thing that made her angry. If I hinted that a work of art required a tremendous licking into shape she thought it a pretension and a *pose.* She never recognized the 'torment of form'; the furthest she went was to introduce into one of her books (in satire her hand was heavy) a young poet who was always talking about it. I could n't quite understand her irritation on this score, for she had nothing at stake in the matter. She had a shrewd perception that form, in prose at least, never recommended any one to the public we were condemned to address, and therefore she lost nothing (putting her private humiliation aside) by not having any. She made no pretense of producing works of art, but had comfortable tea-drinking hours in which she freely confessed herself a common pastrycook, dealing in such tarts and puddings as would bring customers to the shop. She put in plenty of sugar and of cochineal, or whatever it is that gives these articles a rich and attractive color. She had a serene superiority to observation and opportunity which constituted an inexpugnable strength and would enable her to go on indefinitely. It is only real success that wanes, it is only solid things that melt. Greville Fane's ignorance of life was a resource still more unfailing than the most approved receipt. On her saying once that the day would come when she should have written herself out I answered: 'Ah, you look into fairyland, and the fairies love you, and *they* never change. Fairyland is always there; it always was from the beginning of time, and it always will be to the end. They 've given you the key and you can always open the door. With me it 's different; I try, in my clumsy way, to be in some direct relation to life.' 'Oh, bother your direct relation to life!' she used to reply, for she was always annoyed by the phrase — which would not in the least prevent her from using it when she wished to try for style. With no more prejudices than an old sausage-mill, she would give forth again with patient punctuality any poor verbal scrap that had been dropped into her. I cheered her with saying that the dark day, at the end, would be for the like of *me;* inasmuch as, going in our small way by experience and observation, we depended not on a revelation, but on a little tiresome process. Observation depended on opportunity, and where should we be when opportunity failed?

One day she told me that as the novelist's life was so delightful and during the good years at least such a comfortable support (she had these staggering opti-

misms) she meant to train up her boy to follow it. She took the ingenious view that it was a profession like another and that therefore everything was to be gained by beginning young and serving an apprenticeship. Moreover the education would be less expensive than any other special course, inasmuch as she could administer it herself. She did n't profess to keep a school, but she could at least teach her own child. It was not that she was so very clever, but (she confessed to me as if she were afraid I would laugh at her) that *he* was. I did n't laugh at her for that, for I thought the boy sharp — I had seen him at sundry times. He was well grown and good-looking and unabashed, and both he and his sister made me wonder about their defunct papa, concerning whom the little I knew was that he had been a clergyman. I explained them to myself by suppositions and imputations possibly unjust to the departed; so little were they — superficially at least — the children of their mother. There used to be, on an easel in her drawing-room, an enlarged photograph of her husband, done by some horrible posthumous 'process' and draped, as to its florid frame, with a silken scarf, which testified to the candor of Greville Fane's bad taste. It made him look like an unsuccessful tragedian; but it was not a thing to trust. He may have been a successful comedian. Of the two children the girl was the elder, and struck me in all her younger years as singularly colorless. She was only very long, like an undecipherable letter. It was not till Mrs. Stormer came back from a protracted residence abroad that Ethel (which was this young lady's name) began to produce the effect, which was afterwards remarkable in her, of a certain kind of high resolution. She made one apprehend that she meant to do something for herself. She was long-necked and near-sighted and striking, and I thought I had never seen sweet seventeen in a form so hard and high and dry. She was cold and affected and ambitious, and she carried an eyeglass with a long handle, which she put up whenever she wanted not to see. She had come out, as the phrase is, immensely; and yet I felt as if she were surrounded with a spiked iron railing. What she meant to do for herself was to marry, and it was the only thing, I think, that she meant to do for any one else; yet who would be inspired to clamber over that bristling barrier? What flower of tenderness or of intimacy would such an adventurer conceive as his reward?

This was for Sir Baldwin Luard to say; but he naturally never confided to me the secret. He was a joyless, jokeless young man, with the air of having other secrets as well, and a determination to get on politically that was indicated by his never having been known to commit himself — as regards any proposition whatever — beyond an exclamatory 'Oh!' His wife and he must have conversed mainly in prim ejaculations, but they understood sufficiently that they were kindred spirits. I remember being angry with Greville Fane when she announced these nuptials to me as magnificent; I remember asking her what splendor there was in the union of the daughter of a woman of genius with an irredeemable mediocrity. 'Oh! he 's awfully clever,' she said; but she blushed for the maternal fib. What she meant was that though Sir Baldwin's estates were not vast (he had a dreary house in South Kensington and a still drearier 'Hall' somewhere in Essex, which was let), the connection was a 'smarter' one than a child of hers could have aspired to form. In spite of the social bravery of her novels she took a very humble and dingy view of herself, so that of all her productions 'my daughter Lady Luard' was quite the one she was proudest of. That personage thought her mother very vulgar and was distressed and perplexed by the occasional license of her pen, but had a complicated attitude in regard to this indirect connection with literature. So far as it was lucrative her ladyship approved of it, and could compound with the inferiority of the pursuit by doing practical justice to some of its advantages. I had reason to know (my reason was simply that poor Mrs. Stormer told me) that she suffered the inky fingers to press an occasional bank-note into her palm. On the other hand she deplored the 'peculiar style' to which Greville Fane had devoted herself, and wondered where an author who had the convenience of so lady-like a daughter could have picked up such views about the best society. 'She might know better, with Leolin and me,' Lady Luard had been known to remark; but it appeared that some of Greville Fane's superstitions were incurable. She did n't live in Lady

Luard's society, and the best was not good enough for her — she must make it still better.

I could see that this necessity grew upon her during the years she spent abroad, when I had glimpses of her in the shifting sojourns that lay in the path of my annual ramble. She betook herself from Germany to Switzerland and from Switzerland to Italy; she favored cheap places and set up her desk in the smaller capitals. I took a look at her whenever I could, and I always asked how Leolin was getting on. She gave me beautiful accounts of him, and whenever it was possible the boy was produced for my edification. I had entered from the first into the joke of his career — I pretended to regard him as a consecrated child. It had been a joke for Mrs. Stormer at first, but the boy himself had been shrewd enough to make the matter serious. If his mother accepted the principle that the intending novelist cannot begin too early to see life, Leolin was not interested in hanging back from the application of it. He was eager to qualify himself, and took no cigarettes at ten, on the highest literary grounds. His poor mother gazed at him with extravagant envy and, like Desdemona, wished heaven had made *her* such a man. She explained to me more than once that in her profession she had found her sex a dreadful drawback. She loved the story of Madame George Sand's early rebellion against this hindrance, and believed that if she had worn trousers she could have written as well as that lady. Leolin had for the career at least the qualification of trousers, and as he grew older he recognized its importance by laying in an immense assortment. He grew up in gorgeous apparel, which was his way of interpreting his mother's system. Whenever I met her I found her still under the impression that she was carrying this system out and that Leolin's training was bearing fruit. She was giving him experience, she was giving him impressions, she was putting a *gagne-pain* into his hand. It was another name for spoiling him with the best conscience in the world. The queerest pictures come back to me of this period of the good lady's life and of the extraordinarily virtuous, muddled, bewildering tenor of it. She had an idea that she was seeing foreign manners as well as her petticoats would allow; but, in reality she was not seeing anything, least of all fortunately how much she was laughed at. She drove her whimsical pen at Dresden and at Florence, and produced in all places and at all times the same romantic and ridiculous fictions. She carried about her box of properties and fished out promptly the familiar, tarnished old puppets. She believed in them when others could n't, and as they were like nothing that was to be seen under the sun it was impossible to prove by comparison that they were wrong. You can't compare birds and fishes; you could only feel that, as Greville Fane's characters had the fine plumage of the former species, human beings must be of the latter.

It would have been droll if it had not been so exemplary to see her tracing the loves of the duchesses beside the innocent cribs of her children. The immoral and the maternal lived together in her diligent days on the most comfortable terms, and she stopped curling the mustaches of her Guardsmen to pat the heads of her babes. She was haunted by solemn spinsters who came to tea from continental *pensions,* and by unsophisticated Americans who told her she was just loved in *their* country. 'I had rather be just paid there,' she usually replied; for this tribute of transatlantic opinion was the only thing that galled her. The Americans went away thinking her coarse; though as the author of so many beautiful love-stories she was disappointing to most of these pilgrims, who had not expected to find a shy, stout, ruddy lady in a cap like a crumbled pyramid. She wrote about the affections and the impossibility of controlling them, but she talked of the price of *pension* and the convenience of an English chemist. She devoted much thought and many thousands of francs to the education of her daughter, who spent three years at a very superior school at Dresden, receiving wonderful instruction in sciences, arts and tongues, and who, taking a different line from Leolin, was to be brought up wholly as a *femme du monde.* The girl was musical and philological; she made a specialty of languages and learned enough about them to be inspired with a great contempt for her mother's artless accents. Greville Fane's French and Italian were droll; the imitative faculty had been denied her, and she had an unequaled gift, especially pen in hand, of squeezing big mistakes into small opportunities. She

knew it, but she did n't care; correctness was the virtue in the world that, like her heroes and heroines, she valued least. Ethel, who had perceived in her pages some remarkable lapses, undertook at one time to revise her proofs; but I remember her telling me a year after the girl had left school that this function had been very briefly exercised. 'She can't read me,' said Mrs. Stormer; 'I offend her taste. She tells me that at Dresden — at school — I was never allowed.' The good lady seemed surprised at this, having the best conscience in the world about her lucubrations. She had never meant to fly in the face of anything, and considered that she groveled before the Rhadamanthus of the English literary tribunal, the celebrated and awful Young Person. I assured her, as a joke, that she was frightfully indecent (she had n't in fact that reality any more than any other) my purpose being solely to prevent her from guessing that her daughter had dropped her not because she was immoral but because she was vulgar. I used to figure her children closeted together and asking each other while they exchanged a gaze of dismay: 'Why should she *be* so — and so *fearfully* so — when she has the advantage of our society? Should n't *we* have taught her better?' Then I imagined their recognizing with a blush and a shrug that she was unteachable, irreformable. Indeed she was, poor lady; but it is never fair to read by the light of taste things that were not written by it. Greville Fane had, in the topsy-turvy, a serene good faith that ought to have been safe from allusion, like a stutter or a *faux pas*.

She did n't make her son ashamed of the profession to which he was destined, however; she only made him ashamed of the way she herself exercised it. But he bore his humiliation much better than his sister, for he was ready to take for granted that he should one day restore the balance. He was a canny and far-seeing youth, with appetites and aspirations, and he had not a scruple in his composition. His mother's theory of the happy knack he could pick up deprived him of the wholesome discipline required to prevent young idlers from becoming cads. He had, abroad, a casual tutor and a snatch or two of a Swiss school, but no consecutive study, no prospect of a university or a degree. It may be imagined with what zeal, as the years went on, he entered into the pleasantry of there being no manual so important to him as the massive book of life. It was an expensive volume to peruse, but Mrs. Stormer was willing to lay out a sum in what she would have called her *premiers frais*. Ethel disapproved — she thought this education far too unconventional for an English gentleman. Her voice was for Eton and Oxford, or for any public school (she would have resigned herself) with the army to follow. But Leolin never was afraid of his sister, and they visibly disliked, though they sometimes agreed to assist, each other. They could combine to work the oracle — to keep their mother at her desk.

When she came back to England, telling me she had got all the continent could give her, Leolin was a broad-shouldered, red-faced young man, with an immense wardrobe and an extraordinary assurance of manner. She was fondly obstinate about her having taken the right course with him, and proud of all that he knew and had seen. He was now quite ready to begin, and a little while later she told me he *had* begun. He had written something tremendously clever, and it was coming out in the *Cheapside*. I believe it came out; I had no time to look for it; I never heard anything about it. I took for granted that if this contribution had passed through his mother's hands it had practically become a specimen of her own genius, and it was interesting to consider Mrs. Stormer's future in the light of her having to write her son's novels as well as her own. This was not the way she looked at it herself; she took the charming ground that he would help her to write hers. She used to tell me that he supplied passages of the greatest value to her own work — all sorts of technical things, about hunting and yachting and wine — that she could n't be expected to get very straight. It was all so much practice for him and so much alleviation for her. I was unable to identify these pages, for I had long since ceased to 'keep up' with Greville Fane; but I was quite able to believe that the wine-question had been put, by Leolin's good offices, on a better footing, for the dear lady used to mix her drinks (she was perpetually serving the most splendid suppers) in the queerest fashion. I could see that he was willing enough to accept a commission to look after that department.

It occurred to me indeed, when Mrs. Stormer settled in England again, that by making a shrewd use of both her children she might be able to rejuvenate her style. Ethel had come back to gratify her young ambition, and if she could n't take her mother into society she would at least go into it herself. Silently, stiffly, almost grimly, this young lady held up her head, clenched her long teeth, squared her lean elbows and made her way up the staircases she had elected. The only communication she ever made to me, the only effusion of confidence with which she ever honored me, was when she said: 'I don't want to know the people mamma knows; I mean to know others.' I took due note of the remark, for I was not one of the 'others.' I could n't trace therefore the steps of her process; I could only admire it at a distance and congratulate her mother on the results. The results were that Ethel went to 'big' parties and got people to take her. Some of them were people she had met abroad, and others were people whom the people she had met abroad had met. They ministered alike to Miss Ethel's convenience, and I wondered how she extracted so many favors without the expenditure of a smile. Her smile was the dimmest thing in the world, diluted lemonade, without sugar, and she had arrived precociously at social wisdom, recognizing that if she was neither pretty enough nor rich enough nor clever enough, she could at least in her muscular youth be rude enough. Therefore if she was able to tell her mother what really took place in the mansions of the great, give her notes to work from, the quill could be driven at home to better purpose and precisely at a moment when it would have to be more active than ever. But if she did tell, it would appear that poor Mrs. Stormer did n't believe. As regards many points this was not a wonder; at any rate I heard nothing of Greville Fane's having developed a new manner. She had only one manner from start to finish, as Leolin would have said.

She was tired at last, but she mentioned to me that she could n't afford to pause. She continued to speak of Leolin's work as the great hope of their future (she had saved no money) though the young man wore to my sense an aspect more and more professional if you like, but less and less literary. At the end of a couple of years there was something monstrous in the impudence with which he played his part in the comedy. When I wondered how she could play *her* part I had to perceive that her good faith was complete and that what kept it so was simply her extravagant fondness. She loved the young imposter with a simple, blind, benighted love, and of all the heroes of romance who had passed before her eyes he was by far the most brilliant. He was at any rate the most real — she could touch him, pay for him, suffer for him, worship him. He made her think of her princes and dukes, and when she wished to fix these figures in her mind's eye she thought of her boy. She had often told me she was carried away by her own creations, and she was certainly carried away by Leolin. He vivified, by potentialities at least, the whole question of youth and passion. She held, not unjustly, that the sincere novelist should feel the whole flood of life; she acknowledged with regret that she had not had time to feel it herself, and it was a joy to her that the deficiency might be supplied by the sight of the way it was rushing through this magnificent young man. She exhorted him, I suppose, to let it rush; she wrung her own flaccid little sponge into the torrent. I knew not what passed between them in her hours of tuition, but I gathered that she mainly impressed on him that the great thing was to live, because that gave you material. He asked nothing better; he collected material, and the formula served as a universal pretext. You had only to look at him to see that, with his rings and breastpins, his cross-barred jackets, his early *embonpoint*, his eyes that looked like imitation jewels, his various indications of a dense, full-blown temperament, his idea of life was singularly vulgar; but he was not so far wrong as that his response to his mother's expectations was not in a high degree practical. If she had imposed a profession on him from his tenderest years it was exactly a profession that he followed. The two were not quite the same, inasmuch as *his* was simply to live at her expense; but at least she could n't say that he had n't taken a line. If she insisted on believing in him he offered himself to the sacrifice. My impression is that her secret dream was that he should have a *liaison* with a countess, and he persuaded her without difficulty that he had one. I

don't know what countesses are capable of, but I have a clear notion of what Leolin was.

He did n't persuade his sister, who despised him — she wished to work her mother in her own way, and I asked myself why the girl's judgment of him did n't make me like her better. It was because it did n't save her after all from a mute agreement with him to go halves. There were moments when I could n't help looking hard into his atrocious young eyes, challenging him to confess his fantastic fraud and give it up. Not a little tacit conversation passed between us in this way, but he had always the best of it. If I said: 'Oh, come now, with *me* you need n't keep it up; plead guilty, and I 'll let you off,' he wore the most ingenuous, the most candid expression, in the depths of which I could read: 'Oh, yes, I know it exasperates you — that 's just why I do it.' He took the line of earnest inquiry, talked about Balzac and Flaubert, asked me if I thought Dickens *did* exaggerate and Thackeray *ought* to be called a pessimist. Once he came to see me, at his mother's suggestion he declared, on purpose to ask me how far, in my opinion, in the Enlish novel, one really might venture to 'go.' He was not resigned to the usual pruderies — he suffered under them already. He struck out the brilliant idea that nobody knew how far we might go, for nobody had ever tried. Did I think *he* might safely try — would it injure his mother if he did? He would rather disgrace himself by his timidities than injure his mother, but certainly some one ought to try. Would n't *I* try — could n't I be prevailed upon to look at it as a duty? Surely the ultimate point ought to be fixed — he was worried, haunted by the question. He patronized me unblushingly, made me feel like a foolish amateur, a helpless novice, inquired into my habits of work and conveyed to me that I was utterly *vieux jeu* and had not had the advantage of an early training. I had not been brought up from the germ, I knew nothing of life — did n't go at it on *his* system. He had dipped into French feuilletons and picked up plenty of phrases, and he made a much better show in talk than his poor mother, who never had time to read anything and could only be vivid with her pen. If I did n't kick him downstairs it was because he would have alighted on her at the bottom.

When she went to live at Primrose Hill I called upon her and found her weary and wasted. It had waned a good deal, the elation caused the year before by Ethel's marriage; the foam on the cup had subsided and there was a bitterness in the draught. She had had to take a cheaper house and she had to work still harder to pay even for that. Sir Baldwin was obliged to be close; his charges were fearful, and the dream of her living with her daughter (a vision she had never mentioned to me) must be renounced. 'I would have helped with things, and I could have lived perfectly in one room,' she said; 'I would have paid for everything, and — after all — I 'm some one, ain't I? But I don't fit in, and Ethel tells me there are tiresome people she *must* receive. I can help them from here, no doubt, better than from there. She told me once, you know, what she thinks of my picture of life. "Mamma, your picture of life is preposterous!" No doubt it is, but she 's vexed with me for letting my prices go down; and I had to write three novels to pay for all her marriage cost me. I did it very well — I mean the outfit and the wedding; but that 's why I 'm here. At any rate she does n't want a dingy old woman in her house. I should give it an atmosphere of literary glory, but literary glory is only the eminence of nobodies. Besides, she doubts my glory — she knows I 'm glorious only at Peckham and Hackney. She does n't want her friends to ask if I 've never known nice people. She can't tell them I 've never been in societv. She tried to teach me better once, but I could n't learn. It would seem too as if Peckham and Hackney had had enough of me; for (don't tell any one!) I 've had to take less for my last than I ever took for anything.' I asked her how little this had been, not from curiosity, but in order to upbraid her, more disinterestedly than Lady Luard had done, for such concessions. She answered 'I 'm ashamed to tell you,' and then she began to cry.

I had never seen her break down, and I was proportionately moved; she sobbed, like a frightened child, over the extinction of her vogue and the exhaustion of her vein. Her little workroom seemed indeed a barren place to grow flowers, and I wo-

dered, in the after years (for she continued to produce and publish) by what desperate and heroic process she dragged them out of the soil. I remember asking her on that occasion what had become of Leolin, and how much longer she intended to allow him to amuse himself at her cost. She rejoined with spirit, wiping her eyes, that he was down at Brighton hard at work — he was in the midst of a novel — and that he *felt* life so, in all its misery and mystery, that it was cruel to speak of such experiences as a pleasure. 'He goes beneath the surface,' she said, 'and he *forces* himself to look at things from which he would rather turn away. Do you call that amusing yourself? You should see his face sometimes! And he does it for me as much as for himself. He tells me everything — he comes home to me with his *trouvailles*. We are artists together, and to the artist all things are pure. I've often heard you say so yourself.' The novel that Leolin was engaged in at Brighton was never published, but a friend of mine and of Mrs. Stormer's who was staying there happened to mention to me later that he had seen the young apprentice to fiction driving, in a dogcart, a young lady with a very pink face. When I suggested that she was perhaps a woman of title with whom he was conscientiously flirting my informant replied: 'She is indeed, but do you know what her title is?' He pronounced it — it was familiar and descriptive — but I won't reproduce it here. I don't know whether Leolin mentioned it to his mother: she would have needed all the purity of the artist to forgive him. I hated so to come across him that in the very last years I went rarely to see her, though I knew that she had come pretty well to the end of her rope. I didn't want her to tell me that she had fairly to give her books away — I didn't want to see her cry. She kept it up amazingly, and every few months, at my club, I saw three new volumes, in green, in crimson, in blue, on the book-table that groaned with light literature. Once I met her at the Academy soirée, where you meet people you thought were dead, and she vouchsafed the information, as if she owed it to me in candor, that Leolin had been obliged to recognize insuperable difficulties in the question of *form*, he was so fastidious; so that she had now arrived at a definite understanding with him (it was such a comfort) that *she* would do the form if he would bring home the substance. That was now his position — he foraged for her in the great world at a salary. 'He's my "devil," don't you see? as if I were a great lawyer: he gets up the case and I argue it.' She mentioned further that in addition to his salary he was paid by the piece: he got so much for a striking character, so much for a pretty name, so much for a plot, so much for an incident, and had so much promised him if he would invent a new crime.

'He *has* invented one,' I said, 'and he's paid every day of his life.'

'What is it?' she asked, looking hard at the picture of the year, 'Baby's Tub,' near which we happened to be standing.

I hesitated a moment. 'I myself will write a little story about it, and then you'll see.'

But she never saw; she had never seen anything, and she passed away with her fine blindness unimpaired. Her son published every scrap of scribbled paper that could be extracted from her table-drawers, and his sister quarreled with him mortally about the proceeds, which showed that she only wanted a pretext, for they cannot have been great. I don't know what Leolin lives upon, unless it be on a queer lady many years older than himself, whom he lately married. The last time I met him he said to me with his infuriating smile: 'Don't you think we can go a little further still — just a little?' *He* really goes too far.

From *The Real Thing*, 1893.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON (1840–1894)

Constance Fenimore Woolson, a grand-niece of James Fenimore Cooper, was one of the most promising of the later school of American novelists. Henry James wrote an appreciative study of her work for his *Partial Portraits*, and for a time she was compared even with George Eliot. She began, like Rose Terry Cooke and others of her generation, as a poet, then as a short story writer of the mid century type, but in the early seventies she caught the spirit of the times and her strong studies of life in the upper lake region, issued in 1875 as *Castle Nowhere*, were decidedly a force in the shaping of the new fiction. Later she removed to the South and for a period worked strongly with Southern materials, first for short stories, like those in *Rodman the Keeper*, and then for novels like *East Angels* and *Jupiter Lights*. Her last literary period was spent in Italy writing short stories of Italian life, the best of which were published in 1895 with the title *The Front Yard and Other Italian Stories*. Strong as her work was, it somehow has failed to hold the place it once was supposed to have won. She must be ranked, however, with the pioneers of a vital era, and, judged by her best work, she may still be rated with the select few who have produced notable fiction in a period that was distinctive in its fictional product.

THE OLD AGENCY[1]

The buildings of the United States Indian Agency on the Island of Mackinac were destroyed by fire December 31, at midnight.—*Western Newspaper item.*

The old house is gone then! But it shall not depart into oblivion unchronicled. One who has sat under its roof-tree, one who remembers well its rambling rooms and wild garden, will take the pen to write down a page of its story. It is only an episode, one of many; but the others are fading away, or already buried in dead memories under the sod. It was a quaint, picturesque old place, stretching back from the white limestone road that bordered the little port, its overgrown garden surrounded by an ancient stockade ten feet in height, with a massive, slow-swinging gate in front, defended by loopholes. This stockade bulged out in some places and leaned in at others; but the veteran posts, each a tree sharpened to a point, did not break their ranks in spite of decrepitude, and the Indian warriors, could they have returned from their happy hunting grounds, would have found the brave old fence of the Agency a sturdy barrier still.

But the Indian warriors could not return, the United States agent had long ago moved to Lake Superior, and the deserted residence, having only a mythical owner, left without repairs year after year, and under a cloud of confusion as regarded taxes, titles, and boundaries, became a sort of flotsam property, used by various persons, but belonging legally to no one. Some tenant, tired of swinging the great gate back and forth, had made a little sally port alongside, but otherwise the place remained unaltered; a broad garden with a central avenue of cherry trees, on each side dilapidated arbors, overgrown paths, and heart-shaped beds, where the first agents had tried to cultivate flowers, and behind the limestone cliffs crowned with cedars. The house was large on the ground, with wings and various additions built out as if at random; on each side and behind were rough outside chimneys, clamped to the wall, in the roof over the central part dormer windows showed a low second story, and here and there at irregular intervals were outside doors, in some cases opening out into space, since the high steps which once led up to them had fallen down, and remained as they fell, heaps of stone on the ground below. Within were suites of rooms, large and small, showing traces of workmanship

[1] Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in *Castle Nowhere*, 1875.

elaborate for such a remote locality; the ceilings, patched with rough mortar, had been originally decorated with molding, the doors were ornamented with scroll work, and the two large apartments on each side of the entrance hall possessed chimney-pieces and central hooks for chandeliers. Beyond and behind stretched out the wings; coming to what appeared to be the end of the house on the west, there unexpectedly began a new series of rooms turning toward the north, each with its outside door; looking for a corresponding labyrinth on the eastern side, there was nothing but a blank wall. The blind stairway went up in a kind of dark well, and once up it was a difficult matter to get down without a plunge from top to bottom, since the undefended opening was just where no one would expect to find it. Sometimes an angle was so arbitrarily walled up that you felt sure there must be a secret chamber there, and furtively rapped on the wall to catch the hollow echo within. Then again you opened a door, expecting to step out into the wilderness of a garden, and found yourself in a set of little rooms running off on a tangent, one after the other, and ending in a windowless closet and an open cistern. But the Agency gloried in its irregularities, and defied criticism. The original idea of its architect — if there was any — had vanished; but his work remained, a not unpleasant variety to summer visitors accustomed to city houses, all built with a definite purpose, and one front door.

After some years of wandering in foreign lands, I returned to my country, and took up the burden of old associations whose sadness time had mercifully softened. The summer was over; September had begun, but there came to me a great wish to see Mackinac once more; to walk through the aisles of its pines, among its spicy cedars and blue-green spruces; to breathe its exhilarating air; to look again upon the little white fort where I had lived with Archie, my soldier nephew, killed at Shiloh. The steamer took me safely across Erie, up the brimming Detroit River, through the enchanted region of the St. Clair flats, and out into broad Lake Huron; there, off Thunder bay, a gale met us, and for hours we swayed between life and death. The season for pleasure traveling was over; my fellow passengers, with one exception, were of that class of Americans who, dressed in cheap imitations of fine clothes, are forever traveling — traveling — taking the steamers not from preference, but because they are less costly than an all-rail route. The thin, listless men, in ill-fitting black clothes and shining tall hats, sat on the deck in tilted chairs, hour after hour, silent and dreary; the thin, listless women, clad in raiment of many colors, remained upon the fixed sofas in the cabin hour after hour silent and weary. At meals they ate indiscriminately everything within range, but continued the same, a weary, dreary, silent band. The one exception was an old man, tall and majestic, with silvery hair and bright, dark eyes, dressed in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, albeit slightly tinged with frontier innovations. He came on board at Detroit, and as soon as we were under way he exchanged his hat for a cloth cap embroidered with Indian bead work, and when the cold air, precursor of the gale, struck us on Huron, he wrapped himself in a large capote made of skins, with the fur inward.

In times of danger formality drops from us. During those long hours, when the next moment might have brought death, this old man and I were together; and when at last the cold dawn came, and the disabled steamer slowly plowed through the angry water around the point, and showed us Mackinac in the distance, we discovered that the island was a mutual friend, and that we knew each other, at least by name; for the silver-haired priest was Father Piret, the hermit of the Chenaux. In the old days, when I was living at the little white fort, I had known Father Piret by reputation, and he had heard of me from the French half-breeds around the point. We landed. The summer hotels were closed, and I was directed to the old Agency, where occasionally a boarder was received by the family then in possession. The air was chilly, and a fine rain was falling, the afterpiece of the equinoctial; the wet storm flag hung heavily down over the fort on the height, and the waves came in sullenly. All was in sad accordance with my feelings as I thought of the past and its dead, while the slow tears of age moistened my eyes. But the next morning Mackinac awoke, robed in autumn splendor; the sunshine poured down, the straits sparkled back, the forest glowed in scarlet, the larches waved their

wild, green hands, the fair-weather flag floated over the little fort, and all was as joyous as though no one had ever died; and indeed it is in glorious days like these that we best realize immortality.

I wandered abroad through the gay forest to the Arch, the Lover's Leap, and old Fort Holmes, whose British walls had been battered down for pastime, so that only a caved-in British cellar remained to mark the spot. Returning to the Agency I learned that Father Piret had called to see me.

'I am sorry that I missed him,' I said, 'he is a remarkable old man.'

The circle at the dinner table glanced up with one accord. The little Methodist minister with the surprised eyes looked at me more surprised than ever; his large wife groaned audibly. The Baptist colporteur peppered his potatoes until they and the plate were black; the Presbyterian doctor, who was the champion of the Protestant party on the island, wished to know if I was acquainted with the latest devices of the Scarlet Woman in relation to the county school fund.

'But, my friends,' I replied, 'Father Piret and I both belong to the past. We discuss not religion, but Mackinac; not the school fund, but the old associations of the island, which is dear to both of us.'

The four looked at me with distrust; they saw nothing dear about the island unless it was the price of fresh meat, and as to old associations, they held themselves above such nonsense. So, one and all, they took beef and enjoyed a season of well-regulated conversation, leaving me to silence and my broiled white fish; as it was Friday, no doubt they thought the latter a rag of popery.

Very good rags.

But my hostess, a gentle little woman, stole away from these bulwarks of Protestantism in the late afternoon, and sought me in my room, or rather series of rooms, since there were five opening one out of the other, the last three unfurnished, and all the doorless doorways staring at me like so many fixed eyes, until, oppressed by their silent watchfulness, I hung a shawl over the first opening and shut out the whole gazing suite.

'You must not think, Mrs. Corlyne, that we islanders do not appreciate Father Piret,' said the little woman, who belonged to one of the old island families, descendants of a chief factor of the fur trade. 'There has been some feeling lately against the Catholics —'

'Roman Catholics, my dear,' I said with Anglican particularity.

'But we all love and respect the dear old man as a father.'

'When I was living at the fort, fifteen years ago, I heard occasionally of Father Piret,' I said, 'but he seemed to be almost a mythic personage. What is his history?'

'No one knows. He came here fifty years ago, and after officiating on the island a few years, he retired to a little Indian farm in the Chenaux, where he has lived ever since. Occasionally he holds a service for the half-breeds at Point St. Ignace, but the parish of Mackinac proper has its regular priest, and Father Piret apparently does not hold even the appointment of missionary. Why he remains here — a man educated, refined, and even aristocratic — is a mystery. He seems to be well provided with money; his little house in the Chenaux contains foreign books and pictures, and he is very charitable to the poor Indians. But he keeps himself aloof, and seems to desire no intercourse with the world beyond his letters and papers, which come regularly, some of them from France. He seldom leaves the straits; he never speaks of himself; always he appears as you saw him, carefully dressed and stately. Each summer when he is seen on the street, there is more or less curiosity about him among the summer visitors, for he is quite unlike the rest of us Mackinac people. But no one can discover anything more than I have told you, and those who have persisted so far as to sail over to the Chenaux either lose their way among the channels, or if they find the house, they never find him; the door is locked and no one answers.'

'Singular,' I said. 'He has nothing of the hermit about him. He has what I should call a courtly manner.'

'That is it,' replied my hostess, taking up the word; 'some say he came from the French court — a nobleman exiled for political offenses. Others think he is a priest under the ban, and there is still a third story to the effect that he is a French count, who, owing to a disappointment in love, took orders and came to this far-away island, so that he might seclude himself forever from the world.'

'And no one really knows?'

'Absolutely nothing. He is beloved by all the real old island families, whether they are of his faith or not; and when he dies the whole strait, from Bois Blanc light to far Waugoschance, will mourn for him.

At sunset the Father came again to see me; the front door of my room was open, and we seated ourselves on the piazza outside. The roof of bark thatch had fallen away, leaving the bare beams overhead twined with brier roses; the floor and house side were frescoed with those lichen-colored spots which show that the gray planks have lacked paint for many long years; the windows had wooden shutters fastened back with irons shaped like the letter S, and on the central door was a brass knocker, and a plate bearing the words, 'United States Agency.'

'When I first came to the island,' said Father Piret, 'this was *the* residence *par excellence*. The old house was brave with green and white then; it had candelabra on its high mantels, brass andirons on its many hearthstones, curtains for all its little windows, and carpets for all its uneven floors. Much cooking went on, and smoke curled up from all these outside chimneys. Those were the days of the fur trade, and Mackinac was a central mart. Hither twice a year came the bateaux from the northwest, loaded with furs, and in those old, decaying warehouses on the back street of the village were stored the goods sent out from New York, with which the bateaux were loaded again, and after a few days of revelry, during which the improvident voyagers squandered all their hard-earned gains, the train returned westward into 'the countries,' as they called the wilderness beyond the lakes, for another six months of toil. The officers of the little fort on the height, the chief factors of the fur company, and the United States Indian agent formed the feudal aristocracy of the island; but the agent had the most imposing mansion, and often have I seen the old house shining with lights across its whole broadside of windows, and gay with the sound of a dozen French violins. The garden, now a wilderness, was the pride of the island; its prim arbors, its spring and spring house, its flower beds, where, with infinite pains, a few hardy plants were induced to blossom, its cherry tree avenue, whose early red fruit the short summer could scarcely ripen, its annual attempts at vegetables, which never came to maturity, formed topics for conversation in court circles. Potatoes then as now were left to the mainland Indians, who came over with their canoes heaped with the fine, large, thin-jacketed fellows, bartering them all for a loaf or two of bread and a little whiskey.

'The stockade which surrounds the place was at that day a not unnecessary defense. At the time of the payments the island swarmed with Indians, who came from Lake Superior and the northwest, to receive the government pittance. Camped on the beach as far as the eye could reach, these wild warriors, dressed in all their savage finery, watched the Agency with greedy eyes, as they waited for their turn. The great gate was barred and sentinels stood at the loopholes with loaded muskets; one by one the chiefs were admitted, stalked up to the office — that wing on the right — received the allotted sum, silently selected something from the displayed goods, and as silently departed, watched by quick eyes, until the great gate closed behind them. The guns of the fort were placed so as to command the Agency during payment time, and when, after several anxious, watchful days and nights, the last brave had received his portion, and the last canoe started away toward the north, leaving only the comparatively peaceful mainland Indians behind, the island drew a long breath of relief.'

'Was there any real danger?' I asked.

'The Indians are ever treacherous,' replied the father. Then he was silent, and seemed lost in reverie. The pure, ever-present breeze of Mackinac played in his long silvery hair, and his bright eyes roved along the wall of the old house; he had a broad forehead, noble features, and commanding presence, and as he sat there, recluse as he was — aged, alone, without a history, with scarcely a name or a place in the world — he looked, in the power of his native-born dignity, worthy of a royal coronet.

'I was thinking of old Jacques,' he said after a long pause. 'He once lived in these rooms of yours, and died on that bench at the end of the piazza, sitting in the sunshine, with his staff in his hand.'

'Who was he?' I asked. 'Tell me the story, Father.'

'There is not much to tell, Madame· but in my mind he is so associated with this old house that I always think of him when I come here, and fancy I see him on that bench.

'When the United States agent removed to the Apostle Islands at the western end of Lake Superior, this place remained for some time uninhabited. But one winter morning smoke was seen coming out of that great chimney on the side, and in the course of the day several curious persons endeavored to open the main gate, at that time the only entrance. But the gate was barred within, and as the high stockade was slippery with ice, for some days the mystery remained unsolved. The islanders, always slow, grow torpid in the winter like bears; they watched the smoke in the daytime and the little twinkling light by night; they talked of spirits both French and Indian as they went their rounds, but they were too indolent to do more. At length the fort commandant heard of the smoke, and saw the light from his quarters on the height. As government property, he considered the Agency under his charge, and he was preparing to send a detail of men to examine the deserted mansion in its ice-bound garden, when its mysterious occupant appeared in the village; it was an old man, silent, gentle, apparently French. He carried a canvas bag, and bought a few supplies of the coarsest description, as though he was very poor. Unconscious of observation, he made his purchases and returned slowly homeward, barring the great gate behind him. Who was he? No one knew. Whence and when came he? No one could tell.

'The detail of soldiers from the fort battered at the gate, and when the silent old man opened it they followed him through the garden, where his feet had made a lonely trail over the deep snow, round to the side door. They entered, and found some blankets on the floor, a fire of old knots on the hearth, a long narrow box tied with a rope; his poor little supplies stood in one corner — bread, salted fish, and a few potatoes — and over the fire hung a rusty tea-kettle, its many holes carefully plugged with bits of rag. It was a desolate scene; the old man in the great rambling empty house in the heart of an Arctic winter. He said little, and the soldiers could not understand his language; but they left him unmolested, and going back to the fort, they told what they had seen. Then the major went in person to the Agency, and gathered from the stranger's words that he had come to the island over the ice in the track of the mail-carrier; that he was an emigrant from France on his way to the Red River of the North, but his strength failing, owing to the intense cold, he had stopped at the island, and seeing the uninhabited house, he had crept into it, as he had not enough money to pay for a lodging elsewhere. He seemed a quiet, inoffensive old man, and after all the islanders had had a good long slow stare at him, he was left in peace, with his little curling smoke by day and his little twinkling light by night, although no one thought of assisting him; there is a strange coldness of heart in these northern latitudes.

I was then living at the Chenaux there was a German priest on the island I sent over two half-breeds every ten days for the mail, and through them I heard of the stranger at the Agency. He was French, they said, and it was rumored in the saloons along the frozen docks that he had seen Paris. This warmed my heart; for, madame, I spent my youth in Paris — the dear, the beautiful city! So I came over to the island in my dog sledge; a little thing is an event in our long, long winter. I reached the village in the afternoon twilight, and made my way alone to the Agency; the old man no longer barred his gate, and swinging it open with difficulty, I followed the trail through the snowy, silent green garden round to the side door of this wing — the wing you occupy. I knocked; he opened I greeted him, and entered. He had tried to furnish his little room with the broken relics of the deserted dwelling; a mended chair, a stool, a propped-up table, a shelf with two or three battered tin dishes, and some straw in one corner comprised the whole equipment, but the floor was clean the old dishes polished, and the blankets neatly spread over the straw which formed his bed. On the table the supplies were ranged in order; there was a careful pile of knots on one side of the hearth, and the fire was evidently husbanded to last as long as possible. He

gave me the mended chair, lighted a candle end stuck in a bottle, and then seating himself on the stool, he gazed at me in his silent way until I felt like an uncourteous intruder. I spoke to him in French, offered him my services — in short, I did my best to break down the barrier of his reserve; there was something pathetic in the little room and its lonely occupant, and besides, I knew by his accent that we were both from the banks of the Seine.

'Well, I heard his story — not then, but afterward; it came out gradually during the eleven months of our acquaintance; for he became my friend — almost the only friend of fifty years. I am an isolated man, Madame. It must be so. God's will be done!'

The father paused, and looked off over the darkening water; he did not sigh, neither was his calm brow clouded, but there was in his face what seemed to me a noble resignation, and I have ever since felt sure that the secret of his exile held in it a self-sacrifice; for only self-sacrifice can produce that divine expression.

Out in the straits shone the low-down green light of a schooner; beyond glimmered the mast-head star of a steamer, with the line of cabin lights below, and away on the point of Bois Blanc gleamed the steady radiance of the light-house showing the way into Lake Huron; the broad overgrown garden cut us off from the village, but above on the height we could see the lighted windows of the fort, although still the evening sky retained that clear hue that seems so much like daylight when one looks aloft, although the earth lies in dark shadows below. The Agency was growing indistinct even to our near eyes; its white chimneys loomed up like ghosts, the shutters sighed in the breeze, and the planks of the piazza creaked causelessly. The old house was full of the spirits of memories, and at twilight they came aboard and bewailed themselves. 'The place is haunted,' I said, as a distant door groaned drearily.

'Yes,' replied Father Piret, coming out of his distraction, 'and this wing is haunted by my old French friend. As time passed and the spring came, he fitted up in his fashion the whole suite of five rooms. He had his parlor, sleeping-room, kitchen, and store-room, the whole furnished only with the articles I have already described, save that the bed was of fresh green boughs instead of straw. Jacques occupied all the rooms with ceremonious exactness; he sat in the parlor, and I too must sit there when I came; in the second room he slept and made his careful toilet, with his shabby old clothes; the third was his kitchen and dining-room, and the fourth, that little closet on the right, was his store-room. His one indulgence was coffee; coffee he must and would have, though he slept on straw, and went without meat. But he cooked to perfection in his odd way, and I have often eaten a dainty meal in that little kitchen, sitting at the propped-up table, using the battered tin dishes, and the clumsy wooden spoons fashioned with a jack-knife. After we had become friends Jacques would accept occasional aid from me, and it gave me a warm pleasure to think that I had added something to his comfort, were it only a little sugar, butter, or a pint of milk. No one disturbed the old man; no orders came from Washington respecting the Agency property, and the major had not the heart to order him away. There were more than houses enough for the scanty population of the island, and only a magnate could furnish these large rambling rooms. So the soldiers were sent down to pick the red cherries for the use of the garrison, but otherwise Jacques had the whole place to himself, with all its wings, outbuildings, arbors, and garden beds.

'But I have not told you all. The fifth apartment in the suite — the square room with four windows and an outside door — was the old man's sanctuary; here were his precious relics, and here he offered up his devotions, half-Christian, half-pagan, with never failing ardor. From the long narrow box which the fort soldiers had noticed came an old saber, a worn and faded uniform of the French grenadiers, a little dried sprig, its two withered leaves tied in their places with thread, and a coarse wood-cut of the great Napoleon; for Jacques was a soldier of the empire. The uniform hung on the wall, carefully arranged on pegs as a man would wear it, and the saber was brandished from the empty sleeve as though a hand held it; the wood-cut framed in green, renewed from day to day, pine in the winter, maple in the summer, occupied the opposite side, and under it was fastened the tiny withered sprig, while on the floor be-

low was a fragment of buffalo skin which served the soldier for a stool when he knelt in prayer. And did he pray to Napoleon, you ask? I hardly know. He had a few of the church's prayers by heart, but his mind was full of the Emperor as he repeated them, and his eyes were fixed upon the picture as though it was the face of a saint. Discovering this, I labored hard to bring him to a clearer understanding of the faith; but all in vain. He listened to me patiently, even reverently, although I was much the younger; at intervals he replied, 'Oui, mon père,' and the next day he said his prayers to the dead emperor as usual. And this was not the worst; in place of an Amen, there came a fierce imprecation against the whole English nation. After some months I succeeded in persuading him to abandon this termination; but I always suspected that it was but a verbal abandonment, and that, mentally, the curse was as strong as ever.

Jacques had been a soldier of the empire, as it is called — a grenadier under Napoleon; he had loved his General and Emperor in life, and adored him in death with the affectionate pertinacity of a faithful dog. One hot day during the German campaign, Napoleon, engaged in conference with some of his generals, was disturbed by the uneasy movements of his horse; looking around for some one to brush away the flies, he saw Jacques, who stood at a short distance watching his Emperor with admiring eyes. Always quick to recognize the personal affection he inspired, Napoleon signed for the grenadier to approach. 'Here, mon brave,' he said, smiling; 'get a branch and keep the flies from my horse a few moments.' The proud soldier obeyed; he heard the conversation of the Emperor; he kept the flies from his horse. As he talked, Napoleon idly plucked a little sprig from the branch as it came near his hand, and played with it; and when, the conference over, with a nod of thanks to Jacques, he rode away, the grenadier stooped, picked up the sprig fresh from the Emperor's hand and placed it carefully in his breast pocket. The Emperor had noticed him; the Emperor had called him 'mon brave'; the Emperor had smiled upon him. This was the glory of Jacques's life. How many times have I listened to the story, told always in the same words, with the same gestures in the same places. He remembered every sentence of the conversation he had heard, and repeated them with automatic fidelity, understanding nothing of their meaning; even when I explained their probable connection with the campaign, my words made no impression upon him, and I could see that they conveyed no idea to his mind. He was made for a soldier; brave and calm, he reasoned not, but simply obeyed, and to this blind obedience there was added a heart full of affection which, when concentrated upon the Emperor, amounted to idolatry. Napoleon possessed a singular personal power over his soldiers; they all loved him, but Jacques adored him.

'It was an odd, affectionate animal,' said Father Piret, dropping unconsciously into a French idiom to express his meaning. 'The little sprig had been kept as a talisman, and no saintly relic was ever more honored; the Emperor had touched it!

'Grenadier Jacques made one of the ill-fated Russian army, and, although wounded and suffering, he still endured until the capture of Paris. Then, when Napoleon retired to Elba, he fell sick from grief, nor did he recover until the Emperor returned, when, with thousands of other soldiers, our Jacques hastened to his standard, and the hundred days began. Then came Waterloo. Then came St. Helena. But the grenadier lived on in hope, year after year, until the Emperor died — died in exile, in the hands of the hated English. Broken-hearted, weary of the sight of his native land, he packed his few possessions, and fled away over the ocean, with a vague idea of joining a French settlement on the Red River; I have always supposed it must be the Red River of the South; there are French there. But the poor soldier was very ignorant; some one directed him to these frozen regions, and he set out; all places were alike to him now the Emperor had gone from earth. Wandering as far as Mackinac on his blind pilgrimage, Jacques found his strength failing, and crept into this deserted house to die. Recovering, he made for himself a habitation from a kind of instinct, as a beaver might have done. He gathered together the wrecks of furniture, he hung up his treasures, he had his habits for every hour of the day; soldier-like, everything was done by rule.

At a particular hour it was his custom to sit on that bench in the sunshine, wrapped in his blankets in the winter, in summer in his shirt sleeves with his one old coat carefully hung on that peg; I can see him before me now. On certain days he would wash his few poor clothes, and hang them out on the bushes to dry; then he would patiently mend them with his great brass thimble and coarse thread. Poor old garments! they were covered with awkward patches.

'At noon he would prepare his one meal; for his breakfast and supper were but a cup of coffee. Slowly and with the greatest care the materials were prepared, and the cooking watched. There was a savor of the camp, a savor of the Paris café, and a savor of originality; and often, wearied by the dishes prepared by my half-breeds, I have come over to the island to dine with Jacques, for the old soldier was proud of his skill, and liked an appreciative guest. And I — but it is not my story to tell.'

'Oh, Father Piret, if you could but —'

'Thanks, Madame. To others I say, "What would you? I have been here since youth; you know my life." But to you I say, there was a past; brief, full, crowded into a few years; but I cannot tell it; my lips are sealed! Again, thanks for your sympathy, Madame. And now I will go back to Jacques.

'We were comrades, he and I; he would not come over to the Chenaux; he was unhappy if the routine of his day was disturbed, but I often stayed a day with him at the Agency, for I too liked the silent house. It has its relics, by the way. Have you noticed a carved door in the back part of the main building? That was brought from the old chapel on the mainland, built as early as 1700. The whole of this locality is sacred ground in the history of our church. It was first visited by our missionaries in 1670, and over at Point St. Ignace the dust which was once the mortal body of Father Marquette lies buried. The exact site of the grave is lost; but we know that in 1677 his Indian converts brought back his body, wrapped in birch bark, from the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, where he died, to his beloved mission of St. Ignace. There he was buried in a vault under the little log church. Some years later the spot was abandoned, and the resident priests returned to Montreal. We have another little Indian church there now, and the point is forever consecrated by its unknown grave. At various times I told Jacques the history of this strait — its islands and points; but he evinced little interest. He listened with some attention to my account of the battle which took place on Dousman's farm, not far from the British landing; but when he found that the English were victorious, he muttered a great oath and refused to hear more. To him the English were fiends incarnate. Had they not slowly murdered his Emperor on their barren rock in the sea?

Only once did I succeed in interesting the old soldier. Then, as now, I received twice each year a package of foreign pamphlets and papers; among them came, that summer, a German ballad, written by that strange being Henri Heine. I give it to you in a later English translation:

THE GRENADIERS

To the land of France went two grenadiers,
  From a Russian prison returning:
But they hung down their heads on the German frontiers,
  The news from the fatherland learning.

For there they both heard the sorrowful tale,
  That France was by fortune forsaken:
That her mighty army was scattered like hail,
  And the Emperor, the Emperor taken.

Then there wept together the grenadiers,
  The sorrowful story learning;
And one said, 'Oh, woe!' as the news he hears,
  'How I feel my old wound burning!'

The other said, 'The song is sung,
  And I wish that we both were dying!
But at home I've a wife and a child — they're young,
  On me, and me only, relying.'

'Oh, what is a wife or a child to me?
  Deeper wants all my spirits have shaken:
Let them beg, let them beg, should they hungry be!
  My Emperor, my Emperor taken!

'But I beg you, brother, if by chance
  You soon shall see me dying,

Then take my corpse with you back to France.
Let it ever in France be lying.

'The cross of honor with crimson band
Shall rest on my heart as it bound me —
Give me my musket in my hand,
And buckle my sword around me.

'And there I will lie and listen still,
In my sentry coffin staying,
Till I feel the thundering cannon's thrill,
And horses tramping and neighing.

'Then my Emperor will ride well over my grave,
'Mid sabers bright slashing and fighting,
And I 'll rise all weaponed up out of my grave,
For the Emperor, the Emperor fighting!'

This simple ballad went straight to the heart of old Jacques; tears rolled down his cheeks as I read, and he would have it over and over again. 'Ah! that comrade was happy,' he said. '*He* died when the Emperor was only *taken*. I too would have gone to my grave smiling, could I have thought that my Emperor would come riding over it with all his army around him again! But he is dead — my Emperor is dead! Ah! that comrade was a happy man; he died! He did not have to stand by while the English — may they be forever cursed! — slowly, slowly murdered him — murdered the great Napoleon! No; that comrade died. Perhaps he is with the Emperor now — that comrade grenadier.'

'To be with his Emperor was Jacques' idea of heaven.

'From that moment each time I visited the Agency I must repeat the verses again and again; they became a sort of hymn. Jacques had not the capacity to learn the ballad, although he so often listened to it, but the seventh verse he managed to repeat after a fashion of his own, setting it to a nondescript tune, and crooning it about the house as he came and went on his little rounds. Gradually he altered the words, but I could not make out the new phrases as he muttered them over to himself, as if trying them.

'What is it you are saying, Jacques?' I asked.

But he would not tell me. After a time I discovered that he had added the altered verse to his prayers; for always when I was at the Agency I went with him to his sanctuary, if for no other purpose than to prevent the uttered imprecation that served as Amen for the whole. The verse, whatever it was, came in before this.

So the summer passed. The vague intention of going on to the Red River of the North had faded away, and Jacques lived along on the island as though he had never lived anywhere else. He grew wonted to the Agency, like some old family cat, until he seemed to belong to the house, and all thought of disturbing him was forgotten. 'There is Jacques out washing his clothes'; 'There is Jacques going to buy his coffee'; 'there is Jacques sitting on the piazza,' said the islanders; the old man served them instead of a clock.

'One dark autumn day I came over from the Chenaux to get the mail. The water was rough, and my boat, tilted far over on one side, skimmed the crests of the waves in the daring fashion peculiar to the Mackinac craft; the mail-steamer had not come in, owing to the storm outside, and I went on to the Agency to see Jacques. He seemed as usual, and we had dinner over the little fire, for the day was chilly; the meal over, my host put everything in order again in his methodical way, and then retired to his sanctuary for prayers. I followed, and stood in the doorway while he knelt. The room was dusky, and the uniform with its outstretched saber looked like a dead soldier leaning against the wall; the face of Napoleon opposite seemed to gaze down on Jacques as he knelt, as though listening. Jacques muttered his prayers, and I responded Amen; then, after a silence, came the altered verse; then, with a quick glance toward me, another silence, which I felt sure contained the unspoken curse. Gravely he led the way back to the kitchen — for, owing to the cold, he allowed me to dispense with the parlor — and there we spent the afternoon together, talking, and watching for the mail-boat. "Jacques," I said, "what is that verse you have added to your prayers? Come, my friend, why should you keep it from me?"

'"It is nothing, mon père — nothing," he replied. But again I urged him to tell me; more to pass away the time than for

any real interest. "Come," I said, "it may be your last chance. Who knows but that I may be drowned on my way back to the Chenaux?"

'"True," replied the old soldier calmly. "Well, then, here it is, mon père: my death-wish. Voilà!"

'"Something you wish to have done after death?"

'"Yes."

'"And who is to do it?"

'"My Emperor."

'"But, Jacques, the Emperor is dead."

'"He will have it done all the same, mon père."

'In vain I argued; Jacques was calmly obstinate. He had mixed up his Emperor with the stories of the Saints; why should not Napoleon do what they had done?

'"What is the verse, anyway?" I said at last.

'"It is my death-wish, as I said before, mon père." And he repeated the following. He said it in French, for I had given him a French translation, as he knew nothing of German; but I will give you the English, as he had altered it:

The Emperor's face with its green leaf band
Shall rest on my heart that loved him so.
Give me the sprig in my dead hand,
My uniform and saber around me.
Amen.

'So prays Grenadier Jacques.

'The old soldier had sacrificed the smooth metre; but I understood what he meant.

'The storm increased, and I spent the night at the Agency, lying on the bed of boughs, covered with a blanket. The house shook in the gale, the shutters rattled, and all the floors near and far creaked as though feet were walking over them. I was wakeful and restless, but Jacques slept quietly, and did not stir till daylight broke over the stormy water, showing the ships scudding by under bare poles, and the distant mail-boat laboring up toward the island through the heavy sea. My host made his toilette, washing and shaving himself carefully, and putting on his old clothes as though going on parade. Then came breakfast, with a stew added in honor of my presence, and as by this time the steamer was not far from Round Island, I started down towards the little post-office, anxious to receive some expected letters. The steamer came in slowly, the mail was distributed slowly, and I stopped to read my letters before returning. I had a picture-paper for Jacques, and as I looked out across the straits, I saw that the storm was over, and decided to return to the Chenaux in the afternoon, leaving word with my half-breeds to have the sail-boat in readiness at three o'clock. The sun was throwing out a watery gleam as, after the lapse of an hour or two, I walked up the limestone road and entered the great gate of the Agency. As I came through the garden along the cherry-tree avenue, I saw Jacques sitting on that bench in the sun, for this was his hour for sunshine; his staff was in his hand, and he was leaning back against the side of the house with his eyes closed, as if in reverie. "Jacques, here is a picture-paper for you," I said, laying my hand on his shoulder. He did not answer. He was dead.

'Alone, sitting in the sunshine, apparently without a struggle or a pang, the soul of the old soldier had departed. Whither? We know not. But — smile if you will, Madame — I trust he is with his Emperor.'

I did not smile; my eyes were too full of tears.

'I buried him as he wished,' continued Father Piret, 'in his old uniform, with the picture of Napoleon laid on his breast, the saber by his side, and the withered sprig in his lifeless hand. He lies in our little cemetery on the height, near the shadow of the great cross; the low white board tablet at the head of the mound once bore the words "Grenadier Jacques," but the rains and the snows have washed away the painted letters. It is well.'

The priest paused, and we both looked toward the empty bench, as though we saw a figure seated there, staff in hand. After a time my little hostess came out on the piazza, and we all talked together of the island and its past. 'My boat is waiting,' said Father Piret at length; 'the wind is fair, and I must return to the Chenaux to-night. This near departure is my excuse for coming twice in one day to see you, Madame.'

'Stay over, my dear sir,' I urged. 'I too shall leave in another day. We may not meet again.'

'Not on earth; but in another world we

may,' answered the priest, rising as he spoke.

'Father, your blessing,' said the little hostess in a low tone, after a quick glance toward the many windows through which the bulwarks of Protestantism might be gazing. But all was dark, both without and within, and the father gave his blessing to both of us, fervently, but with an apostolic simplicity. Then he left us, and I watched his tall form, crowned with silvery hair, as he passed down the cherry-tree avenue. Later in the evening the moon came out, and I saw a Mackinac boat skimming by the house, its white sails swelling full in the fresh breeze.

'That is Father Piret's boat,' said my hostess. 'The wind is fair; he will reach the Chenaux before midnight.'

A day later, and I too sailed away. As the steamer bore me southward, I looked back toward the island with a sigh. Half hidden in its wild green garden I saw the old Agency; first I could distinguish its whole rambling length; then I lost the roofless piazza, then the dormer windows, and finally I could only discern the white chimneys, with their crumbling crooked tops. The sun sank into the Strait off Waugoschance, the evening gun flashed from the little fort on the height, the shadows grew dark and darker, the island turned into green foliage, then a blue outline, and finally there was nothing but the dusky water.

The Galaxy, December, 1874.

SIDNEY LANIER (1842–1881)

Of the younger group of Southern poets, those who began their work after 1870, the leader was Sidney Lanier, of Macon, Georgia. As with Timrod and Hayne, the current of his life was changed utterly by the outbreak of the war. He had been gently reared in a refined home amid books and literary conversation. His father, a lawyer, a man of the older classical culture, sent his son to Oglethorpe College, not far from his home, and saw him graduate at eighteen with a scholastic record that won for him an appointment as tutor in languages for the following year. There were dreams of German universities, of advanced courses, and a career as a scholar, but in April of his first year as a teacher there came to the little college the sudden call of war. Four years of soldiering followed, ending in capture by the enemy and four months in a Federal prison. Then in the spring of 1865, with permanently shattered health, the veteran of twenty-three went back to Georgia, to find poverty and desolation, his mother dying of consumption, and his own career almost hopeless. School teaching was his only resource. A brief period of this, and he broke down almost completely with the disease that had taken his mother. The remaining fifteen years of his life was a bitter fight with consumption, the odds completely against him. He spent a winter in Texas, and, falling in with a rare group of musicians, was made aware that he had a gift for music that amounted to genius. Later he was able to secure a position as flute-player in Thomas's orchestra, New York, and at length was called to Baltimore to take part in the Peabody Symphony concerts conducted by Hamerik. It is the testimony of musicians that Lanier was unquestionably the most inspired flute-player America has produced. Now it was that he began to turn again to poetry, the passion of his boyhood. The poem 'Corn' in *Lippincott's* attracted the attention of Bayard Taylor who gave him encouragement and secured for him the commission to write the Centennial cantata which made him a national figure. In 1877 he issued a volume of poems, and shortly afterwards was called to the faculty of Johns Hopkins University as a lecturer on literature. He was ready now to reap the rewards of his success, and began eagerly, excitedly, to pour out the message that was within him. But it was too late. The disease he had fought so long could no longer be denied; he died in the Southern pines at the age of thirty-nine.

Although the greater part of Lanier's published work is in prose, it is as a poet that he will endure, if he is to endure, for we must say at the start that he was not a poet of the first rank. To turn the pages of his small collection is to be impressed with its fragmentariness and, in the case of much of it, its immaturity. His early handicaps, his constant ill health when merely to live required his best effort, and his impetuous, highly imaginative temperament all tended to make his output sporadic and excited. He was essentially an improvisatore, a maker of splendid fragments, of 'rhapsodic outbursts, of tip-toe glimpses.' In his best pieces like 'Sunrise' and 'The Marshes of Glynn,' and 'The Symphony' he attempted with considerable success to blend music and poetry in harmonious word symphonies. What he might have done had he lived we can only conjecture. We know that his last work was by far his best. His 'Sunrise' he wrote while literally on his death bed, with temperature at high fever rate, and his voice weakened to a whisper. Surely the silencing of a gift of music at such a pitch of melody and spiritual uplifting must be counted as one of the tragedies of our American literature. Some of his realistic pictures of Southern life in his early novel *Tiger-Lilies*, made several years before the advent of Harte and his school, place him among the pioneers in what we realize now is an important area of American literature.

CAIN SMALLIN

Cain Smallin was the most indefatigable of scouts. He was always moving; the whole country-side knew him. His good-natured face and communicative habits procured for him a cordial welcome at every house in that quiet country, where as yet only the distant roar of the war had been heard, where all was still and sunny and lonesome, where the household talk was that of old men and women, of girls and children, whose sons and brothers were all away in the midst of that dimly-heard roaring. In this serene land a soldier's face that had been in front of cannon and bullets was a thing to be looked at twice, and a soldier's talk

was the rare treasure of a fireside. The gunboats in the river, upon which these neighbors looked whenever they walked the river bank, had ceased to be objects of alarm, or even of curiosity. They lay there quietly and lazily, day after day, making no hostile sign; and had lain so since Norfolk fell. And as for the evening-gun at Fortress Monroe — that had boomed every sunset for many a year before the war.

On his way to the Point which terminates between Burwell's Bay and Smithfield Creek, and which afforded store of succulent grass and clover for the horses, Cain Smallin passed the house of a neighbor who had particularly distinguished himself in kindness to our little party of scouts. The old gentleman was seated in the open doorway, in the midst of a pile of newspapers.

'Good mornin'! Mr. Smallin. Could n't stand it any longer, you see, so I sent Dick away up to Ivor yesterday to try and get some papers. Here 's another stinger in the *Examiner*. Sit down here; I want you to read it.'

'Thank 'ee, sir, don't care if I do rest a leetle; tollubble warm walkin' this mornin',' replied the mountaineer, and fell to reading — a slow operation for him whose eye was far more accustomed to sighting a rifle than deciphering letters.

'Massy me!' said he, after some silence, 'our men 's desertin' mighty fast, up yan, f'om the army. Here 's nigh to a whole column full of "Thirty Dollars Rewards" for each deserter. Let 's see if I know any of 'em.'

Cain's lips moved busily, in what might well have been called a spell of silence. Suddenly he dropped the paper and looked piteously upward.

'May be I spelt it wrong, le 'm me look again,' muttered he, and snatched the paper up to gaze again upon that dreadful Thirty Dollar column.

It was there.

THIRTY-DOLLARS REWARD

'Deserted from the —— Regiment, —— Volunteers, GORM SMALLIN, who enlisted,' &c., &c.

Cain Smallin dropped his newspaper and strode hastily out of the door, unheeding the surprise of his host.

He walked rapidly, and aimlessly. The cruel torture would not permit him to rest; his grief drove him about; it lashed him with sharp thongs. Across fields and marshes, through creeks and woods, with bent head, with hands idly hanging, with unsteady step, he circled. A tear emerged from his eye. It stopped in a furrow, and glistened. Occasionally he muttered to himself,—

'We was poor. We ain't never had much to live on but our name, which it was good as gold. An' now it ain't no better 'n rusty copper; hit 'll be green an' pisenous. An' who 's done it? Gorm Smallin! Nobody but Gorm Smallin! My own brother, Gorm Smallin! Gorm, — Gorm.' He repeated this name a hundred times, as if his mind wandered and he wished to fix it.

The hours passed on and still the mountaineer walked. His simple mountain-life had known few griefs. This was worse than any sorrow. It was disgrace. He knew no sophistries to retire into, in the ostrich-fashion wherewith men avoid dishonor. He had lost all. Not only he, but all whom he loved would suffer.

'What will the Sterlin's say? Old John Sterlin'; him that stuck by us when corn was so scurce in the Cove? an' Philip! him that I 've hunted with an' fished with an' camped with, by ourselves, in yan mountains? And Miss Felix! Miss Felix!'

The man dwelt on this name. His mind became a blank, except two luminous spots which were rather feelings than thoughts. These were, a sensation of disgrace and a sensation of loveliness: the one embodied in the name Gorm, the other in the name Felix. He recoiled from one; he felt as if religion demanded that he should also recoil from the other. He suffered more than if he had committed the crime himself. For he was innocence, and that is highly tender and sensitive, being unseared.

At length the gathering twilight attracted his attention. He looked around, to discover his locality. Leaping a fence he found himself in the main road, and a short walk brought him to a low house that stood in a field on the right. He opened the gate, and knocked at the door. 'Here 's whar he said he 'd stay,' he muttered. Gorm himself came to the door.

'Put on your hat, Gorm!'

The stern tone of his voice excited his brother's surprise.

'What fur, Cain?'

'I want you to walk with me, a little piece. Hurry!' Gorm took down his hat and came out.

'Whar to, brother Cain?'

'Follow me,' replied Cain, with a motion of displeasure at the wheedling tone of his brother.

Leaving the road, he struck into a path leading to the Point from which he had wandered. As he walked his pace increased, until it required the most strenuous exertions on the part of his companion to keep up with his long and rapid strides.

'Whar the devil air you gwine to, Cain? Don't walk so fast, anyhow; I'm a'most out o' breath a'ready!'

The mountaineer made no reply, but slackened his pace. He only muttered to himself: 'Hit's eight miles across; ye'll need your strength to git thar may be.'

The path wound now amongst gloomy pines, for some distance, until suddenly they emerged upon the open beach. They were upon the extreme end of the lonely Point. The night was dark; but the sand-beach glimmered ghastly white through the darkness. Save the mournful hooting of an owl from his obscure cell in the woods, the place was silent. Hundreds of huge tree-stumps, with their roots upturned in the air, lay in all fantastic positions upon the white sand, as the tide had deposited them. These straggling clumps had been polished white by salt air and waves. They seemed like an agitated convention of skeletons, discussing the propriety of flesh. A small boat rested on the beach, with one end secured by a 'painter' to a stake driven in the sand.

'Little did I think, when I found it in the marsh this mornin' an' brought it thar, thinkin' to git it round to camp to-night, what use I was gwine to put it to,' said Cain Smallin to himself.

As he led the way to the boat, suddenly he stopped and turned face to face with his recreant brother. His eyes glared into Gorm's. His right hand was raised, and a pistol-barrel protruded from the long fingers.

'Gorm Smallin,' he said, with grating voice, 'have ye ever know'd me to say I'd do anything an' then not to do it?'

'I — I — no, I have n't,' stuttered the deserter, cowering with terror and surprise.

'Remember them words. Now answer my questions, and don't say nothin' outside o' them. Gorm Smallin, whar was you born?'

'What makes you ax me sich foolish questions, Cain? I was born in Tennessy, an' you know it!'

'Answer my questions, Gorm Smallin! Who raised you, f'om a little un?'

'Mother an' father, o' course.'

'Who 's your mother and father? What 's ther name?'

'Cain, air you crazy? Ther name 's Smallin.'

'Gorm Smallin, did you ever know any o' the Smallins to cheat a man in a trade?'

'No, Cain; we 've always been honest.'

'Did ye ever know a Smallin to swar to a lie afore the Jestis?'

'No.'

'Did ye ever know one to steal another man's horse, or his rifle, or anything?'

'No.'

'Did ye ever know one to sneak out f'om a rightful fight?'

'No.'

'Did ye ever know one to'— the words came like lightning with a zigzag jerk — 'to desert f'om his rigiment?'

The flash struck Gorm Smallin. He visibly sank into himself like a jointed cane. He trembled, and gazed apprehensively at the pistol in his brother's right hand which still towered threateningly aloft. He made no reply.

'Ye don't like to say yes this time!' continued Cain. 'Gorm Smallin, altho' I say it which I 'm your brother,— ye lied every time ye said no, afore. *You* has cheated in a dirty trade; *you* has swore to a lie afore God that 's better than the Jestis; *you* has stole what 's better 'n any rifle or horse; *you* has sneaked out f'om the rightfullest fight ye ever was in; *you* has deserted f'om your rigiment, an' that when yer own brother an' every friend ye had in the world was fightin' along with ye.

'Gorm Smallin, you has cheated me, an' ole father an' mother an' all, out of our name which is it was all we had; you has

swore to a lie, for you swore to me 'at the colonel sent you down here to go a-scoutin' amongst the Yankees; you has stole our honest name, which it is more than ye can ever make to give to your wife's baby; you has sneaked out f'om a fight that we was fightin' to keep what was ourn, an' to pertect them that has been kind to us an' them that raised us; you has deserted f'om your rigiment which it has fought now gwine on four year an' fought manful, too, an' never run a inch.

'Gorm Smallin, you has got your name in the paper 'ith thirty dollars reward over it, in big letters; big letters, so 'at father's ole eyes can read it 'ithout callin' sister Ginny to make it out for him. Thar it is, for every man, woman, *and* child in the whole Confederacy to read it, an' by this time they *has* read it, may be, an' every man in the rigiment has cussed you for a sneak an' a scoundrel, an' wonderin' whether Cain Smallin will do like his brother!

'Gorm Smallin, you has brung me to that, that I hain't no sperrit to fight hearty an' cheerful. Ef ye had been killed in a fa'r battle, I mought ha' been able to fight hard enough for both of us, for every time I cried a-thinkin' of you, I 'd ha' been twice as strong an' twice as clear-sighted as I was buffore. But — sich things as these '— the mountaineer wiped off a tear with his coat-sleeve —' burns me an' weakens me an' hurts my eyes that bad that I kin scarcely look a man straight forrard in the face. Hit don't make much diff'ence to me now, whether we whips the Yanks or they whips us. What good 'll it do ef we conquer 'em? Everybody 'll be a-shoutin' an' a-hurrahin' an' they 'll leave *us* out o' the frolic, for we is kin to a deserter! An' the women 'll be a-smilin' on them that has lived to git home, one minute, an' the next they 'll be a-weepin' for them that 's left dead in Virginy an' Pennsylvany an' Tenessy,— but *you* won't git home, an' *you* won't be left dead nowher; they cain't neither smile at you nor cry for you; what 'll they do ef anybody speaks yer name? Gorm Smallin, they 'll lift their heads high an' we 'll hang ourn low. They 'll scorn ye an' we 'll blush for ye.

'Had n't ye better be dead? Had n't I better kill ye right here an' bury ye whar ye cain't do no more harm to the fambly name?

'But I cain't shoot ye, hardly. The same uns raised us an' fed us. I cain't do it; an' I 'm sorry I cain't!

'You air 'most on yer knees, anyhow; git down on 'em all the way. Listen to me. God A'mighty 's a-lookin' at you out o' the stars yan, an' He 's a-listenin' at you out o' the sand here, an' He won't git tired by mornin' but He 'll keep a-listenin' an' a-lookin' at ye to-morrow all day. Now mind ye, I 'm gwine to put ye in this boat here, an' you can paddle across to yan side the river, easy. Ef ye 'll keep yer eye on yan bright star that 's jest a-risin' over Bullitt Pint, ye 'll strike t' other shore about the right place. Ef ye paddle out o' the way, the guard on yan gunboat 'll be apt to fire into ye; keep yer eye on the star. Ye 'll git to the beach on t' other side, an' lay down under a tree an' sleep til mornin'— ef ye *can* sleep. In the mornin' ye 'll walk down the road, an' the Yankee pickets 'll see yer gray coat an' take ye to Head-quarters. The officer at Head-quarters 'll examine ye, an' when you tell him you air a deserter he 'll make ye take the oath, an' ef he know'd how many oaths ye 've already broke I think he would 'n' take the trouble! Howsumdever, I 'm gwine to do the same foolishness, for it 's all I kin do. Now when ye take the oath the officer 'll likely make ye sign yer name to it, or write yer name somewhar. Gorm Smallin, when ye write that name ye *shall* not write your own name; ye must write some other name. Swar to it, now, while ye air kneelin' buffore God A'mighty! Raise up yer hands, both of 'em; swar to it, that ye 'll write some other name in the Yankee deserter-book or I 'll shoot ye, thar right down.'

Cain had placed the muzzle of his pistol against his brother's forehead.

The oath was taken.

'Don't git up yet; kneel thar. Hit would n't do to put any other man's name in the deserter-book in place o' yourn, for ye mought be robbin' some other decent fambly of ther good name. Le' 's see. We must git some name that nobody ever was named afore. Take a stick thar an' write it in the sand, so you won't forgit it. The fust name don't make no diff'ence. Write Sam'l.'

It was written in great scrawling letters.

'Now write J, an' call out as you write, so you won't forgit it. For I 'm gwine to

captur' that deserter-book an' see ef your name 's in it. Write J, an' call out.'

'J.'
'O.'
'O.'
'X.'
'X.'
'O.'
'O.'
'B.'
'B.'
'B, agin.'
'B, agin.'
'Ie, -bul!'
'Ie, -bul!'

'Sam'l Joxo — Joxy — I cain't call it, but you can write it — hit 'll do. Git it by heart.'

Cain paused a moment.

'Now git up. Git in the boat. Gorm Smallin, don't never come back home, don't never come whar I may be! I cain' shake hands with ye; but I 'll shove ye off.'

Cain loosened the head of the boat from the sand, turned her round, and gave a mighty push, running with her till he was waist deep in the water. He came out dripping, folded his arms, and stood still, watching the dusky form in the receding boat.

Gorm Smallin was a half-mile from shore. Suddenly he heard his brother's voice, across the water.

'Gorm!'
'Hello!'

'Joxo —— Joxobabbul!' cried Cain Smallin at the top of his voice, bending down to read the inscription on the sand.

From *Tiger-Lilies,* 1867.

NIGHT AND DAY [1]

The innocent, sweet Day is dead.
Dark Night hath slain her in her bed
Oh! Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed!
'Put out the light!' said he.

A sweeter light than ever raged
From star of heaven or eye of maid
Has vanished in the unknown Shade.
'She 's dead! She 's dead!' said he.

Now, in a wild, sad after-mood,
The tawny Night sits still to brood
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed.
'I would she lived!' said he.

Star memories of happier times,
Of loving deeds and lovers' rimes,
Throng forth in silvery pantomimes.
'Come back, O Day,' said he.

The Independent,
1866. July 3, 1884.

THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA [1]

I

From this hundred-terraced height
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years:
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder where the to-and-fro
Weltering of my Long-Ago
Moves about the moveless base
Far below my resting-place.

II

Mayflower, Mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling Westward o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within *Farewell dear England* sighing,
Winds without *But dear in vain* replying,
Gray-lipp'd waves about thee shouted, crying
'No! It shall not be!'

III

Jamestown, out of thee —
Plymouth, thee — thee, Albany —
Winter cries, *Ye freeze: away!*
Fever cries, *Ye burn: away!*
Hunger cries, *Ye starve: away!*
Vengeance cries, *Your graves shall stay!*

IV

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things,
Framed like Faiths or clothed like Kings —
Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Bads in alien air —
War, and his most noisy lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords —
Error, Terror, Rage, and Crime,
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea,
No! Thou shalt not be!

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V

Hark!

Huguenots whispering *yea* in the dark,
Puritans answering *yea* in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,
Darts through the tyrannous heart of Denial.
Patience and Labor and solemn-souled Trial,
Foiled, still beginning,
Soiled, but not sinning,
Toil through the stertorous death of the Night,
Toil when wild brother-wars new-dark the Light,
Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

VI

Now Praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now Praise to Man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was: I am: and I shall be—
How long, Good Angel, O how long?
Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!

VII

'Long as thine Art shall love true love,
Long as thy Science truth shall know,
Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,
Long as thy Law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear Land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!

VIII

O Music, from this hight of time my Word unfold:
In thy large signals all men's hearts Man's Heart behold:
Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

N. Y. Daily Tribune, April 12, 1876.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHE[1]

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Spilt at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, *Abide, abide,*
The wilful water weeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed, *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet, and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.
(1877) *Scott's Magazine,* 1877.

[1] Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A SUNRISE SONG[1]

Young palmer sun, that to these shining sands
Pourest thy pilgrim's tale discoursing still
Thy silver passages of sacred lands,
With news of Sepulcher and Dolorous Hill,

Canst thou be he that, yester-sunset warm,
Purple with Paynin rage and wrack-desire,
Dashed ravening out of a dusty lair of storm,
Harried the West, and set the world on fire?

Hast thou perchance repented, Saracen Sun?
Wilt warm the world with peace and dove-desire?
Or wilt thou, ere this very day be done,
Blaze Saladin still, with unforgiving fire?

The Independent,
(1881) Apr. 28, 1881.

IN 1865

TO J. L.

A kind war-wave dashed thee and me together,
So have we drifted to the Shore of Peace—
A wintry shore, attained in wintry weather!
Must here our loving cease?

Ah, was not ancient love born of the ocean?
And is not this our love a tempest child
That rose above the seething war's commotion
And blessed it as she smiled?

The buffets of this storm I have forgiven
And all its drunken rude barbarity;
Aye, I have begged a blessing on 't from Heaven
Because it brought me thee!

My soul doth utterly refuse to render
Back to the waters of forgetfulness
This sister-love of thine that grew more tender
The greater my distress.

Oh, shall our wave-born love by waves be swallowed,
And foam to foam as dust to dust return?
Not so; I never cease to hold it hallowed,
Nor cease for thee to yearn.

Never cease we, while on this side we wander
To go like children, singing hand in hand,
Until our Father smiles and calls us Yonder
Into the Home-like land.

Independent, July 5, 1894.

1 Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT (1849–1909)

Sarah Orne Jewett is to be classed with Mrs. Stowe and Rose Terry Cooke as a pioneer in the little group of early depicters of New England life and manners. The country that she added to fiction is situated along the Maine and New Hampshire coast,— decaying little sea ports, hillside farming towns within smell of the ocean, desolate islands off shore. She was born in a decayed old hamlet that had seen better days, South Berwick, Maine. Her father, a graduate of Harvard, was a country doctor with a wide practice and it was from him that she learned the life that later she was to portray with such fullness of knowledge. Often she rode with him on his trips, heard him tell stories of his patients, sat in the kitchen while the doctor was in the sick room, thus learning her art in the most practical of all schools. Her first book was *Deephaven*, 1877, a series of *Cranford-like* sketches, realistic, yet touched with a delicious atmosphere of idealization. *Old Friends and New*, 1879, and *Country By-Ways*, 1881, followed, groups of short stories of the plain people she knew, minute studies made not, like Harte's theatric tales of California, because she had found picturesque material that made good copy, but because she had loved her native region and its people and would teach the world the nobility and genuine worth of those they might despise as ignorant rustics. Several of her books, like *A Country Doctor* and *The Country of the Pointed Firs*, are novels, but even in these she is a short story writer rather than a novelist. The latter book, perhaps her strongest work, is really a series of sketches with only a slight thread of plot. At her best her style is delightfully artless and limpid. There is a serenity about all that she did, a certain patrician 'quality,' a sunny optimism, that make her little stories, with their homely yet genuine characters, stand out in strong contrast with much of the excited and often vulgar fiction of her period.

A NATIVE OF WINBY[1]

On the teacher's desk, in the little roadside school-house, there was a bunch of May-flowers, beside a dented and bent brass bell, a small Worcester's Dictionary without any cover, and a worn morocco-covered Bible. These were placed in an orderly row, and behind them was a small wooden box which held some broken pieces of blackboard crayon. The teacher, whom no timid new scholar could look at boldly, wore her accustomed air of authority and importance. She might have been nineteen years old,— not more, — but for the time being she scorned the frivolities of youth.

The hot May sun was shining in at the smoky small-paned windows; sometimes an outside shutter swung to with a creak, and eclipsed the glare. The narrow door stood wide open, to the left as you faced the desk, and an old spotted dog lay asleep on the step, and looked wise and old enough to have gone to school with several generations of children. It was half past three o'clock in the afternoon, and the primer class, settled into the apathy of after-recess fatigue, presented a straggling front, as they stood listlessly on the floor. As for the big boys and girls, they also were longing to be at liberty, but the pretty teacher, Miss Marilla Hender, seemed quite as energetic as when school was begun in the morning.

The spring breeze blew in at the open door, and even fluttered the primer leaves, but the back of the room felt hot and close, as if it were midsummer. The children in the class read their lessons in those high-keyed, droning voices which older teachers learn to associate with faint powers of perception. Only one or two of them had an awakened human look in their eyes, such as Matthew Arnold delighted himself in finding so often in the school-children of France. Most of these poor little students were as inadequate, at that weary moment, to the pursuit of letters as if they had been woolly spring lambs on a sunny hillside. The teacher corrected and admonished with

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great patience, glancing now and then towards points of danger and insurrection, whence came a suspicious buzz of whispering from behind a desk-lid or a pair of widespread large geogi aphies. Now and then a toiling child would rise and come down the aisle, with his forefinger firm upon a puzzling word as if it were an unclassified insect. It was a lovely beckoning day out-of-doors. The children felt like captives; there was something that provoked rebellion in the droning voices, the buzzing of an early wild bee against the sunlit pane, and even in the stuffy familiar odor of the place, — the odor of apples and crumbs of doughnuts and gingerbread in the dinner pails on the high entry nails, and of all the little gowns and trousers that had brushed through junipers and young pines on their way to school.

The bee left his prisoning pane at last, and came over to the May-flowers, which were in full bloom, although the season was very late, and deep in the woods there were still some gray-backed snowdrifts, speckled with bits of bark and moss from the trees above.

'Come, come, Ezra!' urged the young teached, rapping her desk sharply. 'Stop watchin' that common bee! You know well enough what those letters spell. You won't learn to read at this rate until you are a grown man. Mind your book now; you ought to remember who went to this school when he was a little boy. You 've heard folks tell about the Honorable Joseph K. Laneway? He used to be in primer just as you are now, and 't was n't long before he was out of it, either, and was called the smartest boy in school. He 's got to be a general and a senator, and one of the richest men out West. You don't seem to have the least mite of ambition to-day, any of you!'

The exhortation, entirely personal in the beginning, had swiftly passed to a general rebuke. Ezra looked relieved, and the other children brightened up as they recognized a tale familiar to their ears. Anything was better than trying to study in that dull last hour of afternoon school.

'Yes,' continued Miss Hender, pleased that she had at last roused something like proper attention, 'you all ought to be proud that you are schoolmates of District Number Four, and can remember that the celebrated General Laneway had the same early advantages as you, and think what he has made of himself by perseverance and ambition.'

The pupils were familiar enough with the illustrious history of their noble predecessor. They were sure to be told, in lawless moments, that if Mr. Laneway were to come in and see them he would be mortified to death; and the members of the school committee always referred to him, and said that he had been a poor boy, and was now a self-made man,— as if every man were not self-made as to his character and reputation!

At this point, young Johnny Spencer showed his next neighbor, in the back of his *Colburn's Arithmetic*, an imaginary portrait of their district hero, which caused them both to chuckle derisively. The Honorable Mr. Laneway figured on the flyleaf as an extremely cross-eyed person, with strangely crooked legs and arms and a terrific expression. He was outlined with red and blue pencils as to coat and trousers, and held a reddened scalp in one hand and a blue tomahawk in the other; being closely associated in the artist's mind with the early settlements of the far West.

There was a noise of wheels in the road near by, and, though Miss Hender had much more to say, everybody ceased to listen to her, and turned toward the windows, leaning far forward over their desks to see who might be passing. They caught a glimpse of a shiny carriage; the old dog bounded out, barking, but nothing passed the open door. The carriage had stopped; some one was coming to the school; somebody was going to be called out! It could not be the committee, whose pompous and uninspiring spring visit had taken place only the week before.

Presently a well-dressed elderly man, with an expectant, masterful look, stood on the doorstep, glanced in with a smile, and knocked. Miss Marilla Hender blushed, smoothed her pretty hair anxiously with both hands, and stepped down from her little platform to answer the summons. There was hardly a shut mouth in the primer class.

'Would it be convenient for you to receive a visitor to the school?' the stranger asked politely, with a fine bow of deference to Miss Hender. He looked much pleased and a little excited, and the teacher said,—

'Certainly; step right in, won't you, sir?' in quite another tone from that in which she had just addressed the school.

The boys and girls were sitting straight and silent in their places, in something like a fit of apprehension and unpreparedness at such a great emergency. The guest represented a type of person previously unknown in District Number Four. Everything about him spoke of wealth and authority. The old dog returned to the doorstep, and after a careful look at the invader approached him, with a funny doggish grin and a desperate wag of the tail, to beg for recognition.

The teacher gave her chair on the platform to the guest, and stood beside him with very red cheeks, smoothing her hair again once or twice, and keeping the hardwood ruler fast in hand, like a badge of office. 'Primer class may now retire!' she said firmly, although the lesson was not more than half through; and the class promptly escaped to their seats, waddling and stumbling, until they all came up behind their desks, face foremost, and added themselves to the number of staring young countenances. After this there was silence, which grew more and more embarrassing.

'Perhaps you would be pleased to hear our first class in geography, sir?' asked the fair Marilla, recovering her presence of mind; and the guest kindly assented.

The young teacher was by no means willing to give up a certainty for an uncertainty. Yesterday's lesson had been well learned; she turned back to the questions about the State of Kansota, and at the first sentence the mysterious visitor's dignity melted into an unconscious smile. He listened intently for a minute, and then seemed to reoccupy himself with his own thoughts and purposes, looking eagerly about the old school-house, and sometimes gazing steadily at the children. The lesson went on finely, and when it was finished Miss Hender asked the girl at the head of the class to name the States and Territories, which she instantly did, mispronouncing nearly all the names of the latter; then others stated boundaries and capitals, and the resources of the New England States, passing on finally to the names of the Presidents. Miss Hender glowed with pride; she had worked hard over the geography class in the winter term, and it did not fail her on this great occasion. When she turned bravely to see if the gentleman would like to ask any questions, she found that he was apparently lost in a deep reverie, so she repeated her own question more distinctly.

'They have done very well,— very well indeed,' he answered kindly; and then, to every one's surprise, he rose, went up the aisle, pushed Johnny Spencer gently along his bench, and sat down beside him. The space was cramped, and the stranger looked huge and uncomfortable, so that everybody laughed, except one of the big girls, who turned pale with fright, and thought he must be crazy. When this girl gave a faint squeak Miss Hender recovered herself, and rapped twice with the ruler to restore order; then became entirely tranquil. There had been talk of replacing the hacked and worn old school-desks with patent desks and chairs; this was probably an agent connected with that business. At once she was resolute and self-reliant, and said, 'No whispering!' in a firm tone that showed she did not mean to be trifled with. The geography class was dismissed, but the elderly gentleman, in his handsome overcoat, sat still there wedged in at John Spencer's side.

'I presume, sir, that you are canvassing for new desks,' said Miss Hender with dignity. 'You will have to see the supervisor and the selectmen.' There did not seem to be any need of his lingering, but she had an ardent desire to be pleasing to a person of such evident distinction. 'We always tell strangers — I thought, sir, you might be gratified to know — that this is the school-house where the Honorable Joseph K. Laneway first attended school. All do not know that he was born in this town, and went West very young; it is only about a mile from here where his folks used to live.'

At this moment the visitor's eyes fell. He did not look at pretty Marilla any more, but opened Johnny Spencer's arithmetic, and, seeing the imaginary portrait of the great General Laneway, laughed a little,— a very deep-down comfortable laugh it was,— while Johnny himself turned cold with alarm, he could not have told why.

It was very still in the school-room; the bee was buzzing and bumping at the pane again; the moment was one of intense expectation.

The stranger looked at the children

right and left. 'The fact is this, young people,' said he, in a tone that was half pride and half apology, 'I am Joseph K. Laneway myself.'

He tried to extricate himself from the narrow quarters of the desk, but for an embarrassing moment found that he was stuck fast. Johnny Spencer instinctively gave him an assisting push, and once freed the great soldier, statesman, and millionaire took a few steps forward to the open floor; then, after hesitating a moment, he mounted the little platform and stood in the teacher's place. Marilla Hender was as pale as ashes.

'I have thought many times,' the great guest began, 'that some day I should come back to visit this place, which is so closely interwoven with the memories of my childhood. In my counting-room, on the fields of war, in the halls of Congress, and most of all in my Western home, my thoughts have flown back to the hills and brooks of Winby and to this little old school-house. I could shut my eyes and call back the buzz of voices, and fear my teacher's frown, and feel my boyish ambitions waking and stirring in my breast. On that bench where I just sat I saw some notches that I cut with my first jack-knife fifty-eight years ago this very spring. I remember the faces of the boys and girls who went to school with me, and I see their grandchildren before me. I know that one is a Goodsoe and another a Winn by the old family look. One generation goes and another comes.

'There are many things that I might say to you. I meant, even in those early restricted days, to make my name known, and I dare say that you too have ambitions. Be careful what you wish for in this world, for if you wish hard enough you are sure to get it. I once heard a very wise man say this, and the longer I live the more firmly I believe it to be true. But wishing hard means working hard for what you want, and the world's prizes wait for the men and women who are ready to take pains to win them. Be careful and set your minds on the best things. I meant to be a rich man when I was a boy here, and I stand before you a rich man, knowing the care and anxiety and responsibility of wealth. I meant to go to Congress, and I am one of the Senators from Kansota. I say this as humbly as I say it proudly. I used to read of the valor and patriotism of the old Greeks and Romans with my youthful blood leaping along my veins, and it came to pass that my own country was in danger, and that I could help to fight her battles. Perhaps some one of these little lads has before him a more eventful life than I have lived, and is looking forward to activity and honor and the pride of fame. I wish him all the joy that I have had, all the toil that I have had, and all the bitter disappointments even; for adversity leads a man to depend upon that which is above him, and the path of glory is a lonely path, beset by temptations and a bitter sense of the weakness and imperfections of man. I see my life spread out like a great picture, as I stand here in my boyhood's place. I regret my failures. I thank God for what in His kind providence has been honest and right. I am glad to come back, but I feel, as I look in your young faces, that I am an old man, while your young lives are just beginning. When you remember in years to come, that I came here to see the old school-house, remember that I said: Wish for the best things, and work hard to win them; try to be good men and women, for the honor of the school and the town, and the noble young country that gave you birth: be kind at home and generous abroad. Remember that I, an old man who had seen much life, begged you to be brave and good.'

The Honorable Mr. Laneway had rarely felt himself so moved in any of his public speeches, but he was obliged to notice that for once he could not hold his audience. The primer class especially had begun to flag in attention, but one or two faces among the elder scholars fairly shone with vital sympathy and a lovely prescience of their future. Their eyes met his as if they struck a flash of light. There was a sturdy boy who half rose in his place unconsciously, the color coming and going in his cheeks; something in Mr. Laneway's words lit the altar flame in his reverent heart.

Marilla Hender was pleased and a little dazed; she could not have repeated what her illustrious visitor had said, but she longed to tell everybody that he was in town, and had come to school to make an address. She had never seen a great man before, and really needed time to reflect upon him and to consider what she ough-

to say. She was just quivering with the attempt to make a proper reply and thank Mr. Laneway for the honor of his visit to the school, when he asked her which of the boys could be trusted to drive back his hired horse to the Four Corners. Eight boys, large and small, nearly every boy in the school, rose at once and snapped insistent fingers; but Johnny Spencer alone was desirous not to attract attention to himself. The *Colburn's Intellectual Arithmetic* with the portrait had been well secreted between his tight jacket and his shirt. Miss Hender selected a trustworthy freckled person in long trousers, who was half-way to the door in an instant, and was heard almost immediately to shout loudly at the quiet horse.

Then the hero of District Number Four made his acknowledgments to the teacher. 'I fear that I have interrupted you too long,' he said with pleasing deference.

Marilla replied that it was of no consequence; she hoped he would call again. She may have spoken primly, but her pretty eyes said everything that her lips forgot. 'My grandmother will want to see you, sir,' she ventured to say. 'I guess you will remember her,— Mis' Hender, she that was Abby Harran. She has often told me how you used to get your lessons out of the same book.'

'Abby Harran's granddaughter?' Mr. Laneway looked at her again with fresh interest. 'Yes, I wish to see her more than any one else. Tell her that I am coming to see her before I go away, and give her my love. Thank you, my dear,' as Marilla offered his missing hat. 'Good-by, boys and girls.' He stopped and looked at them once more from the boys' entry, and turned again to look back from the very doorstep.

'Good-by, sir — good-by,' piped two or three of the young voices; but most of the children only stared, and neither spoke nor moved.

'We will omit the class in Fourth Reader this afternoon. The class in grammar may recite,' said Miss Hender in her most contained and official manner.

The grammar class sighed like a single pupil, and obeyed. She was very stern with the grammar class, but every one in school had an inner sense that it was a great day in the history of District Number Four.

The Honorable Mr. Laneway found the outdoor air very fresh and sweet after the closeness of the school-house. It had just that same odor in his boyhood, and as he escaped he had a delightful sense of playing truant or of having an unexpected holiday. It was easier to think of himself as a boy, and to slip back into boyish thoughts, than to bear the familiar burden of his manhood. He climbed the tumble-down stone wall across the road, and went along a narrow path to the spring that bubbled up clear and cold under a great red oak. How many times he had longed for a drink of that water, and now here it was, and the thirst of that warm spring day was hard to quench! Again and again he stooped to fill the birchbark dipper which the school-children had made, just as his own comrades made theirs years before. The oak-tree was dying at the top. The pine woods beyond had been cut and had grown again since his boyhood, and looked much as he remembered them. Beyond the spring and away from the woods the path led across overgrown pastures to another road, perhaps three quarters of a mile away, and near this road was the small farm which had been his former home. As he walked slowly along, he was met again and again by some reminder of his youthful days. He had always liked to refer to his early life in New England in his political addresses, and had spoken more than once of going to find the cows at nightfall in the autumn evenings, and being glad to warm his bare feet in the places where the sleepy beasts had lain, before he followed their slow steps homeward through bush and brier. The Honorable Mr. Laneway had a touch of true sentiment which added much to his really stirring and effective campaign speeches. He had often been called the 'king of the platform' in his adopted State. He had long ago grown used to saying 'Go' to one man, and 'Come' to another, like the ruler of old; but all his natural power of leadership and habit of authority disappeared at once as he trod the pasture slopes, calling back the remembrance of his childhood. Here was the place where two lads, older than himself, had killed a terrible woodchuck at bay in the angle

of a great rock; and just beyond was the sunny spot where he had picked a bunch of pink and white anemones under a prickly barberry thicket, to give to Abby Harran in morning school. She had put them into her desk, and let them wilt there, but she was pleased when she took them. Abby Harran, the little teacher's grandmother, was a year older than he, and had wakened the earliest thought of love in his youthful breast.

It was almost time to catch the first sight of his birthplace. From the knoll just ahead he had often seen the light of his mother's lamp, as he came home from school on winter afternoons; but when he reached the knoll the old house was gone, and so was the great walnut-tree that grew beside it, and a pang of disappointment shot through his devout pilgrim's heart. He never had doubted that the old farm was somebody's home still, and had counted upon the pleasure of spending a night there, and sleeping again in that room under the roof, where the rain sounded loud, and the walnut branches brushed to and fro when the wind blew, as if they were the claws of tigers. He hurried across the worn-out fields, long ago turned into sheep pastures, where the last year's tall grass and golden-rod stood gray and winter-killed; tracing the old walls and fences, and astonished to see how small the fields had been. The prosperous owner of Western farming lands could not help remembering those widespread luxuriant acres, and the broad outlooks of his Western home.

It was difficult at first to find exactly where the house had stood; even the foundations had disappeared. At last in the long, faded grass he discovered the doorstep, and near by was a little mound where the great walnut-tree stump had been. The cellar was a mere dent in the sloping ground; it had been filled in by the growing grass and slow processes of summer and winter weather. But just at the pilgrim's right were some thorny twigs of an old rosebush. A sudden brightening of memory brought to mind the love that his mother — dead since his fifteenth year — had kept for this sweetbrier. How often she had wished that she had brought it to her new home! So much had changed in the world, so many had gone into the world of light, and here the faithful blooming thing was yet alive! There was one slender branch where green buds were starting, and getting ready to flower in the new year.

The afternoon wore late, and still the gray-haired man lingered. He might have laughed at some one else who gave himself up to sad thoughts, and found fault with himself, with no defendant to plead his cause at the bar of conscience. It was an altogether lonely hour. He had dreamed all his life, in a sentimental, self-satisfied fashion, of this return to Winby. It had always appeared to be a grand affair, but so far he was himself the only interested spectator at his poor occasion. There was even a dismal consciousness that he had been undignified, perhaps even a little consequential and silly, in the old school-house. The picture of himself on the war-path, in Johnny Spencer's arithmetic, was the only tribute that his longed-for day had held, but he laughed aloud delightedly at the remembrance and really liked that solemn little boy who sat at his own old desk. There was another older lad, who sat at the back of the room, who reminded Mr. Laneway of himself in his eager youth There was a spark of light in that fellow's eyes. Once or twice in the earlier afternoon, as he drove along, he had asked people in the road if there was a Laneway family in that neighborhood, but everybody had said no in an indifferent fashion. Somehow he had been expecting that every one would know him and greet him, and give him credit for what he had tried to do, but old Winby had her own affairs to look after, and did very well without any of his help.

Mr. Laneway acknowledged to himself at this point that he was weak and unmanly. There must be some old friends who would remember him, and give him as hearty a welcome as the greeting he had brought for them. So he rose and went his way westward toward the sunset. The air was growing damp and cold, and it was time to make sure of shelter. This was hardly like the visit he had meant to pay to his birthplace. He wished with all his heart he had never come back. But he walked briskly away, intent upon wider thoughts as the fresh evening breeze quickened his steps. He did not consider where he was going, but was for a time the busy man of affairs, stimulated by the unconscious influence

of his surroundings. The slender gray birches and pitch pines of that neglected pasture had never before seen a hat and coat exactly in the fashion. They may have been abashed by the presence of a United States Senator and Western millionaire, though a piece of New England ground that had often felt the tread of his bare feet was not likely to quake because a pair of smart shoes stepped hastily along the school-house path.

There was an imperative knock at the side door of the Hender farmhouse, just after dark. The young school-mistress had come home late, because she had stopped all the way along to give people the news of her afternoon's experience. Marilla was not coy and speechless any longer, but sat by the kitchen stove telling her eager grandmother everything she could remember or could imagine.

'Who 's that knocking at the door?' inquired Mrs. Hender. 'No, I 'll go myself; I 'm nearest.'

The man outside was cold and footweary. He was not used to spending a whole day unrecognized, and, after being first amused, and even enjoying a sense of freedom at escaping his just dues of consideration and respect, he had begun to feel as if he were old and forgotten, and was hardly sure of a friend in the world.

Old Mrs. Hender came to the door, with her eyes shining with delight, in great haste to dismiss whoever had knocked, so that she might hear the rest of Marilla's story. She opened the door wide to whoever might have come on some country errand, and looked the tired and faint-hearted Mr. Laneway full in the face.

'Dear heart, come in!' she exclaimed, reaching out and taking him by the shoulder, as he stood humbly on a lower step. 'Come right in, Joe. Why, I should know you anywhere! Why, Joe Laneway, *you same boy!*'

In they went to the warm, bright, country kitchen. The delight and kindness of an old friend's welcome and her instant sympathy seemed the loveliest thing in the world. They sat down in two straight-backed kitchen chairs. They still held each other by the hand, and looked into each other's face. The plain old room was aglow with heat and cheerfulness; the tea-kettle was singing; a drowsy cat sat on the wood-box with her paws tucked in; and the house dog came forward in a friendly way, wagging his tail, and laid his head on their clasped hands.

'And to think I have n't seen you since your folks moved out West, the next spring after you were thirteen in the winter,' said the good woman. 'But I s'pose there ain't been anybody that has followed your career closer than I have, accordin' to their opportunities. You 've done a great work for your country, Joe. I 'm proud of you clean through. Sometimes folks has said, "There, there, Mis' Hender, what be you goin' to say now?" but I 've always told 'em to wait. I knew you saw your reasons. You was always an honest boy.' The tears started and shone in her kind eyes. Her face showed that she had waged a bitter war with poverty and sorrow, but the look of affection that it wore, and the warm touch of her hard hand, misshapen and worn with toil, touched her old friend in his inmost heart, and for a minute neither could speak.

'They do say that women folks have got no natural head for politics, but I always could seem to sense what was goin' on in Washington, if there was any sense to it,' said grandmother Hender at last.

'Nobody could puzzle you at school, I remember,' answered Mr. Laneway, and they both laughed heartily. 'But surely this granddaughter does not make your household? You have sons?'

'Two beside her father. He died; but they 're both away, up toward Canada, buying cattle. We are getting along considerable well these last few years, since they got a mite of capital together; but the old farm was n't really able to maintain us, with the heavy expenses that fell on us unexpected year by year. I 've seen a great sight of trouble, Joe. My boy John, Marilla's father, and his nice wife, — I lost 'em both early, when Marilla was but a child. John was the flower of my family. He would have made a name for himself. You would have taken to John.'

'I was sorry to hear of your loss,' said Mr. Laneway. 'He was a brave man. I know what he did at Fredericksburg. You remember that I lost my wife and my only son?'

There was a silence between the friends, who had no need for words now; they understood each other's heart only too

well. Marilla, who sat near them, rose and went out of the room.

'Yes, yes, daughter,' said Mrs. Hender, calling her back, 'We ought to be thinking about supper.'

'I was going to light a little fire in the parlor,' explained Marilla, with a slight tone of rebuke in her clear girlish voice.

'Oh, no, you ain't,— not now, at least,' protested the elder woman decidedly. 'Now, Joseph, what should you like to have for supper? I wish to my heart I had some fried turnovers, like those you used to come after when you was a boy. I can make 'em just about the same as mother did. I 'll be bound you 've thought of some old-fashioned dish that you would relish for your supper.'

'Rye drop-cakes, then, if they would n't give you too much trouble,' answered the Honorable Joseph, with prompt seriousness, 'and don't forget some cheese.' He looked up at his old playfellow as she stood beside him, eager with affectionate hospitality.

'You 've no idea what a comfort Marilla 's been,' she stooped to whisper. 'Always took right hold and helped me when she was a baby. She 's as good as made up already for my having no daughter. I want you to get acquainted with Marilla.'

The granddaughter was still awed and anxious about the entertainment of so distinguished a guest when her grandmother appeared at last in the pantry.

'I ain't goin' to let you do no such a thing, darlin',' said Abby Hender, when Marilla spoke of making something that she called 'fairy gems' for tea, after a new and essentially feminine recipe. 'You just let me get supper to-night. The Gen'ral has enough kickshaws to eat; he wants a good, hearty, old-fashioned supper,— the same country cooking he remembers when he was a boy. He went so far himself as to speak of rye drop-cakes, an' there ain't one in a hundred, nowadays, knows how to make the kind he means. You go an' lay the table just as we always have it, except you can get out them old big sprigged cups o' my mother's. Don't put on none o' the parlor cluset things.'

Marilla went off crestfallen and demurring. She had a noble desire to show Mr. Laneway that they knew how to have things as well as anybody, and was sure that he would consider it more polite to be asked into the best room, and to sit there alone until tea was ready; but the illustrious Mr. Laneway was allowed to stay in the kitchen, in apparent happiness, and to watch the proceedings from beginning to end. The two old friends talked industriously, but he saw his rye drop-cakes go into the oven and come out, and his tea made, and his piece of salt fish broiled and buttered, a broad piece of honeycomb set on to match some delightful thick slices of brown-crusted loaf bread, and all the simple feast prepared. There was a sufficient piece of Abby Hender's best cheese; it must also be confessed that there were also some baked beans, and, as one thing after another appeared, the Honorable Joseph K. Laneway grew hungrier and hungrier, until he fairly looked pale with anticipation and delay, and was bidden at that very moment to draw up his chair and make himself a supper if he could. What cups of tea, what uncounted rye drop-cakes, went to the making of that successful supper! How gay the two old friends became, and of what old stories they reminded each other, and how late the dark spring evening grew, before the feast was over and the straight-backed chairs were set against the kitchen wall!

Marilla listened for a time with more or less interest, but at last she took up one of her school-books, with slight ostentation, and went over to study by the lamp. Mrs. Hender had brought her knitting-work, a blue woolen stocking, out of a drawer, and sat down serene and unruffled, prepared to keep awake as late as possible. She was a woman who had kept her youthful looks through the difficulties of farm life as few women can, and this added to her guest's sense of home-likeness and pleasure. There was something that he felt to be sisterly and comfortable in her strong figure; he even noticed the little plaid woolen shawl that she wore about her shoulders. Dear, uncomplaining heart of Abby Hender! The appealing friendliness of the good woman made no demands except to be allowed to help and to serve everybody who came in her way.

Now began in good earnest the talk of old times, and what had become of this and that old schoolmate; how one family had come to want and another to wealth. The changes and losses and windfalls of

good fortune in that rural neighborhood were made tragedy and comedy by turns in Abby Hender's dramatic speech. She grew younger and more entertaining hour by hour, and beguiled the grave Senator into confidential talk of national affairs. He had much to say, to which she listened with rare sympathy and intelligence. She astonished him by her comprehension of difficult questions of the day, and by her simple good sense. Marilla grew hopelessly sleepy, and departed, but neither of them turned to notice her as she lingered a moment to say good-night. When the immediate subjects of conversation were fully discussed, however, there was an unexpected interval of silence, and, after making sure that her knitting stitches counted exactly right, Abby Hender cast a questioning glance at the Senator to see if he had it in mind to go to bed. She was reluctant to end her evening so soon, but determined to act the part of considerate hostess. The guest was as wide awake as ever: eleven o'clock was the best part of his evening.

'Cider?' he suggested, with an expectant smile, and Abby Hender was on her feet in a moment. When she had brought a pitcher from the pantry, he took a candle from the high shelf and led the way.

'To think of your remembering our old cellar candlestick all these years!' laughed the pleased woman, as she followed him down the steep stairway, and then laughed still more at his delight in the familiar look of the place.

'Unchanged as the pyramids!' he said. 'I suppose those pound sweetings that used to be in that farthest bin were eaten up months ago?'

It was plain to see that the household stores were waning low, as befitted the time of the year, but there was still enough in the old cellar. Care and thrift and gratitude made the poor farmhouse a rich place. This woman of real ability had spent her strength from youth to age, and had lavished as much industry and power of organization in her narrow sphere as would have made her famous in a wider one. Joseph Laneway could not help sighing as he thought of it. How many things his good friend had missed, and yet how much she had been able to win that makes everywhere the very best of life! Poor and early widowed, there must have been a constant battle with poverty on that stony Harran farm, whose owners had been pitied even in his early boyhood, when the best of farming land was none too easy. But Abby Hender had always been one of the leaders of the town.

'Now, before we sit down again, I want you to step into my best room. Perhaps you won't have time in the morning, and I 've got something to show you,' she said persuasively.

It was a plain, old-fashioned best room, with a look of pleasantness in spite of the spring chill and the stiffness of the best chairs. They lingered before the picture of Mrs. Hender's soldier son, a poor work of a poorer artist in crayons, but the spirit of the young face shone out appealingly. Then they crossed the room and stood before some bookshelves, and Abby Hender's face brightened into a beaming smile of triumph.

'You did n't expect we should have all those books, now, did you, Joe Laneway?' she asked.

He shook his head soberly, and leaned forward to read the titles. There were no very new ones, as if times had been hard of late; almost every volume was either history, or biography, or travel. Their owner had reached out of her own narrow boundaries into other lives and into far countries. He recognized with gratitude two or three congressional books that he had sent her when he first went to Washington, and there was a life of himself, written from a partizan point of view, and issued in one of his most exciting campaigns; the sight of it touched him to the heart, and then she opened it, and showed him the three or four letters that he had written her,— one, in boyish handwriting, describing his adventures on his first Western journey.

'There are a hundred and six volumes now,' announced the proud owner of such a library. 'I lend 'em all I can, or most of them would look better. I have had to wait a good while for some, and some were n't what I expected 'em to be, but most of 'em 's as good books as there is in the world. I 've never been so situated that it seemed best for me to indulge in a daily paper, and I don't know but it 's just as well; but stories were never any great of a temptation. I know pretty well what 's goin' on about me, and I can make

that do. Real life 's interestin' enough for me.'

Mr. Laneway was still looking over the books. His heart smote him for not being thoughtful; he knew well enough that the overflow of his own library would have been delightful to this self-denying, eager-minded soul. 'I 've been a very busy man all my life, Abby,' he said impulsively, as if she waited for some apology for his forgetfulness, 'but I 'll see to it now that you have what you want to read. I don't mean to lose hold of your advice on state matters.' They both laughed, and he added, 'I 've always thought of you, if I have n't shown it.'

'There 's more time to read than there used to be; I 've had what was best for me,' answered the woman gently, with a grateful look on her face, as she turned to glance at her old friend. 'Marilla takes hold wonderfully and helps me with the work. In the long winter evenings you can't think what a treat a new book is. I would n't change places with the queen.'

They had come back to the kitchen, and she stood before the cupboard, reaching high for two old gayly striped crockery mugs. There were some doughnuts and cheese at hand; their early supper seemed quite forgotten. The kitchen was warm, and they had talked themselves thirsty and hungry; but with what an unexpected tang the cider freshened their throats! Mrs. Hender had picked the apples herself that went to the press; they were all chosen from the old russet tree and the gnarly, red-cheeked, ungrafted fruit that grew along the lane. The flavor made one think of frosty autumn mornings on high hillsides, of north winds and sunny skies. 'It 'livens one to the heart,' as Mrs. Hender remarked proudly, when the Senator tried to praise it as much as it deserved, and finally gave a cheerful laugh, such as he had not laughed for many a day.

'Why, it seems like drinking the month of October,' he told her; and at this the hostess reached over, protesting that the striped mug was too narrow to hold what it ought, and filled it up again.

'Oh, Joe Laneway, to think that I see you at last, after all these years!' she said. 'How rich I shall feel with this evening to live over! I 've always wanted to see somebody that I 'd read about, and now I 've got that to remember; but I 've always known I should see you again, and I believe 't was the Lord's will.'

Early the next morning they said good-by. The early breakfast had to be hurried, and Marilla was to drive Mr. Laneway to the station three miles away. It was Saturday morning, and she was free from school.

Mr. Laneway strolled down the lane before breakfast was ready, and came back with a little bunch of pink anemones in his hand. Marilla thought that he meant to give them to her, but he laid them beside her grandmother's plate. 'You must n't put those in your desk,' he said with a smile, and Abby Hender blushed like a girl.

'I 've got those others now, dried and put away somewhere in one of my books,' she said quietly, and Marilla wondered what they meant.

The two old friends shook hands warmly at parting. 'I wish you could have stayed another day, so that I could have had the minister come and see you,' urged Mrs. Hender regretfully.

'You could n't have done any more for me. I have had the best visit in the world,' he answered, a little shaken, and holding her hand a moment longer, while Marilla sat, young and impatient, in the high wagon. 'You 're a dear good woman, Abby. Sometimes when things have gone wrong I 've been sorry that I ever had to leave Winby.'

The woman's clear eyes looked straight into his; then fell. 'You would n't have done everything you have for the country,' she said.

'Give me a kiss; we 're getting to be old folks now,' said the General; and they kissed each other gravely.

A moment later Abby Hender stood alone in her dooryard, watching and waving her hand again and again, while the wagon rattled away down the lane and turned into the highroad.

Two hours after Marilla returned from the station, and rushed into the kitchen.

'Grandma!' she exclaimed, 'you never did see such a crowd in Winby as there was at the depot! Everybody in town had got word about General Laneway, and they were pushing up to shake hands, and cheering same as at election, and the cars waited as much as ten minutes, and all the

folks was lookin' out of the windows, and came out on the platforms when they heard who it was. Folks say that he 'd been to see the selectmen yesterday before he came to school, and he 's goin' to build an elegant town hall, and have the names put up in it of all the Winby men that went to the war.' Marilla sank into a chair, flushed with excitement. 'Everybody was asking me about his being here last night and what he said to the school. I wished that you 'd gone down to the depot instead of me.'

'I had the best part of anybody,' said Mrs. Hender, smiling and going on with her Saturday morning work. 'I 'm real glad they showed him proper respect,' she added a moment afterward, but her voice faltered.

'Why, you ain't been cryin', grandma?' asked the girl. 'I guess you 're tired. You had a real good time, now, did n't you?'

'Yes, dear heart!' said Abby Hender. 'T ain't pleasant to be growin' old, that 's all. I could n't help noticin' his age as he rode away. I 've always been lookin' forward to seein' him again, an' now it 's all over.'

The Atlantic Monthly, May, 1891.

EMMA LAZARUS (1849–1887)

One of the most passionate and inspired of the later American poets was Emma Lazarus, born in New York City of Portuguese Jewish ancestry, a Heine-like soul full of an impetuous fire that too early consumed her, and dying, even as did the great German-Jewish lyrist, in Paris after agonizing weeks and months on a 'mattress grave.' Her early poems are imaginative and dreamy, but in 1883 she was aroused by the persecution of the Jews in Russia, and from that time she became the voice of her people, pouring out Whittier-like 'voices of freedom,' fiery denunciations, stirring challenges to action, and realistic pictures of persecution like 'The Guardian of the Red Disk' and that gripping drama of persecution in the 12th Century, *The Dance of Death*. The Jewish race has had in later years no more compelling and inspired lyrist than Emma Lazarus. Moreover, she was an American in heart and soul. Her cries for her race are from the deepest heart of America as well as from a member of a peculiar people. Her 'How Long' is a trumpet-call that should stir every American soul.

HOW LONG?[1]

How long, and yet how long,
Our leaders will we hail from over seas,
Masters and kings from feudal monarchies,
And mock their ancient song
With echoes weak of foreign melodies?

That distant isle mist-wreathed,
Mantled in unimaginable green,
Too long hath been our mistress and our queen.
Our fathers have bequeathed
Too deep a love for her, our hearts within.

She made the whole world ring
With the brave exploits of her children strong,
And with the matchless music of her song.
Too late, too late we cling
To alien legends, and their strains prolong.

This fresh young world I see,
With heroes, cities, legends of her own;
With a new race of men, and overblown
By winds from sea to sea,
Decked with the majesty of every zone.

I see the glittering tops
Of snow-peaked mounts, the wid'ning vale's expanse,
Large prairies where free herds of horses prance,
Exhaustless wealth of crops,
In vast, magnificent extravagance.

These grand, exuberant plains,
These stately rivers, each with many a mouth,
The exquisite beauty of the soft-aired South,
The boundless seas of grains,
Luxuriant forests' lush and splendid growth.

The distant siren-song
Of the green island in the Eastern sea,
Is not the lay for this new chivalry,
It is not free and strong
To chant on prairies 'neath this brilliant sky.

The echo faints and fails;
It suiteth not, upon this western plain,
Our voice or spirit; we should stir again
The wilderness, and make the vales
Resound unto a yet unheard-of strain.

From *Admetus, and Other Poems*, 1871.

[1] Copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

THE BANNER OF THE JEW[1]

Wake, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
His five-fold lion-lineage:
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.

[1] Copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

From Mizpeh's mountain-ridge they saw
Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law
With idol and with pagan sign.
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
A blast to ope the graves: down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and, following, see,
Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
And rouse them to the urgent hour!
No hand for vengeance — but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent!
With Moses' law and David's lyre,
Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the *Banner of the Jew!*

A rag, a mock at first — erelong,
When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong,
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it, and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

The Critic, June 3, 1882.

IN EXILE[1]

'Since that day till now our life is one unbroken paradise. We live a true brotherly life. Every evening after supper we take a seat under the mighty oak and sing our songs.'— *Extract from a letter of a Russian refugee in Texas.*

Twilight is here, soft breezes bow the grass,
Day's sounds of various toil break slowly off,
The yoke-freed oxen low, the patient ass
Dips his dry nostril in the cool, deep trough.
Up from the prairie the tanned herdsmen pass
With frothy pails, guiding with voices rough
Their udder-lightened kine. Fresh smells of earth,
The rich, black furrows of the glebe send forth.

After the Southern day of heavy toil,
How good to lie, with limbs relaxed, brows bare
To evening's fan, and watch the smoke-wreaths coil
Up from one's pipe-stem through the rayless air.
So deem these unused tillers of the soil,
Who stretched beneath the shadowing oak-tree stare
Peacefully on the star-unfolding skies,
And name their life unbroken paradise.

The hounded stag that has escaped the pack,
And pants at ease within a thick-leaved dell;
The unimprisoned bird that finds the track
Through sun-bathed space, to where his fellows dwell;
The martyr, granted respite from the rack,
The death-doomed victim pardoned from his cell,—
Such only know the joy these exiles gain,—
Life's sharpest rapture is surcease of pain.

Strange faces theirs, wherethrough the Orient sun
Gleams from the eyes and glows athwart the skin,
Grave lines of studious thought and purpose run
From curl-crowned forehead to dark-bearded chin.
And over all the seal is stamped thereon
Of anguish branded by a world of sin,
In fire and blood through ages on their name,
Their seal of glory and the Gentiles' shame.

Freedom to love the law that Moses brought,
To sing the songs of David, and to think
The thoughts Gabirol to Spinoza taught,
Freedom to dig the common earth, to drink
The universal air — for this they sought
Refuge o'er wave and continent, to link
Egypt with Texas in their mystic chain,
And truth's perpetual lamp forbid to wane.

Hark! through the quiet evening air, their song
Floats forth with wild sweet rhythm and glad refrain.
They sing the conquest of the spirit strong,
The soul that wrests the victory from pain;
The noble joys of manhood that belong
To comrades and to brothers. In their strain
Rustle of palms and Eastern streams one hears,
And the broad prairie melts in mist of tears.

1 Copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

THE NEW EZEKIEL [1]

What, can these dead bones live, whose sap is dried
By twenty scorching centuries of wrong?
Is this the House of Israel, whose pride
Is as a tale that's told, an ancient song?
Are these ignoble relics all that live
Of psalmist, priest, and prophet? Can the breath
Of very heaven bid these bones revive,
Open the graves and clothe the ribs of death?

Yea, Prophesy, the Lord hath said. Again
Say to the wind, Come forth and breathe afresh,
Even that they may live upon these slain,
And bone to bone shall leap, and flesh to flesh.
The Spirit is not dead, proclaim the word,
Where lay dead bones, a host of armed men stand!
I ope your graves, my people, saith the Lord,
And I shall place you living in your land.

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IRWIN RUSSELL (1853–1879)

The biography of Irwin Russell is brief and pathetic. He was undoubtedly a genius like Stephen Collins Foster, wayward, unstable, convivial, a skilful banjo player and endowed freely with the temperament that accompanies this humorous and rollicking instrument. In education he surpassed Foster: he was a graduate of the Jesuit college at St. Louis and he studied law, but it was not in his nature to settle down to any steady occupation. He delighted to visit the river boats at Port Gibson, Mississippi, his native town, and improvise negro melodies to the delight of the captain and the roustabouts. Some of his dialect poems were printed in *Scribner's Monthly* in 1876, and, encouraged by their reception, he went himself to New York, where he received considerable attention. After a few months, however, he drifted South again, worked for a time on a New Orleans newspaper, and at twenty-six was 'dead in Bohemia' as one poet has expressed it. A thin volume of his poems appeared in 1888.

Russell was undoubtedly the pioneer in what proved to be a rich field, for it was he who discovered the literary possibilities of the negro. Thomas Nelson Page dedicated his *Befo' de War*, 1888, 'To Irwin Russell, who awoke the first echo'; and Joel Chandler Harris also considered him his master. What he left must be counted only as a few pitiful fragments, but it is enough to show the undoubted genius of the man and to make us regret all the more deeply his untimely end.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR[1]

You, Nebuchadnezzar, whoa, sah!
Whar is you tryin' to go, sah?
I 'd hab you fur to know, sah,
  I's a-holdin' ob de lines.
You better stop dat prancin';
You 's pow'ful fond ob dancin',
But I 'll bet my yeah's advancin'
  Dat I 'll cure you ob yo' shines.

Look heah, mule! Better min' out;
Fus' t'ing you know you 'll fin' out
How quick I 'll wear dis line out
  On your ugly stubbo'n back.
You need n't try to steal up
An' lif' dat precious heel up;
You 's got to plow dis fiel' up,
  You has, sah, fur a fac'.

Dar, *dat's* de way to do it!
He 's comin' right down to it;
Jes watch him plowin' troo it!
  Dis nigger ain't no fool.
Some folks dey would 'a' beat him;
Now, dat would only heat him—
I know jest how to treat him:
  You mus' *reason* wid a mule.

He minds me like a nigger.
If he wuz only bigger
He 'd fotch a mighty figger,
  He would, I *tell* you! Yes, sah!
See how he keep a-clickin'!
He 's as gentle as a chicken,
An' nebber thinks o' kickin'—
  Whoa dar! Nebuchadnezzah!

Is dis heah me, or not me?
Or is de debbil got me?
Wuz dat a cannon shot me?
  Hab I laid heah more 'n a week?
Dat mule do kick amazin'!
De beast was sp'iled in raisin'—
But now I s'pect he 's grazin'
  On de oder side de creek.

Scribner's Monthly, June, 1876.

[1] Copyright by The Century Co.

PRECEPTS AT PARTING[1]

Well, son, so you 's gwine for to leab us, yo' lubbin' ol' mammy an' me,
An' set yo'se'f up as a waiter, aboa'd ob de *Robbut E. Lee,*
Along wid dem fancy young niggers, what 's 'shamed fur to look at a hoe,
An' acts like a passel ob rich folks, when dey is n't got nuffin to show.

You 's had better trainin' dan dey has — I hopes 'at you 'll zibit more sense;

[1] Copyright by The Century Co.

Sech niggers is like a young rooster, a-settin' up top ob a fence:
He keeps on a-stretchin' an' crowin', an', while he 's a-blowin' his horn,
Dem chickens what ain't arter fussin' is pickin' up all ob de corn.

Now listen, an' min' what I tell you, an' don't you forgit what I say;
Take advice ob a 'sperienced pussen, an' you 'll git up de ladder an' stay:
Who knows? You mought git to be Pres'dent, or jestice, perhaps, ob de peace —
De man what keeps pullin' de grape-vine shakes down a few bunches at leas'.

Dem niggers what runs on de ribber is mos'ly a mighty sharp set;
Dey 'd find out some way fur to beat you, ef you bet 'em de water wuz wet;
You 's got to watch out for dem fellers; dey 'd cheat off de horns ob a cow.
I knows 'em; I follered de ribber 'fore ebber I follered a plow.

You 'll easy git 'long wid de white folks,— de Cappen an' steward an' clerks,—
Dey won't say a word to a nigger, as long as dey notice he works;
An' work is de onlies' ingine we 's any 'casion to tote,
To keep us gwine on troo de currents dat pesters de spirichul boat.

I heered dat idee from a preacher; he 'lowed 'at dis life wuz a stream,
An' ebry one's soul wuz a packet dat run wid a full head ob steam;
Dat some ob 'em 's only stern-wheelers, while oders wuz mons'ously fine —
An' de trip wuz made safes' an' quickes' by boats ob de Mefodis line.

I wants you, my son, to be 'tic'lar, an' 'sociate only wid dey
Dat 's 'titled to go in de cabin — don't neber hab nuffin to say
To dem low-minded roustabout niggers what han'les de cotton below —
Dem common brack rascals ain't fittin' for no cabin-waiter to know.

But nebber git airy: be 'spectful to all de white people you see;
An' nebber go back on de raisin' you 's had from your mammy an' me.

It 's hard on your mudder, your leabin'— I don't know whatebber she 'll do;
An' shorely your fadder 'll miss you — I 'll alluz be thinkin' ob you.

Well, now I 's done tol' you my say-so. Dar ain't nuffin more as I knows —
'Cept dis: don't you nebber come back, sah, widout you has money an' clo'es.
I 's kep' you as long as I 's gwine to, an' now you an' me we is done —
An' calves is too skace in dis country to kill fur a prodigal son.

Scribner's Monthly, Sept., 1876.

BUSINESS IN MISSISSIPPI [1]

Why, howdy, Mahsr Johnny! Is you gone to keepin' store?
Well, sah, I is surprised! I nebber heard ob dat afore.
Say, ain't you gwine to gib me piece o' good tobacco, please?
I 's 'long wid you in Georgia, time we all wuz refugees.

I know'd you would; I alluz tells the people, white an' black,
Dat you 's a r'al gen'l'man, an' dat 's de libin' fac'—
Yes, sah, dat 's what I tells 'em, an' it 's nuffin else but true,
An' all de cullud people thinks a mighty heap ob you.

Look heah, sah, don't you want to buy cotton? Yes, you do;
Dere 's oder people wants it, but I 'd rader sell to you.
How much? Oh, jes a bale — dat on de wagon in de street —
Dis heah 's de sample,— dis cotton 's mighty hard to beat!

You 'll fin' it on de paper, what de offers is dat 's made;
Dey 's all de same seditions,— half in cash, half in trade.
Dey 's mighty low, sah; come, now, can't you 'prove upon de rates
Dat Barrot Brothers offers — only twelb an' seben-eights?

Lord, Mahsr Johnny, raise it! Don't you know dat I 's a frien',

[1] Copyright by The Century Co.

An' when I has de money I is willin' fur to *spen'?*
My custom 's wuff a heap, sah; jes you buy de bale an' see.
Dere did n't nebber nobody lose nuffin off ob me.

Now, what 's de use ob gwine dere an' a-zamininʼ ob de bale?
When people trades wid me dey alluz gits an hones' sale;
I ain't no han' fur cheatin'; I beliebes in actin' fa'r,
An' ebry-body 'll tell you dey alluz foun' me squar'.

I is n't like *some* niggers; I declar' it is a shame
De way some ob dem swin'les — What! de cotton ain't de same
As dat 's in de sample! Will, I 'm blest, sah, ef it is!
Dis heah must be my *brudder's* sample — Yes, sah, dis is his.

If dat don't beat creation! Heah I 've done been totin' 'round
A sample different from de cotton! I — will — be — consound!
Mahsr Johnny, you must 'scuse me. Take de cotton as it stan's,
An' tell me ef you 're willin' fur to take it off my han's.

Sho! nebber min' de auger! 'tain't a bit o' use to bore;
De bale is all de same 's dis heah place de baggin 's tore;
You ought n't to go pullin' out de cotton dat away;
It spiles de beauty ob de — What, sah! *rocks* in dar, you say!

Rocks in dat ar cotton! How de debbil kin dat be?
I packed dat bale myse'f — hol' on a minute, le'— me —see —
My stars! I mus' be crazy! Mahsr Johnny, dis is fine!
I 's gone an' hauled my brudder's cotton in, instead ob mine!

MAHSR JOHN[1]

I heahs a heap o' people talkin', ebrywhar I goes,
'Bout Washintum an' Franklum, an' sech gen'uses as dose;
I s'pose dey 's mighty fine, but heah 's de p'int I 's bettin' on:
Dere wuz n't nar a one ob 'em come up to Mahsr John.

He shorely wuz de greates' man de country ebber growed.
You better had git out de way when *he* come 'long de road!
He hel' his head up dis way, like he 'spised to see de groun';
An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr John wuz roun'.

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it seems to me
I sees him right afore me now, jes like he use' to be,
A-settin' on de gal'ry, lookin' awful big an' wise,
Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away de flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planters' linen suits,
An' kep' a nigger busy jes a-blackin' ob his boots;
De buckles on his galluses wuz made of solid gol',
An' diamon's! — dey wuz in his shut as thick as it would hol'.

You heered me! 't was a caution, when he went to take a ride,
To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis by his side —
Mulatter Bill a-dribin', an' a nigger on behin',
An' two Kaintucky hosses tuk 'em tearin' whar dey gwine.

Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich — he owned a heap o' lan':
Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in Loozyan';
He had a thousan' niggers — an' he wuked 'em, shore 's you born!
De oberseahs 'u'd start 'em at de breakin' ob de morn.

I reckon dere wuz forty ob de niggers, young an' ol',
Dat staid about de big house jes to do what dey wuz tol';
Dey had a' easy time, wid skacely any work at all —
But dey had to come a-runnin' when ol' Mahsr John 'u'd call!

[1] Copyright by The Century Co.

Sometimes he 'd gib a frolic — dat 's de time
you seed de fun:
De 'ristocratic fam'lies, dey 'u'd be dar, ebry
one;
Dey 'd hab a band fron New Orleans to play
for 'em to dance,
An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a *'tic'lar*
sarcumstance.

Well, times is changed. De war it come an'
sot de niggers free,
An' now ol' Mahsr John ain't hardly wuf
as much as me;
He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is
mos'ly gone —
An' I declar' I 's sorry for my pore ol' Mahsr
John.

But when I heahs 'em talkin' 'bout some
sullybrated man,
I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all
dey can,
An' den I 'lows dot in dem days 'at I
remembers on,
Dat gemman war n't a patchin' onto my ol'
Mahsr John.

Scribner's Monthly, May, 1877.

REV. HENRY'S WAR-SONG [1]

Who 's gwine to fight in de battle, in de
battle?
Who 's gwine to march wid de army ob de
King?
Listen at de drums, how dey rattle, rattle,
rattle:
Hark to de bullets, how dey sing!
Close up, saints, in de center!
Fall in, sinnahs, on de flanks!
'Tention! right dress! eyes front!
steady! —
All stand quiet in de ranks.

Dat 's right, men keep a-standin', keep
a-standin'—
Not a bit o' danger ob an inimy behin':
De ahmy 's at de front, an' ouah Gineral
Commandin'
Has got out a pow'ful pickit-line!
Wait for yo' orders till dey come, den;
Keep up patience; rendah thanks
Dat you has nuffin fur to do — onless it 's
suffin
To stan' up waitin' in de ranks.

'T won't be so long 'fore de orders, 'fore de
orders —
Soon we 'll be gittin' 'em — de orders to
advance;
Den, ebry man in de column to his duty;
Show what 's de value ob de chance!
Fight! an' we 'll oberturn de debbil!
Fight! an' we 'll hab de country's
thanks!
An' all 'ill git a pension an' a' honorable
mention,
What stood up steady in de ranks!

Scribner's Monthly, March, 1880.

[1] Copyright by The Century Co.

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE (1850–)

The appearance in *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1878, of a story of the great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, signed 'Charles Egbert Craddock,' marks a step in the history of the American short story. The date may be taken as the beginning of the dialect era in American fiction, the era of exploiting strange localities and uncouth personalities. The author of the Tennessee mountain stories was Miss Mary N. Murfree, a native of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, and a summer visitor for many years among the mountains of her native state. The discovery that the mysterious Charles Egbert Craddock was a woman was one of the literary sensations of the eighties and it did much to bring her work to the attention of readers.

Like Thomas Hardy, she has made the scenic background of her stories almost a leading character in the plot. Preëminently is she a writer of fiction of locality,— the background always dominates. She has an eye for the picturesque, for the unusual in character and scene, and as a result her characters are always as quaint and unfamiliar as are those of Dickens. Her style is peculiarly her own,— florid often, and over-adjectived, but often impressive and in perfect keeping with the surroundings she describes. She is at her best when describing lonely valleys and remote cabins with the pitiful desolation of human lives stranded in lonesome coves and savage mountain recesses.

OVER ON THE T'OTHER MOUNTING[1]

Stretching out laterally from a long oblique line of the Southern Alleghanies are two parallel ranges, following the same course through several leagues, and separated by a narrow strip of valley hardly half a mile in width. As they fare along arm in arm, so to speak, sundry differences between the close companions are distinctly apparent. One is much the higher, and leads the way; it strikes out all the bold curves and angles of the course, meekly attended by the lesser ridge; its shadowy coves and sharp ravines are repeated in miniature as its comrade falls into the line of march; it seems to have its companion in charge, and to conduct it away from the majestic procession of mountains that traverses the State.

But, despite its more imposing appearance, all the tangible advantages are possessed by its humble neighbor. When Old Rocky-Top, as the lower range is called, is fresh and green with the tender verdure of spring, the snow still lies on the summit of the T'other Mounting, and drifts deep into treacherous rifts and chasms, and muffles the voice of the singing pines; and all the crags are hung with gigantic glittering icicles, and the woods are gloomy and bleak. When the sun shines bright on Old Rocky-Top, clouds often hover about the loftier mountain, and storms brew in that higher atmosphere; the all-pervading winter winds surge wildly among the groaning forests, and wrench the limbs from the trees, and dash huge fragments of cliffs down deep gorges, and spend their fury before they reach the sheltered lower spur. When the kindly shades of evening slip softly down on drowsy Rocky-Top, and the work is laid by in the rough little houses, and the simple home-folks draw around the hearth, day still lingers in a weird, paralytic life among the tree-tops of the T'other Mounting; and the only remnant of the world visible is that stark black line of its summit, stiff and hard against the faint green and saffron tints of the sky. Before the birds are well awake on Old Rocky-Top, and while the shadows are still thick, the T'other Mounting has been called up to a new day. Lonely dawns these: the pale gleam strikes along the October woods, bringing first into uncertain twilight the dead yellow and red of the foliage, presently heightened into royal gold and crimson by the first ray of sunshine; it rouses

1 From *In the Tennessee Mountains*, copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

the timid wild-fowl; it drives home the plundering fox; it meets, perhaps, some lumbering bear or skulking mountain wolf; it flecks with light and shade the deer, all gray and antlered; it falls upon no human habitation, for the few settlers of the region have a persistent predilection for Old Rocky-Top. Somehow, the T'other Mounting is vaguely in ill repute among its neighbors,— it has a bad name.

'It 's the onluckiest place ennywhar nigh about,' said Nathan White, as he sat one afternoon upon the porch of his log-cabin, on the summit of Old Rocky-Top, and gazed up at the heights of the T'other Mounting across the narrow valley. 'I hev hearn tell all my days ez how, ef ye go up thar on the T'other Mounting, suthin' will happen ter ye afore ye kin git away. An' I knows myself ez how — 't war ten year ago an' better — I went up thar, one Jan'ry day, a-lookin' fur my cow, ez hed strayed off through not hevin' enny calf ter our house; an' I fund the cow, but jes' tuk an' slipped on a icy rock, an' bruk my ankle-bone. 'T war sech a job a-gittin' off 'n that thar T'other Mounting an' back over hyar, it hev l'arned me ter stay away from thar.'

'Thar war a man,' piped out a shrill, quavering voice from within the door,— the voice of Nathan White's father, the oldest inhabitant of Rocky-Top,—'thar war a man hyar, nigh on ter fifty year ago, — he war mightily gin ter thievin' horses; an' one time, while he war a-runnin' away with Pete Dilks's dapple-gray mare,— they called her Luce, five year old she war,— Pete, he war a-ridin' a-hint him on his old sorrel-mare,— *her* name 't war Jane, an' — the Jeemes boys, they war a-ridin' arter the horse-thief too. Thar, now! I clar forgits what horses them Jeemes boys war a-ridin' of.' He paused for an instant in anxious reflection. 'Waal, sir! it do beat all that I can't remember them Jeemes boys' horses! Anyways, they got ter that thar tricky ford through Wild-Duck River, thar on the side o' the T'other Mounting, an' the horse-thief war ahead, an' he hed ter take it fust. An' that thar river,— it rises yander in them pines, nigh about,' pointing with a shaking fore-finger,—'an' that thar river jes' spun him out 'n the saddle like a top, an' he war n't seen no more till he hed floated nigh ter Colbury, ez dead ez a door-nail, nor Pete's dapple-gray mare nuther; she bruk her knees agin them high stone banks. But he war a good swimmer, an' he war drowned. He war witched with the place, ez sure ez ye air born.'

A long silence ensued. Then Nathan White raised his pondering eyes with a look of slow curiosity. 'What did Tony Britt say he war a-doin' of, when ye kem on him suddint in the woods on the T'other Mounting?' he asked, addressing his son, a stalwart youth, who was sitting upon the step, his hat on the back of his head, and his hands in the pockets of his jeans trousers.

'He said he war a-huntin', but he hed n't hed no sort 'n luck. It 'pears ter me ez all the game thar is witched somehow, an' ye can't git no good shot at nuthin'. Tony tole me to-day that he got up three deer, an' hed toler'ble aim; an' he missed two, an' the t'other jes' trotted off with a rifle-ball in his flank, ez unconsarned ez ef he hed hit him with an acorn.'

'I hev always hearn ez everything that belongs on that thar T'other Mounting air witched, an' ef ye brings away so much ez a leaf, or a stone, or a stick, ye fotches a curse with it,' chimed in the old man, ''kase thar hev been sech a many folks killed on the T'other Mounting.'

'I tole Tony Britt that thar word,' said the young fellow, 'an' 'lowed ter him ez how he hed tuk a mighty bad spot ter go a-huntin'.'

'What did he say?' demanded Nathan White.

'He say he never knowed ez thar war murders commit on T'other Mounting, an' ef thar war he 'spects 't war nuthin' but Injuns, long time ago. But he 'lowed the place war powerful onlucky, an' he believed the mounting war witched.'

'Ef Tony Britt 's arter enny harm,' said the octogenarian, 'he 'll never come off 'n that thar T'other Mounting. It 's a mighty place fur bad folks ter make thar eend. Thar 's that thar horse thief I war a-tellin' 'bout, an' that dapple-gray mare, — her name 't war Luce. An' folks ez is a-runnin' from the sheriff jes' takes ter the T'other Mounting ez nateral ez ef it war home; en' ef they don't git cotched, they' is never hearn on no more.' He paused impressively. 'The rocks falls on 'em, an' kills 'em; an' I 'll tell ye jes' how I knows,' he resumed, oracularly. ''T war sixty year ago, nigh about, an' me an' them Jeemes boys war a-burnin' of lime

tergether over on the T'other Mounting. We hed a lime-kiln over thar, jes' under Piney Notch, an' never hed no luck, but jes' stuck ter it like fools, till Hiram Jeemes got one of his eyes put out. So we quit burnin' of lime on the T'other Mounting, 'count of the place bein' witched, an' kem over hyar ter Old Rocky-Top, an' got along toler'ble well, cornsiderin'. But one day, whilst we war a-workin' on the T'other Mounting, what d' ye think I fund in the rock? The print of a bare foot in the solid stone, ez plain an' ez nateral ez ef the track hed been lef' in the clay yestiddy. Waal, I knowed it war the track o' Jeremiah Stubbs, what shot his step-brother, an' gin the sheriff the slip, an' war las' seen on the T'other Mounting, 'kase his old shoe jes' fit the track, fur we tried it. An' a good while arterward I fund on that same T'other Mounting — in the solid stone, mind ye — a fish, what he had done br'iled fur supper, jes' turned ter a stone.'

'So thar 's the Bible made true,' said an elderly woman, who had come to the door to hear this reminiscence, and stood mechanically stirring a hoe-cake batter in a shallow wooden bowl. 'Ax fur a fish, an' ye 'll git a stone.'

The secret history of the hills among which they lived was indeed as a sealed book to these simple mountaineers.

'The las' time I war ter Colbury,' said Nathan White, 'I hearn the sheriff a-talkin' 'bout how them evil-doers an' sech runs fur the T'other Mounting fust thing; though he 'lowed ez it war powerful foxy in 'em ter try ter hide thar, 'kase he said, ef they wunst reaches it, he mought ez well look fur a needle in a haystack. He 'lowed ef he hed a posse a thousand men strong he could n't git 'em out.'

'He can't find 'em, 'kase the rocks falls on 'em, or swallers 'em in,' said the old man. 'Ef Tony Britt is up ter mischief he 'll never come back no more. He 'll git into worser trouble than ever he see afore.'

'He hev done seen a powerful lot of trouble, fust one way an' another, 'thout foolin' round the T'other Mounting,' said Nathan White. 'They tells me ez he got hisself indicted, I believes they calls it, or suthin', down yander ter the court at Colbury,— that war year afore las',— an' he hed ter pay twenty dollars fine; 'kase when he war overseer of the road he jes' war constant in lettin' his friends, an' folks ginerally, off 'thout hevin' 'em fined, when they did n't come an' work on the road,— though that air the way ez the overseers hev always done, without nobody a-tellin' on 'em an' sech. But them ez war n't Tony Britt's friends seen a mighty differ. He war dead sure ter fine Caleb Hoxie seventy-five cents, 'cordin' ter the law, fur every day that he war summonsed ter work an' never come; 'kase Tony an' Caleb hed some sort 'n grudge agin one another 'count of a spavined horse what Caleb sold ter Tony, makin' him out to be a sound critter,— though Caleb swears he never knowed the horse war spavined when he sold him ter Tony, no more 'n nuthin'. Caleb war mightily worked up 'bout this hyar finin' business, an' him an' Tony hed a tussle 'bout it every time they kem tergether. But Caleb war always sure ter git the worst of it, 'kase Tony, though he air toler'ble spindling sort o' build, he air somehow or other sorter stringy an' tough, an' makes a right smart show in a reg'lar knock-down an' drag-out fight. So Caleb he war beat every time, an' fined too. An' he tried wunst ter shoot Tony Britt, but he missed his aim. An' when he war a-layin' off how ter fix Tony, fur treatin' him that way, he war a-stoppin', one day, at Jacob Green's black-smith's shop, yander, a mile down the valley, an' he war a-talkin' 'bout it ter a passel o' folks thar. An' Lawyer Rood from Colbury war thar, an' Jacob war a-shoein' of his mare; an' he hearn the tale, an' axed Caleb why n't he report Tony ter the court, an' git him fined fur neglect of his duty, bein' overseer of the road. An' Caleb never knowed before that it war the law that everybody what war summonsed an' did n't come must be fined, or the overseer must be fined hisself; but he knowed that Tony hed been a-lettin' of his friends off, an' folks ginerally, an' he jes' 'greed fur Lawyer Rood ter stir up trouble fur Tony. An' he done it. An' the court fined Tony twenty dollars fur them ways o' his'n. An' it kept him so busy a-scufflin' ter raise the twenty dollars that he never hed a chance ter give Caleb Hoxie more 'n one or two beatin's the whole time he war a-scrapin' up the money.'

This story was by no means unknown to the little circle, nor did its narrator

labor under the delusion that he was telling a new thing. It was merely a verbal act of recollection, and an attentive silence reigned as he related the familiar facts. To people who live in lonely regions this habit of retrospection (especially noticeable in them) and an enduring interest in the past may be something of a compensation for the scanty happenings of the present. When the recital was concluded, the hush for a time was unbroken, save by the rush of the winds, bringing upon their breath the fragrant woodland odors of balsams and pungent herbs, and a fresh and exhilarating suggestion of sweeping over a volume of falling water. They stirred the fringed shadow of a great pine that stood, like a sentinel, before Nathan White's door and threw its colorless simulacrum, a boastful lie twice its size, far down the sunset road. Now and then the faint clangor of a cow-bell came from out the tangled woods about the little hut, and the low of homeward-bound cattle sounded upon the air, mellowed and softened by the distance. The haze that rested above the long, narrow valley was hardly visible, save in the illusive beauty with which it invested the scene,— the tender azure of the far-away ranges; the exquisite tones of the gray and purple shadows that hovered about the darkening coves and along the deep lines marking the gorges; the burnished brilliance of the sunlight, which, despite its splendor, seemed lonely enough, lying motionless upon the lonely landscape and on the still figures clustered about the porch. Their eyes were turned toward the opposite steeps, gorgeous with scarlet oak and sumac, all in autumnal array, and their thoughts were busy with the hunter on the T'other Mounting and vague speculations concerning his evil intent.

'It 'pears ter me powerful strange ez Tony goes a-foolin' round that thar T'other Mounting, cornsiderin' what happened yander in its shadow,' said the woman, coming again to the door, and leaning idly against the frame; the bread was baking over the coals. 'That thar wife o' his'n, afore she died, war always frettin' 'kase way down thar on the backbone, whar her house war, the shadow o' the T'other Mounting laid on it fur an hour an' better every day of the worl'. She 'lowed ez it always put her in mind o' the shadow o' death. An' I thought 'bout that thar sayin' o' hern the day when I see her a-lyin' stiff an' cold on the bed, an' the shadow of the T'other Mounting drapping in at the open door, an' a-creepin' an' a-creepin' over her face. An' I war plumb glad when they got that woman under ground, whar, ef the sunshine can't git ter her, neither kin the shadow. Ef ever thar war a murdered woman, she war one. Arter all that hed come an' gone with Caleb Hoxie, fur Tony Britt ter go arter him, 'kase he war a yerb-doctor, ter git him ter physic his wife, who war nigh about dead with the lung fever, an' gin up by old Dr. Marsh! — it looks ter me like he war plumb crazy,— though him an' Caleb hed sorter made friends 'bout the spavined horse an' sech afore then. Jes' ez soon ez she drunk the stuff that Caleb fixed fur her she laid her head back an' shet her eyes, an' never opened 'em no more in this worl'. She war a murdered woman, an' Caleb Hoxie done it through the yerbs he fixed fur her.'

A subtile amethystine mist had gradually overlaid the slopes of the T'other Mounting, mellowing the brilliant tints of the variegated foliage to a delicious hazy sheen of mosaics; but about the base the air seemed dun-colored, though transparent; seen through it, even the red of the crowded trees was but a somber sort of magnificence, and the great masses of gray rocks, jutting out among them here and there, wore a darkly frowning aspect. Along the summit there was a blaze of scarlet and gold in the full glory of the sunshine; the topmost cliffs caught its rays, and gave them back in unexpected gleams of green or grayish-yellow, as of mosses, or vines, or huckleberry bushes, nourished in the heart of the deep fissures.

'Waal,' said Nathan White, 'I never did believe ez Caleb gin her ennythink ter hurt,— though I knows thar is them ez does. Caleb is the bes' yerb-doctor I ever see. The rheumatiz would nigh on ter hev killed me, ef it war n't fur him, that spell I hed las' winter. An' Dr. Marsh, what they hed up afore the gran' jury, swore that the yerbs what Caleb gin her war nuthin' ter hurt; *he* said, though, they could n't holp nor hender. An' but fur Dr. Marsh they would hev jailed Caleb ter stand his trial, like Tony wanted 'em ter do. But Dr. Marsh said she died with the consumption, jes' the same, an' Caleb's yerbs war wholesome, though they war n't no 'count at all.'

'I knows I ain't a-goin' never ter tech nuthin' he fixes fur me no more,' said his wife, 'an' I 'll be bound nobody else in these hyar mountings will, nuther.'

'Waal,' drawled her son, 'I knows fur true ez he air tendin' now on old Gideon Croft, what lives over yander in the valley on the t'other side of the T'other Mounting, an' is down with the fever. He went over thar yestiddy evening, late; I met him when he war goin', an' he tole me.'

'He hed better look out how he comes across Tony Britt,' said Nathan White; 'fur I hearn, the las' time I war ter the Settlemint, how Tony hev swore ter kill him the nex' time he see him, fur a-givin' of pizenous yerbs ter his wife. Tony air mightily outdone 'kase the gran' jury let him off. Caleb hed better be sorter keerful how he goes a-foolin' round these hyar dark woods.'

The sun had sunk, and the night, long held in abeyance, was coming fast. The glooms gathered in the valley; a soft gray shadow hung over the landscape, making familiar things strange. The T'other Mounting was all a dusky, sad purple under the faintly pulsating stars, save that high along the horizontal line of its summit gleamed the strange red radiance of the dead and gone sunset. The outline of the foliage was clearly drawn against the pure lapis lazuli tint of the sky behind it; here and there the uncanny light streamed through the bare limbs of an early leafless tree, which looked in the distance like some bony hand beckoning, or warning, or raised in horror.

'*Anythink* mought happen thar!' said the woman, as she stood on night-wrapped Rocky-Top and gazed up at the alien light, so red in the midst of the dark landscape. When she turned back to the door of the little hut, the meager comforts within seemed almost luxury, in their cordial contrast to the desolate, dreary mountain yonder and the thought of the forlorn, wandering hunter. A genial glow from the hearth diffused itself over the puncheon floor; the savory odor of broiling venison filled the room as a tall, slim girl knelt before the fire and placed the meat upon the gridiron, her pale cheeks flushing with the heat; there was a happy suggestion of peace and unity when the four generations trooped in to their supper, grandfather on his grandson's arm, and a sedate two-year-old bringing up the rear. Nathan White's wife paused behind the others to bar the door, and once more, as she looked up at the T'other Mounting, the thought of the lonely wanderer smote her heart. The red sunset light had died out at last, but a golden aureola heralded the moon-rise, and a gleaming thread edged the masses of foliage; there was no faint suggestion now of mist in the valley, and myriads of stars filled a cloudless sky. 'He hev done gone home by this time,' she said to her daughter-in-law, as she closed the door, 'an' ef he ain't, he 'll hev a moon ter light him.'

'Air ye a-studyin' 'bout Tony Britt yit?' asked Nathan White. 'He hev done gone home a good hour by sun, I 'll be bound. Jes' ketch Tony Britt a-huntin' till sundown, will ye! He air a mighty pore hand ter work. 'Stonishes me ter hear he air even a-huntin' on the T'other Mounting.'

'I don't believe he 's up ter enny harm,' said the woman; 'he hev jes' tuk ter the woods with grief.'

''Pears ter me,' said the daughter-in-law, rising from her kneeling posture before the fire, and glancing reproachfully at her husband,—''pears ter me ez ye mought hev brought him hyar ter eat his supper along of we-uns, stiddier a-leavin' him a-grievin' over his dead wife in them witched woods on the T'other Mounting.'

The young fellow looked a trifle abashed at this suggestion. 'I never wunst thought of it,' he said. 'Tony never stopped ter talk more 'n a minit, nohow.'

The evening wore away; the octogenarian and the sedate two-year-old fell asleep in their chairs shortly after supper; Nathan White and his son smoked their cob-pipes, and talked fitfully of the few incidents of the day; the women sat in the firelight with their knitting, silent and absorbed, except that now and then the elder, breaking from her reverie, declared, 'I can't git Tony Britt out 'n my head nohow in the worl'.'

The moon had come grandly up over the T'other Mounting, casting long silver lights and deep black shadows through all the tangled recesses and yawning chasms of the woods and rocks. In the vast wilderness the bright rays met only one human creature, the belated hunter making his way homeward through the dense forest with an experienced woodman's craft. For no evil intent had brought Tony Britt

to the T'other Mounting; he had spent the day in hunting, urged by that strong necessity without which the mountaineer seldom makes any exertion. Dr. Marsh's unavailing skill had cost him dear; his only cow was sold to make up the twenty dollars fine which his revenge on Caleb Hoxie had entailed upon him; without even so much as a spavined horse tillage was impossible, and the bounteous harvest left him empty-handed, for he had no crops to gather. The hardships of extreme poverty had reinforced the sorrows that came upon him in battalions, and had driven him far through long aisles of the woods, where the night fell upon him unaware. The foliage was all embossed with exquisite silver designs that seemed to stand out some little distance from the dark masses of leaves; now and then there came to his eyes that emerald gleam never seen upon verdure in the day-time,— only shown by some artificial light, or the moon's sweet uncertainty. The wind was strong and fresh, but not cold; here and there was a glimmer of dew. Once, and once only, he thought of the wild traditions which peopled the T'other Mounting with evil spirits. He paused with a sudden chill; he glanced nervously over his shoulder down the illimitable avenues of the lonely woods. The grape-vines, hanging in festoons from tree to tree, were slowly swinging back and forth, stirred by the wind. There was a dizzy dance of shadows whirling on every open space where the light lay on the ground. The roar and fret of Wild-Duck River, hidden there somewhere in the pines, came on the breeze like a strange, weird, fitful voice, crying out amid the haunted solitudes of the T'other Mounting. He turned abruptly, with his gun on his shoulder, and pursued his way through the trackless desert in the direction of his home. He had been absorbed in his quest and his gloomy thoughts, and did not realize the distance he had traversed until it lay before him to be retraced; but his superstitious terror urged him to renewed exertions. 'Ef ever I gits off 'n this hyar witched mounting,' he said to himself, as he tore away the vines and brambles that beset his course, 'I 'll never come back agin while I lives.' He grew calmer when he paused on a huge projecting crag, and looked across the narrow valley at the great black mass opposite, which he knew was Old Rocky-Top; its very presence gave him a sense of companionship and blunted his fear, and he sat down to rest for a few minutes, gazing at the outline of the range he knew so well, so unfamiliar from a new stand-point. How low it seemed from the heights of the T'other Mounting! Could that faint gleam be the light in Nathan White's house? Tony Britt glanced further down the indistinct slope, where he knew his own desolate, deserted hut was crouched. 'Jes' whar the shadow o' the T'other Mounting can reach it,' he thought, with a new infusion of bitterness. He averted his eyes; he would look no longer; he threw himself at full length among the ragged clumps of grass and fragments of rock, and turned his face to the stars. It all came back to him then. Sometimes, in his sordid cares and struggles for his scanty existence, his past troubles were dwarfed by the present. But here on the lonely cliff, with the infinite spaces above him and the boundless forest below, he felt anew his isolation. No light on earth save the far gleam from another man's home, and in heaven only the drowning face of the moon, drifting slowly through the blue floods of the skies. He was only twenty-five; he had youth and health and strength, but he felt that he had lived his life; it seemed long, marked as it was by cares and privation and persistent failure. Little as he knew of life, he knew how hard his had been, even meted by those of the poverty-stricken wretches among whom his lot was cast. 'An' sech luck!' he said, as his sad eyes followed the drifting dead face of the moon. 'Along o' that thar step-mother o' mine till I war growed; an' then when I war married, an' we hed got the house put up, an' war beginnin' ter git along like other folks kin, an' Car'line's mother gin her that thar calf what growed ter a cow, an' through pinchin' an' savin' we made out ter buy that thar horse from Caleb Hoxie, jes' ez we war a-startin' ter work a crap he lays down an' dies; an' that cussed twenty dollars ez I hed ter pay ter the court; an' Car'line jes' a-gittin' sick, an' a-wastin' an' a-wastin' away, till I, like a fool, brung Caleb thar, an' he pizens her with his yerbs — God A'mighty! ef I could jes' lay my hands wunst on that scoundrel I would n't leave a mite of him, ef he war pertected by a hundred lyin', thievin' gran' juries! But he can't stay

a-hidin' forevermo'. He 's got ter 'count ter me, ef he ain't ter the law; an' he 'll see a mighty differ atwixt us. I swear he 'll never draw another breath!'

He rose with a set, stern face, and struck a huge boulder beside him with his hard clenched hand as he spoke. He had not even an ignorant idea of an impressive dramatic pose; but if the great gaunt cliff had been the stage of a theater his attitude and manner at that instant would have won him applause. He was all alone with his poverty and his anguished memories, as men with such burdens are apt to be.

The boulder on which, in his rude fashion, he had registered his oath was harder than his hard hand, and the vehemence of the blow brought blood; but he had scarcely time to think of it. His absorbed reverie was broken by a rustling other than that of the eddying wind. He raised his head and looked about him, half expecting to see the antlers of a deer. Then there came to his ears the echo of the tread of man. His eyes mechanically followed the sound. Forty feet down the face of the crag a broad ledge jutted out, and upon it ran a narrow path, made by stray cattle, or the feet of their searching owners; it was visible from the summit for a distance of a hundred yards or so, and the white glamor of the moonbeams fell full upon it. Before a speculation had suggested itself, a man walked slowly into view along the path, and with starting eyes the hunter recognized his dearest foe. Britt's hand lay upon the boulder; his oath was in his mind; his unconscious enemy had come within his power. Swifter than a flash the temptation was presented. He remembered the warnings of his lawyer at Colbury last week, when the grand jury had failed to find a true bill against Caleb Hoxie,— that he was an innocent man, and must go unscathed, that any revenge for fancied wrongs would be dearly rued; he remembered, too, the mountain traditions of the falling rocks burying evildoers in the heart of the hills. Here was his oportunity. He would have a life for a life, and there would be one more legend of the very stones conspiring to punish malefactors escaped from men added to the terrible 'sayin's' of the T'other Mounting. A strong belief in the supernatural influences of the place was rife within him; he knew nothing of Gideon Croft's fever and the errand that had brought the herb-doctor through the 'witched mounting;' had he not been transported thither by some invisible agency, that the rocks might fall upon him and crush him?

The temptation and the resolve were simultaneous. With his hand upon the boulder, his hot heart beating fast, his distended eyes burning upon the approaching figure, he waited for the moment to come. There lay the long, low, black mountain opposite, with only the moonbeams upon it, for the lights in Nathan White's house were extinguished; there was the deep, dark gulf of the valley; there, forty feet below him, was the narrow, moon-flooded path on the ledge, and the man advancing carelessly. The boulder fell with a frightful crash, the echoes rang with a scream of terror, and the two men — one fleeing from the dreadful danger he had barely escaped, the other from the hideous deed he thought he had done — ran wildly in opposite directions through the tangled autumnal woods.

Was every leaf of the forest endowed with a woful voice, that the echo of that shriek might never die from Tony Britt's ears? Did the storied, retributive rocks still vibrate with this new victim's frenzied cry? And what was this horror in his heart! Now,— so late,— was coming a terrible conviction of his enemy's innocence, and with it a fathomless remorse.

All through the interminable night he fled frantically along the mountain's summit, scarcely knowing whither, and caring for nothing except to multiply the miles between him and the frightful object that he believed lay under the boulder which he had dashed down the precipice. The moon sank beneath the horizon; the fantastic shadows were merged in the darkest hour of the night; the winds died, and there was no voice in all the woods, save the wail of Wild-Duck River and the forever-resounding screams in the flying wretch's ears. Sometimes he answered them in a wild, hoarse, inarticulate cry; sometimes he flung his hands above his head and wrung them in his agony; never once did he pause in his flight. Panting, breathless, exhausted, he eagerly sped through the darkness; tearing his face upon the brambles; plunging now and then into gullies and unseen quagmires; sometimes falling heavily, but recovering him-

self in an instant, and once more struggling on; striving to elude the pursuing voices, and to distance forever his conscience and his memory.

And then came that terrible early daylight that was wont to dawn upon the T'other Mounting when all the world besides was lost in slumber; the wan, melancholy light showed dimly the solemn trees and dense undergrowth; the precarious pitfalls about his path; the long deep gorges; the great crags and chasms; the cascades, steely gray, and white; the huge mass, all hung about with shadows, which he knew was Old Rocky-Top, rising from the impenetrably dark valley below. It seemed wonderful to him, somehow, that a new day should break at all. If, in a revulsion of nature, that utter blackness had continued forever and ever it would not have been strange, after what had happened. He could have borne it better than the sight of the familiar world gradually growing into day, all unconscious of his secret. He had begun the descent of the T'other Mounting, and he seemed to carry that pale dawn with him; day was breaking when he reached the foot of Old Rocky-Top, and as he climbed up to his own deserted, empty little shanty, it too stood plainly defined in the morning light. He dragged himself to the door, and impelled by some morbid fascination he glanced over his shoulder at the T'other Mounting. There it was, unchanged, with the golden largess of a gracious season blazing upon every autumnal leaf. He shuddered, and went into the fireless, comfortless house. And then he made an appalling discovery. As he mechanically divested himself of his shot-pouch and powder-horn he was stricken by a sudden consciousness that he did not have his gun! One doubtful moment, and he remembered that he had laid it upon the crag when he had thrown himself down to rest. Beyond question, it was there yet. His conscience was still now,— his remorse had fled. It was only a matter of time when his crime would be known. He recollected his meeting with young White while he was hunting, and then Britt cursed the gun which he had left on the cliff. The discovery of the weapon there would be strong evidence against him, taken in connection with all the other circumstances. True, he could even yet go back and recover it, but he was mastered by the fear of meeting some one on the unfrequented road, or even in the loneliness of the T'other Mounting, and strengthening the chain of evidence against him by the fact of being once more seen in the fateful neighborhood. He resolved that he would wait until night-fall, and then he would retrace his way, secure his gun, and all might yet be well with him. As to the boulder,— were men never before buried under the falling rocks of the T'other Mounting?

Without food, without rest, without sleep, his limbs rigid with the strong tension of his nerves, his eyes bloodshot, haggard, and eager, his brain on fire, he sat through the long morning hours absently gazing across the narrow valley at the solemn, majestic mountain opposite, and that sinister jutting crag with the indistinctly defined ledges of its rugged surface.

After a time, the scene began to grow dim; the sun was still shining, but through a haze becoming momently more dense. The brilliantly tinted foliage upon the T'other Mounting was fading; the cliffs showed strangely distorted faces through the semi-transparent blue vapor, and presently they seemed to recede altogether; the valley disappeared, and all the country was filled with the smoke of distant burning woods. He was gasping when he first became sensible of the smoke-laden haze, for he had seen nothing of the changing aspect of the landscape. Before his vision was the changeless picture of a night of mingled moonlight and shadow, the ill-defined black mass where Old Rocky-Top rose into the air, the impenetrable gloom of the valley, the ledge of the crag, and the unconscious figure slowly coming within the power of his murderous hand. His eyes would look on no other scene, no other face, so long as he should live.

He had a momentary sensation of stifling, and then a great weight was lifted. For he had begun to doubt whether the unlucky locality would account satisfactorily for the fall of that boulder and the horrible object beneath it; a more reasonable conclusion might be deduced from the fact that he had been seen in the neighborhood, and the circumstance of the deadly feud. But what wonder would there be if the dry leaves on the T'other Mounting should be ignited and the woods burned! What explanations might not such a catastrophe suggest! — a frantic

flight from the flames toward the cliff and an accidental fall. And so he waited throughout the long day, that was hardly day at all, but an opaque twilight, through which could be discerned only the stony path leading down the slope from his door, only the blurred outlines of the bushes close at hand, only the great gaunt limbs of a lightning-scathed tree, seeming entirely severed from the unseen trunk, and swinging in the air sixty feet above the earth.

Toward night-fall the wind rose and the smoke-curtain lifted, once more revealing to the settlers upon Old Rocky-Top the somber T'other Mounting, with the belated evening light still lurid upon the trees,— only a strange, faint resemblance of the sunset radiance, rather the ghost of a dead day. And presently this apparition was gone, and the deep purple line of the witched mountain's summit grew darker against the opaline skies, till it was merged in a dusky black, and the shades of the night fell thick on the landscape.

The scenic effects of the drama, that serve to widen the mental vision and cultivate the imagination of even the poor in cities, were denied these primitive, simple people; but that magnificent pageant of the four seasons, wherein was forever presented the imposing splendor of the T'other Mounting in an ever-changing grandeur of aspect, was a gracious recompense for the spectacular privileges of civilization. And this evening the humble family party on Nathan White's porch beheld a scene of unique impressiveness.

The moon had not yet risen; the winds were awhirl; the darkness draped the earth as with a pall. Out from the impenetrable gloom of the woods on the T'other Mounting there started, suddenly, a scarlet globe of fire; one long moment it was motionless, but near it the spectral outline of a hand appeared beckoning, or warning, or raised in horror,— only a leafless tree, catching in the distance a semblance of humanity. Then from the still ball of fire there streamed upward a long, slender plume of golden light, waving back and forth against the pale horizon. Across the dark slope of the mountain below, flashes of lightning were shooting in zig-zag lines, and wherever they gleamed were seen those frantic skeleton hands raised and wrung in anguish. It was cruel sport for the cruel winds; they maddened over gorge and cliff and along the wooded steeps, carrying far upon their wings the sparks of desolation. From the summit, myriads of jets of flame reached up to the placid stars; about the base of the mountain lurked a lake of liquid fire, with wreaths of blue smoke hovering over it; ever and anon, athwart the slope darted the sudden lightning, widening into sheets of flame as it conquered new ground.

The astonishment on the faces grouped about Nathan White's door was succeeded by a startled anxiety. After the first incoherent exclamations of surprise came the pertinent inquiry from his wife, 'Ef Old Rocky-Top war ter ketch too, whar would we-uns run ter?'

Nathan White's countenance had in its expression more of astounded excitement than of bodily fear. 'Why, bless my soul!' he said at length, 'the woods away over yander, what hev been burnin' all day, ain't nigh enough ter the T'other Mounting ter ketch it,— nuthin' like it.'

'The T'other Mounting would burn, though, ef fire war put ter it,' said his son. The two men exchanged a glance of deep significance.

'Do ye mean ter say,' exclaimed Mrs. White, her fire-lit face agitated by a sudden superstitious terror, 'that that thar T'other Mounting is fired by witches an' sech?'

'Don't talk so loud, Matildy,' said her husband. 'Them knows best ez done it.'

'Thar 's one thing sure,' quavered the old man: 'that thar fire will never tech a leaf on Old Rocky-Top. Thar 's a church on this hyar mounting,— bless the Lord fur it! — an' we lives in the fear o' God.'

There was a pause, all watching with distended eyes the progress of the flames.

'It looks like it mought hev been kindled in torment,' said the young daughter-in-law.

'It looks down thar,' said her husband, pointing to the lake of fire, 'like the pit itself.'

The apathetic inhabitants of Old Rocky-Top were stirred into an activity very incongruous with their habits and the hour. During the conflagration they traversed long distances to reach each other's houses and confer concerning the danger and the questions of supernatural agency provoked by the mysterious firing of the woods.

Nathan White had few neighbors, but above the crackling of the timber and the roar of the flames there rose the quick beat of running footsteps; the undergrowth of the forest near at hand was in strange commotion; and at last, the figure of a man burst forth, the light of the fire showing the startling pallor of his face as he staggered to the little porch and sank, exhausted, into a chair.

'Waal, Caleb Hoxie!' exclaimed Nathan White, in good-natured raillery; 'ye 're skeered, fur true! What ails ye, ter think Old Rocky-Top air a-goin' ter ketch too? 'T ain't nigh dry enough, I 'm a-thinkin'.'

'Fire kindled that thar way can't tech a leaf on Old Rocky-Top,' sleepily piped out the old man, nodding in his chair, the glare of the flames which rioted over the T'other Mounting gilding his long white hair and peaceful, slumberous face. 'Thar 's a church on Old Rocky-Top,—bless the—' The sentence drifted away with his dreams.

'Does ye believe — them — them'— Caleb Hoxie's trembling white lips could not frame the word — 'them — done it?'

'Like ez not,' said Nathan White. 'But that ain't a-troublin' of ye an' me. I ain't never hearn o' them witches a-tormentin' of honest folks what ain't done nuthin' hurtful ter nobody,' he added, in cordial reassurance.

His son was half hidden behind one of the rough cedar posts, that his mirth at the guest's display of cowardice might not be observed. But the women, always quick to suspect, glanced meaningly at each other with widening eyes, as they stood together in the door-way.

'I dunno,— I dunno,' Caleb Hoxie declared huskily. 'I ain't never done nuthin' ter nobody, an' what do ye s'pose them witches an' sech done ter me las' night, on that T'other Mounting? I war a-goin' over yander to Gideon Croft's fur ter physic him, ez he air mortal low with the fever; an' ez I war a-comin' alongside o' that thar high bluff'— it was very distinct, with the flames wreathing fantastically about its gray, rigid features — 'they throwed a boulder ez big ez this hyar porch down on ter me. It jes' grazed me, an' knocked me down, an' kivered me with dirt. An' I run home a-hollerin'; an' it seemed ter me ter-day ez I war a-goin' ter screech an' screech all my life, like some onsettled crazy critter. It 'peared like 't would take a bar'l o' hop tea ter git me quiet. An' now look yander!' and he pointed tremulously to the blazing mountain.

There was an expression of conviction on the women's faces. All their lives afterward it was there whenever Caleb Hoxie's name was mentioned; no more to be moved or changed than the stern, set faces of the crags among the fiery woods.

'Thar 's a church on this hyar mounting,' said the old man feebly, waking for a moment, and falling asleep the next.

Nathan White was perplexed and doubtful, and a superstitious awe had checked the laughing youngster behind the cedar post.

A great cloud of flame came rolling through the sky toward them, golden, pellucid, spangled through and through with fiery red stars; poising itself for one moment high above the valley, then breaking into myriads of sparks, and showering down upon the dark abysses below.

'Look-a-hyah!' said the elder woman in a frightened under-tone to her daughter-in-law; 'this hyah wicked critter air too onlucky ter be a-sittin' 'longside of us; we 'll all be burnt up afore he gits hisself away from hyar. An' who is that a-comin' yander?' For from the encompassing woods another dark figure had emerged, and was slowly approaching the porch. The wary eyes near Caleb Hoxie saw that he fell to trembling, and that he clutched at a post for support. But the hand pointing at him was shaken as with a palsy, and the voice hardly seemed Tony Britt's as it cried out, in an agony of terror, 'What air ye a-doin' hyar, a-sittin' 'longside o' livin' folks? Yer bones air under a boulder on the T' other Mounting, an' ye air a dead man!'

They said ever afterward that Tony Britt had lost his mind 'through goin' a-huntin' jes' one time on the T' other Mounting. His spirit air all broke, an' he 's a mighty tame critter nowadays.' Through his persistent endeavor he and Caleb Hoxie became quite friendly, and he was even reported to ''low that he war sati'fied that Caleb never gin his wife nuthin' ter hurt.' 'Though,' said the gossips of Old Rocky-Top, 'them women up ter White's will hev it no other way but that Caleb pizened her, an' they would n't

take no yerbs from him no more 'n he war a rattlesnake. But Caleb always 'pears sorter skittish when he an' Tony air together, like he did n't know when Tony war a-goin' ter fotch him a lick. But law! Tony air that changed that ye can't make him mad 'thout ye remind him o' the time he called Caleb a ghost.'

A dark, gloomy, deserted place was the charred T' other Mounting through all the long winter. And when spring came, and Old Rocky-Top was green with delicate fresh verdure, and melodious with singing birds and chorusing breezes, and bedecked as for some great festival with violets and azaleas and laurel-blooms, the T' other Mounting was stark and wintry and black with its desolate, leafless trees. But after a while the spring came for it, too: the buds swelled and burst; flowering vines festooned the grim gray crags; and the dainty freshness of the vernal season reigned upon its summit, while all the world below was growing into heat and dust. The circuit-rider said it reminded him of a tardy change in a sinner's heart: though it come at the eleventh hour, the glorious summer is before it, and a full fruition; though it work but an hour in the Lord's vineyard, it receives the same reward as those who labored through all the day.

'An' it always did 'pear ter me ez thar war mighty little jestice in that,' was Mrs. White's comment.

But at the meeting when that sermon was preached Tony Britt told his 'experience.' It seemed a confession, for according to the gossips he ''lowed that he had flung that boulder down on Caleb Hoxie, — what the witches flung, ye know,— 'kase he believed then that Caleb hed killed his wife with pizenous yerbs; an' he went back the nex' night an' fired the woods, ter make folks think when they fund Caleb's bones that he war a-runnin' from the blaze an' fell off'n the bluff.' And everybody on Old Rocky-Top said incredulously, 'Pore Tony Britt! He hev los' his mind through goin' a-huntin' jes' one time on the T' other Mounting.'

Atlantic Monthly, June, 1881.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CABLE (1844–)

The life of George W. Cable, like that of Lanier, is a record of repression, of success won late despite great discouragements. He was only fourteen when his father died, leaving the support of his mother and the family chiefly upon him. Three years later, in 1861, he enlisted in the Fourth Mississippi Cavalry to serve to the end of the war. Returning to his native city, New Orleans, in 1865, he had to begin as he could. He secured work first as a surveyor, but failing in health, was employed for a time on the *Picayune*, and then took a position as a clerk in a cotton factor's office and remained there until he was thirty-five. The education denied him in the schools he secured laboriously through his own efforts. He spent all of his leisure time in study. His reading covered a most unusual range and variety, not only in English but in French and other languages as well. He became greatly interested in the romantic history of the old city, found old records in Spanish and French in the municipal archives, and began to be dominated with the idea that the old material should not be lost, but should be presented attractively for modern readers. His opportunity came in 1872 when Edward King, who was touring the South for a series of papers for *Scribner's Monthly*, visited New Orleans and discovered him at work on his studies and on a series of stories of his own for which he had little hopes of ever finding a publisher. Through the influence of King, Dr. Holland became interested, published the first of the stories, *'Sieur George* in *Scribner's* in October, 1873, and others at infrequent intervals. Six years later, in 1879, the issue of the collection *Old Creole Days* gave Cable an assured literary standing and enabled him to devote himself wholly to literary work. For a time he worked steadily. He published *The Grandissimes*, a romance, in 1880, *The Creoles of Louisiana*, a series of historical sketches in 1884, *Doctor Sevier* in 1885, and *Bonnaventure*, in 1888. These unquestionably are his best works; the rest of his output as compared with these is distinctly inferior. His treatment of Southern themes, as in *The Silent South*, a book which centers about the negro problem, proved offensive to his native region. Soon after his first literary success he removed to the North and settled permanently in Northampton, Massachusetts. In later years he has given much time and effort to philanthropic work, especially to the promotion of societies for social uplift.

The style of Cable is peculiarly his own. It is French in its effect, in its brilliancy, its elisions, its subtle suggestiveness. The emphasis is always upon characterization rather than upon plot or incident. One may forget the story but seldom does one forget the chief characters. Madame Delphine, for instance,— quaint exotic, picturesque survival — at first excites credulity in the reader, but as one proceeds she begins to become more and more alive, more and more convincing until at the end she dominates the story and remains in the memory like an actual experience of tragedy. Cable is best as a short story writer: he is a maker of exquisite miniatures, a portrayer of the strange and the exotic in small compass, a recorder of unusual crises in picturesque lives. As a maker of long plots he failed. His *Old Creole Days* is his masterpiece. Even while its author is still living it has taken a secure place as an American classic.

'NO!'[1]

If M. Grandissime had believed that he was prepared for the supreme bitterness of that moment, he had sadly erred. He could not speak. He extended his hand in a dumb farewell, when, all unsanctioned by his will, the voice of despair escaped him in a low groan. At the same moment, a tinkling sound drew near, and the room, which had grown dark with the fall of night, began to brighten with the softly widening light of an evening lamp, as a servant approached to place it in the front drawing-room.

Aurora gave her hand and withdrew it. In the act the two somewhat changed position, and the rays of the lamp, as the maid passed the door, falling upon Aurora's face, betrayed the again upturned eyes.

''Sieur Grandissime —'

1 Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

They fell.

The lover paused.

'You thing I 'm crool.'

She was the statue of meekness.

'Hope has been crhuel to me,' replied M. Grandissime, 'not you; that I cannot say. Adieu.'

He was turning.

''Sieur Grandissime —'

She seemed to tremble.

He stood still.

''Sieur Grandissime,'— her voice was very tender,—'wad you' horry?'

There was a great silence.

''Sieur Grandissime, you know — teg a chair.'

He hesitated a moment and then both sat down. The servant repassed the door; yet when Aurora broke the silence, she spoke in English — having such hazardous things to say. It would conceal possible stammerings.

''Sieur Grandissime — you know dad riz'n I —'

She slightly opened her fan, looking down upon it, and was still.

'I have no rhight to ask the rheason,' said M. Grandissime. 'It is yo's — not mine.'

Her head went lower.

'Well, you know,'— she dropped it meditatively to one side, with her eyes on the floor,—''t is bick-ause —'t is bick-ause I thing in a few days I 'm goin' to die.'

M. Grandissime said never a word. He was not alarmed.

She looked up suddenly and took a quick breath, as if to resume, but her eyes fell before his, and she said, in a tone of half-soliloquy:

'I 've so mudge troub' wit dad hawt.'

She lifted one little hand feebly to the cardiac region, and sighed softly, with a dying languor.

M. Grandissime gave no response. A vehicle rumbled by in the street below, and passed away. At the bottom of the room, where a gilded Mars was driving into battle, a soft note told the half-hour. The lady spoke again.

'Id mague'— she sighed once more — 'so strange,— sometime' I thing I 'm git'n' crezzy.'

Still he to whom these fearful disclosures were being made remained as silent and motionless as an Indian captive, and, after another pause, with its painful accompaniment of small sounds, the fair speaker resumed with more energy, as befitting the approach to an incredible climax:

'Some day', 'Sieur Grandissime,— id mague me fo'gid my hage! I thing I 'm young!'

She lifted her eyes with the evident determination to meet his own squarely, but it was too much; they fell as before; yet she went on speaking:

'An' w'en someboddie git'n' ti'ed livin' wid 'imsev an' big'n' to fill ole, an' wan' someboddie to teg de care of 'im an' wan' me to gid marri'd wid 'im — I thing 'e' s in lcve to me.' Her fingers kept up a little shuffling with the fan. 'I thing I 'm crezzy. I thing I muz be go'n' to die torecklie.' She looked up to the ceiling with large eyes, and then again at the fan in her lap, which continued its spreading and shutting. 'An' daz de riz'n, 'Sieur Grandissime.' She waited until it was certain he was about to answer, and then interrupted him nervously: 'You know, 'Sieur Grandissime, id woon be righd! Id woon be de justiz to *you!* An' you de bez man I evva know in my life, 'Sieur Grandissime!' Her hands shook. 'A man w'at nevva wan' to gid marri'd wid noboddie in 'is life, and now trine to gid marri'd juz only to ripose de soul of 'is oncl'—'

M. Grandissime uttered an exclamation of protest, and she ceased.

'I asked you,' continued he, with low-toned emphasis, 'fo' the single and only rheason that I want you fo' my wife!'

'Yez,' she quickly replied; 'daz all. Daz wid I thing. An' I thing daz de rad weh to say, 'Sieur Grandissime. Bick-ause, you know, you an' me is too hole to talg aboud dad *lovin'*, you know. An' you godd dad grade *rizpeg* fo' me, an' me I godd dad 'ighez rispeg fo' you; bud —' she clutched the fan and her face sank lower still — 'Bud —' she swallowed — shook her head — 'Bud —' She bit her lip; she could not go on.

'Aurora,' said her lover, bending forward and taking one of her hands. 'I *do* love you with all my soul.'

She made a poor attempt to withdraw her hand, abandoned the effort, and looked up savagely through a pair of overflowing eyes, demanding:

'*Mais,* fo' w'y you di' n' wan' to sesso?'

M. Grandissime smiled argumentatively.

'I have said so a hundrhed times, in everhy way but in words.'

She lifted her head proudly, and bowed like a queen.

'*Mais,* you see, 'Sieur Grandissime, you bin meg one mizteg.'

'Bud 't is corrhected in time,' exclaimed he, with suppressed but eager joyousness.

''Sieur Grandissime,' she said with a tremendous solemnity, 'I 'm verrie sawrie, *mais* — you spogue too lade.'

'No, no!' he cried, 'the corrhection comes in time. Say that, lady: say that!'

His ardent gaze beat hers once more down; but she shook her head. He ignored the motion.

'And you will corrhect yo' answeh; ah! say that, too!" he insisted, covering the captive hand with both his own, and leaning forward from his seat.

'*Mais,* 'Sieur Grandissime, yo know, dad is so verrie unegspeg'.'

'Oh! unexpected!'

'*Mais,* I was thing all dad time id was Clotilde wad you —'

She turned her face away and buried her mouth in her handkerchief.

'Ah!' he cried, 'mock me no mo', Aurora Nancanou!'

He rose erect and held the hand firmly which she strove to draw away:

'Say the word, sweet lady; say the word!'

She turned upon him suddenly, rose to her feet, was speechless an instant while her eyes flashed into his, and crying out:

'No!' burst into tears, laughed through them, and let him clasp her to his bosom.

From *The Grandissimes,* 1880.

FRANK RICHARD STOCKTON (1834–1902)

The whimsical genius of Frank R. Stockton delighted greatly his own generation. At one time his unique sketch *The Lady or the Tiger?* was everywhere known and quoted, and for two decades his work was a regular part of the monthly magazine menu. Not so much is heard of Stockton now. The main facts of his biography are quickly told. He was a native of Philadelphia, though the greater part of his life was spent in New York City. He was an editor, at first on the *Hearth and Home* staff and then connected with *Scribner's Monthly* and with *St. Nicholas*. He was forty-five and the author of five juveniles before his *Rudder Grange*, 1879, called attention to him, but it was not till 1884 and his *The Lady or the Tiger?* that he was at all widely known. After that he wrote much, perhaps too much,— novels, short stories, extravaganzas,— unclassifiable studies in incongruity, all of it unlocalized, all of it without much of solid substance, all of it produced merely for entertainment. He is best classified, perhaps, with the humorists, though some of his short stories are significant. Stockton as much as any one prepared the way for O. Henry and the later school of short story makers, with their careful technique, their unconventional endings, their liveliness of humor, their quaint and unexpected conceits of situation, and their insistence that the reader be kept constantly alert and constantly surprised.

THE PIE GHOST[1]

I saw before me a great old-fashioned fireplace with some charred logs lying upon the iron andirons, and at one end of the hearth a pile of firewood. This was what we had come for. We fell to work, and in ten minutes a great fire was blazing and crackling, the wet wraps of the ladies were removed, and we all were gathered around the hearth, which fortunately was large enough to accommodate the six of us. It is astonishing how the genial heat dried out our shoes and clothes and raised our spirits.

The schoolmaster and the butcher sat at the corners of the fireplace, and they were very well placed indeed. The former took off his gown and hung it on a crane that extended from one side of the great fireplace. He wished to have it dry enough to put on when he went out. It was not probable that Mrs. Bodship would be rambling about the country at night, but he wanted to feel safe.

'Now, then,' said Doris, 'if we only had some good hot tea we ought to be perfectly happy.'

'And something to eat,' added Lord Crabstairs. 'I, for one, am half famished.'

'You can have both tea and something to eat,' said Dolor Tripp. 'We have used this kitchen as a storeroom for the things we buy in quantities. In that cupboard is a box of tea, and there is sugar and salt and spices, and a barrel of flour.'

'We can't do anything with flour and salt without waiting ever so long,' said Doris.

'I feel as if I could eat them without baking,' said Lord Crabstairs.

'You need n't do that,' said Dolor Tripp. 'I can go quietly to the other end of the house, where the pantry is. There is always something to eat there. But first let us boil the kettle. If you, sir, will move your gown a little farther to the back of the crane, there is a kettle here which we can hang over the fire.'

Under her directions the butcher, with as little noise as possible, pumped some water from a cistern under the kitchen, and when the kettle was filled and over the fire the two ladies got down some cups, saucers, and a tea-pot from the shelves of a dresser which seemed to be filled with old-time pottery. Then Dolor Tripp started to go to the pantry. 'I will blow out the candle,' she said, 'and take it with

[1] From *The Merry Chanter*, copyright by the Century Company.

me. Then I will light it when I get there. They are very hard to wake, but a light passing through the house might do it. You folks won't mind sitting here in the firelight?'

Of course we did not mind, and Doris offered to go with her. The two opened the kitchen door and went out into the little hall. In a moment they returned.

'What do you think?' said Doris, in an excited undertone. 'The door at the top of the steps that leads into the main building is fastened, and we cannot open it.'

In great surprise we all rose to our feet and looked towards Dolor Tripp that she might tell us what to think. 'Is there a spring-lock on the door?' I asked.

'No,' said she, 'there is no spring-lock, and we did not close the door after us. We shut only this kitchen door. But I know who did it,' she added, quietly. 'It was the ghost. It is one of its ways to lock and bolt doors.'

'The ghost!' exclaimed Doris, with a quick grasp upon the arm of Dolor Tripp.

'I was sure of it!' said the butcher, looking straight in front of him, and speaking very decidedly. 'I saw something white moving in the front hall as I came down the stairs. I knew it for a ghost, but I didn't say anything, for I didn't suppose it would meddle with six people.'

'Fiddle-faddle!' said Lord Crabstairs. 'There are no such things as ghosts.' And with this opinion I coincided. The schoolmaster said nothing. He resumed his seat at the side of the fireplace and rearranged his gown upon the crane, so as to expose all parts of it to the heat. It might be necessary to put it on suddenly.

'There is no mistake about this ghost,' said Dolor Tripp. 'If you will all sit down till the kettle boils I will tell you about it.'

We resumed our seats in front of the fire, and the butcher put on some fresh sticks.

'It has been in this house,' said Dolor, still holding the unlighted candle, 'ever since I first came here, a little girl only ten years old. I soon began to see it, though I don't believe it often saw me.'

'Didn't it frighten you nearly to death?' asked Doris.

'No,' replied the other. 'At first I thought it belonged to the house just as much as any of the other queer things which I found here, and there seemed to be no reason why I should be frightened at one thing more than another.'

'What did your sisters say about it?' asked Doris.

'They didn't say anything,' replied the other. 'I soon began to believe that they didn't know anything about it, and I was afraid that if I told them they would have something done to drive it out of the house.'

We all looked at her in amazement.

'And you did not want that?' asked Lord Crabstairs.

'No, indeed,' replied Dolor Tripp. 'I used to like to watch for it. I would go into different parts of the house at night and watch for it, hoping it would come by. Sometimes weeks and weeks would pass without my seeing it, and then I would get a glimpse of it on two or three nights in succession.'

'What did it look like?' asked Doris.

'Its head was light or whitish, and below it gradually melted down into darkness.'

'That was it,' said the butcher. 'That is exactly like the thing I saw.'

'And you never, never told your sisters,' said Doris, 'that they were living in the house with a ghost?'

'No, indeed!' replied Dolor Tripp. 'You see, before we came here we lived in a horrid little house in the town, and when it was decided by the court that this place belonged to us nobody was so glad as I was. So, as I told you, I did not want Alwilda and Lizeth to do anything to drive the ghost away; but what I was most afraid of was that they might find that they couldn't get rid of it, and would go away themselves. I wouldn't have that happen for anything in the world.'

'And so,' said Doris, 'as the burglars would not come, you didn't want to lose the visits of a ghost.'

'Perhaps so,' replied Dolor Tripp. 'And now the kettle is boiling, and we can have some tea, if we can't get anything else.'

'As for ghosts,' interjected Lord Crabstairs, 'I never have believed in them, and never shall. But I do know that I am as hungry as a wolf; and if you'll allow me, miss, I'll push open that door, no matter who fastened it on the other side, and I'll go with you to the pantry, or anywhere else where there's bread and meat, and

defend you against all comers, ghost or otherwise.'

'Oh, you must not do that!' exclaimed Dolor Tripp. 'The door would be broken, and Alwilda and Lizeth would surely wake up.'

'As for believing in ghosts,' said the butcher, 'a good deal depends upon who does the believing. If you've never had a chance of seeing ghosts, sir, you are out of the race.'

The candle was now lighted, and cups of hot tea were served by the ladies. I hurriedly drank a cup and then began to consider the situation. I went to the door at the top of the steps and tried it, thinking perhaps there might be a mistake in regard to its being fastened. But there had been no mistake. It was locked, and the key was on the other side. I did not like to be fastened up against my will in any place or by any agency.

I now insisted that we should leave this place without delay, by a window if there was no other outlet, and make our way to our boat.

'Oh, you can't get out,' said Dolor Tripp, 'until he unfastens the door. The window sashes are all nailed and screwed fast, and the outside shutters and that back door are padlocked. Alwilda and Lizeth are very particular about having this kitchen secure from burglars. But you need n't worry. That door will be opened before long. The ghost always does that after making you wait a little while.'

'I think it is rather jolly,' said Doris, 'to have a ghost for a jailer, though I can't really say I should like to have him come in and bring us a jug of water and a loaf of bread.'

'If he will do that,' said Lord Crabstairs, 'I'll believe in him; although I don't care for the water, and should like him to fetch some meat or cheese with the bread.' . . .

At this moment there was a little noise at one of the windows, and, turning my eyes in that direction, I saw the lower sash raised a couple of inches. I was about to spring towards the window when Doris, who had followed my glance, caught me by the coat.

Instantly we all rose to our feet, and as we looked at the window, beyond which we could see nothing, something like a young moon began to protrude itself through the opening under the sash. In a moment the lunar apparition had greatly increased in size and was a half-moon.

Dolor Tripp now made a quick step forward.

'Keep back, all of you,' she said. 'I know what it is.' And going to the window she took hold of the moon, and, drawing it into the room, she held it up to us in all the glory of its fullness.

'A pumpkin pie!' exclaimed Doris.

We gathered about it. It was of the largest size and as yellow as gold. 'Oh, delicious!' cried Doris. 'Somebody get a knife.'

'But where did it come from?' I asked.

'From the ghost, of course,' replied Dolor Tripp. 'That is one of its ways. It leaves pies about. Several times when it has locked me into a room I've just waited quietly until I found the door unfastened, and there outside, just where I would n't step into it, there would be a little pie.'

'A lovely ghost!' cried Lord Crabstairs. 'I am converted. I believe in him. But this is n't a pie, it 's a tart. Pies are made of meat.'

'No, they are not,' said the butcher; 'at least, not punkin pies. I should think I ought to know what things are made of meat.'

'And I ought to know what things are made of fruits and vegetables,' retorted Lord Crabstairs. 'That is a tart!'

'I'll toss up to see who is right,' said the butcher.

'Done!' said Lord Crabstairs, producing a penny.

'Heads!' cried the butcher.

It was tails.

'All right,' said the butcher. 'I'll take some of it, but all the same I never imagined that I should live long enough to eat punkin tart!'

Dolor Tripp quickly cut the pie into six parts, but I would have none of it. I do not believe in ghosts, and will not eat food brought by them. I went to the window and endeavored to raise the sash higher, but could not do so. With all my strength I could not increase the width of the narrow aperture. One of the shutters was open, but the shadow of the main building and a growth of evergreen bushes made everything dark immediately outside.

I left the window, and walking quietly out of the kitchen into the little hall, I again tried the door at the top of the

steps. To my delight it was unfastened. I stepped gently back, and looking in at the kitchen door I caught the eye of the butcher, who was finishing his piece of pie. Without attracting the attention of the others, who were making some fresh tea, he came to me.

I whispered to him to follow. We went up the steps, and through the door. We groped our way along the passage, turned into the main hall, opened the front door, and went out.

'It is no ghost,' I said. 'Let us go around the house and catch him!'

'I began to have my doubts,' said the butcher. 'The pie was too real.'

As quietly as possible we walked along the front of the house and around the end of it, returning by the back towards the old kitchen. The moon gave us light enough to see our way until we reached the shaded corner by the window; but when we had slowly and gently pushed through the evergreens we found ourselves in almost total darkness, the little light that came from the candle within amounting to almost nothing. But although we could not expect to see an approaching figure, we might hear one, and we stood silently and waited.

But we did not wait long. Down from some region above came a light, misty spot like a will-o'-the-wisp. When it was about five feet from the ground it moved toward the kitchen window. I do not know what the butcher thought, but at this moment it occurred to me that perhaps after all it might be well not to interfere with this apparition. We really had no right to interfere and we were ourselves intruders upon the premises. And whether it were a ghost, or a man, or a woman, there was something in my nature, naturally sensitive, which prompted hesitation before actively interfering with the pursuits of another.

But I had no time properly to revolve this subject in my mind. The butcher reached out one hand and took me by the coat-sleeve. Following the impulse thus given I moved with him towards the window, our feet making no noise upon the soft grass.

Against the faint light in the room, on the side of the window where the shutter was opened, we could see the top of a strangely formed head raised just high enough above the window-sill to enable its owner to look inside. The ghost was watching our friends!

There was a quick movement of the apparition; the butcher had seized it. In the next instant I also laid hold of it. Within my grasp I felt an arm, a human arm quite firm and solid. Not a word was spoken; there was no struggle, no noise. Silently the butcher and I pulled our captive away from the window, through the overhanging evergreen boughs, and out into the moonlight.

There we discovered that we held a man, quite a small man, with a white cap on his head.

'Well, now,' said he, looking from one to the other of us, 'you have caught me, haven't you? And I must say you did it pretty neat. I knew it was risky, foolin' with sech a big party, but for the life of me I couldn't help it. Never sech a chance turned up before in this house!'

'But who are you?' said I.

'You are a stranger to me,' replied the little man, 'and you wouldn't know who I was if I told you. Now, this gentleman knows me, and I know him.'

'You don't mean to say,' exclaimed the butcher, 'that you are —'

'Yes, I am,' interrupted the other.

'And you are the ghost?'

'Now, tell me,' asked the little man, 'did she take me for a ghost? I always hoped she would, but I couldn't help feelin' sort of oncertain about it.'

'She certainly did,' answered the butcher.

'That's what I call real jolly!' said our prisoner, rubbing his hands. 'Let's go in, and have it all out. I guess I've served my time as a spook, and might as well come down to the level of common people.'

As the butcher had released his hold of our prisoner, I did so likewise. The little man now started off, and went around the house to the front door. We followed, and he led us into the hall and along the passage to the kitchen. Entering abruptly he stopped near the door, and exclaimed in a cheery voice, and without removing his cap: 'Now, ladies and gentlemen, here's your ghost! What do you think of him?'

The party had been anxiously discussing our absence, and Lord Crabstairs and the schoolmaster were about to start out to look for us. They now all stood in

amazement, gazing wide-eyed at the newcomer.

Suddenly Dolor Tripp stepped forward.

'Griscom Brothers!' she exclaimed.

'Yes,' said the little man, 'I am Griscom Brothers.'

'In the name of common sense,' said Doris, 'please tell me what you two are talking about? Is this the pie ghost?'

'Yes, madam,' said Griscom Brothers. 'And not only pie but bread, both wheat and Boston-brown, with rye to order; cakes of all kinds, especially home-made ginger; and family bakings and roasts on reasonable terms. In a word — Griscom Brothers.'

'Of the village over here,' added Dolor Tripp, in further explanation.

'Griscom Brothers,' said the butcher, in a tone of confident affirmation.

All this was as surprising to me as it was to the others. As for Lord Crabstairs, he stood up very straight with his feet wide apart, and stared at Griscom Brothers.

'Now, really!' he exclaimed. 'It is Brothers, is it? And the ghost of a baker besides!'

'No, sir,' spoke up quickly the little man. I may be a baker ghost, but I'm not the ghost of a baker; not yet.'

'Are you two in one?' asked Lord Crabstairs. 'If not, where is the other one of you?'

'My brother,' said the little man, 'who, with me, gave our business its firm name, is not now living.'

'Then,' said Lord Crabstairs, 'Griscom Brothers is half dead, and has a right to be a half ghost.'

'Aha!' said the little man. 'That's about right. Half the time I'm a baker, and half the time a ghost. And now, then, if you folks care to hear all about it, I'm ready to talk.'

'Care to hear!' said Dolor Tripp. 'I'm on pins and needles to hear!'

The fire was now built up afresh, and again we placed ourselves on our chairs, stools, and boxes about the hearth, Griscom Brothers having a place in the middle, between Dolor Tripp and Doris. I happened to notice that in this arrangement the schoolmaster was left out, and was standing back of our half-circle. But as the schoolmaster was evidently a humble-minded person and did not appear to object to his position, I thought it wise not to disturb the company by interrupting the story which the baker had just begun.

By the bright light of the fire I took a good look at Griscom Brothers. He appeared to be about fifty years old, with a merry countenance, small eyes, grizzly side-whiskers, and below his white paper cap a little curly grizzly hair. It was plain that he liked to talk, and that he was well satisfied with his present position.

'Now,' said he, looking from side to side, 'I know who you all are. You are the people from the schooner out here in the bay; and as I've told you who I am, we may call ourselves acquainted, and I'll go on and tell you about the ghost business without asking any questions of you; at least not now.

'I've often noticed,' said he, giving himself a little twist in his chair, 'that when a man sits down, fair and square, to tell a story, it happens time and again that the story don't step up to the mark as lively as it ought to; and when it does show itself, it is n't as much of a story as it was expected to be. I should n't wonder if my story should be that way; but I'll take it by the nape of the neck and bring it right in, and let you folks see all there is of it.

'It was about twelve years ago, when my brother died and my family got to be only me, that I found I did n't get sleep enough. You see that being a baker I am obliged to go to my work very early in the morning, mostly about three o'clock, and that if I don't get a good sleep in the first part of the night, it will tell on me. You know that sort of thing will tell on people. Now the room I slept in after my family became so small was Mrs. Springer's second floor back, and every Tuesday night the Dorcas Society used to meet there, and them women kept up such a chattering from before dark to nobody knows how late at night, that I might as well try to make good bread of brick clay as to sleep; meaning no offense, of course,'— turning from one to the other of the ladies,—'if either of you belongs to a Dorcas Society.'

'Which I do not,' said Doris; 'and if I did I would n't mind.'

'Now, you see,' continued Griscom Brothers, 'when a man loses his night's sleep on one night in the week, he is very like to get into the habit of losing it; that 's what I did, and could n't stand it. At that time this house was empty, the law having

not decided who it belonged to, and it came into my head that it would be a good thing to come over here and sleep. There would be no Dorcas Society here, or anything else to disturb me. So here I came, finding it easy to get in at one of these kitchen windows; and I fixed up a bed in an upper room, and there I could sleep like a toad in a hole. Of course I did n't want to hurt Mrs. Springer's feelings, and I never said nothing to her about my not sleeping in the house. I went upstairs every night at my regular bedtime and I rumpled up the bed and went away, Mrs. Springer not knowing whether I left the house at three o'clock in the morning or nine o'clock at night. You see I 'm very spry at getting about without people seeing me; and to this day Mrs. Springer does n't know that for the last twelve years I have n't slept in her house except on some very stormy nights.'

'Paid for your room straight along, I guess,' remarked the butcher.

'Yes, sir! As I did n't pay nothing here it was all right I should pay there. Well, after I had kept up this thing for two years, you and your sisters,' turning to Dolor Tripp, 'came here to live, and then you may be sure I had a hard nut to crack. I had become so accustomed to this big, quiet house that I did n't believe I could sleep under any other roof, and so I said to myself, "I 'll stay here, and these people sha'n't know it any more than Mrs. Springer does." There 's a loft over this kitchen which you can't get into except by that trap-door and a ladder, and so before you came here I put the ladder up into the loft, and put a bolt on the other side of the trap-door, which kept me private. I knew you would n't want to use the loft, and I though I might as well have it as not.'

'And you 've been sleeping there for ten years!' exclaimed Dolor.

'That 's about the time,' said Griscom Brothers. 'I put everything into that room to make myself comfortable,— not your things, but my things,— and I got in and out through a little window in the roof. There are some strips nailed on for a grapevine, and these I used for a ladder. I can go up and down in the darkest night just like stairs. I can get into the house just the same as I used to, because the lock on the back door of the main house is one I put there myself, years ago, and of course, I 've got a key to it. Not long after you came I got to going over the house again, principally to see if the doors and windows were all shut and fastened. You was a little girl then, and you had a way of going out of doors after your sisters had gone to bed. You never thought of shutting up when you came back. When you got to be a big girl, and even a young woman, you did the same thing. So I kept on taking care of things.'

'It strikes me,' said Lord Crabstairs, who had been listening very attentively to the baker's story, 'that you had rather an odd way of getting a night's sleep. Rambling through a house and playing ghost is n't the way to refresh a man, I take it.'

'Now, you see,' said Griscom Brothers, 'the p'int of it is this, when I was at Mrs. Springer's I could n't sleep if I wanted to, but in this house I could go to my little room and sleep whenever I felt like it; that makes all the difference in the world.'

'Yes,' said the butcher; 'being able to do a thing is often just as much good to a person as doing it.'

'Now tell me another thing,' said Lord Crabstairs. 'What did you mean by that pumpkin tart?'

'Tart!' exclaimed the baker.

'That 's all right,' said the butcher. 'We tossed up, and tart it is.'

Griscom Brothers did not seem to understand, but he went on to explain.

'That was an ordered punkin pie. It is n't the season for that sort of thing, and nobody but me has got any punkins kept over. But old Mrs. Gormish ordered the pie for her grandchild's christening, but when they sent for Mr. Black he could n't come, and they had to have Mr. Startling, and he 's a dyspeptic, and so the old lady sent word to me she did n't want no pie, and it was left on my hands. I always like to have something to eat before I start out in the early morning, so I brought this with me, for there is n't no call for them. When you people came into the kitchen I was fast asleep, but I jumped up quick enough and hurried down to see what was the matter. I was at the window seeing and listening to pretty nearly all you did and said; and when I heard you talking about being so hungry I thought of giving you that pie, and I locked the door to keep you in the kitchen until I thought I had done my duty by you.'

'You did it well,' said Doris, 'for that was a good pie.'

'I dare say,' said Lord Crabstairs, 'that in this country bakers don't sell meat.'

'No,' said Griscom Brothers; 'as a rule they don't.'

'Well, then,' said his lordship, 'as we are pretty well dried and warmed, and as there is nothing more to eat, we might as well be getting back to the ship.'

We all agreed that this was the proper thing to do, and we rose from our seats.

'Before you go,' said Griscom Brothers, addressing Dolor Tripp, 'I want to settle one thing. Do you object to my staying on in that little loft, or must I go back to Mrs. Springer?'

'I think,' said Dolor Tripp, 'that it would be much better for you to stay where you are for the present. I am going to Boston, and when I come back I will speak to my sisters about it.'

'Then I 'll pack up my goods,' said Griscom Brothers, 'the day you come back, for I know what your sisters will say.'

As the baker finished speaking he turned suddenly, and his eyes fell upon the schoolmaster, who until this moment had been keeping well in the background. For an instant the two gazed steadily at each other, then Griscom Brothers exclaimed, almost screamed:

'Johnny!'

The schoolmaster, with his long arms extended, rushed upon the other, and in a moment they were folded in a close embrace.

The pie-ghost was the schoolmaster's father.

For a few moments nothing was said, and we gazed in amazement upon the embracing couple. Then the butcher beckoned us a little apart and said in a low voice:

'That young man ran away from home more than twelve years ago. I didn't know him, for all that happened before I came to these parts, but I have often heard the story. I shouldn't wonder if he has been as much afraid of meeting his dad as of running afoul of Mrs. Bodship.'

Griscom Brothers now stepped forward, holding his son by the hand.

'Ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'who could have thought it, that old Mrs. Gormish's punkin pie should have given me back my son! For if it hadn't been that she threw the pie on my hands I should n't have brought it here, and if it had n't been here I should n't have tried to give it to you, and if I had n't done that you never would have ketched me, and if you had n't ketched me I should n't have known that my Johnny was with you.'

'It strikes me,' said Lord Crabstairs, 'that you ought to thank the clergyman who ate his meals so fast that he gave himself dyspepsia. If he had been able to eat pumpkin tarts you would n't have found your son.'

The Century Magazine, January, 1890.

JOHN MUIR (1838–1914)

John Muir was the most picturesque and the most original member of the out-of-doors school of writers, excepting only Thoreau. He was Scotch born, migrating to America with his parents when he was eleven and settling with them in the wilderness of Wisconsin where he passed the rest of his boyhood. At length he was enabled to study at the University of Wisconsin. For four years he applied himself somewhat irregularly to the studies that he affected; then, as he himself expressed it, he 'wandered away on a glorious botanical and geological excursion, which has lasted nearly fifty years and is not yet completed, always happy and free, poor and rich, without thought of a diploma, of making a name, urged on and on through endless, inspiring, Godful beauty.' He walked all the way to Florida, crossed to Cuba, then, attacked by malaria, left the tropics, and walked the greater part of the way to California. The rest of his life he passed in the Yosemite region, the Sierras, the upper Rockies, and Alaska.

Muir began writing as early as 1871, sending studies of mountain scenery and phenomena to the New York *Tribune*, to the *Overland*, and to *Harper's*. His series entitled *Studies in the Sierras* in *Scribner's Monthly* in 1878, later republished as *The Mountains of California*, first brought him into notice, but he published very little after this. He cared nothing for money, nothing for literary fame, and very little inducement could be offered him to continue his work. He wrote only for his own enjoyment and to make others share the passion he felt for the beauties of the California mountains. In 1901 he published *Our National Parks*, in 1911 *My First Summer in the Sierras*, selections from his journal, and in 1913 *The Story of My Boyhood and Youth*. During all his life he kept a full journal, and, as in the case of Thoreau, parts of it will be issued from time to time as the public demands, and at last undoubtedly the whole journal. No one has written like Muir of the western mountains. He has caught the freedom, the sweep, the vastness and beauty of them in a way that thrills and compels. He is a tempestuous soul whose units are storms and mountain ranges and mighty glacial moraines, who strides excitedly along the bare tops of ragged peaks and rejoices in their vastness and awfulness, who cries, 'Come with me along the glaciers and see God making landscapes!'

THE WATER-OUZEL[1]

The water-falls of the Sierra Nevada are frequented by only one bird, the ouzel or water-thrush (*Cinclus Mexicanus*, Sw.). He is a singularly joyous and lovable little fellow, about the size of a robin, clad in a plain water-proof suit of a blackish, bluish gray, with a tinge of chocolate on the head and shoulders. In form he is about as smoothly plump and compact as a pot-hole pebble; the flowing contour of his body being interrupted only by his strong feet and bill, and the crisp wing-tips, and up-slanted wrenish tail.

Among all the countless water-falls I have met in the course of eight years' explorations in the Sierra, whether in the icy Alps, or warm foot-hills, or in the profound Yosemite cañons of the middle region, not one was found without its ouzel. No cañon is too cold for him, none too lonely, provided it be rich in white falling water. Find a fall, or cascade, or rushing rapid, anywhere upon a clear crystalline stream, and there you will surely find its complementary ouzel, flitting about in the spray, diving in foaming eddies, whirling like a leaf among beaten foam-bells; ever vigorous and enthusiastic, yet self-contained, and neither seeking nor shunning your company.

If disturbed while dipping about in the margin shallows, he either sets off with a rapid whir to some other feeding-ground up or down the stream, or alights on some half-submerged rock or snag out in the foaming current, and immediately begins to nod and courtesy like a wren, turning his head from side to side and performing

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many other odd dainty manners as if he had been trained at some bird dancing-school.

He is the mountain streams' own darling,— the humming-bird of blooming waters, loving rocky ripple-slopes and sheets of foam, as a bee loves flowers,— as a lark loves sunshine and meadows. Among all the mountain birds, none has cheered me so much in my lonely wanderings,— none so unfailing. For winter and summer he sings, independent alike of sunshine and love; requiring no other inspiration than the stream on which he dwells. While water sings, so must he; in heat or cold, calm or storm, ever attuning his voice in sure accord; low in the drouth of summer and drouth of winter, but never silent.

During the golden days of Indian summer the mountain streams are feeble,— a succession of silent pools, linked together with strips of silvery lace-work; then the song of the ouzel is at its lowest ebb. But as soon as the winter clouds have bloomed, and the mountain treasuries are once more replenished with snow, the voices of the streams and ouzels begin to increase in strength and richness until the flood season of early summer. Then the glad torrents chant their noblest anthems, and then too is the flood-time of our songster's melody. But as to the influence of the weather, dark days and sun days are the same to him. The voices of most song-birds, however joyous, suffer a long winter eclipse; but the ouzel sings on around all the seasons, and through every kind of storm. Indeed no storm can be more violent than those of the water-falls in the midst of which he delights to dwell. At least, from whatever cause, while the weather is darkest and most boisterous, snowing, blowing, cloudy or clear, all the same he sings, and never a note of sadness. No need of spring sunshine to thaw *his* song, for it never freezes. Never shall you hear anything wintry from *his* warm breast; no pinched cheeping, no wavering notes between sadness and joy; his mellow, fluty voice is ever tuned to downright gladness, as free from every trace of dejection as cock-crowing.

It is pitiful to see wee frost-pinched sparrows, on cold mornings, shaking the snow from their feathers, and hopping about as if anxious to be cheery, then hastening back to their hidings out of the wind, puffing out their breast feathers, and subsiding among the leaves, cold and breakfastless, while the snow continues to fall, and no sign of clearing. But the ouzel never calls forth a single touch of pity; not because he is strong to endure, but rather because he seems to live a charmed life beyond the reach of every influence that makes endurance necessary.

One wild winter morning, when Yosemite Valley was swept from west to east by a cordial snow-storm, I sallied forth to see what I might learn and enjoy. A sort of gray, gloaming-like darkness was kept up by the storm, and the loudest booming of the falls was at times buried beneath its sublime roar. The snow was already over five feet deep on the meadows, making very extended walks impossible without the aid of snow-shoes. I found no great difficulty, however, in making my way to a certain ripple on the river where one of my ouzels lived. He was at home as usual, gleaning his breakfast among the pebbles of a shallow portion of the margin, and apparently altogether unconscious of anything extraordinary in the weather. Presently he flew out to a stone against which the icy current was beating, and turning his back to the wind, sang delightfully as a lark in spring-time.

After spending an hour or two with my favorite, I went plodding through the drifts, to learn as definitely as possible how the other birds were spending their time. The Yosemite birds are easily found during the winter, because all excepting the ouzel are restricted to the sunny north side of the valley, the south side being constantly eclipsed by the great frosty shadow of the wall. And because the Indian Cañon groves from their peculiar exposure are the warmest, all the birds congregate there, more especially in severe weather.

I found most of the robins cowering on the lee side of the larger branches where the snow could not fall upon them, while two or three of the most enterprising were making desperate efforts to reach the mistletoe berries by clinging nervously to the under side of the snow-crowned masses, back downward, like woodpeckers. Every now and then they would dislodge some of the loose fringes of the snow-crown which would come sifting

down upon their heads and send them screaming back to camp, where they would subside among their companions with a shiver, muttering in low, querulous chatters like hungry children.

Some of the sparrows were busy at the foot of the larger trees gleaning seeds and benumbed insects, joined now and then by a robin weary of his unsuccessful attempts upon the snow-covered berries. The brave woodpeckers were clinging to the snowless sides of the larger boles and overarching branches of the camp trees, making short flights from side to side of the grove, pecking and chattering aimlessly as if unable to keep still, yet evidently putting in the time in a very dull way, like storm-bound travelers at a country tavern. The hardy nuthatches were threading the open furrows of the bark in their usual industrious manner, and uttering their quaint notes, evidently much less discomposed than their neighbors. The Steller's jays were of course making more noisy stir than all the other birds combined; ever coming and going with loud bluster, screaming as if each had a lump of melting sludge in his throat, and taking very good care to improve the favorable opportunity afforded by the storm to steal from the acorn stores of the woodpeckers. I also noticed one solitary gray eagle braving the storm on the top of a tall pine stump just outside the main grove. He was standing bolt upright with his back to the wind, and with a tuft of snow piled on his square shoulders, the very type of passive endurance. Thus every snow-bound bird seemed more or less uncomfortable if not in positive distress. The storm was reflected in every gesture, and not one cheerful note, not to say song, came from a single bill; their cowering, joyless endurance offering a most striking contrast to the spontaneous, irrepressible gladness of the ouzel, who could no more help exhaling sweet song, than a rose sweet fragrance. He *must* sing if the heavens fall. I remember noticing the distress of a pair of robins during the violent earthquake of the year 1872, when the pines of the valley, with strange movements, flapped and waved their branches, and beetling rock-brows came thundering to the meadows in fiery avalanches. It did not occur to me in the midst of the excitement of other observations to look for the ouzels, but I doubt not they were singing straight on through it all, regarding its terrible thunders as fearlessly as they do the booming of the water-falls.

What may be regarded as the separate songs of the ouzel are exceedingly difficult of description, because they are so variable and at the same time so confluent. I have been acquainted with my favorite for eight years, and though, during most of this time I have heard him sing nearly every day, I still detect notes and strains that are quite new to me. Nearly all of his music is very sweet and tender, lapsing from his round breast like water over the smooth lip of a pool, then breaking farther on into a rich sparkling foam of melodious notes, which glow with subdued enthusiasm, yet without expressing much of the strong, gushing ecstasy of the bobolink or sky-lark.

The more striking strains are perfect arabesques of melody, composed of a few full, round, mellow notes, embroidered with a great variety of delicate trills which fade in long slender cadences like the silken fringes of summer clouds melting in the azure. But as a whole, his music is that of the stream itself, infinitely organized, spiritualized. The deep booming notes of the falls are in it, the trills of rapids, the swirling and gurgling of pot-holes, low hushes of levels, the rapturous bounce and dance of rocky cascades, and the sweet tinkle of separate drops oozing from the ends of mosses and falling into tranquil pools.

The ouzel never sings in chorus with other birds, nor with his kind, but only with the streams. And like flowers that bloom beneath the surface of the ground, some of our favorite's best song-blossoms never rise above the surface of the heavier music of the water. I have oftentimes observed him singing in the midst of beaten spray, his music completely buried beneath the water's roar; yet I knew he was surely singing by the movements of his bill.

His food consists of all kinds of water insects, which in summer are chiefly procured along shallow margins. Here he wades about ducking his head under water, and deftly turning over pebbles and fallen leaves with his bill, seldom choosing to go into deep water where he has to use his wings in diving.

He seems to be especially fond of the

larvæ of mosquitoes, found in great quantities attached to the bottom of smooth rock channels where the current is swift and shallow. When feeding in such places he wades up-stream, and oftentimes while his head is under water the swift current is deflected upward along the glossy curves of his neck and shoulders, in the form of a clear, crystalline shell, which fairly incloses him like a bell-glass, the shell being constantly broken and reformed as he lifts and dips his head; while ever and anon he sidles out to where the too powerful current carries him off his feet, and sweeps him rapidly down-stream; then he dexterously rises on the wing and goes gleaning again in shallower places.

But during the winter, when the stream-banks are all deeply embossed in snow, and the streams themselves are chilled nearly to the freezing point, so that the snow falling into them in stormy weather is not wholly dissolved, but forms a thin blue sludge, thus rendering the current opaque — then he seeks the deeper portions of the main rivers, where he may dive to clear portions of the channel beneath the sludge. Or he repairs to some open lake or millpond, at the bottom of which he feeds in perfect safety.

When thus compelled to betake himself to a lake, he does not plunge into it at once like a duck, but always alights in the first place upon some rock or fallen pine along the shore, then flying out thirty or forty yards, more or less, according to the character of the bottom, he alights with a dainty glint on the surface, swims about, looks down, finally makes up his mind and disappears with a sharp stroke of his wings. After feeding for two or three minutes he suddenly re-appears, showers the water from his wings with one vigorous shake, and rises abruptly into the air as if pushed up from beneath, comes back to his perch, sings a few minutes and goes out to dive again; thus coming and going, singing and diving at the same places for hours.

I once observed three thus spending a winter morning in company, upon a small glacier lake, on the Upper Merced, about 7,500 feet above the level of the sea.

A storm had occurred during the night, but the morning sun shone unclouded, and the shadowy lake, gleaming darkly in its setting of fresh snow, lay smooth and motionless as a mirror.

My camp chanced to be within a few feet of the water's edge, opposite a fallen pine, some of the branches of which leaned out over the lake. Here my three dearly welcome visitors took up their station, and at once began to embroider the frosty air with their delicious melody, doubly delightful to me that particular morning, as I had been somewhat apprehensive of danger in breaking my way down to the lowlands.

The portion of the lake bottom selected for a feeding-ground lies at a depth of fifteen or twenty feet below the surface, and is covered with a short growth of algæ and other aquatic plants,— facts I chanced to be able to determine by having previously floated over it on a raft and made soundings.

After alighting on the glassy surface, the birds would occasionally indulge in a little play, chasing each other round about in small circles; then all three would suddenly dive together, and come ashore and sing. They are usually found singly, however, rarely in pairs excepting during the breeding season, and *very* rarely in threes or fours.

They seldom swim more than a few yards on the surface, for, not being web-footed, they make rather slow progress, but by means of their strong, crisp wings they swim, or rather fly, with great celerity under the surface, often to considerable distances.

But it is in withstanding the force of rushing torrents that their strength of wing in this respect is most strikingly manifested. The following may be regarded as a fair illustration of their easy, unconscious powers of sub-aquatic flight. One winter morning, when the Merced River was blue and green with unmelted snow, I observed one of my ouzels perched on a snag out in the midst of a swift rushing rapid. He sang cheerily, as if everything was just to his mind, and while I stood on the bank admiring him, he suddenly plunged into the sludgy current, leaving his song broken abruptly off. After feeding a minute or two at the bottom, and when one would suppose he must inevitably be swept far down-stream, he emerged just where he went down, alighted on the same snag, showered the water beads from his feathers,

and at once continued his unfinished song, splicing it together as if it had suffered no interruption.

The ouzel alone of all birds dares to enter a white torrent. And though strictly terrestrial in structure, no other is so inseparably related to water, not even the duck, or bold ocean albatross, or storm-petrel. Ducks go ashore when they have done feeding in undisturbed places, and frequently make long overland flights from lake to lake or from field to field. The same is true of most other aquatic birds. But our ouzel, born on the very brink of a stream, seldom leaves it for a single moment. For, notwithstanding he is often on the wing, he never flies overland, but whirs with rapid, quail-like beat above the stream, tracing all its winding modulations with great minuteness. Even when the stream is quite small, say from five to ten feet wide, he will not try to shorten his flight by crossing a bend, however abrupt it may be; and even when disturbed by meeting some one on the bank, he prefers to fly over one's head, to dodging out over the ground. When therefore his flight along a crooked stream is viewed endwise, it appears most strikingly wavered — an interpretation of every curve inscribed with lightning-like rapidity on the air.

The vertical curves and angles of the most precipitous Alpine torrents he traces with the same rigid fidelity. Swooping adown the inclines of cascades, dropping sheer over dizzy falls amid the spray, and ascending with the same fearlessness and ease, seldom seeking to lessen the steepness of the acclivity by beginning to ascend before reaching the base of the fall. No matter how high it may be, he holds straight on as if about to dash headlong into the throng of booming rockets, then darts abruptly upward, and, after alighting at the top of the precipice to rest a moment, proceeds to feed and sing. His flight is solid and impetuous without any intermission of wing-beats,— one homogeneous buzz like that of a laden bee on its way home. And while thus buzzing freely from fall to fall, he is frequently heard giving utterance to a long outdrawn train of unmodulated notes, in no way connected with his song, but corresponding closely with his flight, both in sustained vigor, and homogeneity of substance.

Were the flights of every individual ouzel in the Sierra traced on a chart, they would indicate the direction of the flow of the entire system of ancient glaciers, from about the period of the breaking up of the ice-sheet until near the close of the glacial winter; because the streams which the ouzels so rigidly follow, are, with the unimportant exceptions of a few side tributaries, all flowing in channels eroded for them out of the solid flank of the range by the vanished glaciers,— the streams tracing the glaciers, the ouzels tracing the streams. Nor do we find so complete compliance to glacial conditions in the life of any other mountain bird, or animal of any kind. Bears frequently accept the path-ways laid down by glaciers as the easiest to travel; but then, they often leave them and cross over from cañon to cañon. So also, most birds found in rocky cañons at all usually fly across at right angles to the courses of the vanished glaciers, because the main forests of these regions to which they come and go are growing upon the lateral moraines which always stretch along the tops of the cañon walls.

The ouzel's nest is one of the most extraordinary pieces of bird architecture I ever beheld; so odd and novel in design, and so perfectly fresh and beautiful, and in every way so fully worthy of the genius of the little builder. It is about a foot in diameter, round and bossy in outline, with a neatly arched opening near the bottom, somewhat like an old-fashioned brick oven, or Hottentot's hut. It is built almost exclusively of green and yellow mosses, chiefly the beautiful fronded hypnum that covers the rocks and old drift-logs in the vicinity of water-falls. These are deftly interwoven, and felted together into a charming little hut; and so situated that many of the outer mosses continue to flourish as if they had not been plucked. A few fine silky-stemmed grasses are occasionally found interwoven with the mosses, but, with the exception of a thin layer lining the floor, their presence seems accidental, as they are of a species found growing with the mosses and are probably plucked with them. The site chosen for this curious mansion is usually some little rock-shelf within reach of the spray of a water-fall, so that its walls are kept green and growing, at least during the time of high water.

No harsh lines are presented by any portion of the nest as seen *in situ,* but when removed from its shelf, the back and bottom, and sometimes a portion of the top, is found quite sharply angular because it is made to conform to the surface of the rock, upon which and against which it is built; the little architect always taking advantage of slight crevices and protuberances that may chance to offer, to render his structure stable, by means of a kind of gripping and dovetailing.

In choosing a building spot, concealment does not seem to be taken into consideration at all; yet notwithstanding the nest is so large, and so guilelessly exposed to view, it is far from being easily detected, chiefly because it swells forward like any other bulging moss-cushion growing naturally in such situations. This is more especially the case where the nest is kept fresh by being well sprinkled. Sometimes these romantic little huts have their beauty enhanced by tasteful decorations of rock-ferns and grasses, that spring up around the walls or in front of the doorsill, all dripping with crystal beads.

Furthermore, at certain hours of the day when the sunshine is poured down at the required angle, the whole mass of the spray enveloping the fairy establishment is brilliantly irised; and it is through so glorious a rainbow atmosphere as this that some of our blessed ouzels obtain their first peep at the world.

Ouzels seem so completely part and parcel of the streams they inhabit, they scarce suggest any other origin than the streams themselves; and one might almost be pardoned in fancying they come direct from the living waters like flowers from the ground,— a kind of winged water-lily. At least, from whatever cause, it never occurred to me to look for their nests until more than a year after I had made the acquaintance of the birds themselves, although I found one the very day on which I began the search. In making my way from Yosemite to the glaciers of the adjacent Alps, I camped in a particularly wild and romantic portion of the Nevada cañon where in previous excursions I had never once failed to enjoy the delightful company of my favorites, who were attracted here, no doubt, by the extraordinary abundance of white water. The river, for miles above and below, consists of a succession of small falls from ten to sixty feet in height, connected by flat, plume-like cascades that go flashing from fall to fall, free and channelless, over waving folds of glacier-polished granite.

On the south side of one of the falls, that portion of the precipice which is bathed by the spray presents a series of little shelves and tablets caused by the development of planes of cleavage in the granite, and the consequent fall of masses through the action of the water. 'Now *here,*' said I, 'of all places, is the most charming spot for an ouzel's nest.' Then carefully scanning the fretted face of the precipice through the spray, I at length noticed a large, yellowish moss-cushion, growing on the edge of a level tablet within five or six feet of the outer folds of the fall. But apart from the fact of its being situated exactly where one acquainted with the lives of ouzels would fancy an ouzel's nest ought to be, there was nothing in its appearance visible at first sight, to distinguish it from other bosses of rock-moss, similarly situated with reference to perennial spray; and it was not until I had scrutinized it again and again, and had removed my shoes and stockings and crept along the face of the rock within eight or ten feet of it, that I could decide certainly whether it was the nest I was so eagerly seeking or a natural growth.

In these moss huts are laid, three or four eggs,— white, like foam bubbles; and well may the little ouzels hatched from them sing water songs, for they hear them all their lives, and even before they are born.

I have oftentimes observed the young just out of the nest making their odd gestures, and seeming in every way as much at home as their experienced parents,— like young bees in their first excursions to the flower fields. No amount of familiarity with people and their ways seems to change them in the least. To all appearance their behavior is just the same on seeing a man for the first time, as when seeing him every day.

On the lower reaches of the rivers where mills are built, they sing on through the din of the machinery, and all the concomitant confusion of dogs, cattle, and workmen. On one occasion, while a wood-chopper was at work on the river-bank, I observed one cheerily singing

within reach of the flying chips. Nor does any kind of unwonted disturbance put him in bad humor, or frighten him out of calm self-possession. In passing through a narrow gorge, I drove one ahead of me from rapid to rapid, disturbing him four times in quick succession, where he could not very well fly past me on account of the narrowness of the channel. Most birds under similar circumstances fancy themselves pursued, and become suspiciously uneasy; but, instead of growing nervous about it, he made his usual dippings, and sang one of his most tranquil strains. When observed within a few yards their eyes are seen to express remarkable gentleness and intelligence; but they seldom allow a sufficiently near approach. On one occasion, while rambling along the shore of a mountain lake, where the birds, at least those born that season, had never seen a man, I sat down to rest upon a large stone close to the water's edge, upon which it seemed the ouzels and sandpipers were in the habit of alighting when they came to feed on that part of the shore, and some of the other birds also, when they came down to wash or drink. After I had sat a few minutes, along came a whirring ouzel and alighted on the stone beside me, within reach of my hand. Then observing me, all at once he stooped nervously as if about to fly on the instant, but as I remained motionless as the stone, he gained confidence, and looked me steadily in the face for about a minute, then flew quietly to the outlet and began to sing. A sandpiper came next and gazed at me with much the same guileless expression of eye as the ouzel's. Lastly, down with a swoop came a Steller's jay out of a fir-tree, probably with the intention of moistening his noisy throat. But instead of sitting confidingly as my other visitors had done, he rushed off at once, nearly tumbling heels over head into the lake in his suspicious confusion, and with loud screams roused the neighborhood.

Love for song-birds, with their sweet human voices, appears to be far more universal and unfailing than love for flowers. Every one loves flowers, to some extent at least in life's fresh morning, attracted by them as instinctively as humming-birds and bees. Even the young Digger Indians have sufficient love for the brightest of those found growing on the mountains to gather them and braid them as decorations for the hair. And I was glad to discover, through the few Indians that could be induced to talk on the subject, that they have names for the wild rose and the lily, and other conspicuous flowers, whether available as food or otherwise. Most men, however, whether savage or civilized, become apathetic toward all plants that have no other apparent use than the use of beauty. But fortunately one's first instinctive love of song-birds is never wholly obliterated, no matter what the influences upon our lives may be. I have often been delighted to see a pure, spiritual glow come into the countenances of hard business men, and dissipated old miners, when a song-bird chanced to alight near them. Nevertheless, the little mouthful of meat that swells out the breasts of some song-birds is too often the cause of their death. Larks and robins in particular are brought to market in hundreds. But fortunately the ouzel has no enemy so eager for his little body as to follow him into the mountain solitudes. I never even knew him to be chased by hawks.

An acquaintance of mine, a sort of foothill mountaineer, had a pet cat, a great, dozy, overgrown creature, about as broad-shouldered as a lynx. During the winter while the snow lay deep, the mountaineer sat in his lonely cabin among the pines, smoking his pipe, and wearing the dull time away. Tom was his sole companion, sharing his bed, and sitting beside him on a stool, with much the same drowsy expression of eye as his master.

The good-natured bachelor was content with his hard fare of soda bread and bacon, but Tom, the only creature in the world acknowledging dependence on him, must needs be provided with fresh meat. Accordingly, he bestirred himself to contrive squirrel traps, and waded the snowy woods with his gun, making sad havoc among the few winter birds, sparing neither robin, sparrow, nor tiny nut-hatch, and the pleasure of seeing Tom eat them was his great reward.

One cold afternoon, while hunting along the river-bank he noticed a plain-feathered little bird skipping about in the shallows, and immediately raised his gun. But just then the confiding little songster began to sing, and after listening to his rare summery melody, he turned away,

saying, 'Bless your little heart, I can't shoot *you*, not even for Tom.'

The species is distributed all along the mountain ranges of the Pacific coast from Alaska to Mexico, and east to the Rocky Mountains. Nevertheless, it is as yet but little known, even among naturalists. Audubon and Wilson did not meet it at all. Swainson was, I believe, the first to describe a specimen from Mexico. Specimens were shortly afterward procured by Drummond near the sources of the Athabasca River, between the fifty-fourth and fifty-sixth parallels; and it has been collected by nearly all of the numerous exploring expeditions undertaken of late through our western states and territories; for it never fails to engage the attention of naturalists in a very particular manner.

Such, then, is the life of our little cinclus, beloved of every one who is so happy as to know him. Tracing on strong wing every curve of the most precipitous torrent, from one extremity of the Californian Alps to the other; not fearing to follow them through their darkest gorges, and coldest snow-tunnels; acquainted with every water-fall, echoing their divine music; and throughout the whole of their beautiful lives interpreting all that we in our unbelief call terrible in the utterances of torrents, as only varied expressions of God's eternal love.

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A WIND-STORM IN THE FOREST[1]

The mountain winds, like the dew and rain, sunshine and snow, are measured and bestowed with love on the forests to develop their strength and beauty. However restricted the scope of other forest influences, that of the winds is universal. The snow bends and trims the upper forests every winter, the lightning strikes a single tree here and there, while avalanches mow down thousands at a swoop as a gardener trims out a bed of flowers. But the winds go to every tree, fingering every leaf and branch and furrowed bole; not one is forgotten; the Mountain Pine towering with outstretched arms on the rugged buttresses of the ice peaks, the lowliest and most retiring tenant of the dells; they seek and find them all, caressing them tenderly, bending them in lusty exercise, stimulating their growth, plucking off a leaf or limb as required, or removing an entire tree or grove, now whispering and cooing through the branches like a sleepy child, now roaring like the ocean; the winds blessing the forests, the forests the winds, with ineffable beauty and harmony as the sure result.

After one has seen pines six feet in diameter bending like grasses before a mountain gale, and ever and anon some giant falling with a crash that shakes the hills, it seems astonishing that any, save the lowest thickset trees, could ever have found a period sufficiently stormless to establish themselves; or, once established, that they should not, sooner or later, have been blown down. But when the storm is over, and we behold the same forests tranquil again, towering fresh and unscathed in erect majesty, and consider what centuries of storms have fallen upon them since they were first planted,— hail, to break the tender seedlings; lightning, to scorch and shatter; snow, winds, and avalanches, to crush and overwhelm,— while the manifest result of all this wild storm-culture is the glorious perfection we behold; then faith in Nature's forestry is established, and we cease to deplore the violence of her most destructive gales, or of any other storm-implement whatsoever.

There are two trees in the Sierra forests that are never blown down, so long as they continue in sound health. These are the Juniper and the Dwarf Pine of the summit peaks. Their stiff, crooked roots grip the storm-beaten ledges like eagles' claws, while their lithe, cord-like branches bend round compliantly, offering but slight holds from winds, however violent. The other alpine conifers — the Needle Pine, Mountain Pine, Two-leaved Pine, and Hemlock Spruce — are never thinned out by this agent to any destructive extent, on account of their admirable toughness and the closeness of their growth. In general the same is true of the giants of the lower zones. The kingly Sugar Pine, towering aloft to a height of more than 200 feet, offers a fine mark to storm-winds; but it is not densely foliaged; and its long, horizontal arms swing round compliantly in the blast, like tresses of green, fluent algæ in a brook; while the Silver Firs in most places keep their ranks well together in united

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strength. The Yellow or Silver Pine is more frequently overturned than any other tree on the Sierra, because its leaves and branches form a larger mass in proportion to its height, while in many places it is planted sparsely, leaving open lanes through which storms may enter with full force. Furthermore, because it is distributed along the lower portion of the range, which was the first to be left bare on the breaking up of the ice-sheet at the close of the glacial winter, the soil it is growing upon has been longer exposed to post-glacial weathering, and consequently is in a more crumbling, decayed condition than the fresher soils farther up the range, and therefore offers a less secure anchorage for the roots.

While exploring the forest zones of Mount Shasta, I discovered the path of a hurricane strewn with thousands of pines of this species. Great and small had been uprooted or wrenched off by sheer force, making a clean gap, like that made by a snow avalanche. But hurricanes capable of doing this class of work are rare in the Sierra, and when we have explored the forests from one extremity of the range to the other, we are compelled to believe that they are the most beautiful on the face of the earth, however we may regard the agents that have made them so.

There is always something deeply exciting, not only in the sounds of winds in the woods, which exert more or less influence over every mind, but in their varied waterlike flow as manifested by the movements of the trees, especially those of the conifers. By no other trees are they rendered so extensively and impressively visible, not even by the lordly tropic palms or tree-ferns responsive to the gentlest breeze. The waving of a forest of the giant Sequoias is indescribably impressive and sublime, but the pines seem to me the best interpreters of winds. They are mighty waving goldenrods, ever in tune, singing and writing wind-music all their long century lives. Little, however, of this noble tree-waving and tree-music will you see or hear in the strictly alpine portion of the forests. The burly Juniper, whose girth sometimes more than equals its height, is about as rigid as the rocks on which it grows. The slender lash-like sprays of the Dwarf Pine stream out in wavering ripples, but the tallest and slenderest are far too unyielding to wave even in the heaviest gales. They only shake in quick, short vibrations. The Hemlock Spruce, however, and the Mountain Pine, and some of the tallest thickets of the two-leaved species bow in storms with considerable scope and gracefulness. But it is only in the lower and middle zones that the meeting of winds and woods is to be seen in all its grandeur.

One of the most beautiful and exhilarating storms I ever enjoyed in the Sierra occurred in December, 1874, when I happened to be exploring one of the tributary valleys of the Yuba River. The sky and the ground and the trees had been thoroughly rain-washed and were dry again. The day was intensely pure, one of those incomparable bits of California winter, warm and balmy and full of white sparkling sunshine, redolent of all the purest influences of the spring, and at the same time enlivened with one of the most bracing wind-storms conceivable. Instead of camping out, as I usually do, I then chanced to be stopping at the house of a friend. But when the storm began to sound, I lost no time in pushing out into the woods to enjoy it. For on such occasions Nature has always something rare to show us, and the danger to life and limb is hardly greater than one would experience crouching deprecatingly beneath a roof.

It was still early morning when I found myself fairly adrift. Delicious sunshine came pouring over the hills, lighting the tops of the pines, and setting free a steam of summery fragrance that contrasted strangely with the wild tones of the storm. The air was mottled with pine-tassels and bright green plumes, that went flashing past in the sunlight like birds pursued. But there was not the slightest dustiness, nothing less pure than leaves, and ripe pollen, and flecks of withered bracken and moss. I heard trees falling for hours at the rate of one every two or three minutes; some uprooted, partly on account of the loose, water-soaked condition of the ground; others broken straight across, where some weakness caused by fire had determined the spot. The gestures of the various trees made a delightful study. Young Sugar Pines, light and feathery as squirrel-tails, were bowing almost to the ground; while the grand old patriarchs,

whose massive boles had been tried in a hundred storms, waved solemnly above them, their long, arching branches streaming fluently on the gale, and every needle thrilling and ringing and shedding off keen lances of light like a diamond. The Douglas Spruces, with long sprays drawn out in level tresses, and needles massed in a gray, shimmering glow, presented a most striking appearance as they stood in bold relief along the hilltops. The madronos in the dells, with their red bark and large glossy leaves tilted every way, reflected the sunshine in throbbing spangles like those one so often sees on the rippled surface of a glacier lake. But the Silver Pines were now the most impressively beautiful of all. Colossal spires 200 feet in height waved like supple goldenrods chanting and bowing low as if in worship, while the whole mass of their long, tremulous foliage was kindled into one continuous blaze of white sun-fire. The force of the gale was such that the most steadfast monarch of them all rocked down to its roots with a motion plainly perceptible when one leaned against it. Nature was holding high festival, and every fiber of the most rigid giants thrilled with glad excitement.

I drifted on through the midst of this passionate music and motion, across many a glen, from ridge to ridge; often halting in the lee of a rock for shelter, or to gaze and listen. Even when the grand anthem had swelled to its highest pitch, I could distinctly hear the varying tones of individual trees,— Spruce, and Fir, and Pine, and leafless Oak,— and even the infinitely gentle rustle of the withered grasses at my feet. Each was expressing itself in its own way,— singing its own song, and making its own peculiar gestures,— manifesting a richness of variety to be found in no other forest I have yet seen. The coniferous woods of Canada, and the Carolinas, and Florida, are made up of trees that resemble one another about as nearly as blades of grass, and grow close together in much the same way. Coniferous trees, in general, seldom possess individual character, such as is manifest among Oaks and Elms. But the California forests are made up of a greater number of distinct species than any other in the world. And in them we find, not only a marked differentiation into special groups, but also a marked individuality in almost every tree, giving rise to storm effects indescribably glorious.

Toward midday, after a long, tingling scramble through copses of hazel and ceanothus, I gained the summit of the highest ridge in the neighborhood; and then it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to climb one of the trees to obtain a wider outlook and get my ear close to the Æolian music of its topmost needles. But under the circumstances the choice of a tree was a serious matter. One whose instep was not very strong seemed in danger of being blown down, or of being struck by others in case they should fall; another was branchless to a considerable height above the ground, and at the same time too large to be grasped with arms and legs in climbing; while others were not favorably situated for clear views. After cautiously casting about, I made choice of the tallest of a group of Douglas Spruces that were growing close together like a tuft of grass, no one of which seemed likely to fall unless all the rest fell with it. Though comparatively young, they were about 100 feet high, and their lithe, brushy tops were rocking and swirling in wild ecstasy. Being accustomed to climb trees in making botanical studies, I experienced no difficulty in reaching the top of this one, and never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal curves, while I clung with muscles firm braced, like a bobolink on a reed.

In its widest sweeps my tree-top described an arc of from twenty to thirty degrees, but I felt sure of its elastic temper, having seen others of the same species still more severely tried — bent almost to the ground indeed, in heavy snows — without breaking a fiber. I was therefore safe, and free to take the wind into my pulses and enjoy the excited forest from my superb outlook. The view from here must be extremely beautiful in any weather. Now my eye roved over the piny hills and dales as over fields of waving grain, and felt the light running in ripples and broad swelling undulations across the valleys from ridge to ridge, as the shining foliage was stirred by corresponding waves of air. Oftentimes these

waves of reflected light would break up suddenly into a kind of beaten foam, and again, after chasing one another in regular order, they would seem to bend forward in concentric curves, and disappear on some hillsides, like sea-waves on a shelving shore. The quantity of light reflected from the bent needles was so great as to make whole groves appear as if covered with snow, while the black shadows beneath the trees greatly enhanced the effect of the silvery splendor.

Excepting only the shadows there was nothing somber in all this wild sea of pines. On the contrary, notwithstanding this was the winter season, the colors were remarkably beautiful. The shafts of the pine and libocedrus were brown and purple, and most of the foliage was well tinged with yellow; the laurel groves, with the pale undersides of their leaves turned upward, made masses of gray; and then there was many a dash of chocolate color from clumps of manzanita, and jet of vivid crimson from the bark of the madronos, while the ground on the hillsides, appearing here and there through openings between the groves, displayed masses of pale purple and brown.

The sounds of the storm corresponded gloriously with this wild exuberance of light and motion. The profound bass of the naked branches and boles booming like waterfalls; the quick, tense vibrations of the pine-needles, now rising to a shrill, whistling hiss, now falling to a silky murmur; the rustling of laurel groves in the dells, and the keen metallic click of leaf on leaf — all this was heard in easy analysis when the attention was calmly bent.

The varied gestures of the multitude were seen to fine advantage, so that one could recognize the different species at a distance of several miles by this means alone, as well as by their forms and colors, and the way they reflected the light. All seemed strong and comfortable, as if really enjoying the storm, while responding to its most enthusiastic greetings. We hear much nowadays concerning the universal struggle for existence, but no struggle in the common meaning of the word was manifest here; no recognition of danger by any tree; no deprecation; but rather an invincible gladness as remote from exultation as from fear.

I kept my lofty perch for hours, frequently closing my eyes to enjoy the music by itself, or to feast quietly on the delicious fragrance that was streaming past. The fragrance of the woods was less marked than that produced during warm rain, when so many balsamic buds and leaves are steeped like tea; but, from the chafing of resiny branches against each other, and the incessant attrition of myriads of needles, the gale was spiced to a very tonic degree. And besides the fragrance from these local sources there were traces of scents brought from afar. For this wind came first from the sea, rubbing against its fresh, briny waves, then distilled through the redwoods, threading rich ferny gulches, and spreading itself in broad undulating currents over many a flower-enameled ridge of the coast mountains, then across the golden plains, up the purple foot-hills, and into these piny woods with the varied incense gathered by the way.

Winds are advertisements of all they touch, however much or little we may be able to read them; telling their wanderings even by their scents alone. Mariners detect the flowery perfume of land-winds far at sea, and sea-winds carry the fragrance of dulse and tangle far inland, where it is quickly recognized, though mingled with the scents of a thousand land-flowers. As an illustration of this, I may tell here that I breathed sea-air on the Firth of Forth, in Scotland, while a boy; then was taken to Wisconsin, where I remained nineteen years; then, without in all this time having breathed one breath of the sea, I walked quietly, alone, from the middle of the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico, on a botanical excursion, and while in Florida, far from the coast, my attention wholly bent on the splendid tropical vegetation about me, I suddenly recognized a sea-breeze, as it came sifting through the palmettos and blooming vine-tangles, which at once awakened and set free a thousand dormant associations, and made me a boy again in Scotland, as if all the intervening years had been annihilated.

Most people like to look at mountain rivers, and bear them in mind; but few care to look at the winds, though far more beautiful and sublime, and though they become at times about as visible as flowing water. When the north winds in winter are making upward sweeps over the curving summits of the High Sierra,

the fact is sometimes published with flying snow-banners a mile long. Those portions of the winds thus embodied can scarce be wholly invisible, even to the darkest imagination. And when we look around over an agitated forest, we may see something of the wind that stirs it, by its effects upon the trees. Yonder it descends in a rush of water-like ripples, and sweeps over the bending pines from hill to hill. Nearer, we see detached plumes and leaves, now speeding by on level currents, now whirling in eddies, or, escaping over the edges of the whirls, soaring aloft on grand, upswelling domes of air, or tossing on flame-like crests. Smooth, deep currents, cascades, falls, and swirling eddies, sing around every tree and leaf, and over all the varied topography of the region with telling changes of form, like mountain rivers conforming to the features of their channels.

After tracing the Sierra streams from their fountains to the plains, marking where they bloom white in falls, glide in crystal plumes, surge gray and foam-filled in boulder-choked gorges, and slip through the woods in long, tranquil reaches — after thus learning their language and forms in detail, we may at length hear them chanting all together in one grand anthem, and comprehend them all in clear inner vision, covering the range like lace. But even this spectacle is far less sublime and not a whit more substantial than what we may behold of these storm-streams of air in the mountain woods.

We all travel the milky way together, trees and men; but it never occurred to me until this storm-day, while swinging in the wind, that trees are travelers, in the ordinary sense. They make many journeys, not extensive ones, it is true; but our own little journeys, away and back again, are only little more than tree-wavings — many of them not so much.

When the storm began to abate, I dismounted and sauntered down through the calming woods. The storm-tones died away, and, turning toward the east, I beheld the countless hosts of the forests hushed and tranquil, towering about one another on the slopes of the hills like a devout audience. The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say, while they listened, 'My peace I give unto you.'

As I gazed on the impressive scene, all the so-called ruin of the storm was forgotten, and never before did these noble woods appear so fresh, so joyous, so immortal.

Scribner's Monthly, November, 1878.

SHADOW LAKE[1]

This is a fine specimen of the oldest and lowest of the existing lakes. It lies about eight miles above Yosemite Valley, on the main branch of the Merced, at an elevation of about 7350 feet above the sea; and is everywhere so securely cliff-bound that without artificial trails only wild animals can get down to its rocky shores from any direction. Its original length was about a mile and a half; now it is only half a mile in length by about a fourth of a mile in width, and over the lowest portion of the basin ninety-eight feet deep. Its crystal waters are clasped around on the north and south by majestic granite walls sculptured in true Yosemitic style into domes, gables, and battlemented headlands, which on the south come plunging down sheer into deep water, from a height of from 1500 to 2000 feet. The South Lyell glacier eroded this magnificent basin out of solid porphyritic granite while forcing its way westward from the summit fountains toward Yosemite, and the exposed rocks around the shores, and the projecting bosses of the walls, ground and burnished beneath the vast ice-flood, still glow with silvery radiance, notwithstanding the innumerable corroding storms that have fallen upon them. The general conformation of the basin, as well as the moraines laid along the top of the walls, and the grooves and scratches on the bottom and sides, indicate in the most unmistakable manner the direction pursued by this mighty ice-river, its great depth, and the tremendous energy it exerted in thrusting itself into and out of the basin; bearing down with superior pressure upon this portion of its channel, because of the greater declivity, consequently eroding it deeper than the other portions about it, and producing the lake-bowl as the necessary result.

With these magnificent ice-characters so vividly before us it is not easy to realize

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that the old glacier that made them vanished tens of centuries ago; for, excepting the vegetation that has sprung up, and the changes effected by an earthquake that hurled rock-avalanches from the weaker headlands, the basin as a whole presents the same appearance that it did when first brought to light. The lake itself, however, has undergone marked changes; one sees at a glance that it is growing old. More than two-thirds of its original area is now dry land, covered with meadow-grasses and groves of pine and fir, and the level bed of alluvium stretching across from wall to wall at the head is evidently growing out all along its lakeward margin, and will at length close the lake forever.

Every lover of fine wildness would delight to saunter on a summer day through the flowery groves now occupying the filled-up portion of the basin. The curving shore is clearly traced by a ribbon of white sand upon which the ripples play; then comes a belt of broad-leafed sedges, interrupted here and there by impenetrable tangles of willows; beyond this there are groves of trembling aspen; then a dark, shadowy belt of Two-leaved Pine, with here and there a round carex meadow ensconced nest-like in its midst; and lastly, a narrow outer margin of majestic Silver Fir 200 feet high. The ground beneath the trees is covered with a luxuriant crop of grasses, chiefly triticum, bromus, and calamagrostis, with purple spikes and panicles arching to one's shoulders; while the open meadow patches glow throughout the summer with showy flowers: — heleniums, goldenrods, erigerons, lupines, castilleias, and lilies, and form favorite hiding- and feeding-grounds for bears and deer.

The rugged south wall is feathered darkly along the top with an imposing array of spirey Silver Firs, while the rifted precipices all the way down to the water's edge are adorned with picturesque old junipers, their cinnamon-colored bark showing finely upon the neutral gray of the granite. There, with a few venture-some Dwarf Pines and Spruces, lean out over fissured ribs and tablets, or stand erect back in shadowy niches, in an indescribably wild and fearless manner. Moreover, the white-flowered Douglas spiraea and dwarf evergreen oak form graceful fringes along the narrower seams, wherever the slightest hold can be effected. Rock-ferns, too, are here, such as allosorus, pellaea, and cheilanthes, making handsome rosettes on the drier fissures; and the delicate maidenhair, cistoperis, and woodsia hide back in mossy grottoes, moistened by some trickling rill; and then the orange wall-flower holds up its showy panicles here and there in the sunshine, and bahia makes bosses of gold. But, notwithstanding all this plant beauty, the general impression in looking across the lake is of stern, unflinching rockiness; the ferns and flowers are scarcely seen, and not one-fiftieth of the whole surface is screened with plant life.

The sunnier north wall is more varied in sculpture, but the general tone is the same. A few headlands, flat-topped and soil-covered, support clumps of cedar and pine; and up-curving tangles of chinquapin and live-oak, growing on rough earthquake taluses, girdle their bases. Small streams come cascading down between them, their foaming margins brightened with gay primulas, gilias, and mimuluses. And close along the shore on this side there is a strip of rocky meadow enameled with buttercups, daisies, and white violets, and the purple-topped grasses out on its beveled border dip their leaves into the water.

The lower edge of the basin is a dam-like swell of solid granite, heavily abraded by the old glacier, but scarce at all cut into as yet by the outflowing stream, though it has flowed on unceasingly since the lake came into existence.

As soon as the stream is fairly over the lake-lip it breaks into cascades, never for a moment halting, and scarce abating one jot of its glad energy, until it reaches the next filled-up basin, a mile below. Then swirling and curving drowsily through meadow and grove, it breaks forth anew into gray rapids and falls, leaping and gliding in glorious exuberance of wild bound and dance down into another and yet another filled-up lake basin. Then, after a long rest in the levels of Little Yosemite, it makes its grandest display in the famous Nevada Fall. Out of the clouds of spray at the foot of the fall the battered, roaring river gropes its way, makes another mile of cascades and rapids, rests a moment in Emerald Pool, then plunges over the grand cliff of the Vernal Fall, and goes thundering and chafing down a boulder-choked gorge of tremen-

dous depth and wildness into the tranquil reaches of the old Yosemite lake basin.

The color-beauty about Shadow Lake during the Indian summer is much richer than one could hope to find in so young and so glacial a wilderness. Almost every leaf is tinted then, and the goldenrods are in bloom; but most of the color is given by the ripe grasses, willows, and aspens. At the foot of the lake you stand in a trembling aspen grove, every leaf painted like a butterfly, and away to the right and left round the shores sweeps a curving ribbon of meadow, red and brown dotted with pale yellow, shading off here and there into hazy purple. The walls, too, are dashed with bits of bright color that gleam out on the neutral granite gray. But neither the walls, nor the margin meadow, nor yet the gay, fluttering grove in which you stand, nor the lake itself, flashing with spangles, can long hold your attention; for at the head of the lake there is a gorgeous mass of orange-yellow, belonging to the main aspen belt of the basin, which seems the very fountain whence all the color below it had flowed, and here your eye is filled and fixed. This glorious mass is about thirty feet high, and extends across the basin nearly from wall to wall. Rich bosses of willow flame in front of it, and from the base of these the brown meadow comes forward to the water's edge, the whole being relieved against the unyielding green of the coniferæ, while thick sun-gold is poured over all.

During these blessed color-days no cloud darkens the sky, the winds are gentle, and the landscape rests, hushed everywhere, and indescribably impressive. A few ducks are usually seen sailing on the lake, apparently more for pleasure than anything else, and the ouzels at the head of the rapids sing always; while robins, grosbeaks, and the Douglas squirrels are busy in the groves, making delightful company, and intensifying the feeling of grateful sequestration without ruffling the deep, hushed calm and peace.

This autumnal mellowness usually lasts until the end of November. Then come days of quite another kind. The winter clouds grow, and bloom, and shed their starry crystals on every leaf and rock, and all the colors vanish like a sunset. The deer gather and hasten down their well-known trails, fearful of being snow-bound. Storm succeeds storm, heaping snow on the cliffs and meadows, and bending the slender pines to the ground in wide arches, one over the other, clustering and interlacing like lodged wheat. Avalanches rush and boom from the shelving heights, piling immense heaps upon the frozen lake, and all the summer glory is buried and lost. Yet in the midst of this hearty winter the sun shines warm at times, calling the Douglas squirrel to frisk in the snowy pines and seek out his hidden stores; and the weather is never so severe as to drive away the grouse and little nuthatches and chickadees.

Toward May, the lake begins to open. The hot sun sends down innumerable streams over the cliffs, streaking them round and round with foam. The snow slowly vanishes, and the meadows show tintings of green. Then spring comes on apace; flowers and flies enrich the air and the sod, and the deer come back to the upper groves like birds to an old nest.

I first discovered this charming lake in the autumn of 1872, while on my way to the glaciers at the head of the river. It was rejoicing then in its gayest colors, untrodden, hidden in the glorious wildness like unmined gold. Year after year I walked its shores without discovering any other trace of humanity than the remains of an Indian camp-fire, and the thigh-bones of a deer that had been broken to get at the marrow. It lies out of the regular ways of Indians, who love to hunt in more accessible fields adjacent to trails. Their knowledge of deer-haunts had probably enticed them here some hunger-time when they wished to make sure of a feast; for hunting in this lake-hollow is like hunting in a fenced park. I had told the beauty of Shadow Lake only to a few friends, fearing it might come to be trampled and 'improved' like Yosemite. On my last visit, as I was sauntering along the shore on the strip of sand between the water and sod, reading the tracks of the wild animals that live here, I was startled by a human track, which I at once saw belonged to some shepherd; for each step was turned out 35° or 40° from the general course pursued, and was also run over in an uncertain sprawling fashion at the heel, while a row of round dots on the right indicated the staff that shepherds carry. None but a shepherd could make such a track, and after tracing it a

few minutes I began to fear that he might be seeking pasturage; for what else could he be seeking? Returning from the glaciers shortly afterward, my worst fears were realized. A trail had been made down the mountain-side from the north, and all the gardens and meadows were destroyed by a horde of hoofed locusts, as if swept by a fire. The money-changers were in the temple.

Scribner's Monthly, January, 1879.

HENRY W. GRADY (1851–1889)

Oratory of the fervid, florid type has been a product of the South since the days of Patrick Henry. Of the generation that began its work during the period following the Civil War the orator preëminently was Henry W. Grady of Atlanta, Georgia. The rise of Grady was brilliant and sudden. Leaving college with his degree in 1868, he had taken up journalism as his profession, had been one of the founders of the Atlanta *Constitution*, had become Southern representative of the New York *Herald*, and in 1880 managing editor of the *Constitution*. Rapidly he became a dominating power in the South, and after his speech before the New England Club of New York on Forefathers' Day, 1886, he became a national figure. His death at the age of thirty-eight — he died of pneumonia after a brilliant oration at Boston in December — was regarded as a national calamity. More than any other single voice of the period he helped to bring about the new spirit of tolerance between the North and the South, and to make possible that complete reunion of the two sections which has been one of the most remarkable things in the later history of the American people.

THE NEW SOUTH

'There was a South of slavery and secession — that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom — that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour.' These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall, in 1866, true then and truer now, I shall make my text to-night.

Mr. President and Gentlemen: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I feel that if, when I raise my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, it could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if in that sentence I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart.

Permitted, through your kindness, to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New England hospitality — and honors the sentiment that in turn honors you, but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am not troubled about those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk, and who, tripping on the top step, fell with such casual interruptions as the landings afforded into the basement, and, while picking himself up, had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: 'John, did you break the pitcher?'

'No, I did n't,' said John, 'but I 'll be dinged if I don't.'

So, while those who call me from behind may inspire me with energy, if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, 'When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was'— then turning the page—'140 cubits long — 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood — and covered with pitch inside and out.' He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept this as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.' If I could get you to hold such faith to-night

I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the sole purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers — the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan, was on the continent in its early days, and that he was 'up and able to be about.' I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of the fact, which seems to me an important one for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium, if for nothing else.

Let me remind you that the Virginia Cavalier first challenged France on the continent — that Cavalier, John Smith, gave New England its very name, and was so pleased with the job that he has been handing his own name around ever since — and that while Myles Standish was cutting off men's ears for courting a girl without her parents' consent, and forbade men to kiss their wives on Sunday, the Cavalier was courting everything in sight, and that the Almighty had vouchsafed great increase to the Cavalier colonies, the huts in the wilderness being as full as the nests in the woods.

But having incorporated the Cavalier as a fact in your charming little books, I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done, with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and good traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the republic bought by their common blood and fashioned to wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God.

My friends, Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, Puritans and Cavaliers, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic — Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government — charging it with such tremendous meaning and elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war — an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory — in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home!

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey.

What does he find — let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does

he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and besides all this, confronted with the gravest problems that ever met human intelligence — the establishment of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do — this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter.

The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. 'Bill Arp' struck the key-note when he said: 'Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I 'm going to work.' So did the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside who made the remark to his comrades: 'You may leave the South if you want to, but I 'm going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I 'll whip 'em again.'

I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your ironmakers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent., and are floating 4 per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners and have smoothed the path to Southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out the latchstring to you and yours.

We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crabgrass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive-oil out of his cottonseed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these 'piping times of peace' a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South — misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial, and political illustration we

await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the record speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail — while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the cornerstone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, 'that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill,' he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers — not to be blamed for parting with what did n't pay — sold their slaves to our fathers — not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people.

To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered — I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle — when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became and has since been, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement — a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core — a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace — and a

diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back.

In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill — a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men — that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil — that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battle-ground of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat — sacred soil to all of us — rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better — silent but staunch witnesses in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms — speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave — will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: 'Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever.' There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

'Those opened eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual well beseeming ranks,
March all one way.'

December 21, 1886.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS (1848–1908)

The most spontaneous and in many ways the most original literary creator of the period was Joel Chandler Harris of Georgia. Reared in a country town amid surroundings as bare of culture as those about the youthful Mark Twain, he went at twelve to live for four years on an isolated plantation where existed all the better elements of the patriarchal system of slavery, with unspoiled negroes and ideal old régime master and mistress. Here the boy learned — unique accomplishment to acquire on a Southern plantation — the art of type-setting and all the technique of newspaper production, for the owner was a man of culture who amused himself by issuing a paper of his own, *The Countryman*, 'the only plantation newspaper that has ever been published.' In the office of this journal and in the owner's large library, where his reading was carefully supervised, the serious-minded lad received his education. In the four years he learned much of the old-régime negro, the product of the ideal side of slavery, and he learned, too, practical printing and journalism. When the war broke up his employer's establishment, he found work in various places, finally, in 1876, settling in Atlanta on the staff of the *Constitution*, with which paper he was connected the rest of his life. He was first of all a journalist: unto the very last literary production was only one phase of his journalistic activities.

The Uncle Remus papers came almost by accident: as the paragrapher of the newspaper, he was called upon suddenly one day to take the place of a department editor who had failed to furnish material, and the improvised substitute was so satisfactory that he was placed permanently in charge of the column. Soon the stories were copied in northern papers and their author awoke in amazement one morning to find himself famous. The first Uncle Remus collection appeared in 1880.

The strength of Harris lies in his artlessness, his perfect naturalness, and his unlabored truth to nature. No one has succeeded like him in depicting the childish simplicity, the pathos, the duplicity, the suavity, the elemental cunning, the loyalty and dog-like faithfulness of the Southern slave. His negro is a stroke of genius. It is the negro type plus the personal equation of an individual — Uncle Remus, one of the few original characters which America has added to the world's gallery. The work of many of the writers of the period will be superseded by more inspired and stronger creations: Harris can never have a successor. His studies of the old régime negro can never be done over again: the old plantation which he knew so well has disappeared forever.

HOW A WITCH WAS CAUGHT[1]

The little boy sat in a high chair and used his legs as drumsticks, much to the confusion of Uncle Remus, as it appeared. After a while the old man exclaimed:

'Well, my goodness en de gracious! how you ever in de roun' worl' er anywheres else speck me fer ter make any headway in tellin' a tale wiles all dish yer racket gwine on? I don't want ter call nobody's pa, kase he mos' allers talks too loud, en if I call der ma 't won't make so mighty much difference, kase she done got so usen ter it dat she dunner w'en dey er makin' any fuss. I believe dat ef everything wuz ter git right good en still on deze premises des one time, you' ma would in about die wid de headache. Anyway, she 'd be mighty sick, bekase she ain't usen ter not havin' no fuss, en she des could n't git 'long widout it.

'I tell you right now, I 'd be afeard fer ter tell any tale roun' yer, kase de fust news I know'd I 'd git my eyes put out, er my leg broke, er sump'n' n'er. I knows deze yer w'ite chillun, mon! dat I does; I knows um. Dey 'll git de upper hand er de niggers ef de Lord spar's um. En he mos' inginner'lly spar's um.

'Well, now, ef you want ter hear dish yer tale w'at I bin tu'nin' over in my min' you des got ter come en set right yer in front er me, whar I kin keep my two eyes on you; kaze I ain't gwine ter take

[1] This selection and the two following are from *Daddy Jake the Runaway*, copyright by the Century Company.

no resks er no foolishness. Now, den, you des better behave, bekaze hit don't cost me nothin' fer ter cut dis tale right short off.

'One time der wuz a miller man w'at live by a river en had a mill. He wuz a mighty smart man. He tuck so much toll dat he tuck 'n buyed 'im a house, en' he want ter rent dat 'ar house out ter folks, but de folks dey 'lowed dat de house wuz ha'nted. Dey 'd come en rent de house, dey would, en move in dar, en den go upsta'rs en go ter bed. Dey 'd go ter bed, dey would, but dey could n't sleep, en time it got day dey 'd git out er dat house.

'De miller man, he ax'd um w'at de matter wuz, but dey des shuck der head en' 'low de house wuz ha'nted. Den he tuck 'n try ter fine out w'at kind er ha'nt she wuz dat skeer folks. He sleep in de house, but he ain't see nothin', en de mos' w'at he year wuz a big ole gray cat a-promenadin' roun' en hollerin'. Bimeby hit got so dat dey want no fun in havin' de ha'nted house, en w'en folks 'd come 'long de miller man, he 'd des up en tell um dat de house 'uz ha'nted. Some 'ud go up en some would n't, but dem w'at went up did n't stay, kaze des 'bout bedtime dey 'd fetch a yell en des come a-rushin' down, en all de money in de Nunited States er Georgy would n't git um fer ter go back up dar.

'Hit went on dis away twel one time a preacher man com' 'long dar en say he wanted some'rs ter stay. He was a great big man, en he look like he wuz good accordin'. De miller man say he hate mighty bad for to discommerdate 'im, but he des pintedly ain't got no place whar he kin put 'im cep' dat 'ar ha'nted house. De preacher man say he des soon stay dar ez anywhar's, kase he bin livin' in deze low-groun's er sorrer too long fer ter be sot back by any one-hoss ha'nts. De miller man 'lowed dat he wuz afeard de ha'nts 'ud worry 'im might'ly, but de preacher man 'low, he did, dat he use ter bein' worried, en he up en tell de miller man dat he 'd a heap rather stay in de house wid de ha'nt, no matter how big she is, dan ter stay out doors in de rain.

'So de miller man, he 'low he ain't got no mo' 'pology fer ter make, bekaze ef de preacher man wuz ready fer ter face de ha'nts and set up dar en out blink um, dey would n't be nobody in de roun' worl' no gladder dan 'im. Den de miller man showed de preacher man how ter git in de house en had 'im a great big fier built. En atter de miller man wuz done gone, de preacher man drawed a cheer up ter de fier en waited fer de ha'nts, but dey ain't no ha'nts come. Den w'en dey ain't no ha'nts come, de preacher man tuck 'n open up he satchel en got 'im out some spar'ribs en sot um by de fier fer ter cook, en den he got down en said he pra'rs, en den he got up en read he Bible. He wuz a mighty good man, mon, en he prayed en read a long time. Bimeby, w'en his spar' ribs git done, he got some bread out'n he satchel. en fixed fer ter eat his supper.

'By de time he got all de meat off'n one er de ribs, de preacher man listened, en he year'd a monst'us scramblin' en scratchin' on de wall. He look aroun', he did, en dar wuz a great big black cat a-sharpenin' 'er claws on de door facin'. Folks, don't talk! dat 'ar cat wuz er sight! Great long w'ite toofs en great big yaller eye-balls a-shinin' like dey wuz lit up way back in 'er head. She stood dar a minit, dat ole black cat did, en den she 'gun ter sidle up like she wuz gwine ter mount dat preacher man right dar en den. But de preacher man, he des shoo'd at 'er, en it seem like dis sorter skeer'd 'er, kaze she went off.

'But de preacher man, he kep' his eye open, en helt on ter his spar' rib. Present'y he year de ole black cat comin' back, en dis time she fotch wid 'er a great big gang er cats. Dey wuz all black des like she wuz, en der eye-balls *shineded* en der lashes wuz long en w'ite. Hit look like de preacher man wuz a-gwine ter git surrounded.

'Dey come a-sidlin' up, dey did, en de ole black cat made a pass at de preacher man like she wuz a-gwine ter t'ar he eyes out. De preacher man dodged, but de nex' pass she made de preacher man fotch 'er wipe with his spar' rib en cut off one er 'er toes. Wid dat de old black cat fotch a yell dat you might a yeard a mile, en den she gin 'erself a sort er a twis' en made her disappearance up de chimbley, en w'en she do dat all de yuther cats made der disappearance up de chimbley. De preacher man he got up, he did, en looked und' de bed fer ter see ef he kin fine any mo' cats, but dey wuz all done gone.

'Den he tuck 'n pick up de cat toe w'at he done knock off wid de spar' rib, en wrop it up in a piece er paper en put it in

he pocket. Den he say his pra'rs some mo', en went ter bed en slep' right straight along twel broad daylight, en nuthin' ain't dast ter bodder 'im.

'Nex' mornin' de preacher man got up, he did, en say his pra'rs en eat his breakkus, en den he 'low ter hisse'f dat he 'll go by en tell de miller man dat he mighty much erblige. 'Fo' he start, hit come 'cross he min' 'bout de cats w'at pester 'im de night befo', and he tuck 'n feel in he pockets fer de big black cat toe w'at he done cut off wid de spar' rib. But it seems like de toe done grow in de night, en bless goodness! w'en he unwrop it 't want nuthin' less dan a great big finger wid a ring on it.

'So de preacher man tuck 'n fix up all his contrapments, en den call on de miller man en tol' 'im he wuz mighty much erblige kaze he let 'im stay in de house. De miller man wuz 'stonish' fer ter see de preacher man, kaze he knew dat w'en folks stay all night in dat house dey ain't come down no mo'. He wuz 'stonish', but he did n't say much. He des stan' still en wunder.

'But de preacher man, he up 'n ax 'bout de miller man's wife, en say he wants ter see 'er en tell 'er good-by, bein' ez how dey 'd all bin so good. So de miller man, he tuck 'n kyar de preacher inter de room whar his wife wuz layin' in bed. De ole 'oman had de counterpin drawed up und' 'er chin, but she look mighty bad roun' de eyes. Yit, she tuck 'n' howdied de preacher man en tole 'im he wuz mighty welcome.

'Dey talk en talk, dey did, en atter w'ile de preacher man hol' out his han' fer ter tell de 'oman good-by; but de 'oman, she helt out 'er lef' han', she did, like she want dat fer ter git shucken. But de preacher man would n't shake dat un. He say dat ain't nigh gwine ter do, bekase w'en folks got any perliteness lef' dey don't never hol' out de lef' han'. De 'oman she say her right wuz cripple, but her ole man 'low he ain't never hear 'bout dat befo', en den he tuck 'n make 'er pull it out from und' de kivver, en den they seed dat one er 'er fingers wuz done clean gone. De miller man he up 'n 'low:

'"How come dis?"

'De 'oman she 'low, "I cut it off."

'De miller man he 'low, "How you cut it off?"

'De 'oman she 'low, "I knock it off."

'De miller man he 'low, "Wharbouts you knock it off?"

'De 'oman she 'low, "I knock it off."

'De miller man he 'low, "When you break it off?"

'Den de 'oman she ain't say nuthin'. She des lay dar, she did, en pant en look skeered. De preacher man he study a little en den he say he speck he kin kyo' dat han', en he tuck de finger out 'n he pocket en tried it on de 'oman's han', en it fit! Yassar! it fit in de place right smick smack smoove. Den de preacher man he up en tell de miller man dat de 'oman wuz a witch, en wid dat de 'oman fetched a yell en kivvered 'er head wid de counterpin.

'Yit dis ain't do 'er no good, kaze de preacher man say he done look in de books en de onliest way fer ter kyo' a witch is ter bu'n 'er; en it ain't look so bad, nuther, kaze when dey tied 'er she tuck 'n tu'n ter be a great big black cat, en dat 's de way she wuz w'en she wuz burnt.'

(1889)

THE CREATURE WITH NO CLAWS

'W'en you git a leetle bit older dan w'at you is, honey,' said Uncle Remus to the little boy, 'you 'll know lots mo' dan you does now.'

The old man had a pile of white oak splits by his side, and these he was weaving into a chair-bottom. He was an expert in the art of 'bottoming chairs,' and he earned many a silver quarter in this way. The little boy seemed to be much interested in the process.

'Hit 's des like I tell you,' the old man went on; 'I done had de speunce un it. I done got so now dat I don't b'lieve w'at I see, much less w'at I year. It got ter be whar I kin put my han' on it en fumble wid it. Folks kin fool deyse'f lots wuss dan yuther folks kin fool um, en ef you don't b'lieve w'at I 'm a-tellin' un you, you kin des ax Brer Wolf de nex' time you meet 'im in de big road.'

'What about Brother Wolf, Uncle Remus?' the little boy asked, as the old man paused to refill his pipe.

'Well, honey, t' ain't no great long rigamarole; hit 's des one er deze yer tales w'at goes in a gallop twel hit gits ter de jumpin'-off place.

'One time Brer Wolf wuz gwine 'long

de big road feelin' mighty proud en high-strung. He wuz a mighty high-up man in dem days, Brer Wolf wuz, en mos' all de yuther creeturs wuz feard un 'im. Well, he wuz gwine 'long lickin' his chops en walkin' sorter stiff-kneed, w'en he happen ter look down 'pon de groun' en dar he seed a track in de san'. Brer Wolf stop, he did, en look at it, en den he 'low:

'"Heyo! w'at kind er creetur dish yer? Brer Dog ain't make dat track, en needer is Brer Fox. Hit 's one er deze yer kind er creeturs w'at ain't got no claws. I 'll des 'bout foller 'im up, en ef I ketch 'im he 'll sholy be my meat."

'Dat de way Brer Wolf talk. He followed 'long atter de track, he did, en he look at it close, but he ain't see no print er no claw.' Bimeby de track tuck 'n tu'n out de road en go up a dreen whar de rain done wash out. De track wuz plain dar in de wet san', but Brer Wolf ain't see no sign er no claws.

'He foller en foller, Brer Wolf did, en de track git fresher en fresher, but still he ain't see no print er no claw. Bimeby he come in sight er de creetur, en Brer Wolf stop, he did, en look at 'im. He stop stock-still en look. De creetur wuz mighty quare lookin', en he wuz cuttin' up some mighty quare capers. He had big head, sharp nose, en bob tail, en he wuz walkin' 'roun' en 'roun' a big dog-wood tree, rubbin' his sides ag'in it. Brer Wolf watch 'im a right smart while, en den he 'low:

'"Shoo! dat creetur done bin in a fight en los' de bes' part er he tail, en mo' 'n dat, he got de eatch, kaze ef he ain't got de eatch w'at make he scratch hisse'f dat away? I lay I 'll let 'im know who he foolin' 'long wid."

'Atter while, Brer Wolf went up a leetle nigher de creetur, en holler out:

'"Heyo, dar! w'at you doin' scratchin' yo' scaly hide on my tree, en tryin' fer ter break hit down?"

'De creetur ain't make no answer. He des walk 'roun' en 'roun' de tree scratchin' he sides en back. Brer Wolf holler out:

'"I lay I 'll make you year me ef I hatter come dar whar you is."

'De creetur des walk 'roun' en 'roun' de tree, en ain't make no answer. Den Brer Wolf hail 'im ag'in, en talk like he mighty mad:

'"Ain't you gwine ter min' me, you imperdent scoundul? Ain't you gwine ter mozey outer my woods en let my tree 'lone?"

'Wid dat, Brer Wolf march todes des creetur des like he gwine ter squ'sh 'im in de groun'. De creetur rub hisse'f ag'in de tree en look like he feel mighty good. Brer Wolf keep on gwine todes 'im, en bimeby w'en he git sorter close de creetur tuck 'n sot up on his behime legs des like you see squir'ls do. Den Brer Wolf, he 'low, he did:

'"Ah-yi! you beggin', is you? But 't ain't gwine ter do you no good. I mout er let you off ef you 'd a-minded me w'en I fus' holler atter you, but I ain't gwine ter let you off now. I 'm a-gwine ter l'arn you a lesson dat 'll stick by you."

'Den de creetur sorter wrinkle up his face en mouf, en Brer Wolf 'low:

'"Oh, you neenter swell up en cry, you 'ceitful vilyun. I 'm a-gwine ter gi' you a frailin' dat I boun' yer won't forgit."

'Brer Wolf make like he gwine ter hit de creetur, en den —'

Here Uncle Remus paused and looked all around the room and up at the rafters. When he began again his voice was very solemn.

—'Well, suh, dat creetur des fotch one swipe dis away, en 'n'er swipe dat away, en mos' 'fo' you kin wink yo' eye-balls, Brer Wolf hide wuz mighty nigh teetotally tor'd off'n 'im. Atter dat de creetur sa'ntered off in de woods, en 'gun ter rub hisse'f on 'n'er tree.'

'What kind of a creature was it, Uncle Remus?' asked the little boy.

'Well, honey,' replied the old man in a confidential whisper, 'hit wa'n't nobody on de top-side er de yeth but old Brer Wildcat.'

(1889)

UNCLE REMUS'S WONDER STORY

There was one story that the little boy whom Uncle Remus delighted to entertain asked for with great regularity, perhaps because it has in it an element of witch-craft, and was as marvelous as it was absurd. Sometimes Uncle Remus pretended to resent this continued demand for the story, although he himself, like all the negroes, was very superstitious, and believed more or less in witches and witchcraft.

'Dat same ole tale,' he would say. 'Well! well! well! W'en is we gwine ter

year de las' un it? I done tole you dat tale so much dat it make my flesh crawl, kaze I des know dat some er deze yer lonesome nights I 'll be a-settin' up yer by de fier atter you done gone. I 'll be a-settin' up yer dreamin' 'bout gwine ter bed, en sumpin' 'n'er 'll come a-clawin' at de do', en I 'll up en ax, "Who dat?" En dey 'll up en 'spon', "Lemme in." En I 'll ondo de do', en dat ole creetur 'll walk in, en dat 'll be de las' er po' ole Remus. En den w'en dat come ter pass, who gwine take time fer ter tell you tales? Dat w'at I like ter know.'

The little boy, although he well knew that there were no witches, would treat this statement with gravity, as the story to him was as fascinating as one of the *Thousand and One Nights.*

'Well, Uncle Remus,' he would say, 'just tell it this time!' Whereupon the old negro, with the usual preliminary flourishes, began:

'One time, 'way back yander, w'en de moon wuz lots bigger dan w'at she is now, dar wuz er ole Witch-Wolf livin' 'way off in de swamp, en dish yer old Witch-Wolf wuz up to ter all sorts er contrariness. Look like she wuz cross-ways wid de whole er creation. W'en she wa'n't doin' devilment, she wuz studyin' up devilment. She had a mighty way, de ole Witch-Wolf did, dat w'en she git hungry she 'd change 'erse'f ter be a 'oman. She could des shet 'er eye en smack 'er mouf, en stiddier bein' a big black wolf, wid long claws en green eye-balls, she 'd come ter be the likelies' lookin' gal dat you mos' ever seed.

'It seem like she love ter eat folks, but 'fo' she kin eat um she hatter marry um; en w'en she take a notion, she des change 'erse'f ter be a likely lookin' gal, en sails in en git married. Den w'en she do dat, she des take en change 'erse'f back ter be a wolf, en eat um up raw. Go whar you kin, en whar you mout, en yit I don't 'speck you kin fin' any wuss creetur dan w'at dis ole Witch-Wolf wuz.

'Well, sir, at de same time w'en dis ole Witch-Wolf gwine on dis away, dey wuz a man livin' in de neighborhood w'at she took a mighty notion fer ter marry. De man had lan', but she ain't want de lan'; de man had hosses, but she ain't want de hosses; de man had cows, but she ain't want de cows. She des nat'ally want de man hisse'f, kaze he mighty fat en nice.'

'Did she want to marry him, Uncle Remus?' the little boy asked, as though the tale were true, as indeed it seemed to be while Uncle Remus was telling it and acting it.

'Tooby sho', honey! Dat 'zactly w'at she want. She want ter marry 'im, en eat 'im up. Well, den, w'en she git eve'ything good en ready, she des tuck 'n back 'er years, en bat 'er eyes, en smack 'er mouf, and dar she wuz — a likely young gal! She up en got ter de lookin'-glass, she did, en swinge 'er ha'r wid de curlin'-tongs, en tie ribbons on 'er cloze, en fix up 'er beau-ketchers. She look nice, fit ter kill, now. Den she tuck 'n pass by de man house, en look back en snicker, en hol' 'er head on one side, en sorter shake out 'er cloze, en put 'er han' up fer ter see ef de ha'rpins in der place. She pass by dis away lots er times, en bimeby de man kotch a glimp' un 'er; en no sooner is he do dis dan she wave her hankcher. De man he watch 'er en watch 'er, en bimeby, atter she kep' on whippin' by, he come out en hail 'er. En den she tuck 'n stop, en nibble at 'er fan en fumble wid 'er hankcher, en dey tuck 'n stan' dar, they did, en pass de time er day. Atter dat de sun never riz en set widout she hol' some confab wid de man; en 't want long 'fo' de man took a notion dat she de very gal fer a wife, w'at he bin a-huntin' fer. Wid dat dey des got right down ter ole-fashion courtin'. Dey 'd laugh, dey 'd giggle, dey 'd 'spute, dey 'd pout. You ain't never seen folks a-courtin', is you, honey?'

The little boy never had, and he said so.

'Well, den,' Uncle Remus would continue, 'you ain't none de wuss off fer dat, kaze dey ain't nuthin' in de roun' worl' dat 'll turn yo' stomach quicker. But dar dey wuz, en de ole Witch-Wolf make sho' she wuz gwine ter git de man; let lone dat, de man he make sho' he wuz gwine ter git de gal. Yit de man he helt back, en ef de Witch-Wolf had n't er bin afeard she 'd drap de fat in de fier, she 'd er des come right out en pop de question den en dar. But de man he helt back en helt back, en bimeby he say ter hisse'f, he did, dat he 'speck he better make some inquirements 'bout dis yer gal. Yit who sh'll he go ter?

'He study en study, en atter w'ile hit come 'cross he min' dat he better go en ax ole Jedge Rabbit 'bout 'er, bein' ez he bin livin' 'roun' dar a mighty long time.

'Ole Jedge Rabbit,' Uncle Remus would

explain, 'done got ole in age en gray in de min'. He done sober up en settle down, en I let you know dey want many folks in dem diggin's but w'at went ter ole Jedge Rabbit w'en dey git in trouble. So de man he went ter Jedge Rabbit house en rap at de do'. Jedge Rabbit, he 'low, he did, "Who dat?"

'Man he up en 'spon', "Hit 's me."

'Den Jedge Rabbit 'gin ter talk like one er deze yer town lawyers. He 'low, he did, "Mighty short name fer grown man. Gimme de full entitlements."

'Man he gun um ter 'im, en den ole Jedge Rabbit open de do' en let 'im in. Dey sot dar by de fier, dey did, twel bimeby 't want long 'fo' de man 'gun ter tell 'im 'bout dish yer great gal w'at he bin courtin' 'long wid. Bimeby Jedge Rabbit ax 'im, sezee, "W'at dish yer great gal name?"

'Man he 'low, "Mizzle-Mazzle."

'Jedge Rabbit look at de man sort er like he takin' pity on 'im, en den he tuk he cane en make a mark in de ashes. Den he ax de man how ole is dish yer great gal. Man tol' 'im. Jedge Rabbit make 'n'er mark in de ashes. Den he ax de man is she got cat eyes. Man sort er study 'bout dis, but he say he 'speck she is. Jedge Rabbit make 'n'er mark. Den he ax is 'er years peaked at de top. Man 'low he disremember, but he speck dey is. Jedge Rabbit make 'n'er mark in de ashes. Den he ax is she got yaller ha'r. Man say she is. Jedge Rabbit make 'n'er mark. Den he ax is 'er toofs sharp. Man say dey is. Jedge Rabbit make 'n'er mark. Atter he done ax all dis, Jedge Rabbit got up, he did en went 'cross de room ter de lookin'-glass. W'en he see hisse'f in dar, he tuck 'n shet one eye, *s-l-o-w*. Den he sot down en leant back in de cheer, en 'low, sezee:

'"I done had de idee in my head dat ole Mizzle-Mazzle done moof out 'n de country, en yit yer she is gallopin' 'roun' des ez natchul ez a dead pig in de sunshine!"

'Man look 'stonish, but he ain't say nuthin'. Jedge Rabbit keep on talkin'.

'"You ain't never bin trouble' wid no trouble yit, but ef you wan' ter be trouble' wid trouble dat 's double en thribble trouble, you des go en marry ole Mizzle-Mazzle," sezee. "You nee'nter b'lieve me less 'n you wan' ter," sezee. "Des go 'long en marry 'er," sezee.

'Man he look skeerd. He up en 'low, he did, "W'at de name er goodness I gwine do?"

'Ole Jedge Rabbit look sollumcolly. "You got any cows?" sezee.

'Man say he got plenty un um.

'"Well, den," sez ole Jedge Rabbit, sezee, "ax 'er ef she kin keep house. She 'll say yasser. Ax 'er ef she kin cook. She 'll say yasser. Ax 'er ef she kin scour. She 'll say yasser. Ax 'er ef she kin wash cloze. She 'll say yasser. Ax 'er ef she kin milk de red cow. Den see w'at she say."

'Man, he 'low, he did, dat he mighty much erbleege ter ole Jedge Rabbit, en wid wat he make he bow en tuck he leaf. He went home, he did, en w'en he git dar, sho' 'nuff dar wuz dish yer nice-lookin' gal a pommynadin' up en down de road, en shakin' 'er hankcher. Man, he hail 'er, he did, en ax 'er how she come on. She 'low she purty well, en how do he do. Man say he feelin' sort er po'ly. Den she up en ax 'im w'at de matter. Man say he 'speck he feel po'ly kaze he so powerful lonesome. Den dish yer nice-lookin' gal, she ax 'im w'at make he so powerful lonesome. Man he say he 'speck he so powerful lonesome kase he want ter marry.

'Time de man come out so flat-footed 'bout marryin', de gal, she 'gun ter work wid 'er fan, en chaw at 'er hankcher. Den, atter w'ile, she up en ax 'im who he wan' ter marry. Man 'low he ain't no ways 'tickler, kase he des want somebody fer ter take keer er de house w'en he gone, en fer ter set down by de fier, en keep 'im comp'ny w'en he at home. Den he up en ax de gal kin she keep house. De gal she 'low, "Yasser!" Den he ax 'er ef she kin cook. She 'low, "Yasser!" Den he ax 'er ef she kin scour. She 'low, "Yasser!" Den he ax 'er ef she kin wash cloze. She 'low, "Yasser!" Den he ax 'er ef she kin milk de red cow. Wid dat she flung up 'er han's, en fetched a squall dat make de man jump.

'"Law!" sez she, "does you speck I 'm a-gwine ter let dat cow hook me?"

'Man, he say de cow des ez gentle ez a dog.

'"Does you speck I 'm a-gwine ter let dat cow kick me crank-sided?" sez she.

'Man, he 'low, he did, dat de cow won't kick, but dat ar gal she tuck 'n make mo' skuses dan dey is frogs in de spring branch, but bimeby she say she kin try.

But she 'low dat fus' 'fo' she try dat she 'll show 'im how she kin keep house. So the nex' mornin' yer she come, en I let you know she sailed in dar, en sot dat house ter rights 'fo' some wimmen folks kin tu'n 'roun'. Man, he say, he did, dat she do dat mighty nice.

'Nex' day, de gal sot in en got dinner. Man say, he did, dat dey ain't nobody w'at kin beat dat dinner. Nex' day, she sot in en scoured, en she make that flo' shine same ez a lookin'-glass. Man, he say dey ain't nobody in dat neighborhoods kin beat dat scourin'. Nex' day, she come fer ter milk de red cow, en de man, he 'low ter hisse'f, he did, dat he gwine ter see w'at make she don't like ter milk dat cow.

'De gal come, she did, en git de milk-piggin', en scald it out, en den she start fer de cow-lot. Man, he crope 'long atter de gal fer ter watch 'er. Gal went on, en w'en she come ter de lot dar wuz de red cow stan'in' in de fence-cornder wallopin' 'er cud. Gal, she sorter shuck de gate, she did, en holler, "Sook, cow! Sook, cow!" Cow, she pearten up at dat, kaze she know w'en folks call 'er dat away, she gwine ter come in fer a bucket er slops.

'She pearten up, de red cow did, en start todes de gate, but, gentermens! time she smell dat gal, she 'gun a blate like she smell blood, en paw'd de groun' en shuck 'er head des like she fixin' fer ter make fight. Man, he 'low ter hisse'f dat dish yer kinder business mighty kuse, en he keep on watchin'. Gal, she open de gate, but stiddier de cow makin' fight, she 'gun ter buck. Gal, she say, "So, cow! so, cow, so!' but de cow she hist her tail in de elements, en run 'roun' dat lot like de dogs wuz atter 'er. Gal, she foller on, en hit sorter look like she gwine ter git de cow hemmed up in a cornder, but de cow ain't got no notion er dis, en bimeby she whirl en make a splunge at de gal, en ef de gal had n't er lipt de fence quick es she did de cow would er got 'er. Ez she lipt de fence, de man seed 'er foots, en, lo en beholes, dey wuz wolf foots! Man, he holler out:

'"You oughter w'ar shoes w'en you come a-milkin' de red cow!" en wid dat, de old Witch-Wolf gun a twist, en fetched a yell, en made 'er disappearance in de elements.'

Here Uncle Remus paused awhile. Then he shook his head, and exclaimed:

''T ain't no use! Dey may fool folks, but cows knows wil' creeturs by der smell.'

(1889)

LAFCADIO HEARN (1850–1904)

No other author of America, not even Mark Twain or Joaquin Miller, had a more picturesque career or possessed a more puzzling personality than Lafcadio Hearn. Son of an Irish soldier and a Grecian mother, born on Leucadia, the Ionian island of Sappho, he passed a part of his boyhood with an aunt in Ireland and a part of it in France and in England where he was educated for the priesthood. At sixteen, however, he ran away, spent three obscure years in the London underworld, made his way to New York at nineteen, and later, drifting westward, worked for a time on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. In 1877 he was in New Orleans, a reporter, pouring his eager, De Quincey-like dreamings into the city papers, and then, after a visit to Grande Isle in the Gulf of Mexico, publishing in the *Times-Democrat* his *Torn Letters*, which afterwards in 1888 were to appear in *Harper's Monthly* as *Chita*. From New Orleans, restless and excited, he drifted on to the Windward Islands where he wrote his *Two Years in the French West Indies*, then on to New York, and then, commissioned by the Harpers, on to Japan where he spent the rest of his life, marrying a Japanese wife, adopting the Bhuddist religion, and taking out naturalization papers as a citizen of the empire.

No other American has so filled his pages with color and sensation and florid impressionism as Hearn. His books, like *Chita* for instance, are a series of lurid pictures and intense sensuous impressions. It leaps and bounds, it chokes with tropic heat, it blazes with the sunsets of the Mexican gulf, it stagnates with torrid siestas, it is raucous with the voices of tropic insects and birds. It is incoherent, rhapsodic, half picture, half suggestion — materials rather than final structure. Later he did for Japan what he had done for the American tropics. It was something unique in English literature, for no other occidental has ever entered so completely into the soul of oriental life or has succeeded in so clearly interpreting it to the western world. His most enduring work undoubtedly is to be found in these Japanese studies, but his most thrilling and beautiful and intense books are those of his first inspiration, those colorful and moving pictures of the western tropics.

CHITA

The Legend of L'Île Dernière[1]

I

Traveling south from New Orleans to the Islands, you pass through a strange land into a strange sea, by various winding waterways. You can journey to the Gulf by lugger if you please; but the trip may be made much more rapidly and agreeably on some of those light, narrow steamers, built especially for bayou-travel, which usually receive passengers at a point not far from the foot of old Saint-Louis Street, hard by the sugar-landing, where there is ever a pushing and flocking of steam-craft — all striving for place to rest their white breasts against the levée, side by side,— like great weary swans. But the miniature steamboat on which you engage passage to the Gulf never lingers long in the Mississippi: she crosses the river, slips into some canal-mouth, labors along the artificial channel awhile, and then leaves it with a scream of joy, to puff her free way down many a league of heavily shadowed bayou. Perhaps thereafter she may bear you through the immense silence of drenched rice-fields, where the yellow-green level is broken at long intervals by the black silhouette of some irrigating machine; — but whichever of the five different routes be pursued, you will find yourself more than once floating through somber mazes of swamp-forest,— past assemblages of cypresses all hoary with the parasitic tillandsia, and grotesque as gatherings of fetich-gods. Ever from river or from lakelet the steamer glides again into canal or bayou,— from bayou or canal once more into lake or bay; and sometimes the

[1] Reprinted from *Chita: A Memory of Last Island*, by arrangement with Harper & Brothers, the owner of the copyright.

swamp-forest visibly thins away from these shores into wastes of reedy morass where, even of breathless nights, the quaggy soil trembles to a sound like thunder of breakers on a coast: the storm-roar of billions of reptile voices chanting in cadence,— rhythmically surging in a stupendous *crescendo* and *diminuendo*,— a monstrous and appalling chorus of frogs!

Panting, screaming, scraping her bottom over the sand-bars,— all day the little steamer strives to reach the grand blaze of blue open water below the marsh-lands; and perhaps she may be fortunate enough to enter the Gulf about the time of sunset. For the sake of passengers, she travels by day only; but there are other vessels which make the journey also by night — threading the bayou-labyrinths winter and summer: sometimes steering by the North Star,— sometimes feeling the way with poles in the white season of fogs,— sometimes, again, steering by that Star of Evening which on our sky glows like another moon, and drops over the silent lakes as she passes a quivering trail of silver fire.

Shadows lengthen; and at last the woods dwindle away behind you into thin bluish lines; — land and water alike take more luminous color; — bayous open into broad passes; — lakes link themselves with sea-bays; — and the ocean-wind bursts upon you,— keen, cool, and full of light. For the first time the vessel begins to swing,— rocking to the great living pulse of the tides. And gazing from the deck around you, with no forest walls to break the view, it will seem to you that the low land must have once been rent asunder by the sea, and strewn about the Gulf in fantastic tatters.

Sometimes above a waste of wind-blown prairie-cane you see an oasis emerging,— a ridge or hillock heavily umbraged with the rounded foliage of evergreen oaks: — a *chénière*. And from the shining flood also kindred green knolls arise,— pretty islets, each with its beach girdle of dazzling sand and shells, yellow-white,— and all radiant with semi-tropical foliage, myrtle and palmetto, orange and magnolia. Under their emerald shadows curious little villages of palmetto huts are drowsing, where dwell a swarthy population of Orientals,— Malay fishermen, who speak the Spanish-Creole of the Philippines as well as their own Tagal, and perpetuate in Louisiana the Catholic traditions of the Indes. There are girls in those unfamiliar villages worthy to inspire any statuary,— beautiful with the beauty of ruddy bronze,— gracile as the palmettoes that sway above them. . . . Farther seaward you may also pass a Chinese settlement: some queer camp of wooden dwellings clustering around a vast platform that stands above the water upon a thousand piles; — over the miniature wharf you can scarcely fail to observe a white signboard painted with crimson ideographs. The great platform is used for drying fish in the sun; and the fantastic characters of the sign, literally translated, mean: *'Heap — Shrimp — Plenty.'* And finally all the land melts down into desolations of sea-marsh, whose stillness is seldom broken, except by the melancholy cry of long-legged birds, and in wild seasons by that sound which shakes all shores when the weird Musician of the Sea touches the bass keys of his mighty organ.

II

Beyond the sea-marshes a curious archipelago lies. If you travel by steamer to the sea-islands to-day, you are tolerably certain to enter the Gulf by the Grande Pass — skirting Grande Terre, the most familiar island of all, not so much because of its proximity as because of its great crumbling fort and its graceful pharos; the stationary White-Light of Barataria. Otherwise the place is bleakly uninteresting: a wilderness of wind-swept grasses and sinewy weeds waving away from a thin beach ever speckled with drift and decaying things,— worm-riddled timbers, dead porpoises. Eastward the russet level is broken by the columnar silhouette of the light-house, and again, beyond it, by some puny scrub timber, above which rise the angular ruddy mass of the old brick fort, whose ditches swarm with crabs, and whose sluiceways are half choked by obsolete cannon-shot, now thickly covered with incrustations of oyster shells. Around all the gray circling of a shark-haunted sea.

Sometimes of autumn evenings there, when the hollow of heaven flames like the interior of a chalice, and waves and clouds are flying in one wild rout of broken gold, — you may see the tawny grasses all covered with something like husks,— wheat-colored husks,— large, flat, and disposed

evenly upon the lee-side of each swaying stalk, so as to present only their edges to the wind. But, if you approach, those pale husks all break open to display strange splendors of scarlet and seal-brown, with arabesque mottlings in white and black: they change into wondrous living blossoms, which detach themselves before your eyes and rise in air, and flutter away by thousands to settle down farther off, and turn into wheat-colored husks once more — a whirling flower-drift of sleepy butterflies!

Southwest, across the pass, gleams beautiful Grande Isle: primitively a wilderness of palmetto (*lantanier*); — then drained, diked, and cultivated by Spanish sugar-planters; and now familiar chiefly as a bathing-resort. Since the war the ocean reclaimed its own; — the canefields have degenerated into sandy plains, over which tramways wind to the smooth beach; — the plantation-residences have been converted into rustic hotels, and the negro-quarters remodeled into villages of cozy cottages for the reception of guests. But with its imposing groves of oak, its golden wealth of orange-trees, its odorous lanes of oleander, its broad grazing-meadows yellow-starred with wild camomile, Grande Isle remains the prettiest island of the Gulf; and its loveliness is exceptional. For the bleakness of Grande Terre is reiterated by most of the other islands,— Caillou, Cassetête, Calumet, Wine Island, the twin Timbaliers, Gull Island, and the many islets haunted by the gray pelican,— all of which are little more than sand-bars covered with wiry grasses, prairie-cane, and scrub-timber. Last Island (*L'Île Dernière*),— well worthy a long visit in other years, in spite of its remoteness, is now a ghastly desolation twenty-five miles long. Lying nearly forty miles west of Grande Isle, it was nevertheless far more populated a generation ago: it was not only the most celebrated island of the group, but also the most fashionable watering-place of the aristocratic South; — to-day it is visited by fishermen only, at long intervals. Its admirable beach in many respects resembled that of Grande Isle to-day; the accommodations also were much similar, although finer: a charming village of cottages facing the Gulf near the western end. The hotel itself was a massive two-story construction of timber, containing many apartments, together with a large dining-room and dancing-hall. In the rear of the hotel was a bayou, where passengers landed — 'Village Bayou' it is still called by seamen; — but the deep channel which now cuts the island in two a little eastwardly did not exist while the village remained. The sea tore it out in one night — the same night when trees, fields, dwellings, all vanished into the Gulf, leaving no vestige of former human habitation except a few of those strong brick props and foundations upon which the frame houses and cisterns had been raised. One living creature was found there after the cataclysm — a cow! But how that solitary cow survived the fury of a storm-flood that actually rent the island in twain has ever remained a mystery.

III

On the Gulf side of these islands you may observe that the trees — when there are any trees — all bend away from the sea; and, even of bright, hot days when the wind sleeps, there is something grotesquely pathetic in their look of agonized terror. A group of oaks at Grande Isle I remember as especially suggestive: five stooping silhouettes in line against the horizon, like fleeing women with streaming garments and wind-blown hair,— bowing grievously and thrusting out arms desperately northward as to save themselves from falling. And they are being pursued indeed; — for the sea is devouring the land. Many and many a mile of ground has yielded to the tireless charging of Ocean's cavalry: far out you can see, through a good glass, the porpoises at play where of old the sugar-cane shook out its million bannerets; and shark-fins now seam deep water above a site where pigeons used to coo. Men build dykes; but the besieging tides bring up their battering-rams — whole forests of drift — huge trunks of water-oak and weighty cypress. Forever the yellow Mississippi strives to build; forever the sea struggles to destroy; — and amid their eternal strife the islands and the promontories change shape, more slowly, but not less fantastically, than the clouds of heaven.

And worthy of study are those wan battle-grounds where the woods made their last brave stand against the irresistible invasion,— usually at some long point

of sea-marsh, widely fringed with billowing sand. Just where the waves curl beyond such a point you may discern a multitude of blackened, snaggy shapes protruding above the water,— some high enough to resemble ruined chimneys, others bearing a startling likeness to enormous skeleton-feet and skeleton-hands,— with crustaceous white growths clinging to them here and there like remnants of integument. These are bodies and limbs of drowned oaks,— so long drowned that the shell-scurf is inch-thick upon parts of them. Farther in upon the beach immense trunks lie overthrown. Some look like vast broken columns; some suggest colossal torsos imbedded, and seem to reach out mutilated stumps in despair from their deepening graves; — and beside these are others which have kept their feet with astounding obstinacy, although the barbarian tides have been charging them for twenty years, and gradually torn away the soil above and beneath their roots. The sand around,— soft beneath and thinly crusted upon the surface,— is everywhere pierced with holes made by a beautifully mottled and semi-diaphanous crab, with hairy legs, big staring eyes, and milk-white claws; — while in the green sedges beyond there is a perpetual rustling, as of some strong wind beating among reeds: a marvelous creeping of 'fiddlers,' which the inexperienced visitor might at first mistake for so many peculiar beetles, as they run about sideways, each with his huge single claw folded upon his body like a wing-case. Year by year that rustling strip of green land grows narrower; the sand spreads and sinks, shuddering and wrinkling like a living brown skin; and the last standing corpses of the oaks, ever clinging with naked, dead feet to the sliding beach, lean more and more out of the perpendicular. As the sands subside, the stumps appear to creep; their intertwisted masses of snakeish roots seem to crawl, to writhe,— like the reaching arms of cephalopods.

Grande Terre is going: the sea mines her fort, and will before many years carry the ramparts by storm. Grande Isle is going,— slowly but surely: the Gulf has eaten three miles into her meadowed land. Last Island has gone! How it went I first heard from the lips of a veteran pilot, while we sat one evening together on the trunk of a drifted cypress which some high tide had pressed deeply into the Grande Isle beach. The day had been tropically warm; we had sought the shore for a breath of living air. Sunset came, and with it the ponderous heat lifted,— a sudden breeze blew,— lightnings flickered in the darkening horizon, wind and water began to strive together,— and soon all the low coast boomed. Then my companion began his story; perhaps the coming of the storm inspired him to speak! And as I listened to him, listening also to the clamoring of the coast, there flashed back to me recollection of a singular Breton fancy: that the Voice of the Sea is never one voice, but a tumult of many voices — voices of drowned men,— the muttering of multitudinous dead,— the moaning of innumerable ghosts, all rising, to rage against the living, at the great Witch-call of storms.

IV

The charm of a single summer day on these island shores is something impossible to express, never to be forgotten. Rarely, in the paler zones, do earth and heaven take such luminosity: those will best understand me who have seen the splendor of a West Indian sky. And yet there is a tenderness of tint, a caress of color, in these Gulf-days which is not of the Antilles,— spirituality, as of external tropical spring. It must have been to even such a sky that Xenophanes lifted up his eyes of old when he vowed the Infinite Blue was God; — it was indeed under such a sky that De Soto named the vastest and grandest of Southern havens Espiritu Santo,— the Bay of the Holy Ghost. There is something unutterable in this bright Gulf-air that compels awe,— something vital, something holy, something pantheistic: and reverentially the mind asks itself if what the eye beholds is not the Πνεύμα indeed, the Infinite Breath, the Divine Ghost, the great Blue Soul of the Unknown. All, all is blue in the calm,— save the low land under your feet, which you almost forget, since it seems only as a tiny green flake afloat in the liquid eternity of day. Then slowly, caressingly, irresistibly, the witchery of the Infinite grows upon you: out of Time and Space you begin to dream with open eyes,— to drift into delicious oblivion of facts,— to forget the past, the present, the substantial,— to comprehend nothing but the ex-

istence of that infinite Blue Ghost as something into which you would wish to melt utterly away forever.

And this day-magic of azure endures sometimes for months together. Cloudlessly the dawn reddens up through a violet east: there is no speck upon the blossoming of its Mystical Rose,— unless it be the silhouette of some passing gull, whirling his sickle wings against the crimsoning. Ever, as the sun floats higher, the flood shifts its color. Sometimes smooth and gray, yet flickering with the morning gold, it is the vision of John,— the apocalyptic Sea of Glass mixed with fire; — again, with the growing breeze, it takes that incredible purple tint familiar mostly to painters of West Indian scenery; — once more, under the blaze of noon, it changes to a waste of broken emerald. With the evening, the horizon assumes tints of inexpressible sweetness,— pearl-lights, opaline colors of milk and fire; and in the west are topaz-glowings and wondrous flashings as of nacre. Then, if the sea sleeps, it dreams of all these,— faintly, weirdly,— shadowing them even to the verge of heaven.

Beautiful, too, are those white phantasmagoria which, at the approach of equinoctial days, mark the coming of the winds. Over the rim of the sea a bright cloud gently pushes up its head. It rises; and others rise with it, to right and left — slowly at first; then more swiftly. All are brilliantly white and flocculent, like loose new cotton. Gradually they mount in enormous line high above the Gulf, rolling and wreathing into an arch that expands and advances,— bending from horizon to horizon. A clear, cold breath accompanies its coming. Reaching the zenith, it seems there to hang poised awhile,— a ghostly bridge arching the empyrean,— upreaching its measureless span from either underside of the world. Then the colossal phantom begins to turn, as on a pivot of air,— always preserving its curvilinear symmetry, but moving its unseen ends beyond and below the sky-circle. And at last it floats away unbroken beyond the blue sweep of the world, with a wind following after. Day after day, almost at the same hour, the white arc rises, wheels, and passes.

Never a glimpse of rock on these low shores; — only long sloping beaches and bars of smooth tawny sand. Sand and sea teem with vitality; — over all the dunes there is a constant susurration, a blattering and swarming of crustacea; — through all the sea there is a ceaseless play of silver lightning,— flashing of myriad fish. Sometimes the shallows are thickened with minute, transparent, crab-like organisms,— all colorless as gelatine. There are days also when countless medusae drift in — beautiful veined creatures that throb like hearts, with perpetual systole and diastole of their diaphanous envelopes: some, of translucent azure or rose, seem in the flood the shadows or ghosts of huge campanulate flowers; — others have the semblance of strange living vegetables,— great milky tubers, just beginning to sprout. But woe to the human skin grazed by those shadowy sproutings and spectral stamens! — the touch of glowing iron is not more painful. Within an hour or two after their appearance all these tremulous jellies vanish mysteriously as they came.

Perhaps, if a bold swimmer, you may venture out alone a long way — once! Not twice! — even in company. As the water deepens beneath you, and you feel those ascending wave-currents of coldness arising which bespeak profundity, you will also begin to feel innumerable touches, as of groping fingers — touches of the bodies of fish, innumerable fish, fleeing towards shore. The farther you advance, the more thickly you will feel them come; and above you and around you, to right and left, others will leap and fall so swiftly as to daze the sight, like intercrossing fountain-jets of fluid silver. The gulls fly lower about you, circling with sinister squeaking cries; — perhaps for an instant your feet touch in the deep something heavy, swift, lithe, that rushes past with a swirling shock. Then the fear of the Abyss, the vast and voiceless Nightmare of the Sea, will come upon you; the silent panic of all those opaline millions that flee glimmering by will enter into you also.

From what do they flee thus perpetually? Is it from the giant sawfish or the ravening shark? — from the herds of the porpoises, or from the *grande-écaille*,— that splendid monster whom no net may hold,— all helmed and armored in argent plate-mail? — or from the hideous devil-fish of the Gulf,— gigantic, flat-bodied, black, with immense side-fins ever outspread like the pinions of a bat,— the ter-

ror of luggermen, the uprooter of anchors? From all these, perhaps, and from other monsters likewise — goblin shapes evolved by Nature as destroyers, as equilibrists, as counterchecks to that prodigious fecundity, which, unhindered, would thicken the deep into one measureless and waveless ferment of being.— But when there are many bathers these perils are forgotten,— numbers give courage,— one can abandon one's self, without fear of the invisible, to the long, quivering, electrical caresses of the sea.

. . . . . .

THE SHADOW OF THE TIDE

III

. . . Eighteen hundred and sixty-seven; — midsummer in the pest-smitten city of New Orleans.

Heat motionless and ponderous. The steel-blue of the sky bleached from the furnace-circle of the horizon;— the lukewarm river ran yellow and noiseless as a torrent of fluid wax. Even sounds seemed blunted by the heaviness of the air;— the rumbling of wheels, the reverberation of footsteps, fell half-toned upon the ear, like sounds that visit a dozing brain.

Daily, almost at the same hour, the continuous sense of atmospheric oppression became thickened;— a packed herd of low-bellying clouds lumbered up from the Gulf; crowded blackly against the sun; flickered, thundered, and burst in torrential rain,— tepid, perpendicular — and vanished utterly away. Then, more furiously than before, the sun flamed down;— roofs and pavements steamed; the streets seemed to smoke; the air grew suffocating with vapor; and the luminous city filled with a faint, sickly odor,— a stale smell, as of dead leaves suddenly disinterred from wet mold,— as of grasses decomposing after a flood. Something saffron speckled the slimy water of the gutters; sulphur some called it; others feared even to give it a name! Was it only the wind-blown pollen of some innocuous plant? I do not know; but to many it seemed as if the Invisible Destruction were scattering visible seed! . . . Such were the days; and each day the terror-stricken city offered up its hecatomb to death; and the faces of all the dead were yellow as flame!

'DECÉDÉ —;' 'DECÉDÉE —;' 'FALLECIÓ;'—'DIED.' . . . On the door-posts, the telegraph-poles, the pillars of verandas, the lamps,— over the government letter-boxes,— everywhere glimmered the white annunciations of death. All the city was spotted with them. And lime was poured into the gutters; and huge purifying fires were kindled after sunset.

The nights began with a black heat; — there were hours when the acrid air seemed to ferment for stagnation, and to burn the bronchial tubing;— then, toward morning, it would grow chill with venomous vapors, with morbific dews,— till the sun came up to lift the torpid moisture, and to fill the buildings with oven-glow. And the interminable procession of mourners and hearses and carriages again began to circulate between the centers of life and of death;— and the long trains and steamships rushed from the port, with heavy burden of fugitives.

Wealth might flee; yet even in flight there was peril. Men, who might have been saved by the craft of experienced nurses at home, hurriedly departed in apparent health, unconsciously carrying in their blood the toxic principle of a malady unfamiliar to physicians of the West and North; and they died upon their way, by the road-side, by the river-banks, in woods, in deserted stations, on the cots of quarantine hospitals. Wiser those who sought refuge in the purity of the pine forests, or in those near Gulf Islands, whence the bright sea-breath kept ever sweeping back the expanding poison into the funereal swamps, into the misty lowlands. The watering-resorts became overcrowded; — then the fishing villages were thronged,— at least all which were easy to reach by steamboat or by lugger. And at last, even Viosca's Point,— remote and unfamiliar as it was,— had a stranger to shelter: a good old gentleman named Edwards, rather broken down in health — who came as much for quiet as for sea-air, and who had been warmly recommended to Feliu by Captain Harris. For some years he had been troubled by a disease of the heart.

Certainly the old invalid could not have found a more suitable place so far as rest and quiet were concerned. The season had early given such little promise that several men of the Point betook them-

selves elsewhere; and the aged visitor had two or three vacant cabins from among which to select a dwelling-place. He chose to occupy the most remote of all, which Carmen furnished for him, with a cool moss bed and some necessary furniture,— including a big wooden rocking-chair. It seemed to him very comfortable thus. He took his meals with the family, spent most of the day in his own quarters, spoke very little, and lived so unobtrusively and inconspicuously that his presence in the settlement was felt scarcely more than that of some dumb creature,— some domestic animal,— some humble pet whose relation to the family is only fully comprehended after it has failed to appear for several days in its accustomed place of patient waiting,— and we know that it is dead.

IV

Persistently and furiously, at half-past two o'clock of an August morning, Sparicio rang Dr. La Brierre's night-bell. He had fifty dollars in his pocket, and a letter to deliver. He was to earn another fifty dollars — deposited in Filiu's hands,— by bringing the Doctor to Viosca's Point. He had risked his life for that money,— and was terribly in earnest.

Julien descended in his under-clothing, and opened the letter by the light of the hall lamp. It enclosed a check for a larger fee than he had ever before received, and contained an urgent request that he would at once accompany Sparicio to Viosca's Point,— as the sender was in hourly danger of death. The letter, penned in a long, quavering hand, was signed,— *'Henry Edwards.'*

His father's dear old friend! Julien could not refuse to go,— though he feared it was a hopeless case. *Angina pectoris,* — and a third attack at seventy years of age! Would it even be possible to reach the sufferer's bedside in time? *'Duè giorno,— con vento,'*— said Sparicio. Still, he must go; and at once. It was Friday morning; might reach the Point Saturday night, with a good wind. . . . He roused his housekeeper, gave all needful instructions, prepared his little medicine-chest; — and long before the first rose-gold fire of day had flashed to the city spires, he was sleeping the sleep of exhaustion in the tiny cabin of a fishing-sloop.

. . . For eleven years Julien had devoted himself, heart and soul, to the exercise of that profession he had first studied rather as a polite accomplishment than as a future calling. In the unselfish pursuit of duty he had found the only possible consolation for his irreparable loss; and when the war came to sweep away his wealth, he entered the struggle valorously, not to strive against men, but to use his science against death. After the passing of that huge shock, which left all the imposing and splendid fabric of Southern feudalism wrecked forever, his profession stood him in good stead;— he found himself not only able to supply those personal wants he cared to satisfy, but also to alleviate the misery of many whom he had known in days of opulence; — the princely misery that never doffed its smiling mask, though living in secret, from week to week, on bread and orange-leaf tea; — the misery that affected condescension in accepting an invitation to dine,— staring at the face of a watch (refused by the Mont-de-Piété) with eyes half blinded by starvation; — the misery which could afford but one robe for three marriageable daughters,— one plain dress to be worn in turn by each of them, on visiting days; — the pretty misery — young, brave, sweet,— asking for a 'treat' of cakes too jocosely to have its asking answered,— laughing and coquetting with its well-fed wooers, and crying for hunger after they were gone. Often and often, his heart had pleaded against his purse for such as these, and won its case in the silent courts of Self. But ever mysteriously the gift came,— sometimes as if from the hand of a former slave; sometimes as from a remorseful creditor, ashamed to write his name. Only yellow Victorine knew; but the Doctor's housekeeper never opened those sphinx-like lips of hers, until years after the Doctor's name had disappeared from the City Directory.

He had grown quite thin,— a little gray. The epidemic had burdened him with responsibilities too multifarious and ponderous for his slender strength to bear. The continual nervous strain of abnormally protracted duty, the perpetual interruption of sleep, had almost prostrated even his will. Now he only hoped that, during this brief absence from the city, he might find renewed strength to do his terrible task.

Mosquitoes bit savagely; and the heat became thicker; — and there was yet no wind. Sparicio and his hired boy Carmelo had been walking backward and forward for hours overhead, — urging the vessel yard by yard, with long poles, through the slime of canals and bayous. With every heavy push, the weary boy would sigh out, — '*Santo Antonio! — Santo Antonio!*' Sullen Sparicio himself at last burst into vociferations of ill-humor: — '*Santo Antonio? — Ah! santissimu e santu diavulu! . . . Sacramentu pæscite vegnu un asidente! — maliditu lu Signuri!*' All through the morning they walked and pushed, trudged and sighed and swore; and the minutes dragged by more wearily than the shuffling of their feet. '*Managgia Cristo co tutta a croce!*' . . . *Santissimu e santu diavulu!* . . .

But as they reached at last the first of the broad bright lakes, the heat lifted, the breeze leaped up, the loose sail flapped and filled; and, bending graciously as a skater, the old *San Marco* began to shoot in a straight line over the blue flood. Then, while the boy sat at the tiller, Sparicio lighted his tiny charcoal furnace below, and prepared a simple meal, — delicious yellow macaroni, flavored with goats' cheese; some fried fish, that smelled appetizingly; and rich black coffee, of Oriental fragrance and thickness. Julien ate a little, and lay down to sleep again. This time his rest was undisturbed by the mosquitoes; and when he woke, in the cooling evening, he felt almost refreshed. The *San Marco* was flying into Barataria Bay. Already the lantern in the lighthouse tower had begun to glow like a little moon; and right on the rim of the sea, a vast and vermilion sun seemed to rest his chin. Gray pelicans came flapping around the mast; — sea-birds sped hurtling by, their white bosoms rose-flushed by the western glow. . . . Again Sparicio's little furnace was at work, — more fish, more macaroni, more black coffee; also a square-shouldered bottle of gin made its appearance. Julien ate less sparingly at this second meal; and smoked a long time on deck with Sparicio, who suddenly became very good-humored, and chatted volubly in bad Spanish, and in much worse English. Then while the boy took a few hours' sleep, the Doctor helped delightedly in manœuvering the little vessel. He had been a good yachtsman in other years; and Sparicio declared he would make a good fisherman. By midnight the *San Marco* began to run with a long, swinging gait; — she had reached deep water. Julien slept soundly; the steady rocking of the sloop seemed to soothe his nerves.

'After all,' he thought to himself, as he rose from his little bunk next morning, — 'something like this is just what I needed.' . . . The pleasant scent of hot coffee greeted him; — Carmelo was handing him the tin cup containing it, down through the hatchway. After drinking it he felt really hungry; — he ate more macaroni than he had ever eaten before. Then, while Sparicio slept, he aided Carmelo; and during the middle of the day he rested again. He had not had so much uninterrupted repose for many a week. He fancied he could feel himself getting strong. At supper-time it seemed to him he could not get enough to eat, — although there was plenty for everybody.

All day long there had been exactly the same wave-crease distorting the white shadow of the *San Marco's* sail upon the blue water; — all day long they had been skimming over the liquid level of a world so jewel-blue that the low green ribbon strips of marsh land, the far-off fleeing lines of pine-yellow sand beach, seemed flaws or breaks in the perfected color of the universe; — all day long had the cloudless sky revealed through all its exquisite transparency that inexpressible tenderness which no painter and no poet can ever re-image, — that unutterable sweetness which no art of man may ever shadow forth, and which none may ever comprehend, — though we feel it to be in some strange way akin to the luminous and unspeakable charm that makes us wonder at the eyes of a woman when she loves.

Evening came; and the great dominant celestial tone deepened; — the circling horizon filled with ghostly tints, — spectral greens and grays, and pearl-lights and fish-colors. . . . Carmelo, as he crouched at the tiller, was singing, in a low, clear alto, some tristful little melody. Over the sea, behind them, lay black-stretching, a long low arm of island-shore; — before them flamed the splendor of sun-death; they were sailing into a mighty glory, — into a vast and awful light of gold.

Shading his vision with his fingers,

Sparicio pointed to the long lean limb of land from which they were fleeing, and said to La Brierre: —

'Look-a, Doct-a! Last-a Islan'!'

Julien knew it; — he only nodded his head in reply, and looked the other way, — into the glory of God. Then, wishing to divert the fisherman's attention to another theme, he asked what was Carmelo singing. Sparicio at once shouted to the lad: —

'Ha! . . . ho! Carmelo! *Santu diavulu!* . . . Sing-a loud-a! Doct-a lik-a! Sing-a! Sing-a!! . . . He sing-a nicee,' added the boatman, with his peculiar dark smile. And then Carmelo sang, loud and clearly, the song he had been singing before, — one of those artless Mediterranean ballads, full of caressing vowel-sounds, and young passion, and melancholy beauty: —

'M' ama ancor, beltà fulgente,
Come tu m' amasti allor; —
Ascoltar non dei gente,
Solo interroga il tuo cor.' . . .

'He sing-a nicee, — mucha bueno!' murmured the fisherman. And then, suddenly, — with a rich and splendid basso that seemed to thrill every fiber of the planking, Sparicio joined in the song: —

'M' ama pur d' amore eterno,
Nè delitto sembri a te;
T' assicuro che l'inferno
Una favola sol è.' . . .

All the roughness of the man was gone! To Julien's startled fancy, the fishers had ceased to be; — lo! Carmelo was a princely page; Sparicio, a king! How perfectly their voices married together! — they sang with passion, with power, with truth, with that wondrous natural art which is the birthright of the rudest Italian soul. And the stars throbbed out in the heaven; and the glory died in the west; and the night opened its heart; and the splendor of the eternities fell all about them. Still they sang; and the *San Marco* sped on through the soft gloom, ever slightly swerved by the steady blowing of the southeast wind in her sail; — always wearing the same crimping-frill of wave-spray about her prow, — always accompanied by the same smooth-backed swells, — always spinning out behind her the same long trail of interwoven foam.

And Julien looked up. Ever the night thrilled more and more with silent twinklings; more and more multitudinously lights pointed in the eternities; — the Evening Star quivered like a great drop of liquid white fire ready to fall; — Vega flamed as a pharos lighting the courses ethereal, — to guide the sailing of the suns, and the swarming fleets of worlds. Then the vast sweetness of that violet night entered into his blood, — filled him with that awful joy, so near akin to sadness, which the sense of the Infinite brings, — when one feels the poetry of the Most Ancient and Most Excellent of Poets, and then is smitten at once with the contrast-thought of the sickliness and selfishness of Man, — of the blindness and brutality of cities, where-into the divine blue light never purely comes, and the sanctification of the Silences never descends . . . furious cities, walled away from heaven. . . . Oh! if one could only sail on thus always, always through such a night — through such a star-sprinkled violet night, and hear Sparicio and Carmelo sing, even though it were the same melody always, always the same song!'

. . . 'Scuza, Doct-a! look-a out!' Julien bent down, as the big boom, loosened, swung over his head. The *San Marco* was rounding into shore, — heading for her home. Sparicio lifted a huge conch-shell from the deck, put it to his lips, filled his deep lungs, and flung out into the night — thrice — a profound, mellifluent, booming horn-tone. A minute passed. Then, ghostly faint, as an echo from very far away, a triple blowing responded. . . .

And a long purple mass loomed and swelled into sight, heightened, approached — land and trees black-shadowing, and lights that swung. . . . The *San Marco* glided into a bayou, — under a high wharfing of timbers, where a bearded fisherman waited, and a woman. Sparicio flung up a rope.

The bearded man caught it by the lantern-light, and tethered the *San Marco* to her place. Then he asked, in a deep voice:

'Has traido al Doctor?'

'Sí, sí!' answered Sparicio. . . . *'Y el viejo?'*

'Aye! pobre!' responded Feliu, — *'hace tres días que está muerto.'*

Henry Edwards was dead!

He had died very suddenly, without a cry or a word, while resting in his rocking-chair,— the very day after Sparicio had sailed. They had made him a grave in the marsh,— among the high weeds, not far from the ruined tomb of the Spanish fisherman. But Sparicio had fairly earned his hundred dollars.

V

So there was nothing to do at Viosca's Point except to rest. Feliu and all his men were going to Barataria in the morning on business; — the Doctor could accompany them there, and take the Grand Island steamer Monday for New Orleans. With this intention Julien retired,— not sorry for being able to stretch himself at full length on the good bed prepared for him, in one of the unoccupied cabins. But he woke before day with a feeling of intense prostration, a violent headache, and such an aversion for the mere idea of food that Feliu's invitation to breakfast at five o'clock gave him an internal qualm. Perhaps a touch of malaria. In any case he felt it would be both dangerous and useless to return to town unwell; and Feliu, observing his condition, himself advised against the journey. Wednesday he would have another opportunity to leave; and in the meantime Carmen would take good care of him. . . . The boats departed, and Julien slept again.

The sun was high when he rose up and dressed himself, feeling no better. He would have liked to walk about the place, but felt nervously afraid of the sun. He did not remember having ever felt so broken down before. He pulled a rocking-chair to the window, tried to smoke a cigar. It commenced to make him feel still sicker, and he flung it away. It seemed to him the cabin was swaying, as the *San Marco* swayed when she first reached the deep water.

A slight rustling sound approached,— sound of quick feet treading the grass: then a shadow slanted over the threshold. In the glow of the open doorway stood a young girl,— gracile, tall,— with singularly splendid eyes,— brown eyes peeping at him from beneath a golden riot of loose hair.

'M'sieu-le-Docteur, maman d'mande si vous n'avez bisoin d'que'que chose?' . . . She spoke the rude French of the fishing villages, where the language lives chiefly as a *baragouin*, mingled often with words and forms belonging to many other tongues. She wore a loose-falling dress of some light stuff, steel-gray in color; — boys' shoes were on her feet.

He did not reply; — and her large eyes grew larger for wonder at the strange fixed gaze of the physician, whose face had visibly bleached,— blanched to corpse-pallor. Silent seconds passed; and still the eyes stared — flamed as if the life of the man had centralized and focussed within them.

His voice had risen to a cry in his throat, quivered and swelled one passionate instant, and failed — as in a dream when one strives to call, and yet can only moan . . . *She!* Her unforgotten eyes, her brows, her lips! — the oval of her face! — the dawn-light of her hair! . . . Adèle's own poise,— her own grace! — even the very turn of her neck,— even the bird-tone of her speech! . . . Had the grave sent forth a Shadow to haunt him? — could the perfidious Sea have yielded up its dead? For one terrible fraction of a minute, memories, doubts, fears, mad fancies, went pulsing through his brain with a rush like the rhythmic throbbing of an electric stream; — then the shock passed, the Reason spoke: — 'Fool! — count the long years since you first saw her thus! — count the years that have gone since you looked upon her last! And Time has never halted, silly heart! — neither has Death stood still!'

'Plait-il?' — the clear voice of the young girl asked. She thought he had made some response she could not distinctly hear.

Mastering himself an instant, as the heart faltered back to its duty, and the color remounted to his lips, he answered her in French: —

'Pardon me! — I did not hear . . . you gave me such a start!' . . . But even then another extraordinary fancy flashed through his thought; — and with the *tutoiement* of a parent to a child, with an irresistible outburst of such tenderness as almost frightened her, he cried: 'Oh! merciful God! — how like her! . . . Tell me, darling, your name; — tell me who you are?' *(Dis-moi qui tu es, mignonne; — dis-moi ton nom.)*

. . . Who was it had asked her the same question, in another idiom — ever so long ago? The man with the black eyes

and nose like an eagle's beak,— the one who gave her the compass. Not *this* man — no!

She answered with the timid gravity of surprise.

'Chita Viosca.'

He still watched her face, and repeated the name slowly,— reiterated it in a tone of wonderment; —'Chita Viosca? — Chita Viosca!'

'C'est à dire . . .' she said, looking down at her feet,—'Concha — Conchita.' His strange solemnity made her smile,— the smile of shyness that knows not what else to do. But it was the smile of dead Adèle.

'Thanks, my child,' he exclaimed of a sudden,— in a quick, hoarse, changed tone. (He felt that his emotion would break loose in some wild way, if he looked upon her longer.) 'I would like to see your mother this evening; but I now feel too ill to go out. I am going to try to rest a little.'

'Nothing I can bring you?' She asked; —'some fresh milk?'

'Nothing now, dear: if I need anything later, I will tell your mother when she comes.'

'Mamma does not understand French very well.'

'No importa, Conchita; — le hablaré en Español.'

'Bien, entonces!' she responded, with the same exquisite smile. *'Adios, señor!'* . . .

But as she turned in going, his piercing eye discerned a little brown speck below the pretty lobe of her right ear,— just in the peachy curve between neck and cheek. . . . His own little Zouzoune had a birthmark like that! — he remembered the faint pink trace left by his fingers above and below it the day he had slapped her for overturning his ink-bottle. . . .

'To laimin moin? — to batté moin!'

'Chita! — Chita!'

She did not hear. . . . After all, what a mistake he might have made! Were not Nature's coincidences more wonderful than fiction? Better to wait,— to question the mother first, and thus make sure.

Still — there were so many coincidences! The face, the smile, the eyes, the voice, the whole charm; — then that mark,— and the fair hair. Zouzoune had always resembled Adèle so strangely! That golden hair was a Scandinavian bequest to the Florane family; — the tall daughter of a Norwegian sea-captain had once become the wife of a Florane. Viosca? — who ever knew a Viosca with such hair? Yet again, these Spanish emigrants sometimes married blond German girls. . . . Might be a case of atavism, too. Who was this Viosca? If that was his wife,— the little brown Carmen,— whence Chita's sunny hair? . . .

And this was part of that same desolate shore whither the Last Island dead had been drifted by that tremendous surge! On a clear day, with a good glass, one might discern from here the long blue streak of that ghastly coast. . . . Somewhere — between here and there. . . . Merciful God! . . .

. . . But again! That bivouac-night before the fight at Chancellorsville, Laroussel had begun to tell him such a singular story. . . . Chance had brought them,— the old enemies,— together; made them dear friends in the face of Death. How little he had comprehended the man! — what a brave, true, simple soul went up that day to the Lord of Battles! . . . What was it — that story about the little Creole girl saved from Last Island,— that story which was never finished? . . . Eh! what a pain!

Evidently he had worked too much, slept too little. A decided case of nervous prostration. He must lie down, and try to sleep. These pains in the head and back were becoming unbearable. Nothing but rest could avail him now.

He stretched himself under the mosquito curtain. It was very still, breathless, hot! The venomous insects were thick; — they filled the room with a continuous ebullient sound, as if invisible kettles were boiling overhead. A sign of storm. . . . Still, it was strange! — he could not perspire. . . .

Then it seemed to him that Laroussel was bending over him — Laroussel in his cavalry uniform. *'Bon jour, camarade! — nous allons avoir un bien mauvais temps, mon pauvre Julien.'* How! bad weather? *'Comment un mauvais temps?'* . . . He looked in Laroussel's face. There was something so singular in his smile. Ah! yes,— he remembered now: it was the wound! . . . *'un vilain temps!'* whispered Laroussel. Then he was gone. . . . Whither?

'Chéri!'

The whisper roused him with a fearful start . . . Adèle's whisper! So she was wont to rouse him sometimes in the old sweet nights,— to crave some little attention for ailing Eulalie,— to make some little confidence she had forgotten to utter during the happy evening. . . . No, no! It was only the trees. The sky was clouding over. The wind was rising. . . . How his heart beat! how his temples pulsed! Why, this was fever! Such pains in the back and head!

Still his skin was dry,— dry as parchment,— burning. He rose up; and a bursting weight of pain at the base of the skull made him reel like a drunken man. He staggered to the little mirror nailed upon the wall, and looked. How his eyes glowed; — and there was blood in his mouth! He felt his pulse — spasmodic, terribly rapid. Could it possibly —? . . . No: this must be some pernicious malarial fever! The Creole does not easily fall a prey to the great tropical malady,— unless after a long absence in other climates. True! he had been four years in the army! But this was 1867. . . . He hesitated a moment; then,— opening his medicine-chest, he measured out and swallowed thirty grains of quinine.

Then he lay down again. His head pained him more and more; — it seemed as if the cervical vertebrae were filled with fluid iron. And still his skin remained dry as if tanned. Then the anguish grew so intense as to force a groan with almost every aspiration. . . . Nausea,— and the stinging bitterness of quinine rising in his throat; — dizziness, and a brutal wrenching within his stomach. Everything began to look pink; — the light was rose-colored. It darkened more, — kindled with deepening tint. Something kept sparkling and spinning before his sight, like a firework. . . . Then a burst of blood mixed with chemical bitterness filled his mouth; the light became scarlet as claret. . . . This — this was . . . not malaria. . . .

VI

. . . Carmen knew what it was; but the brave little woman was not afraid of it. Many a time before she had met it face to face, in Havanese summers; she knew how to wrestle with it; — she had torn Feliu's life away from its yellow clutch, after one of those long struggles that strain even the strength of love. Now she feared mostly for Chita. She had ordered the girl under no circumstances to approach the cabin.

Julien felt that blankets had been heaped upon him,— that some gentle hand was bathing his scorching face with vinegar and water. Vaguely also there came to him the idea that it was night. He saw the shadow-shape of a woman moving against the red light upon the wall; — he saw there was a lamp burning.

Then the delirium seized him; he moaned, sobbed, cried like a child,— talked wildly at intervals in French, in English, in Spanish.

'*Mentira!* — you could not be her mother. . . . Still, if you were — And she must not come in here,— *jamais!* . . . Carmen, did you know Adèle,— Adèle Florane? So like her,— so like,— God only knows how like! . . . Perhaps I think I know; — but I do not — do not know justly, fully — how like! . . . *Sí! sí! — es el vómito! — yo lo conozso, Carmen!* . . . She must not die twice. . . . I died twice. . . . I am going to die again. She only once. Till the heavens be no more she will not rise. . . . *Moi, au contraire, il faut que je me lève toujours!* They need me so much; — the slate is always full; the bell will never stop. They will ring that bell for me when I am dead. . . . So will I rise again! — *resurgam!* . . . How could I save him? — could not save myself. It was a bad case,— at seventy years. . . . There! *Qui çà?*' . . .

He saw Laroussel again,—reaching out a hand to him through a whirl of red smoke. He tried to grasp it, and could not. . . . '*N'importe, mon ami,*' said Laroussel,—'*tu vas la voir bientôt.*' Who was he to see soon? —'*qui donc, Laroussel?*' But Laroussel did not answer. Through the red mist he seemed to smile; — then passed.

For some hours Carmen had trusted she could save her patient,— desperate as the case appeared to be. His was one of those rapid and violent attacks, such as often despatch their victims in a single day. In the Cuban hospitals she had seen many and many terrible examples: strong young men,— soldiers fresh from Spain, — carried panting to the fever wards at sunrise; carried to the cemeteries at sunset. Even troopers riddled with revolu-

tionary bullets had lingered longer. . . . Still, she had believed she might save Julien's life: the burning forehead once began to bead, the burning hands grew moist.

But now the wind was moaning; — the air had become lighter, thinner, cooler. A storm was gathering in the east; and to the fever-stricken man the change meant death. . . . Impossible to bring the priest of the Caminada now; and there was no other within a day's sail. She could only pray; she had lost all hope in her own power to save.

Still the sick man raved; but he talked to himself at longer intervals, and with longer pauses between his words; — his voice was growing more feeble, his speech more incoherent. His thought vacillated and distorted, like a flame in a wind.

Weirdly the past became confounded with the present; impressions of sight and of sound interlinked in fantastic affinity, — the face of Chita Viosca, the murmur of the rising storm. Then flickers of spectral lightning passed through his eyes, through his brain, with every throb of the burning arteries; then utter darkness came, — a darkness that surged and moaned, as the circumference of a shadowed sea. And through and over the moaning pealed one multitudinous human cry, one hideous interblending of shoutings and shriekings. . . . A woman's hand was locked in his own. . . . 'Tighter,' he muttered, 'tighter still, darling! hold as long as you can.' It was the tenth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six. . . .

'Chéri!'

Again the mysterious whisper startled him to consciousness, — the dim knowledge of a room filled with ruby-colored light, — and the sharp odor of vinegar. The house swung round slowly; — the crimson flame of the lamp lengthened and broadened by turns; — then everything turned dizzily fast, — whirled as if spinning in a vortex. . . . Nausea unutterable; and a frightful anguish as of teeth devouring him within, — tearing more and more furiously at his breast. Then one atrocious wrenching, rending, burning, — and the gush of blood burst from lips and nostrils in a smothered deluge. Again the vision of lightnings, the swaying, and the darkness of long ago. 'Quick! — quick! — hold fast to the table, Adèle! — never let go. . . .

. . . Up, — up, — up! — what! higher yet? Up to the red sky! Red — black-red . . . heated iron when its vermillion dies. So, too, the frightful flood! And noiseless. Noiseless because heavy, clammy, — thick, warm, sickening . . . blood? Well might the land quake for the weight of such a tide! . . . Why did Adèle speak Spanish? Who prayed for him?

'Alma de Cristo santísima santfícame!
'Sangre de Cristo, embriágame!
'O buen Jesus, oye me!'

Out of the darkness into — such a light! An azure haze! Ah! — the delicious frost! . . . All the streets were filled with sweet blue mist. . . . Voiceless the City and white; — crooked and weed-grown its narrow ways! . . . Old streets of tombs these. . . . Eh! how odd a custom! — a Night-bell at every door. Yes, of course! — a *night*-bell! — the Dead are the Physicians of Souls: they may be summoned only by night, — called up from the darkness and silence. . . . Yet *she?* — might not he dare to ring for her even by day? . . . Strange he had deemed it day! — why, it was black, starless. . . . And it was growing queerly cold. . . . How should he ever find her now? It was so black . . . so cold! . . .

'Chéri!'

All the dwelling quivered with the mighty whisper.

Outside, the great oaks were trembling to their roots; — all the shore shook and blanched before the calling of the sea.

And Carmen, kneeling at the feet of the dead, cried out, alone in the night: —

'O Jesus misericordioso! — tened compasion de él!'

(1889)

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY (1849–1916)

James Whitcomb Riley had the unique distinction of having his native state, even while he was still living, declare his birthday a legal holiday by legislative enactment. Greenfield, Indiana, was his birthplace, and there and in the neighboring city of Indianapolis he spent the greater part of his life. His father, a lawyer, had intended that his son should complete his high school studies and then enter his office as a law student, but the boy had far more picturesque ambitions. He learned the trade of sign-painting, he traveled for a year as advertising agent for a patent medicine vendor, and then for three or four years was entertainer with a traveling troupe. Afterwards came desultory newspaper work, then in 1877 steady employment on the Indianapolis *Journal*, and finally, after 1885, a career on the lecture platform as a reader of his own poems.

He began his poetical work as a humorist, and under various pseudonyms contributed verses to all the papers of the region; then in 1883 he issued at his own expense the little collection entitled *The Old Swimmin'-Hole and 'Leven More Poems*. It was not, however, until his volume *Afterwhiles*, 1887, appeared that he secured general recognition. From that time on he was voluminous, his final collection containing fourteen volumes.

Riley may be taken as the leading American representative of that latter-day movement which may be called the democratization of poetry. He dealt with humble life,— usually rural life — and humble characters; he wrote often in dialect; and he used with liberal hand sentiment, and not over-refined humor, and all those other well-known devices that enable the public reader to win popular audiences. His poems are thoroughly American and thoroughly democratic, and his influence on the period has been considerable. Often he strikes the note of true pathos, especially in his lyrics of childhood, and now and then there are chords that raise him from the ranks of the mere entertainers into the select company of the true poets.

THE OLD SWIMMIN'-HOLE[1]

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! whare the crick so still and deep
Looked like a baby-river that was laying half asleep,
And the gurgle of the worter round the drift jest below
Sounded like the laugh of something we onc't ust to know
Before we could remember anything but the eyes
Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;
But the merry days of youth is beyond our controle,
And it 's hard to part ferever with the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the happy days of yore,
When I ust to lean above it on the old sickamore,
Oh! it showed me a face in its warm sunny tide
That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,
It made me love myself, as I leaped to caress
My shadder smilin' up at me with sich tenderness.
But them days is past and gone, and old Time 's tuck his toll
From the old man come back to the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the long, lazy days
When the hum-drum of school made so many run-a-ways,
How plesant was the jurney down the old dusty lane,
Whare the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so plane
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole
They was lots o' fun on hands at the old swimmin'-hole.
But the lost joys is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll
Like the rain that use to dapple up the old swimmin'-hole.

[1] The poems used in this collection are from the Biographical edition of the Complete Works of James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1913, and are used by special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Thare the bullrushes growed, and the cattails so tall,
And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all;
And it mottled the worter with amber and gold
Tel the glad lillies rocked in the ripples that rolled;
And the snake-feeder's four gauzy wings fluttered by
Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky,
Or a wownded apple-blossom in the breeze's controle
As it cut acrost some orchurd to'rds the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! When I last saw the place,
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;
The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot
Whare the old divin'-log lays sunk and fergot.
And I stray down the banks whare the trees ust to be—
But never again will theyr shade shelter me!
And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,
And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin'-hole.

Indianapolis Journal,
(1882) June 17, 1882.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey-cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O, it 's then 's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bare-headed, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock.

They 's something kindo' harty-like about the atmusfere
When the heat of summer 's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course we miss the flowers, and the blossums on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air 's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airly autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermuns to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock!

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps
Is poured around the celler-floor in red and yeller heaps;
And your cider-makin' 's over, and your wimmern-folks is through
With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and saussage, too! . . .
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be
As the Angels wantin' boardin', and they 'd call around on *me*—
I 'd want to 'commodate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder 's in the shock!

The Old Swimmin'-Hole, 1883.

A LIFE-LESSON

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house too,

Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days,
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.—
There! little girl, don't cry!

There! little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.—
There! little girl, don't cry.

Afterwhiles, 1887.

LITTLE ORPHANT ANNIE

Little Orphant Annie she knows riddles, rimes and things!
Knows 'bout the Witches 'at rides brooms, an' Imps 'at flies with wings
The same as bats er lightnin'-bugs! An' knows 'bout Ring-morees
'At thist can take an' turn theirselves in anything they please!
'An' childerns all, both great an' small,' she says, an' rolls her eyes
When we're a-list'nin', all so still, 'you need n' be su'prise'
Ef right this livin' minut'—'fore you know they's one about—
'At the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!'

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire, an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy would n't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he was n't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'-wheres, I guess;
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever'one, an' all her blood-an'-kin;
An' onc't when they was 'company,' an' ole folks was there,
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she did n't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll get you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away,—

You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Afterwhiles, 1887.

WHEN SHE COMES HOME

When she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble — yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: and the perfume of her dress:
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight — soulsight, even — for a space;
And tears — yes; and the ache here in the throat,
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

Century Magazine, June, 1887.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM

Old man never had much to say —
'Ceptin' to Jim,—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life,— and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The old man backin' him, fer three months;
And all 'at I heerd the old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!'

'Peared like he was more satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see? —
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watching Jim —
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say,
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yours'f!'

Never was nothin' about the *farm*
Disting'ished Jim;
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern rigiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad —
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen,—
The old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said: 'Tell Jim
Good-by,
And take keer of hisse'f!'

Jim come home jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he 'd like to go back in the calvery —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Jim 'lowed 'at he 'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he 'd tackle her three years more.
And the old man give him a colt he 'd raised,
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade —
'Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the old man say,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!'

Tuk the papers, the old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim,
Fully believin' he 'd make his mark
Some way — jes' wrapped up in him! —
And many a time the word 'ud come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum —
At Petersburg, fer instunce, where
Jim rid right into the cannons there,
And *tuk* 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray.
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on —
Jim a lieutenant, and one arm gone,
And the old man's words in his mind all day,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!'

—

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We 'll say like Jim,
'At 's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps —
And the old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him — with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim,
And the old man, bendin' over him —
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At had n't leaked fer years and years,
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His Father's, the old voice in his ears,—
'Well, good-by, Jim:
Take keer of yours'f!'

Century Magazine, Jan., 1888.

BEREAVED

Let me come in where you sit weeping,—ay,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss.— Such arms — such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service — say some thing,
Between the tears, that would be comforting,—
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

Century Magazine, Sept., 1890.

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD (1854–1909)

F. Marion Crawford, son of Thomas Crawford, the American sculptor, was born in Italy and spent the first eleven years of his life in Rome. His education was unique in its variety: St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire; Cambridge University, England; Karlsruhe and Heidelberg, Germany; and finally Rome. Thereupon he went to India, and in 1873 was connected with the Allahabad *Indian Herald*, but, his health suffering, he returned to the west and early in the eighties found himself in New York. Here his uncle, Samuel Ward, brother of Julia Ward Howe, impressed by his graphically narrated stories of life in India, advised him — long before the arrival of Kipling — to put his Indian adventures into fiction, and the result was *Mr. Isaacs*, 1882, the immediate success of which determined his career. He settled down at length in a villa overlooking the bay of Naples, and gave himself so completely to the production of fiction that in the remaining twenty-seven years of his life he issued no less than forty-five volumes.

Perhaps the most distinctive part of this enormous output is to be found in the fifteen volumes that deal with Roman life. More fully than any other English-speaking writer, he knew the heart of the Italian people. He was acquainted intimately with that other half of Rome that the traveler never sees, never even suspects, and he revealed it with sympathy and convincingness. The Roman trilogy,— *Saracinesca*, *Sant' Ilario*, and *Don Orsino*,— without a doubt contains his best work. He approached his task with a theory, a theory which he has set forth in his *The Novel: What It Is*, a real contribution to the literature of criticism, and he never wavered from it. To him the novel was a 'little pocket theater,' and its art had no other purpose than to entertain, to present the human spectacle for the diversion of the present moment. Few have observed so wide an area of life or have presented so entertainingly so varied a gallery of pictures. He failed of reaching a high place largely on account of his want of tenderness, of deep emotion, of ability to reach the higher regions of imagination. To him the novel was a journalistic product, a thing to be rated with Sunday supplement material, and the syndicate story.

MR. ISAACS[1]

In spite of Jean-Jacques and his school, men are not everywhere born free, any more than they are everywhere in chains, unless these be of their own individual making. Especially in countries where excessive liberty or excessive tyranny favors the growth of that class most usually designated as adventurers, it is true that man, by his own dominant will, or by a still more potent servility, may rise to any grade of elevation; as by the absence of these qualities he may fall to any depth in the social scale.

Wherever freedom degenerates into license, the ruthless predatory instinct of certain bold and unscrupulous persons may, and almost certainly will, place at their disposal the goods, the honors, and the preferment justly the due of others; and in those more numerous and certainly more unhappy countries, where the rule of the tyrant is substituted for the law of God, the unwearying flatterer, patient under blows and abstemious under high-feeding, will assuredly make his way to power.

Without doubt the Eastern portion of the world, where an hereditary, or at least traditional, despotism has never ceased since the earliest social records, and where a mode of thought infinitely more degrading than any feudalism has become ingrained in the blood and soul of the chief races, presents far more favorable conditions to the growth and development of the true adventurer than are offered in any free country. For in a free country the majority can rise and overthrow the favorite of fortune, whereas in a despotic country they cannot. Of Eastern countries in this condition, Russia is the nearest to us; though perhaps we understand the Chinese character better than the Russian. The Otto-

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man empire and Persia are, and always have been, swayed by a clever band of flatterers acting through their nominal master; while India, under the kindly British rule, is a perfect instance of a ruthless military despotism, where neither blood nor stratagem have been spared in exacting the uttermost farthing from the miserable serfs — they are nothing else — and in robbing and defrauding the rich of their just and lawful possessions. All these countries teem with stories of adventurers risen from the ranks to the command of armies, of itinerant merchants wedded to princesses, of hardy sailors promoted to admiralties, of half-educated younger sons of English peers dying in the undisputed possession of ill-gotten millions. With the strong personal despotism of the First Napoleon began a new era of adventurers in France; not of elegant and accomplished adventurers like M. de St. Germain, Cagliostro, or the Comtesse de la Motte, but regular rag-tag-and-bobtail cut-throat moss-troopers, who carved and slashed themselves into notice by sheer animal strength and brutality.

There is infinitely more grace and romance about the Eastern adventurer. There is very little slashing and hewing to be done there, and what there is, is managed as quietly as possible. When a Sultan must be rid of the last superfluous wife, she is quietly done up in a parcel with a few shot, and dropped into the Bosphorus without more ado. The good old-fashioned Rajah of Mudpoor did his killing without scandal, and when the kindly British wish to keep a secret, the man is hanged in a quiet place where there are no reporters. As in the Greek tragedies, the butchery is done behind the scenes, and there is no glory connected with the business, only gain. The ghosts of the slain sometimes appear in the columns of the recalcitrant Indian newspapers and gibber a feeble little 'Ototoi!' after the manner of the shade of Dareios, but there is very little heed paid to such visitations by the kindly British. But though the 'raw head and bloody bones' type of adventurer is little in demand in the East, there is plenty of scope for the intelligent and wary flatterer, and some room for the honest man of superior gifts, who is sufficiently free from Oriental prejudice to do energetically the thing which comes in his way, distancing all competitors for the favors of fortune by sheer industry and unerring foresight.

I once knew a man in the East who was neither a flatterer nor freebooter, but who by his own masterly perseverance worked his way to immense wealth, and to such power as wealth commands, though his high view of the social aims of mankind deterred him from mixing in political questions. *Bon chien chasse de race* is a proverb which applies to horses, cattle, and men, as well as to dogs; and in this man, who was a noble type of the Aryan race, the qualities which have made that race dominant were developed in the highest degree. The sequel, indeed, might lead the ethnographer into a labyrinth of conjecture, but the story is too tempting a one for me to forego telling it, although the said ethnographer should lose his wits in striving to solve the puzzle.

In September, 1879, I was at Simla in the lower Himalayas,— at the time of the murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari at Kabul, — being called there in the interests of an Anglo-Indian newspaper, of which I was then editor. In other countries, notably in Europe and in America, there are hundreds of spots by the sea-shore, or on the mountain-side, where specific ills may be cured by their corresponding antidotes of air or water, or both. Following the aristocratic and holy example of the Bishops of Salzburg for the last eight centuries, the sovereigns of the Continent are told that the air and waters of Hofgastein are the only nenuphar for the overtaxed brain in labor beneath a crown. The self-indulgent sybarite is recommended to Ems, or Wiesbaden, or Aix-la-Chapelle, and the quasi-incurable sensualist to Aix in Savoy, or to Karlsbad in Bohemia. In our own magnificent land Bethesdas abound, in every state, from the attractive waters of lotus-eating Saratoga to the magnetic springs of Lansing, Michigan; from Virginia, the carcanet of sources, the heaving, the warm, the hot sulphur springs, the white sulphur, the alum, to the hot springs of Arkansas, the Ultima Thule of our migratory and despairing humanity. But in India, whatever the ailing, low fever, high fever, 'brandy pawnee' fever, malaria caught in the chase of tigers in the Terai, or dysentery imbibed on the banks of the Ganges, there is only one cure, the 'hills;' and chief of 'hill-stations' is Simla.

On the hip rather than on the shoulder of the aspiring Himalayas, Simla — or Shumla, as the natives call it — presents during the wet monsoon period a concourse of pilgrims more varied even than the Bagnères de Bigorre in the south of France, where the gay Frenchman asks permission of the lady with whom he is conversing to leave her abruptly, in order to part with his remaining lung, the loss of the first having brought him there. 'Pardon, madame,' said he, 'je m'en vais cracher mon autre poumon.'

To Simla the whole supreme Government migrates for the summer — Viceroy, council, clerks, printers, and hangers-on. Thither the high official from the plains takes his wife, his daughters, and his liver. There the journalists congregate to pick up the news that oozes through the pent-house of Government secrecy, and failing such scant drops of information, to manufacture as much as is necessary to fill the columns of their dailies. On the slopes of 'Jako' — the wooded eminence that rises above the town — the enterprising German establishes his concert-hall and his beer-garden; among the rhododendron trees Madame Blavatzky, Colonel Olcott and Mr. Sinnett move mysteriously in the performance of their wonders; and the wealthy tourist from America, the botanist from Berlin, and the casual peer from Great Britain, are not wanting to complete the motley crowd. There are no roads in Simla proper where it is possible to drive, excepting one narrow way, reserved when I was there, and probably still set apart, for the exclusive delectation of the Viceroy. Every one rides — man, woman, and child; and every variety of horseflesh may be seen in abundance, from Lord Steepleton Kildare's thoroughbreds to the broad-sterned equestrian vessel of Mr. Currie Ghyrkins, the Revenue Commissioner of Mudnugger in Bengal. But I need not now dwell long on the description of this highly-favored spot, where Baron de Zach might have added force to his demonstration of the attraction of mountains for the pendulum. Having achieved my orientation and established my servants and luggage in one of the reputed hotels, I began to look about me, and, like an intelligent American observer, as I pride myself that I am, I found considerable pleasure in studying out the character of such of the changing crowd on the veranda and on the mall as caught my attention.

At last the dinner-hour came. With the rest I filed into the large dining-room and took my seat. The place allotted to me was the last at one side of the long table, and the chair opposite was vacant, though two remarkably well-dressed servants, in turbans of white and gold, stood with folded arms behind it, apparently awaiting their master. Nor was he long in coming. I never remember to have been so much struck by the personal appearance of any man in my life. He sat down opposite me, and immediately one of his two servants, or *khitmatgars,* as they are called, retired, and came back bearing a priceless goblet and flask of the purest old Venetian mold. Filling the former, he ceremoniously presented his master with a brimming beaker of cold water. A water-drinker in India is always a phenomenon, but a water-drinker who did the thing so artistically was such a manifestation as I had never seen. I was interested beyond the possibility of holding my peace, and as I watched the man's abstemious meal,— for he ate little, — I contrasted him with our neighbors at the board, who seemed to be vying, like the captives of Circe, to ascertain by trial who could swallow the most beef and mountain mutton and who could absorb the most 'pegs'— those vile concoctions of spirits, ice, and soda-water, which have destroyed so many splendid constitutions under the tropical sun. As I watched him an impression came over me that he must be an Italian. I scanned his appearance narrowly, and watched for a word that should betray his accent. He spoke to his servant in Hindustani, and I noticed at once the peculiar sound of the dental consonants, never to be acquired by a northern-born person.

Before I go farther, let me try and describe Mr. Isaacs; I certainly could not have done so satisfactorily after my first meeting, but subsequent acquaintance, and the events I am about to chronicle, threw me so often in his society, and gave me such ample opportunities of observation, that the minutest details of his form and feature, as well as the smallest peculiarities of his character and manner, are indelibly graven in my memory.

Isaacs was a man of more than medium stature, though he would never be spoken

of as tall. An easy grace marked his movements at all times, whether deliberate or vehement,— and he often went to each extreme,— a grace which no one acquainted with the science of the human frame would be at a loss to explain for a moment. The perfect harmony of all the parts, the even symmetry of every muscle, the equal distribution of a strength, not colossal and overwhelming, but ever ready for action, the natural courtesy of gesture — all told of a body in which true proportion of every limb and sinew were at once the main feature and the pervading characteristic. This infinitely supple and swiftly-moving figure was but the pedestal, as it were, for the noble face and nobler brain to which it owed its life and majestic bearing. A long oval face of a wondrous transparent olive tint, and of a decidedly Oriental type. A prominent brow and arched but delicate eyebrows fitly surmounted a nose smoothly aquiline, but with the broad well-set nostrils that bespeak active courage. His mouth, often smiling, never laughed, and the lips, though closely meeting, were not thin and writhing and cunning, as one so often sees in eastern faces, but rather inclined to a generous Greek fullness, the curling lines ever ready to express a sympathy or a scorn which the commanding features above seemed to control and curb, as the stern, square-elbowed Arab checks his rebellious horse, or gives him the rein, at will.

But though Mr. Isaacs was endowed with exceptional gifts of beauty by a bountiful nature, those I have enumerated were by no means what first attracted the attention of the observer. I have spoken of his graceful figure and perfect Iranian features, but I hardly noticed either at our first meeting. I was enthralled and fascinated by his eyes. I once saw in France a jewel composed of six precious stones, each a gem of great value, so set that they appeared to form but one solid mass, yielding a strange radiance that changed its hue at every movement, and multiplied the sunlight a thousand-fold. Were I to seek a comparison for my friend's eyes, I might find an imperfect one in this masterpiece of the jeweler's art. They were dark and of remarkable size; when half closed they were long and almond-shaped; when suddenly opened in anger or surprise, they had the roundness and bold keenness of the eagle's sight. There was a depth of life and vital light in them that told of the pent-up force of a hundred generations of Persian magii. They blazed with the splendor of a god-like nature, needing neither meat nor strong drink to feed its power.

My mind was made up. Between his eyes, his temperance, and his dental consonants, he certainly might be an Italian. Being myself a native of Italy, though an American by parentage, I addressed him in the language, feeling comparatively sure of his answer. To my surprise, and somewhat to my confusion, he answered in two words of modern Greek — '*δεν ἐνόησα*' — 'I do not understand.' He evidently supposed I was speaking a Greek dialect, and answered in the one phrase of that tongue which he knew, and not a good phrase at that.

'Pardon me,' said I in English, 'I believed you a countryman, and ventured to address you in my native tongue. May I inquire whether you speak English?'

I was not a little astonished when he answered me in pure English, and with an evident command of the language. We fell into conversation, and I found him pungent, ready, impressive, and most entertaining, thoroughly acquainted with Anglo-Indian and English topics, and apparently well read. An Indian dinner is a long affair, so that we had ample time to break the ice, an easy matter always for people who are not English, and when, after the fruit, he invited me to come down and smoke with him in his rooms, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity. We separated for a few moments, and I despatched my servant to the manager of the hotel to ascertain the name of the strange gentleman who looked like an Italian and spoke like a fellow of Balliol. Having discovered that he was a 'Mr. Isaacs,' I wended my way through verandas and corridors, preceded by a *chuprassie* and followed by my pipe-bearer, till I came to his rooms.

The fashion of the hookah or narghyle in India has long disappeared from the English portion of society. Its place has been assumed and usurped by the cheroot from Burmah or Trichinopoli, by the cigarette from Egypt, or the more expensive Manilla and Havana cigars. I, however, in an early burst of Oriental enthusiasm, had ventured upon the obsolete fashion,

and so charmed was I by the indolent aromatic enjoyment I got from the rather cumbrous machine, that I never gave it up while in the East. So when Mr. Isaacs invited me to come and smoke in his rooms, or rather before his rooms, for the September air was still warm in the hills, I ordered my 'bearer' to bring down the apparatus and to prepare it for use. I myself passed through the glass door in accordance with my new acquaintance's invitation, curious to see the kind of abode in which a man who struck me as being so unlike his fellows spent his summer months. For some minutes after I entered I did not speak, and indeed I hardly breathed. It seemed to me that I was suddenly transported into the subterranean chambers whither the wicked magician sent Aladdin in quest of the lamp. A soft but strong light filled the room, though I did not immediately comprehend whence it came, nor did I think to look, so amazed was I by the extraordinary splendor of the objects that met my eyes. In the first glance it appeared as if the walls and the ceiling were lined with gold and precious stones; and in reality it was almost literally the truth. The apartment, I soon saw, was small,— for India at least,— and every available space, nook and cranny, were filled with gold and jeweled ornaments, shining weapons, or uncouth but resplendent idols. There were sabers in scabbards set from end to end with diamonds and sapphires, with cross hilts of rubies in massive gold mounting, the spoil of some worsted rajah or Nawab of the mutiny. There were narghyles four feet high, crusted with gems and curiously wrought work from Baghdad or Herat; water flasks of gold and drinking cups of jade; yataghans from Roum and idols from the far East. Gorgeous lamps of the octagonal Oriental shape hung from the ceiling, and fed by aromatic oils, shed their soothing light on all around. The floor was covered with a rich soft pile, and low divans were heaped with cushions of deep-tinted silk and gold. On the floor, in a corner which seemed the favorite resting-place of my host, lay open two or three superbly illuminated Arabic manuscripts, and from a chafing dish of silver near by a thin thread of snow-white smoke sent up its faint perfume through the still air. To find myself transported from the conventionalities of a stiff and starched Anglo-Indian hotel to such a scene was something novel and delicious in the extreme. No wonder I stood speechless and amazed. Mr. Isaacs remained near the door while I breathed in the strange sights to which he had introduced me. At last I turned, and from contemplating the magnificence of inanimate wealth I was riveted by the majestic face and expression of the beautiful living creature who, by a turn of his wand, or, to speak prosaically, by an invitation to smoke, had lifted me out of humdrum into a land peopled with all the effulgent phantasies and the priceless realities of the magic East. As I gazed, it seemed as if the illumination from the lamps above were caught up and flung back with the vitality of living fire by his dark eyes, in which more than ever I saw and realized the inexplicable blending of the precious stones with the burning spark of a divine soul breathing within. For some moments we stood thus; he evidently amused at my astonishment, and I fascinated and excited by the problem presented me for solution in his person and possessions.

'Yes,' said Isaacs, 'you are naturally surprised at my little Eldorado, so snugly hidden away in the lower story of a commonplace hotel. Perhaps you are surprised at finding me here, too. But come out into the air, your hookah is blazing, and so are the stars.'

I followed him into the veranda, where the long cane chairs of the country were placed, and taking the tube of the pipe from the solemn Mussulman whose duty it was to prepare it, I stretched myself out in that indolent lazy peace which is only to be enjoyed in tropical countries. Silent and for the nonce perfectly happy, I slowly inhaled the fragrant vapor of tobacco and aromatic herbs and honey with which the hookah is filled. No sound save the monotonous bubbling and chuckling of the smoke through the water, or the gentle rustle of the leaves on the huge rhododendron-tree which reared its dusky branches to the night in the middle of the lawn. There was no moon, though the stars were bright and clear, the foaming path of the milky way stretching overhead like the wake of some great heavenly ship; a soft mellow lustre from the lamps in Isaacs' room threw a golden stain half across the veranda, and the chafing dish within, as the light breeze fanned the

coals, sent out a little cloud of perfume which mingled pleasantly with the odor of the *chillum* in the pipe. The turbaned servant squatted on the edge of the steps at a little distance, peering into the dusk, as Indians will do for hours together. Isaacs lay quite still in his chair, his hands above his head, the light through the open door just falling on the jeweled mouthpiece of his narghyle. He sighed — a sigh only half regretful, half contented, and seemed about to speak, but the spirit did not move him, and the profound silence continued. For my part, I was so much absorbed in my reflections on the things I had seen that I had nothing to say, and the strange personality of the man made me wish to let him begin upon his own subject, if perchance I might gain some insight into his mind and mode of thought. There are times when silence seems to be sacred, even unaccountably so. A feeling is in us that to speak would be almost a sacrilege, though we are unable to account in any way for the pause. At such moments every one seems instinctively to feel the same influence, and the first person who breaks the spell either experiences a sensation of awkwardness, and says something very foolish, or, conscious of the odds against him, delivers himself of a sentiment of ponderous severity and sententiousness. As I smoked, watching the great flaming bowl of the water pipe, a little coal, forced up by the expansion of the heat, toppled over the edge and fell tinkling on the metal foot below. The quick ear of the servant on the steps caught the sound, and he rose and came forward to trim the fire. Though he did not speak, his act was a diversion. The spell was broken.

'The Germans,' said Isaacs, 'say that an angel is passing over the house. I do not believe it.'

I was surprised at the remark. It did not seem quite natural for Mr. Isaacs to begin talking about the Germans, and from the tone of his voice I could almost have fancied he thought the proverb was held as an article of faith by the Teutonic races in general.

'I do not believe it,' he repeated reflectively. 'There is no such thing as an angel "passing"; it is a misuse of terms. If there are such things as angels, their changes of place cannot be described as motion, seeing that from the very nature of things such changes must be instantaneous, not involving time as a necessary element. Have you ever thought much about angels? By-the-by, pardon my abruptness, but as there is no one to introduce us, what is your name?'

'My name is Griggs — Paul Griggs. I am an American, but was born in Italy. I know your name is Isaacs; but, frankly, I do not believe you are either English, American, or Jewish of origin.'

'Quite right,' he replied, 'I am neither Yankee, Jew, nor beef-eater; in fact, I am not a European at all. And since you probably would not guess my nationality, I will tell you that I am a Persian, a pure Iranian, a degenerate descendant of Zoroaster, as you call him, though by religion I follow the prophet, whose name be blessed,' he added, with an expression of face I did not then understand. 'I call myself Isaacs for convenience in business. There is no concealment about it, as many know my story; but it has an attractive Semetic twang that suits my occupation, and is simpler and shorter for Englishmen to write than Abdul Hafizben-Isâk, which is my lawful name.'

'Since you lay sufficient store by your business to have been willing to change your name, may I inquire what your business is? It seems to be a lucrative one, to judge by the accumulations of wealth you have allowed me a glimpse of.'

'Yes. Wealth is my occupation. I am a dealer in precious stones and similar objects of value. Some day I will show you my diamonds; they are worth seeing.'

It is no uncommon thing to meet in India men of all Asiatic nationalities buying and selling stones of worth, and enriching themselves in the business. I supposed he had come with a caravan by way of Baghdad, and had settled. But again, his perfect command of English, as pure as though he had been educated at Eton and Oxford, his extremely careful, though quiet, English dress, and especially his polished manners, argued a longer residence in the European civilization of his adopted home than agreed with his young looks, supposing him to have come to India at sixteen or seventeen. A pardonable curiosity led me to remark this.

'You must have come here very young,' I said. 'A thoroughbred Persian does not learn to speak English like a university man, and to quote German prov-

erbs, in a residence of a few years; unless, indeed, he possess the secret by which the initiated absorb knowledge without effort, and assimilate it without the laborious process of intellectual digestion.'

'I am older than I look — considerably. I have been in India twelve years, and with a natural talent for languages, stimulated by constant intercourse with Englishmen who know their own speech well, I have succeeded, as you say, in acquiring a certain fluency and mastery of accent. I have had an adventurous life enough. I see no reason why I should not tell you something of it, especially as you are not English, and can therefore hear me with an unprejudiced ear. But, really, do you care for a yarn?'

I begged him to proceed, and I beckoned the servant to arrange our pipes, that we might not be disturbed. When this was done, Isaacs began.

'I am going to try and make a long story short. We Persians like to listen to long stories, as we like to sit and look on at a wedding nautch. But we are radically averse to dancing or telling long tales ourselves, so I shall condense as much as possible. I was born in Persia, of Persian parents, as I told you, but I will not burden your memory with names you are not familiar with. My father was a merchant in prosperous circumstances, and a man of no mean learning in Arabic and Persian literature. I soon showed a strong taste for books, and every opportunity was given me for pursuing my inclinations in this respect. At the early age of twelve I was kidnapped by a party of slave-dealers, and carried off into Roum — Turkey you call it. I will not dwell upon my tears and indignation. We traveled rapidly, and my captors treated me well, as they invariably do their prizes, well knowing how much of the value of a slave depends on his plump and sleek condition when brought to market. In Istamboul I was soon disposed of, my fair skin and accomplishments as a writer and a singer of Persian songs fetching a high price.

'It is no uncommon thing for boys to be stolen and sold in this way. A rich pacha will pay almost anything. The fate of such slaves is not generally a happy one.' Isaacs paused a moment, and drew in two or three long breaths of smoke. 'Do you see that bright star in the south?' he said, pointing with his long jewel-set mouthpiece.

'Yes. It must be Sirius.'

'That is my star. Do you believe in the agency of the stars in human affairs? Of course you do not; you are a European: how should you? But to proceed. The stars, or the fates or Kāli, or whatever you like to term your kismet, your portion of good and evil, allotted me a somewhat happier existence than generally falls to the share of young slaves in Roum. I was bought by an old man of great wealth and of still greater learning, who was so taken with my proficiency in Arabic and in writing that he resolved to make of me a pupil instead of a servant to carry his coffee and pipe, or a slave to bear the heavier burden of his vices. Nothing better could have happened to me. I was installed in his house and treated with exemplary kindness, though he kept me rigorously at work with my books. I need not tell you that with such a master I made fair progress, and that at the age of twenty-one I was, for a Turk, a young man of remarkably good education. Then my master died suddenly, and I was thrown into great distress. I was of course nothing but a slave, and liable to be sold at any time. I escaped. Active and enduring, though never possessing any vast muscular strength, I bore with ease the hardships of a long journey on foot with little food and scant lodging. Falling in with a band of pilgrims, I recognized the wisdom of joining them on their march to Mecca. I was, of course, a sound Mohammedan, as I am to this day, and my knowledge of the Koran soon gained me some reputation in the caravan. I was considered a creditable addition, and altogether an eligible pilgrim. My exceptional physique protected me from the disease and exhaustion of which not a few of our number died by the wayside, and the other pilgrims, in consideration of my youth and piety, gave me willingly the few handfuls of rice and dates that I needed to support life and strength.

'You have read about Mecca; and your *hadji* barber, who of course has been there, has doubtless related his experiences to you scores of times in the plains, as he does everywhere. As you may imagine, I had no intention of returning towards Roum with my companions.

When I fulfilled all the observances required, I made my way to Yeddah and shipped on board an Arabian craft, touching at Mocha, and bearing coffee to Bombay. I had to work my passage, and as I had no experience of the sea, save in the caïques of the Golden Horn, you will readily conceive that the captain of the vessel had plenty of fault to find. But my agility and quick comprehension stood me in good stead, and in a few days I had learned enough to haul on a rope or to reef the great latteen sails as well as any of them. The knowledge that I was just returning from a pilgrimage to Mecca obtained for me also a certain respect among the crew. It makes very little difference what the trade, business, or branch of learning; in mechanical labor, or intellectual effort, the educated man is always superior to the common laborer. One who is in the habit of applying his powers in the right way will carry his system into any occupation, and it will help him as much to handle a rope as to write a poem.

'At last we landed in Bombay. I was in a wretched condition. What little clothes I had had were in tatters; hard work and little food had made me even thinner than my youthful age and slight frame tolerated. I had in all about threepence money in small copper coins, carefully hoarded against a rainy day. I could not speak a word of the Indian dialects still less of English, and I knew no one save the crew of the vessel I had come in, as poor as I, but saved from starvation by the slender pittance allowed them on land. I wandered about all day through the bazaars, occasionally speaking to some solemn looking old shopkeeper or long-bearded Mussulman, who, I hoped, might understand a little Arabic. But not one did I find. At evening I bathed in the tank of a temple, full from the recent rains, and I lay down supperless to sleep on the steps of the great mosque. As I lay on the hard stones I looked up to my star, and took comfort and slept. That night a dream came to me. I thought I was still awake and lying on the steps, watching the wondrous ruler of my fate. And as I looked he glided down from his starry throne with an easy swinging motion, like a soap-bubble settling to the earth. And the star came and poised among the branches of the palm-tree over the tank, opalescent, unearthly, heart shaking. His face was as the face of the prophet, whose name he blessed, and his limbs were as the limbs of the Hameshaspenthas of old. Garments he had none, being of heavenly birth, but he was clothed with light as with a garment, and the crest of his silver hair was to him a crown of glory. And he spoke with the tongues of a thousand lutes, sweet strong tones, that rose and fell on the night air as the song of a lover beneath the lattice of his mistress, the song of the mighty star wooing the beautiful sleeping earth. And then he looked on me and said: "Abdul Hafiz, be of good cheer. I am with thee and will not forsake thee, even to the day when thou shalt pass over the burning bridge of death. Thou shalt touch the diamond of the rivers and the pearl of the sea, and they shall abide with thee, and great shall be thy wealth. And the sunlight which is in the diamond shall warm thee and comfort thy heart; and the moonlight which is in the pearl shall give thee peace in the night-time, and thy children shall be to thee a garland of roses in the land of the unbeliever." And the star floated down from the palm-branches and touched me with his hand, and breathed upon my lips the cool breath of the outer firmament, and departed. Then I awoke and saw him again in his place far down the horizon, and he was alone, for the dawn was in the sky and the lesser lights were extinguished. And I rose from the stony stairway that seemed like a bed of flowers for the hopeful dream, and I turned westward, and praised Allah, and went my way.

'The sun being up, all was life, and the life in me spoke of a most capacious appetite. So I cast about for a shop where I might buy a little food with my few coppers, and seeing a confectioner spreading out his wares, I went near and took stock of the queer balls of flour and sugar, and strange oily-looking sweetmeats. Having selected what I thought would be within my modest means, I addressed the shopkeeper to call his attention, though I knew he would not understand me, and I touched with my hand the article I wanted, showing with the other some of the small coins I had. As soon as I touched the sweetmeats the man became very angry, and bounding from his seat called his neighbors together, and they all

shouted and screamed at me, and called a man I thought to be a soldier, though he looked more like an ape in his long loose trousers of dirty black, and his untidy red turban, under which cumbrous garments his thin and stunted legs seemed even blacker and more contemptible than nature had made them. I afterwards discovered him to be one of the Bombay police. He seized me by the arm, and I, knowing I had done no wrong, and curious to discover, if possible, what the trouble was, accompanied him whither he led me. After waiting many hours in a kind of little shed where there were more policemen, I was brought before an Englishman. Of course all attempts at explanation were useless. I could speak not a word of anything but Arabic and Persian, and no one present understood either. At last, when I was in despair, trying to muster a few words of Greek I had learned in Istamboul, and failing signally therein, an old man with a long beard looked curiously in at the door of the crowded court. Some instinct told me to appeal to him, and I addressed him in Arabic. To my infinite relief he replied in that tongue, and volunteered to be interpreter. In a few moments I learned that my crime was that I had *touched* the sweetmeats on the counter.

'In India, as you who have lived here doubtless know, it is a criminal offense, punishable by fine or imprisonment, for a non-Hindu person to defile the food of even the lowest caste man. To touch one sweetmeat in a trayful defiles the whole baking, rendering it all unfit for the use of any Hindu, no matter how mean. Knowing nothing of caste and its prejudices, it was with the greatest difficulty that the *moolah,* who was trying to help me out of my trouble, could make me comprehend wherein my wrong-doing lay, and that the English courts, being obliged in their own interest to uphold and protect the caste practices of the Hindus, at the risk of another mutiny, could not make any exception in favor of a stranger unacquainted with Indian customs. So the Englishman who presided said he would have to inflict a fine, but being a very young man, not yet hardened to the despotic ways of Eastern life, he generously paid the fine himself, and gave me a rupee as a present into the bargain. It was only two shillings, but as I had not had so much money for months I was as grateful as though it had been a hundred. If I ever meet him I will requite him, for I owe him all I now possess.

'My case being dismissed, I left the court with the old *moolah,* who took me to his house and inquired of my story, having first given me a good meal of rice and sweetmeats, and that greatest of luxuries, a little pot of fragrant Mocha coffee; he sat in silence while I ate, ministering to my wants, and evidently pleased with the good he was doing. Then he brought out a package of *birris,* those little cigarettes rolled in leaves that they smoke in Bombay, and I told him what had happened to me. I implored him to put me in the way of obtaining some work by which I could at least support life, and he promised to do so, begging me to stay with him until I should be independent. The day following I was engaged to pull a punkah in the house of an English lawyer connected with an immense lawsuit involving one of the Mohammedan principalities. For this irksome work I was to receive six rupees — twelve shillings — monthly, but before the month was up I was transferred, by the kindness of the English lawyer and the good offices of my co-religionist the *moolah,* to the retinue of the Nizam of Haiderabad, then in Bombay. Since that time I have never known want.

'I soon mastered enough of the dialects to suit my needs, and applied myself to the study of English, for which opportunities were not lacking. At the end of two years I could speak the language enough to be understood, and my accent from the first was a matter of surprise to all; I had also saved out of my gratuities about one hundred rupees. Having been conversant with the qualities of many kinds of precious stones from my youth up, I determined to invest my economies in a diamond or a pearl. Before long I struck a bargain with an old *marwarri* over a small stone, of which I thought he mis-judged the value, owing to the rough cutting. The fellow was cunning and hard in his dealings, but my superior knowledge of diamonds gave me the advantage. I paid him ninety-three rupees for the little gem, and sold it again in a month for two hundred to a young English "collector and magistrate," who wanted to make his wife a present. I

bought a larger stone, and again made nearly a hundred per cent on the money. Then I bought two, and so on, until having accumulated sufficient capital, I bade farewell to the Court of the Nizam, where my salary never exceeded sixteen rupees a month as scribe and Arabic interpreter, and I went my way with about two thousand rupees in cash and precious stones. I came northwards, and finally settled in Delhi, where I set up as a dealer in gems and objects of intrinsic value. It is now twelve years since I landed in Bombay, I have never soiled my hands with usury, though I have twice advanced large sums at legal interest for purposes I am not at liberty to disclose; I have never cheated a customer or underrated a gem I bought of a poor man, and my wealth, as you may judge from what you have seen, is considerable. Moreover, though in constant intercourse with Hindus and English, I have not forfeited my title to be called a true believer and a follower of the prophet, whose name be blessed.'

Isaacs ceased speaking, and presently the waning moon rose pathetically over the crest of the mountains with that curiously doleful look she wears after the full is past, as if weeping over the loss of her better half. The wind rose and soughed drearily through the rhododendrons and the pines; and Kiramat Ali, the pipe-bearer, shivered audibly as he drew his long cloth uniform around him. We rose and entered my friend's rooms, where the warmth of the lights, the soft rugs and downy cushions, invited us temptingly to sit down and continue our conversation. But it was late, for Isaacs, like a true Oriental, had not hurried himself over his narrative, and it had been nine o'clock when we sat down to smoke. So I bade him good-night, and, musing on all I had heard and seen, retired to my own apartments, glancing at Sirius and at the unhappy-looking moon before I turned in from the veranda.

Mr. Isaacs, Chapter I, 1882.

THE NOVEL[1]

WHAT IT IS

There is much talk in our day of the realistic school of fiction, and the romantic school, though not often mentioned, is understood to be opposed to it. Of course, it is easy to enter into a long discussion about the exact meanings of the two words; but, on the whole, it seems to be true that if the people who talk about schools of fiction mean anything or wish to mean anything, which sometimes seems doubtful, they mean this: the realist proposes to show men what they are; the romanticist tries to show men what they should be. It is very unlikely that mankind will ever agree as to the relative merits of these two, and the discussion which was practically begun in Plato's time is not likely to end so long as people care what they read or what they think. The most any one can do is to give a personal opinion, and that means, of course, that he who expresses it commits himself and publicly takes either the one side or the other. For my part, I believe that more good can be done by showing men what they may be, or can be, than by describing their greatest weaknesses with the highest art. We all know how bad we are; but it needs much encouragement to persuade some of us to believe that we can really be any better. To create genuine interest, and afford rest and legitimate amusement, without losing sight of that fact, and to do so in a more or less traditional way, seems to be the profession of the novelist who belongs to the romantic persuasion.

That novel-writing is a business I am credibly informed by my publishers. And since that is the case, it must be taken for granted that it is a business which to some extent must be practised like any other and which will succeed or fail in the hands of any particular man according as he is more or less fitted to carry it on. The qualifications for any business are three: native talent, education, and industry. Where there is success of the right kind, the talent and power of application must be taken for granted. The education is and always must be a question of circumstance. With regard to novel-writing, when I speak of education I am not referring to it in the ordinary sense. Some people take a great deal of interest in concrete things, while others care more for humanity. The education of a novelist is the experience of men and

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women which he has got at first hand in the course of his own life, for he is of that class to whom humanity offers a higher interest than inanimate nature. He can use nature and art only as a scene and background upon which and before which his personages move and have their being. It is his business to present his readers with something which I have called the pocket-theater, something which every man may carry in his pocket, believing that he has only to open it in order to look in upon the theater of the living world. To produce it, to prepare it, to put it into a portable and serviceable shape, the writer must know what that living world is, what the men in it do and what the women think, why women shed tears and children laugh and young men make love and old men repeat themselves. While he is writing his book, his human beings must be with him, before him, moving before the eye of his mind and talking into the ear of his heart. He must have lived himself; he must have loved, fought, suffered, and struggled in the human battle. I would almost say that to describe another's death he must himself have died.

All this accounts perhaps for the fact that readers are many and writers few. The reader knows one side of life, his own, better than the writer possibly can, and he reads with the greatest interest those books which treat of lives like his own. But the writer must have seen and known many phases of existence, and this is what the education of the novelist means: to know and understand, so far as he is able, men and women who have been placed in unusual circumstances. And this need not and should not lead him into creating altogether imaginary characters, not men and women whose circumstances are not only unusual, but altogether impossible. We see grotesque pieces given at the theater — too grotesque and too often given — which make us laugh, but never make us think. They would not make good novels. The novel must amuse, indeed, but should amuse reasonably, from an intellectual point of view, rather than as a piece of good fun. Its object is to make one see men and women who might really live, talk, and act as they do in the book, and some of whom one would perhaps like to imitate. Its intention is to amuse and please, and certainly not to teach or preach; but in order to amuse well it must be a finely-balanced creation, neither hysterical with tears nor convulsed with perpetual laughter. The one is as tiring as the other and, in the long run, as unnatural.

It is easy, comparatively speaking, to appeal to the emotions, but it is hard to appeal to the heart. This may sound somewhat contradictory at first, but there is truth in it, nevertheless. The outward emotions are in real life much more the expressions of the temperament than of what we call the heart. We all know that there are men and women who laugh and cry more easily than others, and we are rather inclined to believe that these are not they who feel most deeply. A very difficult question here presents itself. Bacon says somewhere that we are apt to extol the powers of the human intellect without invoking its aid as often as we might. This extolling of humanity has been a fashion of late years, and it has not yet disappeared, though its popularity is waning fast. In England Sir Andrew Clarke, M.D., has recently talked learnedly of 'the religion of the body,' and Lord Coleridge with eloquence of 'the religion of the mind.' These things are good enough, no doubt, but what of the religion of the heart, which is after all the only religion there is — if the heart is the earthly representative of the soul? There are some people — fewer than is generally supposed — who really do not believe in the existence of the soul. Let me tell them that they are very near to denying the existence of the heart. Perhaps some of them do, and they may live to repent of their unbelief in this world, if not in the next.

What is the heart, or rather, what do we in common conversation and writing understand by that word? It looks a great deal like attempting to define belief, but belief has received an excellent definition, for belief is knowledge and nothing else, so far as the individual who holds it is concerned. What we call the heart in each man and woman seems to mean the whole body of innate and inherited instincts, impulses, and beliefs, taken together, and in that relation to one another in which they stand after they have been acted upon throughout the individual's life by the inward vicissitudes and the

outward circumstances to which he has been exposed. When all this is quiescent I think we call it Self. When roused to emotional activity we call it Heart. But whatever we call it, it is to this Self or Heart that everything which is ethic and therefore permanent must appeal.

The foundation of good fiction and good poetry seems to be ethic rather than æsthetic. Everything in either which appeals to the taste, that is, to the æsthetic side, may ultimately perish as a mere matter of fashion; but that which speaks to man as man, independently of his fashions, his habits, and his tastes, must live and find a hearing with humanity so long as humanity is human. The right understanding of men and women leads to the right relations of men and women, and in this way, if in any, a novel may do good; when written to attain this end, it may live; when addressed to the constant element in human nature, it has as good a right and as good a chance of pleasing the men and women of the world in our day, as it had to appeal to the intellect of Pericles or to thrill the delicate sensibilities of Aspasia. Their novels were plays in outward effect, as ours should be in inward substance, and we must needs confess that the form in which their intellectual artistic luxuries were presented to them was superior to that of the modern effort included in four hundred pages at one dollar and twenty-five cents. Possibly, even probably, it is unfair to us to compare ourselves with Sophocles, Euripides, and Aristophanes; yet the comparison suggests itself if the definition be true and if our novels really aspire to be plays.

We have indeed something in our favor which the genuine playwright has not. We appeal entirely to the imagination, and, unless we use algebraic *formulæ* or scientific discussion, we give no standard measure in our books by which to judge the whole. We can call up surroundings which never were and never can be possible in the world, and if we are able to do it well enough we can put impossible characters upon our stage and make them do impossible things, and the whole, acting upon a predisposed imagination, may create for the moment something almost like belief in the mind of the reader. We can conceive a tale fantastic beyond the bounds of probability, and if there be a touch of nature in it, we may for a while transport our readers into Fairyland. We can clothe all of this in poetic language if our command of the English tongue be equal to the occasion, and we can lend pathos to a monster and heroism to a burlesque man. But the writer of plays for the real theater cannot do this; if he does, he makes that which in theatrical language is called a 'burlesque' or 'a spectacle'; or, if he be a follower of the 'decadent school,' he may produce what he has decided to call by a new name — a production not always conducive to a high belief in human nature.

The writer of plays, if he write them for actual performance, has living interpreters, and they and he are judged by the standards of real life. He is to a great extent dependent upon his actors for the effect he hopes to produce, and they are dependent not only upon him, upon their individual education, depth of feeling, and power of expression, but also upon the material conditions and surroundings in which they have to do their work. The most dramatic scene of real life, if it actually took place on the stage of a theater, would seem a very dull and tame affair to any one who chanced to find himself in the body of the house. The fundamental lack of interest, until it has been artificially aroused, is a gulf not to be bridged by such simple means as being really 'natural.' The art of the actor lies in knowing the precise degree of exaggeration necessary to produce the impression that he is not exaggerating at all — but exaggeration there must be. Without it, neither the words nor the actions can speak or appeal to the intelligence of the spectator.

But we novelists are in an easier position in our relation to our audience. We are granted many privileges and have many advantages which the playwright has not; for we can appeal to the heart almost directly without the conscious intervention of practised eyes and ears, used to realities and eager to judge by real standards. We speak of Edwin's great height, broad shoulders, noble features and silken moustache, and are not obliged to look out for an actor who shall fulfil these conditions of manly beauty before we can be heard without being ridiculous. Angelina's heavy hair is a fact on paper; on the stage it is a wig, and must be a good one. Her liquid blue eyes are blue

because we say they are; but it would annoy a playwright to find that his leading actress had light gray ones, when Edwin must compare them to the depths of the blackest night.

All this is rather frivolous, perhaps; but a little frivolity is to the point here, since there can be no amusement without a dash of it, and we profess to provide diversion to meet the public demand. With most men who have molded, hacked, and chiselled the world into history, to think has been to act. With us novelists, so far as the world need know us, to think is to dream, and perhaps to dream only little dreams of merely passing significance. Few novelists are poets; only one or two have been statesmen; none have been conquerors. I suppose we are very insignificant figures compared with the great ones of this earth; but to our comfort we may dream, and if we need consolation we may console ourselves, as Montaigne puts it, with the art which small souls have to interest great ones, *'L'art qu'ont les petites âmes d'intéresser les grandes.'*

Frivolity is not weakness, though in excess it may be a weakness. *'Carpe diem'* is a good motto for the morning, but in the evening *'Dulce desipere in loco'* is not to be despised as a piece of advice. The frivolities of great men and famous women have filled volumes of memoirs, and are not without interest to the little, as our little interests do not always seem dull to the great. The greater men are, the more heart they have, good or bad, and the easier it is to affect them through it, through the multiform feelings which their varied lives have created within them, or through the few strong sentiments by which most of them are ruled, guided, or impelled according as they are conscientious, calculating, or impulsive, and to some extent according to their nationality, a matter which has almost as much to do with the author's dream as with the reader's subjective interpretation of it, and which largely determines the balance between sentiment and sentimentality.

Sentiment heightens the value of works of fiction as sentimentality lowers it. Sentimentality is to sentiment as sensuality to passion. The distinction is not a fine one and has grown common enough in our day to be universally understood. We owe it, I think, to the international balance of sentiment and sentimentality that the novelists of the present day are the French, Anglo-Saxons, and Russians. With all due respect to the great German intelligence, it does not seem capable of producing what we call a novel though it turns out most excellent plays. The German mind, measured by our standard, is sentimental, not romantic. Perhaps there is as much romance to be found in the history and traditions of Germany up to a date which I should place at about forty years ago as there is anywhere in the civilized world. Yet for some reason or other, the modern German, as I have said, seems to be more sentimental than romantic in his habits of thought and feeling.

It is not possible in a paper of this length to inquire into the foundations of sentimentality and romance. Practically, however, what we call a romantic life is one full of romantic incidents which came unsought, as the natural consequence and result of a man's or a woman's character. It is therefore necessarily an exceptional life, and as such should have exceptional interest for the majority. When our lives are not filled with emotions, they are too often crammed with insignificant details too insignificant to bear recording in a novel, but yet making up for each of us all the significance life has. The great emotions are not every-day phenomena, and it is the desire to experience them vicariously which creates the demand for fiction and thereby and at the same time a demand for emotion. This is felt more particularly nowadays than formerly.

There was a great deal of artificiality in the last century, and I believe very little real emotion or true sentiment. The evidences of the truth of this statement appear sufficiently, I think, in the current literature, the music, and the social manners of that time. Of the three the music alone has survived. Musicians constitute, in a certain sense, a caste, not unlike the Christian priesthood or the Buddhist brotherhood. Their art is more distinctly handed down from teacher to scholar, from master to pupil, than any other, and this may perhaps account for their unwillingness to break through their traditions and accepted rules. Few persons, however, can listen to an average sym-

phony for orchestra, or sonata for piano, especially to the *allegro* movements, without being struck by the utter conventionality and artificiality of many parts of the production. This, it seems to me, is not due to the instinct of the musician, nor to the taste of the musical public, but is a distinct survival of a former existence, as much as the caudal appendage or the buttons on the backs of our coats. This is probably rank heresy from the musical point of view, and, like all I say here, is a mere personal opinion; but to judge by analogy from the remains of other arts cultivated a hundred years ago, there seems to be some foundation for it. Can any one see such plays acted, for instance, as Sheridan's, without being forcibly struck by the total absence of spontaneity and the absolute submission to social routine of the average society man and woman of those days? Sheridan's comedies are undoubtedly as true to their times on the one hand as they are to human nature on the other, but the humanity of them is thrown into vivid and strong relief by the artificiality of the elements in the midst of which the chief actors have their being. As for the literature, it is hardly necessary for me to defend the statement that it was conventional. There was an intellectual dress, as it were, put on by the man of genius of those times. It hung loosely upon Goldsmith's irregular frame. It sat close, well-fitting and fashionable upon Addison, but Samuel Johnson's mighty limbs almost burst its seams and betrayed at every movement the giant who wore it. On a sudden the fashion changed, and it has not done changing yet.

The French Revolution seems to have introduced an emotional phase into social history, and to it we must attribute directly or indirectly many of our present tastes and fashions. With it began the novel in France. With it the novel in the English language made a fresh start and assumed a new form. To take a very simple view of the question, I should like to hazard, as a guess, the theory that when the world had lived at a very high pressure during the French Revolution, the wars of Napoleon, and what has been called the 'awakening of the peoples,' it had acquired permanently 'the emotional habit,' just as a man who takes opium or morphia cannot do without the one or the other. There was a general desire felt to go on experiencing without dangerous consequences those varying conditions of hope, fear, disappointment and triumph in which the whole world's nervous system had thrilled daily during so many years and at such fearful cost. The children of the women who had gone to the scaffold with Marie Antoinette, the sons of the men who had charged with Murat, who had stood by La Tour d'Auvergne, or who had fired their parting shot with Ney, were not satisfied to dwell in returning peace and reviving prosperity with nothing but insipid tales of shepherds and shepherdesses to amuse them. They wanted sterner, rougher stuff. They created a demand, and it was forthwith supplied, and their children and children's children have followed their progenitors' footsteps in war and have adopted their tastes in peace.

Modern civilization, too, has done what it could to stir the hearts of men. Evil communications corrupt good manners, and it is not a play upon words to say that the increased facility of actual communications has widened and deepened those channels of communication which are evil, and increased at the same time the demand for all sorts of emotion, bad or good. Not that emotion of itself is bad. It is often the contrary. Even the momentary reflection of true love is a good thing in itself. It is good that men and women should realize that a great affection is, or can be, a reality to many as well as a convenient amusement or a heart-rending drama to a few.

Modern civilization has created modern vices, modern crimes, modern virtues, austerities, and generosities. The crimes of to-day were not dreamed of a hundred years ago, any more than the sublimity of the good deeds done in our time to remedy our time's mistakes. And between the angel and the beast of this ending century lie great multitudes of ever-shifting, ever-changing lives, neither very bad nor very good, but in all cases very different from what lives used to be in the good old days when time meant time and not money. There, too, in that vast land of mediocrities, emotions play a part of which our grandfathers never heard, and being real, of the living, and of superior interest to those who feel them, reflect themselves in the novel of to-day, divert-

ing the course of true love into very tortuous channels and varying the tale that is ever young with features that are often new. Within a few short months I myself have lived in a land where modern means of communication are not, and I have come to live here, where applied science is doing her best to eliminate distance as a factor from the equation of exchanges, financial and intellectual. The difference between the manifestations of human feeling in Southern Italy and North America is greater and wider than can be explained in intelligible terms. Yet it is but skin-deep. Sentiment, sentimentality, taste, fashion, daily speech, acquired science, and transmitted tradition cleanse, soil, model, or deface the changing shell of mutable mortality, and nothing which appeals to that shell alone can have permanent life; but the prime impulses of the heart are, broadly speaking, the same in all ages and almost in all races. The brave man's beats as strongly in battle to-day, the coward's stands as suddenly still in the face of danger, boys and girls still play with love, men and women still suffer for love, and the old still warn youth and manhood against love's snares — all that and much more comes from depths not reached by civilizations nor changed by fashions. Those deep waters the real novel must fathom, sounding the tide-stream of passion and bringing up such treasures as lie far below and out of sight — out of reach of the individual in most cases — until the art of the story-teller makes him feel that they are or might be his. Cæsar commanded his legionaries to strike at the face. Humanity, the novelist's master, bids him strike only at the heart.

From *The Novel: What It Is,* 1893.

EDITH MATILDA THOMAS (1854–)

The leader of the feminine poets of the later period unquestionably is Edith M. Thomas, born at Chatham, Ohio, and educated in the Normal Institute of that state. Her earliest work began to appear in the early eighties, and encouraged by Helen Hunt Jackson, who was the first to discover her powers, she issued her first volume, *A New Year's Masque and Other Poems*, in 1885. Since then twelve other volumes of her poems have appeared, the latest, *The Flower from the Ashes*, in 1915. Her home since 1888 has been New York. Stedman gave her high praise: 'Her place is secure among the truest living poets of our English tongue.' In style her work is classical — Greek often in its restraint and its chaste finish — remote and timeless, and yet in spirit and message it is always truly American.

SYRINX[1]

Come forth, too timid spirit of the reed!
Leave thy plashed coverts and elusions shy,
And find delight at large in grove and mead.
No ambushed harm, no wanton's peering eye,
The shepherd's uncouth god thou needst not fear,—
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

'T is but the vagrant wind that makes thee start,
The pleasure-loving south, the freshening west;
The willow's woven veil they softly part,
To fan the lily on the stream's warm breast:
No ruder stir, no footstep pressing near,—
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.

Whether he lies in some mossed wood asleep,
And heeds not how the acorns drop around,
Or in some shelly cavern near the deep,
Lulled by its pulses of eternal sound,
He wakes not, answers not, our sylvan cheer,—
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Else we had seen him, through the mists of morn,
To upland pasture lead his bleating charge;
There is no shag upon the stunted thorn,
No hoof-print on the river's silver marge;
Nor broken branch of pine, nor ivied spear,—
Pan has not passed this way for many a year.
O tremulous elf, reach me a hollow pipe,
The best and smoothest of thy mellow store!
Now I may blow till Time be hoary ripe,
And listening streams forsake the paths they wore:
Pan loved the sound, but now will never hear,—
Pan has not trimmed a reed this many a year!

And so, come feebly forth, and through the sedge
Lift up a dimpled, warm, Arcadian face,
As on that day when fear thy feet did fledge,
And thou didst safely win the breathless race.—
I am deceived: nor Pan nor thou art here,—
Pan has been gone this many a silent year.

Atlantic Monthly, March, 1882.

1 Copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

FLOWN BIRDS[1]

Could we but know where henceforth they abide,
Whose carols from our garden trees have died —
We, who but feel the season grow unkind,
That they have left behind!

Here are their nests, their falling, wind-racked nests,
Despised homes, whose builders now are guests
In some bright alien land we never saw,
Some clime that breathes no flaw.
They in their flight wake the light sleeper, Spring;

In frostless groves they stir their wings and sing;
Green boughs and waving meadows green are theirs,
To haunt in happy pairs.

Who marks their flittings amid glossy leaves?
Who bids them welcome under friendly eaves?
What names in mellow tongues, to us unknown,
Do they henceforward own?

We have no prescience, no remembrance they;
Let be. Grief crosses not their blessed way.
Be glad they know not of our waning year
And storms that gather here.

The Independent, Oct. 13, 1883.

EXORCISM [1]

A Fear sat by my door both day and night;
I could not sleep, nor food nor drink could taste;
From dusk to dawn I kept a well-trimmed light;
A double lock upon the door I placed.

What could I do? First, idle songs I sung,
And strove to keep my woeful heart in cheer;
So trembled my unwilling voice and tongue,
To him who sat without 't was sport to hear.

Next, I unto my learned books did turn,
In hopes some potent charm therefrom to read;
With vexèd soul, I bade their dry leaves burn,
Who could not help me in my utmost need.

At last I thought 't were best my foe to face
(Bold had I grown by counsel of despair);
I oped the door; the Fear, with mocking grace,
Bade me good-by, and vanished in the air.

The Independent, Apr. 24, 1884.

THE LEADERS [1]

Hail to the leaders of men, the sovereigns by grace of God,
Who flinch not and fear not to venture where none before them have trod!

As lightning unsheathed from the clouds, to chasten the pestilent air,
As fire running swift through the sere-wood, their spirit shall Heaven prepare.

Lo, the armed leader alone! But soon not single he stands;
Not quicker sown teeth of the dragon sprang up in militant bands
About the great founder of Thebes than rallying legions arise,
And circle a leader of men, and lift his loved name to the skies.
Then, whereso he biddeth them strike, there draw they the glittering blade,
And whereso he biddeth them pause, the tide of the battle is stayed;
The field being won, he teacheth how victors should temper their pride;
The field being lost, how Truth and the Right beyond wasting abide.

Few are the leaders of men, yet many the liegemen they draw;
Fire of the courage in one, chill fear in a thousand shall thaw!
Still, as of old, Miltiades's trophies drive away sleep,
Still, at the parle of the trumpet, hearts responsive shall leap.
Wherefore we follow our leaders, and well: yet cannot discern
How they whom we follow exultant are also led in their turn.
But surely, unseen is their chieftain — no plume streaming white in their van —
Ah, surely, unseen is their chieftain, and ever a greater than man!
We move as their watchword commands; but a watchword more potent they hear.
The clang of the battle for us, for them music aerial-clear!
(So he who drank poison at Athens still heard the sweet voice of the law,
As the wild Corybantes the flutes of their deity listened in awe.)

They follow a deathless Idea — leader of leaders for aye,
That liveth, and wageth its strife, though we remain but a day;
That chooseth the man most fit, and setteth him foremost in fray.
Hail to the leaders of men, who know and their leader obey!
Yet we too, the liegemen — we too, though our sight exceed not a span —
Follow a deathless Idea, clothed in a puissant man.

The Independent, Aug. 6, 1885.

1 Copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER (1855–1896)

No other writer of the period was more versatile or more facile with his pen than H. C. Bunner. Opinions may differ as to whether he did his best work in prose or in poetry. In either case he chose most difficult literary forms,— the short story of the later French type and the dainty art forms of *vers de société*. By profession he was an editor,— editor of *Puck* from its establishment when he was twenty-two until his death at forty-one. He poured into its columns an enormous and surprising tide,— short stories, editorials, paragraphs, humor of every variety, poems, parodies,— everything the comic paper knows. This was his day's work: literature, however, was something different. The material for his books, like *Airs from Arcady* or *Short Sixes*, he wrought with fastidious care. His final output was small, but like the work of Aldrich, it is exquisitely done. His lyrics,— many of them in difficult French verse forms — are perfect in their finished art, yet seemingly they are spontaneous outbursts. He was our chief maker of *vers de société*, our laureate of the trivial. Within that limited domain he has had no American rival. The lyric 'Written on Valentine's Day' and the short story 'Father Anastatius' are here published for the first time.

OLD FRENCH METRICAL FORMS

[Within the last few months, the efforts of Messrs. Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Robert Bridges, and others, to revive certain old metrical forms have excited considerable interest. These dainty refinements of versification date back to the times of the Trouvères and Troubadors. The Provençal and kindred tongues being rich in strong accents, their prosody is in perfect accordance with the Anglo-Saxon system of rhythm, and Mr. Dobson, in his latest volume, has proved that these meters may be used in English with exquisite effect.

The following essays in the Chant Royal, Rondeau, Rondel, and Triolet forms may need a word of explanation. The Chant Royal has been called the 'final *tour de force*' of poetic composition. It was 'reserved for the celebration of divine mysteries, or for the exploits of some heroic race.' It is composed of five stanzas of eleven lines, all using the same set of five rimes, in the same order, and each ending with the refrain or burden. To this is added an Envoy of five or six lines (half the length of a stanza), ending also with the refrain, and beginning with an address to some dignitary or dignitaries, as 'Prince' or Barons.' The Rondeau consists of thirteen iambic lines of eight or ten syllables. It has but two rimes, and is divided into three stanzas, of five, three, and five lines respectively. The initial word or phrase (four syllables) repeated at the end of the second and third stanzas, forms the unrimed refrain. Apropos of refrains in general, it must be noted that a slight shade of difference, in sentiment or verbal meaning, should be introduced at each repetition. In the Ballade, Rondel, and Triolet slight variations in the phraseology are permissible. The Rondel has fourteen eight-syllable lines, on two rimes. The refrain is the two lines beginning the first quartrain, repeated at the end of the second, and again to close the final stanza of six lines. The Rondel here given is written on the plan of a re-arrangement introduced by Mr. Austin Dobson. The Triolet is a condensed Rondel. It has eight lines and two rimes and begins and ends with a two-line refrain, the first line being, moreover, repeated to form the fourth.]

A PITCHER OF MIGNONETTE

[Triolet]

A pitcher of mignonette,
In a tenement's highest casement:
Queer sort of flower-pot — yet
That pitcher of mignonette
Is a garden of heaven set,
To the little sick child in the basement —
The pitcher of mignonette,
In the tenement's highest casement.

O HONEY OF HYMETTUS HILL

Rondel

[*Dobson's Variation*]

O honey of Hymettus Hill,
Gold-brown, and cloying sweet to taste,
Wert here for the soft amorous bill
Of Aphrodite's courser placed?

Thy musky scent what virginal chaste
Blossom was ravished to distill,
O honey of Hymettus Hill,
Gold-brown, and cloying sweet to taste?

What upturned calyx drank its fill
When ran the draught divine to waste,
That her white hands were doomed to spill—
Sweet Hebe, fallen and disgraced—
O honey of Hymettus Hill
Gold-brown, and cloying sweet to taste?

ON NEWPORT BEACH

[Rondeau]

On Newport beach there ran right merrily,
In dainty navy-blue clothed to the knee,
Thence to the foot in white, *au naturel*,
A little maid. Fair was she, truth to tell,
As Oceanus' child, Callirrhoë.

In the soft sand lay one small shell, its wee
Keen scallops tinct with faint-hues, such as be
In girlish cheeks. In some old storm it fell
On Newport beach.

There was a bather of the species *he*,
Who saw the little maid go toward the sea;
Rushing to help her through the billowy swell,
He set his sole upon the little shell,
And heaped profanely phrasëd obloquy
On Newport beach.

Scribner's Monthly,
June, 1878.

READY FOR THE RIDE—1795

Through the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,
As in the old days when he rode with her,
With joy of Love that had fond Hope to bride,
One year ago had made her pulses stir.

Now shall no wish with any day recur
(For Love and Death part year and year full wide),
Through the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,
As in the old days when he rode with her.

No ghost there lingers of the smile that died
On the sweet pale lip where his kisses were—
. . . Yet still she turns her delicate head aside,
If she may hear him come with jingling spur—
Through the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,
As in the old days when he rode with her.

Scribner's Monthly,
September, 1878

'SHE WAS A BEAUTY'[1]

Rondel

She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President;
And quite coquettish in her ways—
On conquests of the heart intent.

Grandpapa, on his right knee bent,
Wooed her in stiff, old-fashioned phrase—
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

And when your roses where hers went
Shall go, my Rose, who date from Hayes,
I hope you 'll wear her sweet content
Of whom tradition lightly says:
She was a beauty in the days
When Madison was President.

Scribner's Monthly,
Feb., 1879.

WRITTEN ON VALENTINE'S DAY

O Love of mine, 't is well for us the Spring
Should show its earliest signs upon this day,—
The day of Love, the first the glad years bring
To us twain journeying on our way.

Your bird into a song of greeting breaks
The fair face of the Spring-warmed sun to see:
Could he or I but ring the Spring that wakes,
O Love of mine, O Love, for you and me!
(1886)

1 Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.

FATHER ANASTATIUS

Even journalists have vacations, and my vacation last summer took me to the Rangeley Lakes, in Maine. I went there after trout. I got there after trout — about two days, they told me, after the last big catch of the season. I did not catch much at Rangeley — indeed, so little that I was almost childishly pleased when I caught the train coming back.

But I heard a story while I was there which I think you would not like to hear, and I am going to tell it to you. The circumstances under which I heard it impressed it strongly upon my memory. The Rangeley Lakes are the reservoirs that supply the motive power to the mills on several of the principal rivers of Maine. They are owned by a company, and they are frequented by fishermen. The company dams the lakes, and the fishermen — condemn the company.

One day while I was up there, my guide left me alone in the boat, near the shore of the lake. No, not the shore. There is no shore. The lakes, as I have said, are dammed and the water has risen among the roots of the trees that encircle them, so that you see nothing before you but the trunks of the flooded trees, standing up like spiles, with a mysterious darkness behind them. He went off to gather moss, that guide did, in which to pack the fish I did n't catch, and he left me alone, to the most awful loneliness I have ever known. Away off, somewhere, the water bobbled and burbled over some shallow place — away off, somewhere else, the bull-frogs — thousands, millions of bull-frogs croaked and croaked. There was the great blue sky above me, and around me the great circle of the hills, looking one just like the other. I sat there in that boat until I got nearly crazy.

I thought I had been out there ten years — it was just half an hour — when a man happened along in another boat. I hailed him. I got him to draw up alongside of me; and he staid with me until the guide came back. He was a gloomy, saturnine man, whom I had seen around the fishing-grounds, and who was known as the Doctor. He told me that he was really a doctor.

'I understand how you feel,' he said. 'I used to feel so myself when I first came up here. You want something to divert your mind and distract your attention. You let me tell you a little story.' And this is the story that he told me to divert my mind, and distract my attention:

In 1862, he said, I was settled in a small village in New Jersey. It was a sort of suburb of a larger town, also, I regret to say, in New Jersey. There was a convent in the place, the convent of the Sacred Cross. I was visiting physician there, though I am not a Catholic. In the middle of the winter — I think it was in December — there was an epidemic of diphtheria in the poor quarter of the town. The sisters threw open the large hospital attached to the convent, and took in all the indigent sick. For several weeks my duties kept me at the convent night and day. Thus I saw a great deal of Father Anastatius, the senior priest resident in the convent. I was interested in Father Anastatius from the first moment that I set eyes upon him. Perhaps it would be better to say that I was fascinated by the man.

He was about forty years old, though he looked fifty at least. He was over six feet in height, and his frame was simply gigantic. In spite of his gray hair and his bloodless, dark face, he was the handsomest man I ever saw. His eyes alone would have made him handsome — great, dark, deep-sunken eyes, that fairly blazed and burned when he preached in his rapt, wild, ecstatic way, telling of the glories of the Church, of the demands she made upon her servants, of the promises she gave them. But even if his eager eyes had not possessed that terrible beauty, he would have been a wonderful man to look at. Worn with vigils and fasting until the wasted flesh had shrunk almost to the bone, his face had yet a sensuous, passionate strength. I knew when first I looked at him why he had made himself a priest. He would have been a devil, else. I knew also, before long, that he was killing himself, slowly but surely, with loss of sleep and lack of food.

I remonstrated with Father Anastatius. I had desired to speak to him on this subject; but, frankly, I had not dared, until Sister Agatha, the gentlest, sweetest and youngest of all the sisters — a little dove-like creature with soft gray eyes — came to me and pleaded with me, almost tearfully, to entreat the good father to take

more care of his perishable mortal tenement. I went to him as a physician, and told him that he must moderate his ascetic exercises if he wished to live and do his work. He heard me through, turned his great eyes full on me, and said, with a determination that I knew no words of mine could shake:

'I thank you, Doctor; but you are wasting your time. You speak well, according to your light. I obey a higher law. It will not fail me. I shall not change my ways.'

There was nothing more to be said. I left him to his mortification of the flesh; and Sister Agatha wept when I told her his answer.

'He will die,' she said.

Two weeks after Christmas, Father Anastatius was officiating in the convent chapel. It was the hour of meditation, and I slipped in, as I sometimes did, in leisure moments, to watch the strange spectacle of silent devotion. There sat the long row of novices, their heads bowed, still as so many statues — still as death. It was absolute silence, if you know what that is; a footfall would have seemed a desecration.

The chapel was still dressed in the garlands that had been hung there at Christmas time — now dry and withered. Suddenly a festoon broke, of its own weight, and one end swung into the flame of a gas-jet. I saw it — but in a helpless daze, for in three seconds the fire had flashed from one dry garland to another, and all the lower end of the room was one wild blaze of spreading flame. The frightened women shrieked and sobbed, and most of them rushed madly for the door near which I stood. I fought them back as best I could; for all behind me was one mass of fire, and no human being could have passed through.

There was one other exit from the place — a broad side-door, under the organ — and the flames already had spread to the loft. I tried to force myself through the crowd in that direction; but even as I did so I remembered with horror that repairs were being made in the corridor outside, and that a huge scaffolding stood right across the door, which opened outward.

Then, over the heads of the swaying crowd of helpless women, I saw Father Anastatius throw his mighty form against that great door, saw the veins stand out on his forehead, and his face grow black with the intensity of the struggle, and then saw the door give way, and saw the priest go down under the great heap of scaffolding and the wreck of the organ that came crashing down from above.

The way was clear, and we had the women out in a minute or two more, and the fire was subdued after half-an-hour of hard work. But when we got Father Anastatius out from under the mass of wreck that had overwhelmed him, we knew that the convent had lost its senior priest.

He was alive — it seemed probable that he might even live for some few hours — perhaps a day or two. But he was hideously injured. His left arm and leg were crushed into splinters. He was speechless; and it soon became clear that there was a paralysis of the vocal organs and probably some injury to the brain. We got him to bed at once, in the nearest of the convent cells — they were hardly to be called rooms. It was Sister Agatha's apartment. The poor child had fainted when she saw the priest's insensible form removed from the heap of timber and twisted organ-pipes, and we had put her in the hospital.

But for Father Anastatius there was nothing to be done but to make his last hours as easy as might be.

What we could, we did for him. It was little enough. He lay there in the narrow bed, by the door of the narrow cell, his left side swathed in cloths soaked with carbolic acid and water, for there was no possibility of an operation, and we did not expect that he would linger long. There was some power of movement on the right side — he moved his hand feebly, and seemed to dislike having it under the bedclothes, so we laid it outside. But he could not speak, and even those splendid eyes failed to give us any sign in answer to our questions as to his wishes and sensations. They stared at us in a troubled, anxious way; but they told us nothing. Late that night I spoke to him and let him know, as gently as I could, that the end was near; but I could not see that he understood me — though I know now that he did.

He lived through that night, and the next found him alive. His tremendous nervous strength, his superb vitality, kept

him alive — nothing else. He lay there speechless and motionless save for a feeble stirring of his right hand, and his great eyes wandered from face to face in a sort of half-intelligent helplessness.

That night Sister Agatha watched over him. And that you may understand something of what followed, I must tell you that the room was a narrow, cell-like box, perhaps twelve feet long by six broad. The bed was at one end, close by the door. At the other end, against the wall, stood the chair in which Sister Agatha sat. There was no other furniture in the room, except a small stand in the further corner, which held a wash-basin and pitcher, and a tiny looking-glass hanging over this. Beyond these things, the room was bare. The one small window, high up in the end of the room, above Sister Agatha's chair, was nailed fast. A small ventilator, sunk in the pane, gave all the necessary air.

I had been looking after the hospital patients up to eleven o'clock that night. Then I lay down, in the room next to that where Father Anastatius had been placed. I could not sleep, and lay with my eyes fixed on the door-way opening into the corridor. I heard the soft murmur of the voices of the nuns assembled in the room on the other side of Sister Agatha's, which held the sick man. There were no doors in the opposite wall of the corridor. It was blank and solid, for a hundred feet on each side of my room.

At half-past twelve o'clock, or thereabouts, I was startled into full wakefulness by a sudden outcry among the nuns in the further room. They had heard a cry from Sister Agatha, and had hurried into the narrow cell between us. There they had found Sister Agatha, still seated in her chair, and *choked to death.* Her hand was at her throat, as if to draw another hand away, and high up on her white neck — if you were a physician I could tell you just where — were two dark spots, one on each side.

She had been strangled. That was obvious. The Coroner's Jury found a verdict 'in accordance with the facts.' But who had strangled her? We could get no information whatever from Father Anastatius. He was in a state of wild excitement when we entered the room, and although we questioned him, and asked him to answer with his eyes, we could extract nothing from him. He showed an uncontrollable desire to communicate with us; but he was so seriously excited that we did not dare to press him.

The papers took hold of it, and made it a 'celebrated case.' It did not need that, however, to enlist my interest in unraveling the mystery. Mystery it was. On one side of the sick man's room was mine; and I had lain awake, staring at the corridor, for an hour and a half. No one had passed through the corridor from my side. The nuns in the corresponding room beyond testified to the same thing for their end of the passageway. The window in the room, as I have told you, was closed — nailed tight. Here was a murder. How had it been done?

I thought I could draw the truth from Father Anastatius. I believed that by some adroit system of questioning I could force him to signal to me, with those strong restless eyes, some hint of the hidden truth. All through the next day I devoted myself to the care of that broken, helpless being, lying there, silent and wakeful, on his bed of agony.

All through that day I watched him. Hour after hour, my eyes sought his. And, late in the day, watching him thus, a hideous idea came into my mind. It was idiotic — it was senseless — it was mad — but it was there. I thought — I felt — that he — Father Anastatius — was the murderer. Yes, it was wild. There was no reason or excuse for it. I knew that he had never stirred — that he never would stir — from the bed where he lay bound and utterly helpless. And all the same, deep in my heart, I felt — how can I tell what I felt? I only know that I looked at him, and my eyes told him something; and that he looked back at me, and I thought that I saw a deadly defiance in his eyes.

That night it was I who watched with him. I had arranged it so; and it was with a feeling that the revelation would somehow come that night that I sat down in the chair where Sister Agatha had sat, two nights before.

I think it must have been between twelve and one o'clock when I looked up at him. I had looked at him before; but this time it was with a difference. My eyes met his, and could not turn away. Clear across the room, I saw those terrible eyes, fixed upon mine — looking into mine

— looking into the very soul of me. For the first startled moment, I did not know what they said to me. Then it came upon me, with a dumb, paralyzed, ineffectual horror. 'You know me,' they said; 'and I — and I —'

The unspoken threat grew to be a reality. As those eyes glared into mine I felt the power of a stronger will that held mine captive. My dull, captured, observant gaze noted a slow movement of the thin, muscular hand that lay on the coverlid — that right hand that still could move. Slowly — slowly — slowly I saw it rise, trembling and uncertain, but instinct with nervous strength. I saw it rise till it neared his throat — and then — I saw my own hand raised, as his was raised, and knew that it was moving closer and closer to my own throat, and that no power of mine could stay it. That iron will had closed upon mine in a mighty grasp. His fingers, long, lean and strong, closed upon his throat in a gesture that mine obeyed with an actual grip that sent the blood to my face, and stopped my breath. The eyes still glared at me, with a pitiless determination. I fought, within myself, with all the strength that there was in me — and all the time my fingers tightened on my throat. My breath was gone — my heart beat like a trip-hammer — and then — suddenly — like a flash of lightning, there came a quick, realizing sense of the death that was so near; and with one frightful struggle, I freed myself, and sprang to my feet.

There was a gurgling, gasping cry of pain from the bed, and when the nuns in the next room hurried in, they found Father Anastatius dead.

And I? Well, I did not say anything about it, at the time. You see I had a great pity for Sister Agatha.

(1889 or 1890)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT (1858–1919)

To none of the Presidents of the United States can the title 'man of letters' be so properly applied as to Theodore Roosevelt, the twenty-sixth occupant of the presidential chair. The list of his books includes upward of thirty titles not counting the various volumes of his official correspondence and state papers. Nor were his literary efforts all in a single field. He wrote history,— *The Naval War of 1812*, 1822, *The Winning of the West*, 1889–96, *A History of New York*, 1890; he wrote biography,— lives of Thomas Hart Benton, Gouverneur Morris, and Oliver Cromwell; he published an interesting set of books of travel and adventure, records of his own hunting and exploring trips in the Rocky Mountains, in Africa, and South America; he produced many essays which he collected in volumes like *American Ideals*, 1907, and *History as Literature*, 1913; he wrote much on natural history, producing books like *The Deer Family*, and *Life History of African Game Animals;* and in addition to all this were his autobiographical writings, his various lectures, and his orations.

Like the man himself, all his work is characterized by earnestness, by emphatic power, and by insistence upon truth and the moral fundamentals. He was clear rather than elegant; forceful rather than polished. His *Winning of the West*, is a valuable historical study and it is to be regretted that the manifold duties of his later public life did not permit him to finish it. In all that he wrote there was a sturdy Americanism. His vigorous addresses like 'The Strenuous Life' should be read by all young Americans.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE[1]

In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preëminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself and from his sons shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace, is to be the first consideration in their eyes — to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? You men of Chicago have made this city great, you men of Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great, because you neither preach nor practise such a doctrine. You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research — work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation. We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor, who is prompt to help a friend, but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail, but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort.

[1] From the *Strenuous Life; Essays and Addresses*, copyright by the Century Co.

Freedom from effort in the present merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period, not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer of the earth's surface, and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

In the last analysis a healthy state can exist only when the men and women who make it up lead clean, vigorous, healthy lives; when the children are so trained that they shall endeavor, not to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them; not to seek ease, but to know how to wrest triumph from toil and risk. The man must be glad to do a man's work, to dare and endure and to labor; to keep himself, and to keep those dependent upon him. The woman must be the housewife, the helpmeet of the homemaker, the wise and fearless mother of many healthy children. In one of Daudet's powerful and melancholy books he speaks of 'the fear of maternity, the haunting terror of the young wife of the present day.' When such words can be truthfully written of a nation, that nation is rotten to the heart's core. When men fear work or fear righteous war, when women fear motherhood, they tremble on the brink of doom; and well it is that they should vanish from the earth, where they are fit subjects for the scorn of all men and women who are themselves strong and brave and high-minded.

As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that peace was the end of all things, and war and strife the worst of all things, and had acted up to their belief, we would have saved hundreds of thousands of lives, we would have saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we would have prevented the heartbreak of many women, the dissolution of many homes, and we would have spared the country those months of gloom and shame when it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat. We could have avoided all this suffering simply by shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it, we would have shown that we were weaklings, and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for the iron in the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln, and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant! Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days, let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion, praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected; that the suffering and loss, the blackness of sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced, and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among nations.

We of this generation do not have to face a task such as that our fathers faced, but we have our tasks, and woe to us if we fail to perform them! We cannot, if we would, play the part of China, and be content to rot by inches in ignoble ease within our borders, taking no interest in what goes on beyond them, sunk in a scrambling commercialism; heedless of the higher life, the life of aspiration, of toil and risk, busying ourselves only with the wants of our bodies for the day, until suddenly we should find, beyond a shadow of question, what China has already found, that in this world the nation that has trained itself to a career of unwarlike

and isolated ease is bound, in the end, to go down before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities. If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is whether we shall meet them well or ill. In 1898 we could not help being brought face to face with the problem of war with Spain. All we could decide was whether we should shrink like cowards from the contest, or enter into it as beseemed a brave and high-spirited people; and, once in, whether failure or success should crown our banners. So it is now. We cannot avoid the responsibilities that confront us in Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. All we can decide is whether we shall meet them in a way that shall redound to the national credit, or whether we shall make of our dealings with these new problems a dark and shameful page in our history. To refuse to deal with them at all merely amounts to dealing with them badly. We have a given problem to solve. If we undertake the solution, there is, of course, always danger that we may not solve it aright; but to refuse to undertake the solution simply renders it certain that we cannot possibly solve it aright. The timid man, the lazy man, the man who distrusts his country, the over-civilized man, who has lost the great fighting, masterful virtues, the ignorant man, and the man of dull mind, whose soul is incapable of feeling the mighty lift that thrills 'stern men with empires in their brains'—all these, of course, shrink from seeing the nation undertake its new duties; shrink from seeing us build a navy and an army adequate to our needs; shrink from seeing us do our share of the world's work, by bringing order out of chaos in the great, fair tropic islands from which the valor of our soldiers and sailors has driven the Spanish flag. These are the men who fear the strenuous life, who fear the only national life which is really worth leading. They believe in that cloistered life which saps the hardy virtues in a nation, as it saps them in the individual; or else they are wedded to that base spirit of gain and greed which recognizes in commercialism the be-all and end-all of national life, instead of realizing that, though an indispensable element, it is, after all, but one of the many elements that go to make up true national greatness. No country can long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, from hard, unsparing effort in the fields of industrial activity; but neither was any nation ever yet truly great if it relied upon material prosperity alone. All honor must be paid to the architects of our material prosperity, to the great captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads, to the strong men who toil for wealth with brain or hand; for great is the debt of the nation to these and their kind. But our debt is still greater to the men whose highest type is to be found in a statesman like Lincoln, a soldier like Grant. They showed by their lives that they recognized the law of work, the law of strife; they toiled to win a competence for themselves and those dependent upon them; but they recognized that there were yet other and even loftier duties — duties to the nation and duties to the race.

We cannot sit huddled within our own borders and avow ourselves merely an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters who care nothing for what happens beyond. Such a policy would defeat even its own end; for as the nations grow to have ever wider and wider interests, and are brought into closer and closer contact, if we are to hold our own in the struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, we must build up our power without our own borders. We must build the isthmian canal, and we must grasp the points of vantage which will enable us to have our say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and the West.

So much for the commercial side. From the standpoint of international honor the argument is even stronger. The guns that thundered off Manila and Santiago left us echoes of glory, but they also left us a legacy of duty. If we drove out a medieval tyranny only to make room for savage anarchy, we had better not have begun the task at all. It is worse than idle to say that we have no duty to perform, and can leave to their fates the islands we have conquered. Such a course would be the course of infamy. It would be followed at once by utter chaos in the wretched islands themselves. Some

stronger, manlier power would have to step in and do the work, and we would have shown ourselves weaklings, unable to carry to successful completion the labors that great and high-spirited nations are eager to undertake.

The work must be done; we cannot escape our responsibility; and if we are worth our salt, we shall be glad of the chance to do the work — glad of the chance to show ourselves equal to one of the great tasks set modern civilization. But let us not deceive ourselves as to the importance of the task. Let us not be misled by vainglory into underestimating the strain it will put on our powers. Above all, let us, as we value our own self-respect, face the responsibilities with proper seriousness, courage, and high resolve. We must demand the highest order of integrity and ability in our public men who are to grapple with these new problems. We must hold to a rigid accountability those public servants who show unfaithfulness to the interests of the nation or inability to rise to the high level of the new demands upon our strength and our resources.

Of course we must remember not to judge any public servant by any one act, and especially should we beware of attacking the men who are merely the occasions and not the causes of disaster. Let me illustrate what I mean by the army and the navy. If twenty years ago we had gone to war, we should have found the navy as absolutely unprepared as the army. At that time our ships could not have encountered with success the fleets of Spain any more than nowadays we can put untrained soldiers, no matter how brave, who are armed with archaic black-powder weapons, against well-drilled regulars armed with the highest type of modern repeating rifle. But in the early eighties the attention of the nation became directed to our naval needs. Congress most wisely made a series of appropriations to build up a new navy, and under a succession of able and patriotic secretaries, of both political parties, the navy was gradually built up, until its material became equal to its splendid personnel, with the result that in the summer of 1898 it leaped to its proper place as one of the most brilliant and formidable fighting navies in the entire world. We rightly pay all honor to the men controlling the navy at the time it won these great deeds, honor to Secretary Long and Admiral Dewey, to the captains who handled the ships in action, to the daring lieutenants who braved death in the smaller craft, and to the heads of bureaus at Washington who saw that the ships were so commanded, so armed, so equipped, so well engined, as to insure the best results. But let us also keep ever in mind that all this would not have availed if it had not been for the wisdom of the men who during the preceding fifteen years had built up the navy. Keep in mind the secretaries of the navy during those years; keep in mind the senators and congressmen who by their votes gave the money necessary to build and to armor the ships, to construct the great guns, and to train the crews; remember also those who actually did build the ships, the armor, and the guns; and remember the admirals and captains who handled battle-ship, cruiser, and torpedo-boat on the high seas, alone and in squadrons, developing the seamanship, the gunnery, the power of acting together, which their successors utilized so gloriously at Manila and off Santiago. And, gentlemen, remember the converse, too. Remember that justice has two sides. Be just to those who built up the navy, and, for the sake of the future of the country, keep in mind those who opposed its building up. Read the *Congressional Record*. Find out the senators and congressmen who opposed the grants for building the new ships; who opposed the purchase of armor, without which the ships were worthless; who opposed any adequate maintenance for the Navy Department, and strove to cut down the number of men necessary to man our fleets. The men who did all these things were one and all working to bring disaster on the country. They have no share in the glory of Manila, in the honor of Santiago. They have no cause to feel proud of the valor of our sea-captains, of the renown of our flag. Their motives may or may not have been good, but their acts were heavily fraught with evil. They did ill for the national honor, and we won in spite of their sinister opposition.

Now, apply all this to our public men of to-day. Our army has never been built up as it should be built up. I shall not discuss with an audience like this the puerile suggestion that a nation of seventy millions of freemen is in danger of losing

its liberties from the existence of an army of one hundred thousand men, three-fourths of whom will be employed in certain foreign islands, in certain coast fortresses, and on Indian reservations. No man of good sense and stout heart can take such a proposition seriously. If we are such weaklings as the proposition implies, then we are unworthy of freedom in any event. To no body of men in the United States is the country so much indebted as to the splendid officers and enlisted men of the regular army and navy. There is no body from which the country has less to fear, and none of which it should be prouder, none which it should be more anxious to upbuild.

Our army needs complete reorganization,— not merely enlarging,— and the reorganization can only come as the result of legislation. A proper general staff should be established, and the positions of ordnance, commissary, and quartermaster officers should be filled by detail from the line. Above all, the army must be given the chance to exercise in large bodies. Never again should we see, as we saw in the Spanish war, major-generals in command of divisions who had never before commanded three companies together in the field. Yet, incredible to relate, Congress has shown a queer inability to learn some of the lessons of the war. There were large bodies of men in both branches who opposed the declaration of war, who opposed the ratification of peace, who opposed the upbuilding of the army, and who even opposed the purchase of armor at a reasonable price for the battle-ships and cruisers, thereby putting an absolute stop to the building of any new fighting-ships for the navy. If, during the years to come, any disaster should befall our arms, afloat or ashore, and thereby any shame come to the United States, remember that the blame will lie upon the men whose names appear upon the roll-call of Congress on the wrong side of these great questions. On them will lie the burden of any loss of our soldiers and sailors, of any dishonor to the flag; and upon you and the people of this country will lie the blame if you do not repudiate, in no unmistakable way, what these men have done. The blame will not rest upon the untrained commander of untried troops, upon the civil officers of a department the organization of which has been left utterly inadequate, or upon the admiral with an insufficient number of ships; but upon the public men who have so lamentably failed in forethought as to refuse to remedy these evils long in advance, and upon the nation that stands behind those public men.

So, at the present hour, no small share of the responsibility for the blood shed in the Philippines, the blood of our brothers, and the blood of their wild and ignorant foes, lies at the thresholds of those who so long delayed the adoption of the treaty of peace, and of those who by their worse than foolish words deliberately invited a savage people to plunge into a war fraught with sure disaster for them — a war, too, in which our own brave men who follow the flag must pay with their blood for the silly, mock humanitarianism of the prattlers who sit at home in peace.

The army and the navy are the sword and the shield which this nation must carry if she is to do her duty among the nations of the earth — if she is not to stand merely as the China of the western hemisphere. Our proper conduct toward the tropic islands we have wrested from Spain is merely the form which our duty has taken at the moment. Of course we are bound to handle the affairs of our own household well. We must see that there is civic honesty, civic cleanliness, civic good sense in our home administration of city, State, and nation. We must strive for honesty in office, for honesty toward the creditors of the nation and of the individual; for the widest freedom of individual initiative where possible, and for the wisest control of individual initiative where it is hostile to the welfare of the many. But because we set our own household in order we are not thereby excused from playing our part in the great affairs of the world. A man's first duty is to his own home, but he is not thereby excused from doing his duty to the State; for if he fails in this second duty it is under the penalty of ceasing to be a freeman. In the same way, while a nation's first duty is within its own borders, it is not thereby absolved from facing its duties in the world as a whole; and if it refuses to do so, it merely forfeits its right to struggle for a place among the peoples that shape the destiny of mankind.

In the West Indies and the Philip-

pines alike we are confronted by most difficult problems. It is cowardly to shrink from solving them in the proper way; for solved they must be, if not by us, then by some stronger and more manful race. If we are too weak, too selfish, or too foolish to solve them, some bolder and abler people must undertake the solution. Personally, I am far too firm a believer in the greatness of my country and the power of my countrymen to admit for one moment that we shall ever be driven to the ignoble alternative.

The problems are different for the different islands. Porto Rico is not large enough to stand alone. We must govern it wisely and well, primarily in the interest of its own people. Cuba is, in my judgment, entitled ultimately to settle for itself whether it shall be an independent state or an integral portion of the mightiest of republics. But until order and stable liberty are secured, we must remain in the island to insure them, and infinite tact, judgment, moderation, and courage must be shown by our military and civil representatives in keeping the island pacified, in relentlessly stamping out brigandage, in protecting all alike, and yet in showing proper recognition to the men who have fought for Cuban liberty. The Philippines offer a yet graver problem. Their population includes half-caste and native Christians, warlike Moslems, and wild pagans. Many of their people are utterly unfit for self-government and show no signs of becoming fit. Others may in time become fit but at present can only take part in self-government under a wise supervision, at once firm and beneficent. We have driven Spanish tyranny from the islands. If we now let it be replaced by savage anarchy, our work has been for harm and not for good. I have scant patience with those who fear to undertake the task of governing the Philippines, and who openly avow that they do fear to undertake it, or that they shrink from it because of the expense and trouble; but I have even scantier patience with those who make a pretense of humanitarianism to hide and cover their timidity, and who cant about 'liberty' and the 'consent of the governed,' in order to excuse themselves for their unwillingness to play the part of men. Their doctrines, if carried out, would make it incumbent upon us to leave the Apaches of Arizona to work out their own salvation, and to decline to interfere in a single Indian reservation. Their doctrines condemn your forefathers and mine for ever having settled in these United States.

England's rule in India and Egypt has been of great benefit to England, for it has trained up generations of men accustomed to look at the larger and loftier side of public life. It has been of even greater benefit to India and Egypt. And finally, and most of all, it has advanced the cause of civilization. So, if we do our duty aright in the Philippines, we will add to that national renown which is the highest and finest part of national life, will greatly benefit the people of the Philippine Islands, and, above all, we will play our part well in the great work of uplifting mankind. But to do this work, keep ever in mind that we must show in a very high degree the qualities of courage, of honesty, and of good judgment. Resistance must be stamped out. The first and all-important work to be done is to establish the supremacy of our flag. We must put down armed resistance before we can accomplish anything else, and there should be no parleying, no faltering, in dealing with our foe. As for those in our own country who encourage the foe, we can afford contemptuously to disregard them; but it must be remembered that their utterances are not saved from being treasonable merely by the fact that they are despicable.

When once we have put down armed resistance, when once our rule is acknowledged, then an even more difficult task will begin, for then we must see to it that the islands are administered with absolute honesty and with good judgment. If we let the public service of the islands be turned into the prey of the spoils politician, we shall have begun to tread the path which Spain trod to her own destruction. We must send out there only good and able men, chosen for their fitness, and not because of their partizan service, and these men must not only administer impartial justice to the natives and serve their own government with honesty and fidelity, but must show the utmost tact and firmness, remembering that, with such people as those with whom we are to deal, weakness is the greatest of crimes, and

that next to weakness comes lack of consideration for their principles and prejudices.

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness.

Delivered at Chicago, April 10, 1899.

MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN (1862–)

The realism of the later years of the century,— the depressed 'veritism' or 'naturalism' of the French school and of Thomas Hardy — found its New England representative in Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. She was born in a New England village,— Randolph, not far from Boston, and later she lived in a Vermont town where her father kept a country store. She received her education in small schools, and, then, after the death of her parents, at Mt. Holyoke Seminary. Her short stories, which began to appear in the eighties, seem to have been influenced little by the fiction of the period. They came from her experience of the more somber side of New England life, and they were spontaneous and artless. In her earlier volumes, like *A Humble Romance*, 1887, *A New England Nun*, 1891, and *Pembroke*, 1894, she painted pictures bare of ornament, severe, and cold. She dealt with repressed lives, with surroundings bare of joy,— the sad after-crop of Puritanism. She is at her best with the short story: her unit of measure is short. She can tell with convincing power the story of the culminating climax of a repressed life, but she is unable to trace convincingly the gradual development of a soul. In her later fiction she has become more and more a conscious artist, more finished, more ornate in style, but what she has gained in finish she has lost in convincingness and biting power. She will hold her place in American literature on account of her earlier tales, rather than the more conscious art of her later period.

THE REVOLT OF 'MOTHER'[1]

'Father!'

'What is it?'

'What are them men diggin' over there in the field for?'

There was a sudden dropping and enlarging of the lower part of the old man's face, as if some heavy weight had settled therein; he shut his mouth tight, and went on harnessing the great bay mare. He hustled the collar on to her neck with a jerk.

'Father!'

The old man slapped the saddle upon the mare's back.

'Look here, father, I want to know what them men are diggin' over in the field for, an' I 'm goin' to know.'

'I wish you 'd go into the house, mother, an' 'tend to your own affairs,' the old man said then. He ran his words together, and his speech was almost as inarticulate as a growl.

But the woman understood; it was her most native tongue. 'I ain't goin' into the house till you tell me what them men are doin' over there in the field,' said she.

Then she stood waiting. She was a small woman, short and straight-waisted like a child in her brown cotton gown. Her forehead was mild and benevolent between the smooth curves of gray hair; there were meek downward lines about her nose and mouth; but her eyes, fixed upon the old man, looked as if the meekness had been the result of her own will, never of the will of another.

They were in the barn, standing before the wide open doors. The spring air, full of the smell of growing grass and unseen blossoms, came in their faces. The deep yard in front was littered with farm wagons and piles of wood; on the edges, close to the fence and the house, the grass was a vivid green, and there were some dandelions.

The old man glanced doggedly at his wife as he tightened the last buckles on the harness. She looked as immovable to him as one of the rocks in his pasture-land, bound to the earth with generations of blackberry vines. He slapped the reins over the horse, and started forth from the barn.

'*Father!*' said she.

The old man pulled up. 'What is it?'

'I want to know what them men are diggin' over there in that field for.'

'They 're diggin' a cellar, I s'pose, if you 've got to know.'

'A cellar for what?'

[1] Published by arrangement with Harper & Brothers, owners of the copyright.

'A barn.'

'A barn? You ain't goin' to build a barn over there where we was goin' to have a house, father?'

The old man said not another word. He hurried the horse into the farm wagon, and clattered out of the yard, jouncing as sturdily on his seat as a boy.

The woman stood a moment looking after him, then she went out of the barn across a corner of the yard to the house. The house, standing at right angles with the great barn and a long reach of sheds and out-buildings, was infinitesimal compared with them. It was scarcely as commodious for people as the little boxes under the barn eaves were for doves.

A pretty girl's face, pink and delicate as a flower, was looking out of one of the house windows. She was watching three men who were digging over in the field which bounded the yard near the road line. She turned quietly when the woman entered.

'What are they digging for, mother?' said she. 'Did he tell you?'

'They 're diggin' for — a cellar for a new barn.

'Oh, mother, he ain't going to build another barn?'

'That 's what he says.'

A boy stood before the kitchen glass combing his hair. He combed slowly and painstakingly, arranging his brown hair in a smooth hillock over his forehead. He did not seem to pay any attention to the conversation.

'Sammy, did you know father was going to build a new barn?' asked the girl.

The boy combed assiduously.

'Sammy!'

He turned, and showed a face like his father's under his smooth crest of hair. 'Yes, I s'pose I did,' he said, reluctantly.

'How long have you known it?' asked his mother.

''Bout three months, I guess.'

'Why did n't you tell of it?'

'Did n't think 't would do no good.'

'I don't see what father wants another barn for,' said the girl, in her sweet, slow voice. She turned again to the window, and stared out at the digging men in the field. Her tender, sweet face was full of gentle distress. Her forehead was as bald and innocent as a baby's, with the light hair strained back from it in a row of curl-papers. She was quite large, but her soft curves did not look as if they covered muscles.

Her mother looked sternly at the boy. 'Is he goin' to buy more cows?' said she.

The boy did not reply; he was tying his shoes.

'Sammy, I want you to tell me if he 's goin' to buy more cows.'

'I s'pose he is.'

'How many?'

'Four, I guess.'

His mother said nothing more. She went into the pantry, and there was a clatter of dishes. The boy got his cap from a nail behind the door, took an old arithmetic from the shelf, and started for school. He was lightly built, but clumsy. He went out of the yard with a curious spring in the hips, that made his loose home-made jacket tilt up in the rear.

The girl went to the sink, and began to wash the dishes that were piled up there. Her mother came promptly out of the pantry, and shoved her aside. 'You wipe 'em,' said she; 'I 'll wash There 's a good many this mornin'.'

The mother plunged her hands vigorously into the water, the girl wiped the plates slowly and dreamily. 'Mother,' said she, 'don't you think it 's too bad father 's going to build that new barn, much as we need a decent house to live in?'

Her mother scrubbed a dish fiercely. 'You ain't found out yet we 're women-folks, Nanny Penn,' said she. 'You ain't seen enough of men-folks yet to. One of these days you 'll find it out, an' then you 'll know that we know only what men-folks think we do, so far as any use of it goes, an' how we 'd ought to reckon men-folks in with Providence, an' not complain of what they do any more than we do of the weather.'

'I don't care; I don't believe George is anything like that, anyhow,' said Nanny. Her delicate face flushed pink, her lips pouted softly, as if she were going to cry.

'You wait an' see. I guess George Eastman ain't no better than other men. You had n't ought to judge father, though. He can't help it, 'cause he don't look at things jest the way we do. An' we 've been pretty comfortable here, after all. The roof don't leak — ain't never but once — that 's one thing. Father 's kept it shingled right up.'

'I do wish we had a parlor.'

'I guess it won't hurt George Eastman any to come to see you in a nice clean kitchen. I guess a good many girls don't have as good a place as this. Nobody's ever heard me complain.'

'I ain't complained either, mother.'

'Well, I don't think you'd better, a good father an' a good home as you've got. S'pose your father made you go out an' work for your livin'? Lots of girls have to that ain't no stronger an' better able to than you be.'

Sarah Penn washed the frying-pan with a conclusive air. She scrubbed the outside of it as faithfully as the inside. She was a masterly keeper of her box of a house. Her one living-room never seemed to have in it any of the dust which the friction of life with inanimate matter produces. She swept, and there seemed to be no dirt to go before the broom; she cleaned, and one could see no difference. She was like an artist so perfect that he has apparently no art. To-day she got out a mixing bowl and a board, and rolled some pies, and there was no more flour upon her than upon her daughter who was doing finer work. Nanny was to be married in the fall, and she was sewing on some white cambric and embroidery. She sewed industriously while her mother cooked, her soft milk-white hands and wrists showed whiter than her delicate work.

'We must have the stove moved out in the shed before long,' said Mrs. Penn. 'Talk about not havin' things, it's been a real blessin' to be able to put a stove up in that shed in hot weather. Father did one good thing when he fixed that stove-pipe out there.'

Sarah Penn's face as she rolled her pies had that expression of meek vigor which might have characterized one of the New Testament saints. She was making mince-pies. Her husband, Adoniram Penn, liked them better than any other kind. She baked twice a week. Adoniram often liked a piece of pie between meals. She hurried this morning. It had been later than usual when she began, and she wanted to have a pie baked for dinner. However deep a resentment she might be forced to hold against her husband, she would never fail in sedulous attention to his wants.

Nobility of character manifests itself at loop-holes when it is not provided with large doors. Sarah Penn's showed itself to-day in flaky dishes of pastry. So she made the pies faithfully, while across the table she could see, when she glanced up from her work, the sight that rankled in her patient and steadfast soul — the digging of the cellar of the new barn in the place where Adoniram forty years ago had promised her their new house should stand.

The pies were done for dinner. Adoniram and Sammy were home a few minutes after twelve o'clock. The dinner was eaten with serious haste. There was never much conversation at the table in the Penn family. Adoniram asked a blessing, and they ate promptly, then rose up and went about their work.

Sammy went back to school, taking soft sly lopes out of the yard like a rabbit. He wanted a game of marbles before school, and feared his father would give him some chores to do. Adoniram hastened to the door and called after him, but he was out of sight.

'I don't see what you let him go for, mother,' said he. 'I wanted him to help me unload that wood.'

Adoniram went to work out in the yard unloading wood from the wagon. Sarah put away the dinner dishes, while Nanny took down her curl-papers and changed her dress. She was going down to the store to buy some more embroidery and thread.

When Nanny was gone, Mrs. Penn went to the door. 'Father!' she called.

'Well, what is it!'

'I want to see you jest a minute, father.'

'I can't leave this wood nohow. I've got to git it unloaded an' go for a load of gravel afore two o'clock. Sammy had ought to helped me. You had n't ought to let him go to school so early.'

'I want to see you jest a minute.'

'I tell ye I can't, nohow, mother.'

'Father, you come here.' Sarah Penn stood in the door like a queen; she held her head as if it bore a crown; there was that patience which makes authority royal in her voice. Adoniram went.

Mrs. Penn led the way into the kitchen, and pointed to a chair. 'Sit down, father,' said she; 'I 've got somethin' I want to say to you.'

He sat down heavily; his face was quite stolid, but he looked at her with restive eyes. 'Well, what is it, mother?'

'I want to know what you 're buildin' that new barn for, father?'

'I ain't got nothin' to say about it.'

'It can't be you think you need another barn?'

'I tell ye I ain't got nothin' to say about it, mother; an' I ain't goin' to say nothin'.'

'Be you goin' to buy more cows?'

Adoniram did not reply; he shut his mouth tight.

'I know you be, as well as I want to. Now, father, look here'— Sarah Penn had not sat down; she stood before her husband in the humble fashion of a Scripture woman —'I 'm goin' to talk real plain to you; I never have sence I married you, but I 'm goin' to now. I ain't never complained, an' I ain't goin' to complain now, but I 'm goin' to talk plain. You see this room here, father; you look at it well. You see there ain't no carpet on the floor, an' you see the paper is all dirty, an' drop in' off the walls. We ain't had no new paper on it for ten year, an' then I put it on myself, an' it did n't cost but ninepence a roll. You see this room, father; it 's all the one I 've had to work in an' eat in an' sit in sence we was married. There ain't another woman in the whole town whose husband ain't got half the means you have but what 's got better. It 's all the room Nanny 's got to have her company in; an' there ain't one of her mates but what 's got better, an' their fathers not so able as hers is. It 's all the room she 'll have to be married in. What would you have thought, father, if we had had our weddin' in a room no better than this? I was married in my mother's parlor, with a carpet on the floor, an' stuffed furniture, an' a mahogany card-table. An' this is all the room my daughter will have to be married in. Look here, father!'

Sarah Penn went across the room as though it were a tragic stage. She flung open a door and disclosed a tiny bedroom, only large enough for a bed and bureau, with a path between. 'There, father,' said she —'there 's all the room I 've had to sleep in forty year. All my children were born there — the two that died, an' the two that 's livin'. I was sick with a fever there.'

She stepped to another door and opened it. It led into the small, ill-lighted pantry. 'Here,' said she, 'is all the buttery I 've got — every place I 've got for my dishes, to set away my victuals in, an' to keep my milk-pans in. Father, I 've been takin' care of the milk of six cows in this place, an' now you 're goin' to build a new barn, an' keep more cows, an' give me more to do in it.'

She threw open another door. A narrow crooked flight of stairs wound upward from it. 'There, father,' said she, 'I want you to look at the stairs that go up to them two unfinished chambers that are all the places our son an' daughter have had to sleep in all their lives. There ain't a prettier girl in town nor a more ladylike one than Nanny, an' that 's the place she has to sleep in. It ain't so good as your horse's stall; it ain't so warm an' tight.'

Sarah Penn went back and stood before her husband. 'Now, father,' said she, 'I want to know if you think you 're doin' right an' accordin' to what you profess. Here, when we was married, forty year ago, you promised me faithful that we should have a new house built in that lot over in the field before the year was out. You said you had money enough, an' you would n't ask me to live in no such place as this. It is forty year now, an' you 've been makin' more money, an' I 've been savin' of it for you ever since, an' you ain't built no house yet. You 've built sheds an' cow-houses an' one new barn an' now you 're goin' to build another. Father, I want to know if you think it 's right. You 're lodgin' your dumb beasts better than you are your own flesh an' blood. I want to know if you think it 's right.'

'I ain't got nothin' to say.'

'You can't say nothin' without ownin' it ain't right, father. An' there 's another thing — I ain't complained; I 've got along forty year, an' I s'pose I should forty more, if it wa'n't for that — if we don't have another house. Nanny she can't live with us after she 's married. She 'll have to go somewheres else to live away from us, an' it don't seem as if I could have it so, noways, father. She wa'n't ever strong. She 's got considerable color, but there wa'n't never any backbone to her. I 've always took the heft of everything off her, an' she ain't fit to keep house an' do everything herself. She 'll be all worn out inside of a year. Think of her doin' all the washin' and ironin' an' bakin' with them soft white hands an' arms, an'

sweepin'! I can't have it so, noways, father.'

Mrs. Penn's face was burning; her mild eyes gleamed. She had pleaded her little cause like a Webster; she had ranged from severity to pathos; but her opponent employed that obstinate silence which makes eloquence futile with mocking echoes. Adoniram arose clumsily.

'Father, ain't you got nothin' to say?' said Mrs. Penn.

'I 've got to go off after that load of gravel. I can't stan' here talkin' all day.'

'Father, won't you think it over, an' have a house built there instead of a barn?'

'I ain't got nothin' to say.'

Adoniram shuffled out. Mrs. Penn went into her bedroom. When she came out, her eyes were red. She had a roll of unbleached cotton cloth. She spread it out on the kitchen table, and began cutting out some shirts for her husband. The men over in the field had a team to help them this afternoon; she could hear their halloos. She had a scanty pattern for the shirts; she had to plan and piece the sleeves.

Nanny came home with her embroidery, and sat down with her needlework. She had taken down her curl-papers and there was a soft roll of fair hair like an aureole over her forehead; her face was as delicately fine and clear as porcelain. Suddenly she looked up, and the tender red flamed all over her face and neck. 'Mother,' said she.

'What say?'

'I 've been thinking — I don't see how we 're goin' to have any — wedding in this room. I 'd be ashamed to have his folks come if we did n't have anybody else.'

'Mebbe we can have some new paper before then; I can put it on. I guess you won't have no call to be ashamed of your belongin's.'

'We might have the wedding in the new barn,' said Nanny, with gentle pettishness. 'Why, mother, what makes you look so?'

Mrs. Penn had started, and was staring at her with a curious expression. She turned again to her work, and spread out a pattern carefully on the cloth. 'Nothin,' said she.

Presently Adoniram clattered out of the yard in his two-wheeled dump cart, standing as proudly upright as a Roman charioteer. Mrs. Penn opened the door and stood there a minute looking out; the halloos of the men sounded louder.

It seemed to her all through the spring months that she heard nothing but the halloos and the noises of saws and hammers. The new barn grew fast. It was a fine edifice for this little village. Men came on pleasant Sundays, in their meeting suits and clean shirt bosoms, and stood around it admiringly. Mrs. Penn did not speak of it, and Adoniram did not mention it to her, although sometimes, upon a return from inspecting it, he bore himself with injured dignity.

'It 's a strange thing how your mother feels about the new barn,' he said, confidentially, to Sammy one day.

Sammy only grunted after an odd fashion for a boy; he had learned it from his father.

The barn was all completed ready for use by the third week in July. Adoniram had planned to move his stock in on Wednesday; on Tuesday he received a letter which changed his plans. He came in with it early in the morning. 'Sammy 's been to the post-office,' said he, 'an' I 've got a letter from Hiram.' Hiram was Mrs. Penn's brother, who lived in Vermont.

'Well,' said Mrs. Penn, 'what does he say about the folks?'

'I guess they 're all right. He says he thinks if I come up country right off there 's a chance to buy jest the kind of a horse I want.' He stared reflectively out of the window at the new barn.

Mrs. Penn was making pies. She went on clapping the rolling-pin into the crust, although she was very pale, and her heart beat loudly.

'I dun' know but what I 'd better go,' said Adoniram. 'I hate to go off jest now, right in the midst of hayin', but the ten-acre lot 's cut, an' I guess Rufus an' the others can git along without me three or four days. I can't get a horse round here to suit me, nohow, an' I 've got to have another for all that wood-haulin' in the fall. I told Hiram to watch out, an' if he got wind of a good horse to let me know. I guess I 'd better go.'

'I 'll get out your clean shirt an' collar,' said Mrs. Penn calmly.

She laid out Adoniram's Sunday suit and his clean clothes on the bed in the lit-

tle bedroom. She got his shaving-water and razor ready. At last she buttoned on his collar and fastened his black cravat.

Adoniram never wore his collar and cravat except on extra occasions. He held his head high, with a rasped dignity. When he was all ready, with his coat and hat brushed, and a lunch of pie and cheese in a paper bag, he hesitated on the threshold of the door. He looked at his wife, and his manner was defiantly apologetic. 'If them cows come to-day, Sammy can drive 'em into the new barn,' said he; 'an' when they bring the hay up, they can pitch it in there.'

'Well,' replied Mrs. Penn.

Adoniram set his shaven face ahead and started. When he had cleared the door-step, he turned and looked back with a kind of nervous solemnity. 'I shall be back by Saturday if nothin' happens,' said he.

'Do be careful, father,' replied his wife.

She stood in the door with Nanny at her elbow and watched him out of sight. Her eyes had a strange, doubtful expression in them; her peaceful forehead was contracted. She went in, and about her baking again. Nanny sat sewing. Her wedding-day was drawing nearer, and she was getting pale and thin with her steady sewing. Her mother kept glancing at her.

'Have you got that pain in your side this mornin'?' she asked.

'A little.'

Mrs. Penn's face, as she worked, changed, her perplexed forehead smoothed, her eyes were steady, her lips firmly set. She formed a maxim for herself, although incoherently with her unlettered thoughts. 'Unsolicited opportunities are the guide-posts of the Lord to the new roads of life,' she repeated in effect, and she made up her mind to her course of action.

'S'posin' I *had* wrote to Hiram,' she muttered once, when she was in the pantry—'s'posin' I had wrote, an' asked him if he knew of any horse? But I did n't, an' father 's goin' wa'n't none of my doin'. It looks like a providence.' Her voice rang out quite loud at the last.

'What you talkin' about, mother?' called Nanny.

'Nothin'.'

Mrs. Penn hurried her baking; at eleven o'clock it was all done. The load of hay from the west field came slowly down the cart track, and drew up at the new barn. Mrs. Penn ran out. 'Stop!' she screamed—'stop!'

The men stopped and looked; Sammy upreared from the top of the load, and stared at his mother.

'Stop!' she cried out again. 'Don't you put the hay in that barn; put it in the old one.'

'Why, he said to put it in here,' returned one of the haymakers, wonderingly. He was a young man, a neighbor's son, whom Adoniram hired by the year to help on the farm.

'Don't you put the hay in the new barn; there 's room enough in the old one, ain't there?' said Mrs. Penn.

'Room enough,' returned the hired man, in his thick, rustic tones. 'Did n't need the new barn, nohow, far as room 's concerned. Well, I s'pose he changed his mind.' He took hold of the horses' bridles.

Mrs. Penn went back to the house. Soon the kitchen windows were darkened, and a fragrance like warm honey came into the room.

Nanny laid down her work. 'I thought father wanted them to put the hay into the new barn?' she said, wonderingly.

'It 's all right,' replied her mother.

Sammy slid down from the load of hay, and came in to see if dinner was ready.

'I ain't goin' to get a regular dinner to-day, as long as father 's gone,' said his mother. 'I 've let the fire go out. You can have some bread an' milk an' pie. I thought we could get along.' She set out some bowls of milk, some bread, and a pie on the kitchen table. 'You 'd better eat your dinner now,' said she. 'You might jest as well get through with it. I want you to help me afterward.'

Nanny and Sammy stared at each other. There was something strange in their mother's manner. Mrs. Penn did not eat anything herself. She went into the pantry, and they heard her moving dishes while they ate. Presently she came out with a pile of plates. She got the clothes-basket out of the shed, and packed them in it. Nanny and Sammy watched. She brought out cups and saucers, and put them in with the plates.

'What you goin' to do, mother?' inquired Nanny, in a timid voice. A sense of something unusual made her tremble, as if it were a ghost. Sammy rolled his eyes over his pie.

'You 'll see what I 'm goin' to do,' replied Mrs. Penn. 'If you 're through, Nanny, I want you to go upstairs an' pack up your things; an' I want you, Sammy, to help me take down the bed in the bedroom.'

'Oh, mother, what for?' gasped Nanny.

'You 'll see.'

During the next few hours a feat was performed by this simple, pious New England mother which was equal in its way to Wolfe's storming of the Heights of Abraham. It took no more genius and audacity of bravery for Wolfe to cheer his wondering soldiers up those steep precipices, under the sleeping eyes of the enemy, than for Sarah Penn, at the head of her children, to move all their little household goods into the new barn while her husband was away.

Nanny and Sammy followed their mother's instructions without a murmur; indeed, they were overawed. There is a certain uncanny and superhuman quality about all such purely original undertakings as their mother's was to them. Nanny went back and forth with her light loads, and Sammy tugged with sober energy.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the little house in which the Penns had lived for forty years had emptied itself into the new barn.

Every builder builds somewhat for unknown purposes, and is in a measure a prophet. The architect of Adoniram Penn's barn, while he designed it for the comfort of four-footed animals, had planned better than he knew for the comfort of humans. Sarah Penn saw at a glance its possibilities. Those great box-stalls, with quilts hung before them, would make better bedrooms than the one she had occupied for forty years, and there was a tight carriage-room. The harness-room, with its chimney and shelves, would make a kitchen of her dreams. The great middle space would make a parlor, by-and-by, fit for a palace. Upstairs there was as much room as down. With partitions and windows, what a house would there be! Sarah looked at the row of stanchions before the allotted space for cows, and reflected that she would have her front entry there.

At six o'clock the stove was up in the harness-room, the kettle was boiling, and the table was set for tea. It looked almost as home-like as the abandoned house across the yard had ever done. The young hired man milked, and Sarah directed him calmly to bring the milk to the new barn. He came gaping, dropping little blots of foam from the brimming pails on the grass. Before the next morning he had spread the story of Adoniram Penn's wife moving into the new barn all over the little village. Men assembled in the store and talked it over, women with shawls over their heads scuttled into each other's houses before their work was done. Any deviation from the ordinary course of life in this quiet town was enough to stop all progress in it. Everybody paused to look at the staid, independent figure on the side track. There was a difference of opinion with regard to her. Some held her to be insane; some, of a lawless and rebellious spirit.

Friday the minister went to see her. It was in the forenoon, and she was at the barn door shelling peas for dinner. She looked up and returned his salutation with dignity, then she went on with her work. She did not invite him in. The saintly expression of her face remained fixed, but there was an angry flush over it.

The minister stood awkwardly before her, and talked. She handled the peas as if they were bullets. At last she looked up, and her eyes showed the spirit that her meek front had covered for a lifetime.

'There ain't no use talkin', Mr. Hersey,' said she. 'I 've thought it all over an' over, an' I believe I 'm doin' what 's right. I 've made it the subject of prayer, an' it 's betwixt me an' the Lord an' Adoniram. There ain't no call for nobody else to worry about it.'

'Well, of course, if you have brought it to the Lord in prayer, and feel satisfied that you are doing right, Mrs. Penn,' said the minister, helplessly. His thin gray-bearded face was pathetic. He was a sickly man; his youthful confidence had cooled; he had to scourge himself up to some of his pastoral duties as relentlessly as a Catholic ascetic, and then he was prostrated by the smart.

'I think it 's right jest as much as I think it was right for our forefathers to come over from the old country 'cause they did n't have what belonged to 'em,' said Mrs. Penn. She arose. The barn threshold might have been Plymouth Rock from her bearing. 'I don't doubt you

mean well, Mr. Hersey,' said she, 'but there are things people had n't ought to interfere with. I 've been a member of the church for over forty year. I 've got my own mind an' my own feet, an' I 'm goin' to think my own thoughts an' go my own ways, an' nobody but the Lord is goin' to dictate to me unless I 've a mind to have him. Won't you come in an 'set down? How is Mis' Hersey?'

'She is well, I thank you,' replied the minister. He added some more perplexed apologetic remarks; then he retreated.

He could expound the intricacies of every character study in the Scriptures, he was competent to grasp the Pilgrim Fathers and all historical innovators, but Sarah Penn was beyond him. He could deal with primal cases, but parallel ones worsted him. But, after all, although it was aside from his province, he wondered more how Adoniram Penn would deal with his wife than how the Lord would. Everybody shared the wonder. When Adoniram's four new cows arrived, Sarah ordered three to be put in the old barn, the other in the house shed where the cooking-stove had stood. That added to the excitement. It was whispered that all four cows were domiciled in the house.

Towards sunset on Saturday, when Adoniram was expected home, there was a knot of men in the road near the new barn. The hired man had milked, but he still hung around the premises. Sarah Penn had supper all ready. There were brown-bread and baked beans and a custard pie; it was the supper that Adoniram loved on a Saturday night. She had on a clean calico, and she bore herself imperturbably. Nanny and Sammy kept close at her heels. Their eyes were large, and Nanny was full of nervous tremors. Still there was to them more pleasant excitement than anything else. An inborn confidence in their mother over their father asserted itself.

Sammy looked out of the harness-room window. 'There he is,' he announced, in an awed whisper. He and Nanny peeped around the casing. Mrs. Penn kept on about her work. The children watched Adoniram leave the new horse standing in the drive while he went to the house door. It was fastened. Then he went around to the shed. That door was seldom locked, even when the family was away. The thought how her father would be confronted by the cow flashed upon Nanny. There was a hysterical sob in her throat. Adoniram emerged from the shed and stood looking about in a dazed fashion. His lips moved; he was saying something, but they could not hear what it was. The hired man was peeping around a corner of the old barn, but nobody saw him.

Adoniram took the new horse by the bridle and led him across the yard to the new barn. Nanny and Sammy slunk close to their mother. The barn doors rolled back, and there stood Adoniram, with the long mild face of the great Canadian farm horse looking over his shoulder.

Nanny kept behind her mother, but Sammy stepped suddenly forward, and stood in front of her.

Adoniram stared at the group. 'What on airth you all down here for?' said he. 'What 's the matter over to the house?'

'We 've come here to live, father,' said Sammy. His shrill voice quavered out bravely.

'What'— Adoniram sniffed —'what is it smells like cookin'?' said he. He stepped forward and looked in the open door of the harness-room. Then he turned to his wife. His old bristling face was pale and frightened. 'What on airth does this mean, mother?' he gasped.

'You come in here, father,' said Sarah. She led the way into the harness-room and shut the door. 'Now, father,' said she, 'you need n't be scared. I ain't crazy. There ain't nothin' to be upset over. But we 've come here to live, an' we 're goin' to live here. We 've got jest as good a right here as new horses an' cows. The house wa'n't fit for us to live in any longer, an' I made up my mind I wa'n't goin' to stay there. I 've done my duty by you forty year, an' I 'm goin' to do it now; but I 'm goin' to live here. You 've got to put in some windows and partitions; an' you 'll have to buy some furniture.'

'Why, mother!' the old man gasped.

'You 'd better take your coat off an' get washed — there 's the wash-basin — an' then we 'll have supper.'

'Why, mother!'

Sammy went past the window, leading the new horse to the old barn. The old man saw him, and shook his head speechlessly. He tried to take off his coat, but

his arms seemed to lack the power. His wife helped him. She poured some water into the tin basin, and put in a piece of soap. She got the comb and brush, and smoothed his thin gray hair after he had washed. Then she put the beans, hot bread, and tea on the table. Sammy came in, and the family drew up. Adoniram sat looking dazedly at his plate, and they waited.

'Ain't you goin' to ask a blessin', father?' said Sarah. And the old man bent his head and mumbled.

All through the meal he stopped eating at intervals, and stared furtively at his wife, but he ate well. The home food tasted good to him, and his old frame was too sturdily healthy to be affected by his mind. But after supper he went out, and sat down on the step of the smaller door at the right of the barn, through which he had meant his Jerseys to pass in stately file, but which Sarah designed for her front house door, and he leaned his head on his hands.

After the supper dishes were cleared away and the milk-pans washed, Sarah went out to him. The twilight was deepening. There was a clear green glow in the sky. Before them stretched the smooth level of field; in the distance was a cluster of hay-stacks like the huts of a village; the air was very cool and calm and sweet. The landscape might have been an ideal one of peace.

Sarah bent over and touched her husband on one of his thin, sinewy shoulders. 'Father!'

The old man's shoulder heaved: he was weeping.

'Why, don't do so, father,' said Sarah. 'I 'll— put up the — partitions, an'— everything you — want, mother.'

Sarah put her apron up to her face; she was overcome by her own triumph.

Adoniram was like a fortress whose walls had no active resistance, and went down the instant the right besieging tools were used. 'Why, mother,' he said, hoarsely, 'I had n't no idee you was so set on 't as all this comes to.'

Harper's Magazine, Sept., 1890.

HAMLIN GARLAND (1860–)

What Mrs. Freeman did for New England Hamlin Garland did for the Middle West, the only difference being that Garland was the pioneer depicter of his middle border farm lands and Mrs. Freeman was the last of a long line of story tellers dealing with Yankee life. He was born in Wisconsin, on a frontier farm, and before he was eleven he had accompanied his parents on three different migrations westward. Attending winter schools, like most of the farm boys of his region, he became interested in his studies, was graduated at length from the Cedar Valley Seminary, Iowa, taught school for a year or two, took part in the Dakota land boom of 1883, then following his literary dreams, migrated to Boston, supported himself as he could while studying and reading and fitting himself for literary work, and finally, after a visit home during which he saw the prairies with new eyes and the farm life there with entirely new perspective, wrote the series of stories which in 1891 he published with the title *Main Travelled Roads*. He was a revolutionist at first, a radical as may be learned from his declaration of independence, *Crumbling Idols*, 1894. Boldly he spoke out for the *truth*,— not farm life with a halo of romance upon it, but farm life as it actually was to be found in the region of his boyhood, with all its deprivation, and filth, and soul-grinding toil. His pictures grip the imagination like Zola's: they do not depress, they anger, they stir the blood, they call for action. His later work has been voluminous, no less than thirty volumes standing to his credit. Some of his far western novels have about them a certain elemental strength, but nothing of his later output is to be compared for gripping power with the short stories of his earliest period which came from his heart and his conviction, and which are alive, moreover, with the life of a fresh new area of American soil.

UNDER THE LION'S PAW[1]

I

It was the last of autumn and first day of winter coming together. All day long the plowmen on their prairie farms had moved to and fro in their wide level fields through the falling snow, which melted as it fell, wetting them to the skin —all day, notwithstanding the frequent squalls of snow, the dripping, desolate clouds, and the muck of the furrows, black and tenacious as tar.

Under their dripping harness the horses swung to and fro silently, with that marvelous uncomplaining patience which marks the horse. All day the wild geese, honking wildly, as they sprawled sidewise down the wind, seemed to be fleeing from an enemy behind, and with neck outthrust and wings extended, sailed down the wind, soon lost to sight.

Yet the plowman behind his plow, though the snow lay on his ragged great-coat, and the cold clinging mud rose on his heavy boots, fettering him like gyves, whistled in the very beard of the gale. As day passed, the snow, ceasing to melt, lay along the plowed land, and lodged in the depth of the stubble, till on each slow round the last furrow stood out black and shining as jet between the plowed land and the gray stubble.

When night began to fall, and the geese, flying low, began to alight invisibly in the near corn-field, Stephen Council was still at work 'finishing a land.' He rode on his sulky plow when going with the wind, but walked when facing it. Sitting bent and cold but cheery under his slouch hat, he talked encouragingly to his four-in-hand.

'Come round there, boys! — Round agin! We got t' finish this land. Come in there, Dan! *Stiddy*, Kate,— stiddy! None o' y'r tantrums, Kittie. It 's purty tuff, but got a be did. *Tchk! tchk!* Step along, Pete! Don't let Kate git y'r single-tree on the wheel. *Once* more!'

They seemed to know what he meant, and that this was the last round, for they worked with greater vigor than before.

'Once more, boys, an' then, sez I, oats an' a nice warm stall, an' sleep f'r all.'

By the time the last furrow was turned

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on the land it was too dark to see the house, and the snow was changing to rain again. The tired and hungry man could see the light from the kitchen shining through the leafless hedge, and he lifted a great shout, 'Supper f'r a half a dozen!'

It was nearly eight o'clock by the time he had finished his chores and started for supper. He was picking his way carefully through the mud, when the tall form of a man loomed up before him with a premonitory cough.

'Waddy ye want?' was the rather startled question of the farmer.

'Well, ye see,' began the stranger, in a deprecating tone, 'we 'd like t' git in f'r the night. We 've tried every house f'r the last two miles, but they had n't any room f'r us. My wife 's jest about sick, 'n' the children are cold and hungry —'

'Oh, y' want 'o stay all night, eh?'

'Yes, sir; it 'ud be a great accom —'

'Waal, I don't make it a practice t' turn anybuddy way hungry, not on sech nights as this. Drive right in. We ain't got much, but sech as it is —'

But the stranger had disappeared. And soon his steaming, weary team, with drooping heads and swinging single-trees, moved past the well to the block beside the path. Council stood at the side of the 'schooner' and helped the children out — two little half-sleeping children — and then a small woman with a babe in her arms.

'There ye go!' he shouted jovially, to the children. '*Now* we 're all right! Run right along to the house there, an' tell Mam' Council you wants sumpthin' t' eat. Right this way, Mis'— keep right off t' the right there. I 'll go an' git a lantern. Come,' he said to the dazed and silent group at his side.

'Mother,' he shouted, as he neared the fragrant and warmly lighted kitchen, 'here are some wayfarers an' folks who need sumpthin' t' eat an' a place t' snooze.' He ended by pushing them all in.

Mrs. Council, a large, jolly, rather coarse-looking woman, took the children in her arms. 'Come right in, you little rabbits. 'Most asleep, hey? Now here 's a drink o' milk f'r each o' ye. I 'll have s'm tea in a minute. Take off y'r things and set up t' the fire.'

While she set the children to drinking milk, Council got out his lantern and went out to the barn to help the stranger about his team, where his loud, hearty voice could be heard as it came and went between the haymow and the stalls.

The woman came to light as a small, timid, and discouraged-looking woman, but still pretty, in a thin and sorrowful way.

'Land sakes! An' you 've traveled all the way from Clear Lake t'-day in this mud! Waal! waal! No wonder you 're all tired out. Don't wait f'r the men, Mis'—' She hesitated, waiting for the name.

'Haskins.'

'Mis' Haskins, set right up to the table an' take a good swig o' tea whilst I make y' s'm toast. It 's green tea, an' it 's good. I tell Council as I git older I don't seem to enjoy Young Hyson n'r Gunpowder. I want the reel green tea, jest as it comes off'n the vines. Seems t' have more heart in it, some way. Don't s'pose it has. Council says it 's all in m' eye.'

Going on in this easy way, she soon had the children filled with bread and milk and the woman thoroughly at home, eating some toast and sweet-melon pickles, and sipping the tea.

'See the little rats!' she laughed at the children. 'They 're full as they can stick now, and they want to go to bed. Now, don't git up, Mis' Haskins; set right where you are an' let me look after 'em. I know all about young ones, though I 'm all alone now. Jane went an' married last fall. But, as I tell Council, it 's lucky we keep our health. Set right there, Mis' Haskins; I won't have you stir a finger.'

It was an unmeasured pleasure to sit there in the warm, homely kitchen, the jovial chatter of the housewife driving out and holding at bay the growl of the impotent, cheated wind.

The little woman's eyes filled with tears which fell down upon the sleeping baby in her arms. The world was not so desolate and cold and hopeless, after all.

'Now I hope Council won't stop out there and talk politics all night. He 's the greatest man to talk politics an' read the *Tribune* — How old is it?'

She broke off and peered down at the face of the babe.

'Two months 'n' five days,' said the mother, with a mother's exactness.

'Ye don't say! I want 'o know! The dear little pudzy-wudzy!' she went on,

stirring it up in the neighborhood of the ribs with her fat forefinger.

'Pooty tough on 'oo to go gallivant'n' 'cross lots this way —'

'Yes, that 's so; a man can't lift a mountain,' said Council, entering the door. 'Mother, this is Mr. Haskins, from Kansas. He 's been eat up 'n' drove out by grasshoppers.'

'Glad t' see yeh! — Pa, empty that wash-basin 'n' give him a chance t' wash.'

Haskins was a tall man, with a thin, gloomy face. His hair was a reddish brown, like his coat, and seemed equally faded by the wind and sun, and his sallow face, though hard and set, was pathetic somehow. You would have felt that he had suffered much by the line of his mouth showing under his thin, yellow mustache.

'Hain't Ike got home yet, Sairy?'

'Hain't seen 'im.'

'W-a-a-l, set right up, Mr. Haskins; wade right into what we 've got; 't ain't much, but we manage to live on it — she gits fat on it,' laughed Council, pointing his thumb at his wife.

After supper, while the women put the children to bed, Haskins and Council talked on, seated near the huge cooking-stone, the steam rising from their wet clothing. In the Western fashion Council told as much of his own life as he drew from his guest. He asked but few questions, but by and by the story of Haskins' struggles and defeat came out. The story was a terrible one, but he told it quietly, seated with his elbows on his knees, gazing most of the time at the hearth.

'I did n't like the looks of the country, anyhow,' Haskins said, partly rising and glancing at his wife. 'I was ust 't' northern Ingyannie, where we have lots o' timber 'n' lots o' rain, 'n' I did n't like the looks o' that dry prairie. What galled me the worst was goin' s' far away acrosst so much fine land layin' all through here vacant.'

'And the 'hoppers eat ye four years, hand runnin', did they?'

'Eat! They wiped us out. They chawed everything that was green. They jest set around waitin' f'r us to die t' eat us, too. My God! I ust t' dream of 'em sittin' 'round on the bedpost, six feet long, workin' their jaws. They eet the fork-handles. They got worse 'n' worse till they jest rolled on one another, piled up like snow in winter. Well, it ain't no use. If I was t' talk all winter I could n't tell nawthin'. But all the while I could n't help thinkin' of all that land back here that nobuddy was usin' that I ought 'o had 'stead o' bein' out there in that cussed country.'

'Waal, why did n't ye stop an' settle here?' asked Ike, who had come in and was eating his supper.

'For the simple reason that you fellers wanted ten 'r fifteen dollars an acre fer the bare land, and I had n't no money fer that kind o' thing.'

'Yes, I do my own work,' Mrs. Council was heard to say in the pause which followed. 'I 'm a gettin' purty heavy t' be on m' laigs all day, but we can't afford t' hire, so I keep rackin' around somehow, like a foundered horse. S' lame — I tell Council he can't tell how lame I am, f'r I 'm jest as lame in one laig as t' other.' And the good soul laughed at the joke on herself as she took a handful of flour and dusted the biscuit-board to keep the dough from sticking.

'Well, I hain't *never* been very strong,' said Mrs. Haskins. 'Our folks was Canadians an' small-boned, and then since my last child I hain't got up again fairly. I don't like t' complain. Tim has about all he can bear now — but they was days this week when I jes wanted to lay right down an' die.'

'Waal, now, I 'll tell ye," said Council, from his side of the stove, silencing everybody with his good-natured roar. 'I 'd go down and *see* Butler, *anyway*, if I was you. I guess he 'd let you have his place purty cheap; the farm 's all run down. He 's ben anxious t' let t' somebuddy next year. It 'ud be a good chance fer you. Anyhow, you go to bed and sleep like a babe. I 've got some plowin' t' do, anyhow, an' we 'll see if somethin' can't be done about your case. Ike, you go out an' see if the horses is all right, an' I 'll show the folks t' bed.'

When the tired husband and wife were lying under the generous quilts of the spare bed, Haskins listened a moment to the wind in the eaves, and then said, with a slow and solemn tone,

'There are people in this world who are good enough t' be angels, an' only haff t' die to *be* angels.'

II

Jim Butler was one of those men called in the West 'land poor.' Early in the history of Rock River he had come into the town and started in the grocery business in a small way, occupying a small building in a mean part of the town. At this period of his life he earned all he got, and was up early and late sorting beans, working over butter, and carting his goods to and from the station. But a change came over him at the end of the second year, when he sold a lot of land for four times what he paid for it. From that time forward he believed in land speculation as the surest way of getting rich. Every cent he could save or spare from his trade he put into land at forced sale, or mortgages on land, which were 'just as good as the wheat,' he was accustomed to say.

Farm after farm fell into his hands, until he was recognized as one of the leading landowners of the county. His mortgages were scattered all over Cedar County, and as they slowly but surely fell in he sought usually to retain the former owner as tenant.

He was not ready to foreclose; indeed, he had the name of being one of the 'easiest' men in the town. He let the debtor off again and again, extending the time whenever possible.

'I don't want y'r land,' he said. 'All I 'm after is the int'rest on my money — that 's all. Now, if y' want 'o stay on the farm, why, I 'll give y' a good chance. I can't have the land lyin' vacant.' And in many cases the owner remained as tenant.

In the meantime he had sold his store; he could n't spend time in it; he was mainly occupied now with sitting around town on rainy days smoking and 'gassin' with the boys,' or in riding to and from his farms. In fishing-time he fished a good deal. Doc Grimes, Ben Ashley, and Cal Cheatham were his cronies on these fishing excursions or hunting trips in the time of chickens or partridges. In winter they went to Northern Wisconsin to shoot deer.

In spite of all these signs of easy life Butler persisted in saying he 'had n't money to pay taxes on his land,' and was careful to convey the impression that he was poor in spite of his twenty farms. At one time he was said to be worth fifty thousand dollars, but land had been a little slow of sale of late, so that he was not worth so much.

A fine farm, known as the Higley place, had fallen into his hands in the usual way the previous year, and he had not been able to find a tenant for it. Poor Higley, after working himself nearly to death on it in the attempt to lift the mortgage, had gone off to Dakota, leaving the farm and his curse to Butler.

This was the farm which Council advised Haskins to apply for; and the next day Council hitched up his team and drove down town to see Butler.

'You jest let *me* do the talkin',' he said. 'We 'll find him wearin' out his pants on some salt barrel somew'ers; and if he thought you *wanted* a place he 'd sock it to you hot and heavy. You jest keep quiet; I 'll fix 'im.'

Butler was seated in Ben Ashley's store telling fish yarns when Council sauntered in casually.

'Hello, But; lyin' agin, hey?'

'Hello, Steve! how goes it?'

'Oh, so-so. Too dang much rain these days. I thought it was goin' t' freeze up f'h good last night. Tight squeak if I get m' plowin' done. How 's farmin' with *you* these days?'

'Bad. Plowin' ain't half done.'

'It 'ud be a religious idee f'r you t' go out an' take a hand y'rself.'

'I don't haff to,' said Butler, with a wink.

'Got anybody on the Higley place?'

'No. Know of anybody?'

'Waal, no; not eggsackly. I 've got a relation back t' Michigan who 's ben hot an' cold on the idee o' comin' West f'r some time. *Might* come if he could get a good lay-out. What do you talk on the farm?'

'Well, I d' know. I 'll rent it on shares or I 'll rent it money rent.'

'Waal, how much money, say?'

'Well, say ten per cent, on the price — two-fifty.'

'Waal, that ain't bad. Wait on 'im till 'e thrashes?'

Haskins listened eagerly to his important question, but Council was coolly eating a dried apple which he had speared out of a barrel with his knife. Butler studied him carefully.

'Well, knocks me out of twenty-five dollars interest.'

'My relation 'll need all he 's got t' git his crops in,' said Council, in the safe, indifferent way.

'Well, all right; *say* wait,' concluded Butler.

'All right; this is the man. Haskins, this is Mr. Butler — no relation to Ben — the hardest-working man in Cedar County.'

On the way home Haskins said: 'I ain't much better off. I 'd like that farm; it 's a good farm, but it 's all run down, an' so 'm I. I could make a good farm of it if I had half a show. But I can't stock it n'r seed it.'

'Waal, now, don't you worry,' roared Council in his ear. 'We 'll pull y' through somehow till next harvest. He 's agreed t' hire it plowed, an' you can earn a hundred dollars plowin' an' y' c'n git the seed o' me, an' pay me back when y' can.'

Haskins was silent with emotion, but at last he said, 'I ain't got nothin' t' live on.'

'Now, don't you worry 'bout that. You jest make your headquarters at ol' Steve Council's. Mother 'll take a pile o' comfort in havin' y'r wife an' children 'round. Y' see, Jane 's married off lately, an' Ike 's away a good 'eal, so we 'll be darn glad t' have y' stop with us this winter. Nex' spring we 'll see if y' can't git a start agin.' And he chirruped to the team, which sprang forward with the rumbling, clattering wagon.

'Say, looky here, Council, you can't do this. I never saw —' shouted Haskins in his neighbor's ear.

Council moved about uneasily in his seat and stopped his stammering gratitude by saying: 'Hold on, now; don't make such a fuss over a little thing. When I see a man down, an' things all on top of 'm, I jest like t' kick 'em off an' help 'm up. That 's the kind of religion I got, an' it 's about the *only* kind.'

They rode the rest of the way home in silence. And when the red light of the lamp shone out into the darkness of the cold and windy night, and he thought of this refuge for his children and wife, Haskins could have put his arm around the neck of his burly companion and squeezed him like a lover. But he contented himself with saying, 'Steve Council, you 'll git y'r pay f'r this some day.'

'Don't want any pay. My religion ain't run on such business principles.'

The wind was growing colder, and the ground was covered with a white frost, as they turned into the gate of the Council farm, and the children came rushing out, shouting, 'Papa 's come!' They hardly looked like the same children who had sat at the table the night before. Their torpidity, under the influence of sunshine and Mother Council, had given way to a sort of spasmodic cheerfulness, as insects in winter revive when laid on the hearth.

III

Haskins worked like a fiend, and his wife, like the heroic woman that she was, bore also uncomplainingly the most terrible burdens. They rose early and toiled without intermission till the darkness fell on the plain, then tumbled into bed, every bone and muscle aching with fatigue, to rise with the sun next morning to the same round of the same ferocity of labor.

The eldest boy drove a team all through the spring, plowing and seeding, milked the cows, and did chores innumerable, in most ways taking the place of a man.

An infinitely pathetic but common figure this boy on the American farm, where there is no law against child labor. To see him in his coarse clothing, his huge boots, and his ragged cap, as he staggered with a pail of water from the well, or trudged in the cold and cheerless dawn out into the frosty field behind his team, gave the city-bred visitor a sharp pang of sympathetic pain. Yet Haskins loved his boy, and would have saved him from this if he could, but he could not.

By June the first year the result of such Herculean toil began to show on the farm. The yard was cleaned up and sown to grass, the garden plowed and planted, and the house mended.

Council had given them four of his cows.

'Take 'em an' run 'em on shares. I don't want 'o milk s' many. Ike 's away s' much now, Sat'd'ys an' Sundays, I can't stand the bother anyhow.'

Other men, seeing the confidence of Council in the newcomer, had sold him tools on time; and as he was really an able farmer, he soon had round him many evidences of his care and thrift. At the advice of Council he had taken the farm for three years, with the privilege of renting or buying at the end of the term.

'It 's a good bargain, an' y' want 'o

nail it,' said Council. 'If you have any kind ov a crop, you c'n pay ye'r debts, an' keep seed an' bread.'

The new hope which now sprang up in the heart of Haskins and his wife grew great almost as a pain by the time the wide field of wheat began to wave and swirl in the winds of July. Day after day he would snatch a few moments after supper to go and look at it.

'Have ye seen the wheat t'-day, Nettie?' he asked one night as he rose from supper.

'No, Tim, I ain't had time.'

'Well, take time now. Let's go look at it.'

She threw an old hat on her head — Tommy's hat — and looking almost pretty in her thin, sad way, went out with her husband to the hedge.

'Ain't it grand, Netty? Just look at it.'

It was grand. Level, russet here and there, heavy-headed, wide as a lake, and full of multitudinous whispers and gleams of wealth, it stretched away before the gazers like the fabled field of the cloth of gold.

'Oh, I think — I *hope* we 'll have a good crop, Tim; and oh, how good the people have been to us!'

'Yes; I don't know where we 'd be t'-day if it had n't been f'r Council and his wife.'

'They 're the best people in the world,' said the little woman, with a great sob of gratitude.

'We 'll be in the field on Monday, sure,' said Haskins, gripping the rail on the fence as if already at the work of the harvest.

The harvest came, bounteous, glorious, but the winds came and blew it into tangles, and the rain matted it here and there close to the ground, increasing the work of gathering it threefold.

Oh, how they toiled in those glorious days! Clothing dripping with sweat, arms aching, filled with briers, fingers raw and bleeding, backs broken with the weight of heavy bundles, Haskins and his man toiled on, Tommy drove the harvester, while his father and a hired man bound on the machine. In this way they cut ten acres every day, and almost every night after supper, when the hand went to bed, Haskins returned to the field shocking the bound grain in the light of the moon. Many a night he worked till his anxious wife came out at ten o'clock to call him in to rest and lunch.

At the same time she cooked for the men, took care of the children, washed and ironed, milked the cows at night, made the butter, and sometimes fed the horses and watered them while her husband kept at the shocking.

No slave in the Roman galleys could have toiled so frightfully and lived, for this man thought himself a free man, and that he was working for his wife and babes.

When he sank into his bed with a deep groan of relief, too tired to change his grimy, dripping clothing, he felt that he was getting nearer and nearer to a home of his own, and pushing the wolf of want a little farther from his door.

There is no despair so deep as the despair of a homeless man or woman. To roam the roads of the country or the streets of the city, to feel there is no rood of ground on which the feet can rest, to halt weary and hungry outside lighted windows and hear laughter and song within,— these are the hungers and rebellions that drive men to crime and women to shame.

It was the memory of this homelessness, and the fear of its coming again, that spurred Timothy Haskins and Nettie, his wife, to such ferocious labor during that first year.

IV

''M, yes; 'm, yes; first-rate,' said Butler, as his eye took in the neat garden, the pig-pen, and the well-filled barnyard. 'You 're gitt'n' quite a stock around yeh. Done well, eh?'

Haskins was showing Butler around the place. He had not seen it for a year, having spent the year in Washington and Boston with Ashley, his brother-in-law, who had been elected to Congress.

'Yes, I 've laid out a good deal of money durin' the last three years. I 've paid out three hundred dollars f'r fencin'.'

'Um — h'm! I see. I see,' said Butler, while Haskins went on:

'The kitchen there cost two hundred; the barn ain't cost much in money, but I 've put a lot o' time on it. I 've dug a new well, and I —'

'Yes, yes, I see. You 've done well. Stock worth a thousand dollars,' said Butler, picking his teeth with a straw.

'About that,' said Haskins, modestly. 'We begin to feel 's if we was gett'n' a home f'r ourselves; but we 've worked hard. I tell you we begin to feel it, Mr. Butler, and we 're goin' t' begin to ease up purty soon. We 've been kind o' plannin' a trip back t' *her* folks after the fall plowin 's done.'

'*Eggs*-actly!' said Butler, who was evidently thinking of something else. 'I suppose you 've kind o' calc'lated on stayin' here three years more?'

'Well, yes. Fact is, I think I c'n buy the farm this fall, if you 'll give me a reasonable show.'

'Um — m! What do you call a reasonable show?'

'Well, say a quarter down and three years' time.'

Butler looked at the huge stacks of wheat, which filled the yard, over which the chickens were fluttering and crawling, catching grasshoppers, and out of which the crickets were singing innumerably. He smiled in a peculiar way as he said, 'Oh, I won't be hard on yeh. But what did you expect to pay f'r the place?'

'Why, about what you offered it for before, two thousand five hundred, or *possibly* three thousand dollars,' he added quickly, as he saw the owner shake his head.

'This farm is worth five thousand and five hundred dollars,' said Butler, in a careless and decided voice.

'*What!*' almost shrieked the astounded Haskins. 'What 's that? Five thousand? Why, that 's double what you offered it for three years ago.'

'Of course, and it 's worth it. It was all run down then; now it 's in good shape. You 've laid out fifteen hundred dollars in improvements, according to your own story.'

'But *you* had nothin' t' do about that. It 's my work an' my money.'

'You bet it was; but it 's my land.'

'But what 's to pay me for all my —'

'Ain't you had the use of 'em?' replied Butler, smiling calmly into his face.

Haskins was like a man struck on the head with a sandbag; he could n't think; he stammered as he tried to say: 'But — I never 'd git the use — You 'd rob me! More 'n that: you agreed — you promised that I could buy or rent at the end of three years at —'

'That 's all right. But I did n't say I 'd let you carry off the improvements, nor that I 'd go on renting the farm at two-fifty. The land is doubled in value, it don't matter how; it don't enter into the question; an' now you can pay me five hundred dollars a year rent, or take it on your own terms at fifty-five hundred, or — git out.'

He was turning away when Haskins, the sweat pouring from his face, fronted him, saying again:

'But *you 've* done nothing to make it so. You hain't added a cent. I put it all there myself, expectin' to buy. I worked an' sweat to improve it. I was workin' for myself an' babes —'

'Well, why did n't you buy when I offered to sell? What y' kickin' about?'

'I 'm kickin' about payin' you twice f'r my own things, — my own fences, my own kitchen, my own garden.'

Butler laughed. 'You 're too green t' eat, young feller. *Your* improvements! The law will sing another tune.'

'But I trusted your word.'

'Never trust anybody, my friend. Besides, I did n't promise not to do this thing. Why, man, don't look at me like that. Don't take me for a thief. It 's the law. The reg'lar thing. Everybody does it.'

'I don't care if they do. It 's stealin' jest the same. You take three thousand dollars of my money — the work o' my hands and my wife's.' He broke down at this point. He was not a strong man mentally. He could face hardship, ceaseless toil, but he could not face the cold and sneering face of Butler.

'But I don't take it,' said Butler, coolly. 'All you 've got to do is to go on jest as you 've been a-doin', or give me a thousand dollars down, and a mortgage at ten per cent on the rest.'

Haskins sat down blindly on a bundle of oats near by, and with staring eyes and drooping head went over the situation. He was under the lion's paw. He felt a horrible numbness in his heart and limbs. He was hid in a mist, and there was no path out.

Butler walked about, looking at the huge stacks of grain, and pulling now and again a few handfuls out, shelling the heads in his hands and blowing the chaff away. He hummed a little tune as he did so. He had an accommodating air of waiting.

Haskins was in the midst of the terrible toil of the last year. He was walking again in the rain and the mud behind his plow; he felt the dust and dirt of the threshing. The ferocious husking-time, with its cutting wind and biting, clinging snows, lay hard upon him. Then he thought of his wife, how she had cheerfully cooked and baked, without holiday and without rest.

'Well, what do you think of it?' inquired the cool, mocking, insinuating voice of Butler.

'I think you're a thief and a liar!' shouted Haskins, leaping up. 'A black-hearted houn'!' Butler's smile maddened him; with a sudden leap he caught a fork in his hands and whirled it in the air. 'You 'll never rob another man, damn ye!' he grated through his teeth, a look of pitiless ferocity in his accusing eyes.

Butler shrank and quivered, expecting the blow; stood, held hypnotized by the eyes of the man he had a moment before despised — a man transformed into an avenging demon. But in the deadly hush between the lift of the weapon and its fall there came a gush of faint, childish laughter and then across the range of his vision, far away and dim, he saw the sun-bright head of his baby girl, as, with the pretty, tottering run of a two-year-old, she moved across the grass of the door-yard. His hands relaxed; the fork fell to the ground; his head lowered.

'Make out y'r deed an' mor'gage, an' git of'n my land, an' don't ye never cross my line again; if y' do, I 'll kill ye.'

Butler backed away from the man in wild haste, and climbing into his buggy with trembling limbs drove off down the road, leaving Haskins seated dumbly on the sunny piles of sheaves, his head sunk into his hands.

From *Main Travelled Roads*, 1891.

RICHARD HOVEY (1864–1900)

Richard Hovey was born in Normal, Illinois, but his life and his training were all of the East. He was graduated at Dartmouth College in 1885, and then studied at Union Theological Seminary, New York, with a view to entering the ministry. Art, however, had cast its spell over him. Leaving the seminary, he became journalist, dramatist, lecturer, actor, poet,—excited, rhapsodic, impetuous. He went abroad and lived for a time with Maeterlinck the Belgian poet and dramatist, and, returning, published a translation of his works. Then he poured out volume after volume of poetry of his own,—no less than ten volumes in all in less than fourteen years: *The Quest of Merlin*, *The Marriage of Guinevere*, *Songs from Vagabondia*, and others. At length he was given a lectureship at Barnard College, New York City, and then, just as he was entering upon his new work, death claimed him at the Byronic age of thirty-six.

Undoubtedly Hovey was the most promising poet America produced after the Civil War. He gave, moreover, more than promise: his poetry is of distinctive quality, some of it of high distinction. In his later work he was beginning to break from the mannerism of his early period, from Bohemianism and Swinburnism, and was striking, as in *Taliesin*, deeper and more significant notes. He was a singer of men, of comradeship, and masculine joy. Few of the poets of America have been so bubbling with song, so spontaneous, and genuinely lyrical.

SEAWARD

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS

'Il tremolar della marina.'—DANTE.

The tide is in the marshes. Far away
In Nova Scotia's woods they follow me,
Marshes of distant Massachusetts Bay,
Dear marshes, where the dead once loved to be!
I see them lying yellow in the sun,
And hear the mighty tremor of the sea
Beyond the dunes where blue cloud shadows run.

I know that there the tide is coming in,
Secret and slow, for in my heart I feel
The silent swelling of a stress akin;
And in my vision, lo, blue glimpses steal
Across the yellow marsh-grass, where the flood,
Filling the empty channels, lifts the keel
Of one lone catboat bedded in the mud.

The tide is in the marshes. Kingscroft fades;
It is not Minas there across the lea;
But I am standing under pilgrim shades
Far off where Scituate lapses to the sea.
And he, my elder brother in the muse,
The poet of the Charles and Italy,
Stands by my side, Song's gentle, shy recluse.

The hermit thrush of singers, few might draw
So near his ambush in the solitude
As to be witness of the holy awe
And passionate sweetness of his singing mood.
Not oft he sang, and then in ways apart,
Where foppish ignorance might not intrude
To mar the joy of his sufficing art.

Only for love of song he sang, unbid
And unexpectant of responsive praise;
But they that loved and sought him where he hid,
Forbearing to profane his templed ways,
Went marveling if that clear voice they heard
Pass thrilling through the hushed religious maze,
Were of a spirit singing or a bird.

Alas, he is not here, he will not sing;
The air is empty of him evermore.
Alone I watch the slow kelp-gatherers bring
Their dories full of sea-moss to the shore.
No gentle eyes look out to sea with mine,
No gentle lips are uttering quaint lore,
No hand is on my shoulder for a sign.

Far, far, so far, the crying of the surf!
Still, still, so still, the water in the grass!
Here on the knoll the crickets in the turf
And one bold squirrel barking, seek, alas,
To bring the swarming summer back to me.
In vain! my heart is on the salt morass
Below, that stretches to the sunlit sea.

Interminable, not to be divined,
The ocean's solemn distances recede;
A gospel of glad color to the mind,
But for the soul a voice of sterner creed.
The sadness of unfathomable things
Calls from the waste and makes the heart give heed
With answering dirges, as a seashell sings.

Mother of infinite loss! Mother bereft!
Thou of the shaken hair! Far-questing Sea!
Sea of the lapsing wail of waves! O left
Of many lovers! Lone, lamenting Sea!
Desolate, prone, disheveled, lost, sublime!
Unquelled and reckless! Mad, despairing Sea!
Wail, for I wait — wail, ancient dirge of Time!

No more, no more that brow to greet, no more!
Mourn, bitter heart! mourn, fool of Fate! Again
Thy lover leaves thee; from thy pleading shore
Swept far beyond the caverns of the rain,
No phantom of him lingers on the air.
Thy foamy fingers reach for his — in vain!
In vain thy salt breath searches for his hair!

Mourn gently, tranquil marshes, mourn with me!
Mourn, if acceptance so serene can mourn!
Grieve, marshes, tho your noonday melody
Of color thrill through sorrow like a horn
Blown far in Elfland! Mourn, free-wandering dunes!
For he has left you of his voice forlorn,
Who sang your slopes full of an hundred Junes.

O viking Death, what hast thou done with him?
Sea-wolf of Fate, marauder of the shore!
Storm reveler, to what carousal grim
Hast thou compelled him? Hark, through the Sea's roar
Heroic laughter mocking us afar!
There will no answer come for evermore,
Tho for his sake Song beacon to a star.

Mourn, Muse beyond the sea! Ausonian Muse!
Mourn, where thy vinelands watch the day depart!
Mourn for him, where thy sunsets interfuse,
Who loved thy beauty with no alien heart,
And sang it in his not all alien line!
Muse of the passionate thought and austere art!
O Dante's Muse! lament his son and thine.

And thou, divine one of this western beach!
A double loss has left thee desolate;
Two rooms are vacant in thy House of Speech,
Two ghosts have vanished through the open gate,
The Attic spirit, epicure of light,
The Doric heart, strong, simple, passionate,
Thy priest of Beauty and thy priest of Right.

Last of the elder choir, save one whose smile
Is gentler for its memories, they rest.
Mourn, goddess, come apart and mourn awhile!
Come with thy sons, lithe Song-Queen of the West,—
The poet Friend of Poets, the great throng
Of seekers on the long elusive quest,
And the lone voice of Arizonian song.

Nor absent they, thy latest-born, O Muse,
My young companions in Art's wildwood ways;
She whose swift verse speaks words that smite and bruise
With scarlet suddenness of flaming phrase,
Virginia's hawk of Song; and he who sings,
Alike his people's homely rustic lays,
And his fine spirit's high imaginings,

Far-stretching Indiana's melodist,
Quaint, humorous, full of quirks and wanton whims,
Full-throated, with imagination kissed;
With these two pilgrims from auroral streams,
The Greek revealer of Canadian skies,
And thy close darling, voyager of dreams,
Carman, the sweetest, strangest voice that cries.

And thou, friend of my heart, in fireside bonds

Near to the dead, not with the poet's bay
Brow-bound but eminent with kindred fronds,
Paint us some picture of the summer day
For his memorial,—the distant dune,
The marshes stretching palpitant away
And blue sea fervid with the stress of noon.

For we were of the few who knew his face,
Nor only heard the rumor of his fame;
This house beside the sea the sacred place
Where first with you to clasp his hand I came—
Art's knight of courtesy, eager to commend,
Who to my youth accorded the dear name
Of poet, and the dearer name of friend.

O mourners by the sea, who loved him most!
I watch you where you move, I see you all;
Unmarked I glide among you like a ghost,
And on the portico, in room and hall,
Lay visionary fingers on your hair.
You do not feel their unsubstantial fall
Nor hear my silent tread, but I am there.

I would my thought had but the weakest throat,
To set the air a-vibrate with a word.
Alas! dumb, ineffectual, remote,
I murmur, but my solace is not heard;
Nor, could I reach you, would your grief abate.
What sorrow ever was with speech deterred?
What power has Song against the hand of Fate?

Not all in vain! For with the will to serve,
Myself am served, at least. A secure calm
Soars in my soul with wings that will not swerve,
And on my brow I feel a ministering palm.
Even in the effort for another's peace
I have achieved mine own. I hear a psalm
Of angels, and the grim forebodings cease.

I see things as they are, nor longer yield
To truce and parley with the doubts of sense.
My certainty of vision goes afield,
Wide-ranging, fearless, into the immense;
And finds no terror there, no ghost nor ghoul
Not to be dazzled back to impotence,
Confronted with the indomitable soul.

What goblin frights us? Are we children, then,
To start at shadows? Things fantastic slay
The imperishable spirit in whose ken
Their only birth is? Blaze one solar ray
Across the grisly darkness that appals,
And where the gloom was murkiest, the bright Day
Laughs with a light of blosmy coronals.

Stretch wide, O marshes, in your golden joy!
Stretch ample, marshes, in serene delight!
Proclaiming faith past tempest to destroy,
With silent confidence of conscious might!
Glad of the blue sky, knowing nor wind nor rain
Can do your large indifference despite,
Nor lightning mar your tolerant disdain!

The fanfare of the trumpets of the sea
Assaults the air with jubilant foray;
The intolerable exigence of glee
Shouts to the sun and leaps in radiant spray;
The laughter of the breakers on the shore
Shakes like the mirth of Titans heard at play,
With thunders of tumultuous uproar.

Playmate of terrors! Intimate of Doom!
Fellow of Fate and Death! Exultant Sea!
Thou strong companion of the Sun, make room!
Let me make one with you, rough comrade Sea!
Sea of the boisterous sport of wind and spray!
Sea of the lion mirth! Sonorous Sea!
I hear thy shout, I know what thou wouldst say.

Dauntless, triumphant, reckless of alarms,
O Queen that laughest Time and Fear to scorn!
Death, like a bridegroom, tosses in thine arms.
The rapture of your fellowship is borne
Like music on the wind. I hear the blare,
The calling of the undesisting horn
And tremors as of trumpets on the air.

Sea-Captain of whose keels the Sea is fain,
Death, Master of a thousand ships, each prow
That sets against the thunders of the main,

Is lyric with thy mirth. I know thee now,
O death, I shout back to thy hearty hail,
Thou of the great heart and the cavernous brow,
Strong Seaman at whose look the north winds quail.

Poet, thou hast adventured in the roar
Of mighty seas with one that never failed
To make the havens of the further shore.
Beyond that vaster Ocean thou hast sailed
What old immortal world of beauty lies!
What land where light for matter has prevailed!
What strange Atlantid dream of Paradise!

Down what dim bank of violets did he come,
The mild historian of the Sudbury Inn,
Welcoming thee to that long-wished-for home?
What talk of comrades old didst thou begin?
What dear inquiry lingered on his tongue
Of the Sicilian, ere he led thee in
To the eternal company of Song?

There thy co-laborers and high compeers
Hailed thee as courtly hosts some noble guest,—
Poe, disengloomed with the celestial years,
Calm Bryant, Emerson of the antique zest
And modern vision, Lowell all a-bloom
At last, unwintered of his mind's unrest,
And Whitman, with the old superb aplomb.

Not far from these Lanier, deplored so oft
From Georgian live-oaks to Acadian firs,
Walks with his friend as once at Cedarcroft.
And many more I see of speech diverse;
From whom a band aloof and separate,
Landor and Meleager in converse
And lonely Collins for thy greeting wait.

But who is this, that from the mightier shades
Emerges, seeing whose sacred laureate hair
Thou startest forward trembling through the glades,
Advancing upturned palms of filial prayer?
Long hast thou served him; now, of lineament
Not stern but strenuous still, thy pious care
He comes to guerdon. Art thou not content?

Forbear, O Muse, to sing his deeper bliss,
What tenderer meetings, what more secret joys!
Lift not the veil of heavenly privacies!
Suffice it that nought unfulfilled alloys
The pure gold of the rapture of his rest,
Save that some linger where the jarring noise
Of earth afflicts, whom living he caressed.

His feet are in thy courts, O Lord; his ways
Are in the City of the Living God.
Beside the eternal sources of the days
He dwells, his thoughts with timeless lightings shod;
His hours are exaltations and desires,
The soul itself its only period
And life unmeasured save as it aspires.

Time, like a wind, blows through the lyric leaves
Above his head, and from the shaken boughs
Æonian music falls; but he receives
Its endless changes in alert repose,
Nor drifts unconscious as a dead leaf blown
On with the wind and senseless that it blows,
But hears the chords like armies marching on.

About his paths the tall swift angels are,
Whose motion is like music but more sweet;
The centuries for him their gates unbar;
He hears the stars their Glorias repeat;
And in high moments when the fervid soul
Burns white with love, lo, on his gaze replete
The Vision of the Godhead shall unroll;—

Trine within trine, inextricably One,
Distinct, innumerable, inseparate,
And never ending what was ne'er begun,
Within Himself his Freedom and his Fate,
All dreams, all harmonies, all Forms of light
In his Infinity intrinsecate,—
Until the soul no more can bear the sight.

Oh, secret, taciturn, disdainful Death!
Knowing all this, why hast thou held thy peace?
Master of Silence, thou wilt waste no breath
On weaklings, nor to stiffen nerveless knees
Deny strong men the conquest of one qualm;—

And they, thy dauntless comrades, are at ease
And need no speech and greet thee calm for calm.

Cast them adrift in wastes of ageless Night,
Or bid them follow into Hell, they dare;
So are they worthy of their thrones of light.
O that great, tranquil rapture they shall share!
That life compact of adamantine fire!
My soul goes out across the eastern air
To that far country with a wild desire!

But still the marshes haunt me, still my thought
Returns upon their silence, there to brood,
Till the significance of earth is brought
Back to my heart, and in a sturdier mood
I turn my eyes toward the distance dim,
And in the purple far infinitude
Watch the white ships sink under the sea-rim.

Some bound for Flemish ports or Genovese,
Some for Bermuda bound or Baltimore;
Others, perchance, for further Orient seas,
Sumatra and the straits of Singapore,
Or antique cities of remote Cathay,
Or past Gibraltar and the Libyan shore
Through Bab-el-mandeb eastward to Bombay;

And one shall signal flaming Teneriffe,
And the Great Captive's ocean-prison speak,
Then on beyond the demon-haunted cliff,
By Madagascar's palms and Mozambique,
Till in some sudden tropic dawn afar
The Sultan sees the colors at her peak
Salute the minarets of Zanzibar.

The Independent, Nov. 17, 1892.

A DREAM OF SAPPHO

I dreamed of Sappho on a summer night.
Her nightingales were singing in the trees
Beside the castled river; and the wind
Fell like a woman's fingers on my cheek,
And then I slept and dreamed and marked no change;
The night went on with me into my dream,
This only I remember, that I said:
'O Sappho! ere I leave this paradise,
Sing me one song of those lost books of yours
For which we poets still go sorrowing;
That when I meet my fellows on the earth
I may rejoice them more than many pearls';
And she, the sweetly-smiling, answered me,
As one who dreams: 'I have forgotten them.'

Independent, April 30, 1896.

AMONG THE HILLS

Again among the hills!
The shaggy hills!
The clear arousing air comes like a call
Of bugle notes across the pine, and thrills
My heart as if a hero had just spoken.
Again among the hills!
The jubilant unbroken
Long dreaming of the hills!

MEN OF DARTMOUTH

Men of Dartmouth, give a rouse
For the college on the hill!
For the Lone Pine above her
And the loyal men who love her,—
Give a rouse, give a rouse, with a will
For the sons of old Dartmouth,
The sturdy sons of Dartmouth,—
Though 'round the girdled earth they roam,
Her spell on them remains;
They have the still North in their hearts,
The hill-winds in their veins,
And the granite of New Hampshire
In their muscles and their brains.

They were mighty men of old
That she nurtured at her side;
Till like Vikings they went forth
From the lone and silent North,—
And they strove and they wrought, and they died;
But — the sons of old Dartmouth,
The laurelled sons of Dartmouth —
The Mother keeps them in her heart
And guards their altar-flame;
The still North remembers them,
The hill-winds know their name,
And the granite of New Hampshire
Keeps the record of their fame.

Men of Dartmouth, set a watch
Lest the old traditions fail!
Stand as brother stands by brother!
Dare a deed for the old Mother!

Greet the world, from the hills, with a hail!
For the sons of old Dartmouth,
The loyal sons of Dartmouth—
Around the world they keep for her
Their old chivalric faith;
They have the still North in their souls,
The hill-winds in their breath;
And the granite of New Hampshire
Is made part of them till death.

SPRING: AN ODE

I said in my heart: 'I am sick of four walls and a ceiling.
I have need of the sky.
I have business with the grass.
I will up and get me away where the hawk is wheeling,
Lone and high,
And the slow clouds go by.
I will get me away to the waters that glass
The clouds as they pass,
To the waters that lie
Like the heart of a maiden aware of a doom drawing nigh
And dumb for sorcery of impending joy.
I will get me away to the woods.
Spring, like a huntsman's boy,
Halloos along the hillsides and unhoods
The falcon in my will.
The dogwood calls me, and the sudden thrill
That breaks in apple-blooms down country roads
Plucks me by the sleeve and nudges me away.
The sap is in the boles to-day;
And in my veins a pulse that yearns and goads.'
When I got to the woods I found out
What the spring was about,
With her gipsy ways
And her heart ablaze,
Coming up from the south
With the wander-lure of witch-songs in her mouth.
For the sky
Stirred and grew soft and swimming as a lover's eye
As she went by;
The air
Made love to all it touched as if its care
Were all to spare;
The earth
Prickled with lust of birth;
The woodland streams
Babbled the incoherence of the thousand dreams
Wherewith the warm sun teems.
And out of the frieze
Of the chestnut-trees
I heard
The sky and the fields and the thicket find voice in a bird.
The goldenwing—hark!
How he drives his song
Like a golden nail
Through the hush of the air!
I thrill to his cry in the thicket there;
I respond to the new life mounting under the bark;
I shall not be long
To follow
With eft and bulrush, bee and bud and swallow,
On the old trail.

Spring in the world!
And all things are made new.
There was never a mote that whirled
In the nebular morn,
There was never a brook that purled
When the hills were born,
There was never a leaf uncurled—
Not the first that grew—
Nor a bee-flight hurled,
Nor a bird-note skirled,
Nor a cloud-wisp swirled
In the depth of the blue,
More alive and afresh and impromptu, more thoughtless and certain and free,
More a-shout with the glee
Of the Unknown new-burst on the wonder, than here, than here,
In the re-wrought sphere
Of the new-born year—
Now, now,
When the greenlet sings on the redbud bough
Where the blossoms are whispering 'I and thou'—
'I and thou,'
And a lass at the turn looks after her lad with a dawn on her brow,
And the world is just made—now!
Spring in the heart!—
With her pinks and pearls and yellows.
Spring, fellows,
And we too feel the little green leaves a-start
Across the bare-twigged winter of the mart.
The campus is re-born in us to-day;
The old grip stirs our hearts with new-old joy;
Again bursts bonds for madcap holiday
The eternal boy.

For we have not come here for long debate
Nor taking counsel for our household order,
Howe'er we make a feint of serious things,—
For all the world as in affairs of state
A word goes out for war along the border
To further or defeat the loves of kings.
We put our house to rights from year to year,
But that is not the call that brings us here;
We have come here to be glad.

Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime,
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into day-time
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table and a good song ringing clear.

When the wind comes up from Cuba
And the birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring,
Then there's no wonder whether
The boys will get together,
With a stein on the table and a cheer for everything.

For we're all frank-and-twenty
When the spring is in the air,
And we've faith and hope a-plenty
And we've life and love to spare,
And it's birds of a feather
When we all get together,
With a stein on the table and a heart without a care.

For we know the world is glorious
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When his children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When the boys get together,
With a stein on the table in the fellowship of spring.

A road runs east, and a road runs west,
From the table where we sing;
And the lure of the one is a roving quest,
And the lure of the other a lotus dream.
And the eastward road leads into the West
Of the lifelong chase of the vanishing gleam;
And the westward road leads into the East
Where the spirit from striving is released,
Where the soul like a child in God's arms lies
And forgets the lure of the butterflies.
And west is east, if you follow the trail to the end;
And east is west, if you follow the trail to the end;
And the East and the West in the Spring of the World shall blend
As a man and a woman that plight
Their troth in the warm spring night.
And the spring for the East is the sap in the heart of a tree;
And the spring for the West is the will in the wings of a bird;
But the spring for the East and the West alike shall be
An urge in their bones and an ache in their spirit, a word
That shall knit them in one for Time's foison, once they have heard.

And do I not hear
The first low stirring of that greater spring
Thrill in the underworld of the cosmic year?
The wafture of scant violets presaging
The roses and the tasseled corn to be;
A yearning in the roots of grass and tree;
A swallow in the eaves;
The hint of coming leaves;
The signals of the summer coming up from Arcadie!

For surely in the blind deep-buried roots
Of all men's souls to-day
A secret quiver shoots.
An underground compulsion of new birth
Lays hold upon the dark core of our being,
And unborn blossoms urge their uncomprehended way
Toward the outer day.
Unconscious, dumb, unseeing,
The darkness in us is aware
Of something potent burning through the earth,
Of something vital in the procreant air.

Is it a spring indeed?
Or do we stir and mutter in our dreams,
Only to sleep again?
What warrant have we that we give not heed
To the caprices of an idle brain
That in its slumber deems
The world of slumber real as it seems?
No,—
Spring's not to be mistaken.
When her first far flute-notes blow
Across the snow,
Bird, beast, and blossom know
That she is there.

The very bats awaken
That hang in clusters in Kentucky caves
All winter, breathless, motionless, asleep,
And feel no alteration of the air,
For all year long those vasty caverns keep,
Winter and summer, even temperature;
And yet when April whistles on the hill,
Somehow, far in those subterranean naves,
They know, they hear her, they obey her will,
And wake and circle through the vaulted aisles
To find her in the open where she smiles.

So we are somehow sure,
By this dumb turmoil in the soul of man,
Of an impending something. When the stress
Climbs to fruition, we can only guess
What many-seeded harvest we shall scan;
But from one impulse, like a northering sun,
The innumerable outburst is begun,
And in that common sunlight all men know
A common ecstasy
And feel themselves at one.
The comradeship of joy and mystery
Thrills us more vitally as we arouse,
And we shall find our new day intimate
Beyond the guess of any long ago.
Doubting or elate,
With agony or triumph on our brows,
We shall not fail to be
Better comrades than before;
For no new sense puts forth in us but we
Enter our fellows' lives thereby the more.
And three great spirits with the spirit of man
Go forth to do his bidding. One is free,
And one is shackled, and the third, unbound,
Halts yet a little with a broken chain
Of antique workmanship, not wholly loosed,
That dangles and impedes its forthright way.
Unfettered, swift, hawk-eyed, implacable,
The Wonder-worker, Science, with his wand,
Subdues an alien world to man's desires.
And Art, with wide imaginative wings,
Stands by, alert for flight, to bear his lord
Into the strange heart of the alien world,
Till he shall live in it as in himself
And know its longing as he knows his own.
Behind a little, where the shadows fall,
Lingers Religion with deep-brooding eyes,
Serene, impenetrable, transpicuous
As the all-clear and all-mysterious sky,
Biding her time to fuse into one act
Those other twain, man's right hand and his left.
For all the bonds shall be broken and rent in sunder,
And the soul of man go free
Forth with those three
Into the lands of wonder;
Like some undaunted youth
Afield in quest of truth,
Rejoicing in the road he journeys on
As much as in the hope of journey done.
And the road runs east, and the road runs west,
That his vagrant feet explore;
And he knows no haste and he knows no rest,
And every mile has a stranger zest
Than the miles he trod before;
And his heart leaps high in the nascent year
When he sees the purple buds appear;
For he knows, though the great black frost may blight
The hope of May in a single night,
That the Spring, though it shrink back under the bark,
But bides its time somewhere in the dark,—
Though it come not now to its blossoming,
By the thrill in his heart he knows the Spring;
And the promise it makes perchance too soon
It shall keep with its roses yet in June;
For the ages fret not over a day,
And the greater to-morrow is on its way.

Read at Ann Arbor, Michigan,
May 7, 1896.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY (1869–1910)

Another poet of unfulfilled promise, born in the West and educated in the East,—born in this case in Indiana and educated at Harvard—was William Vaughn Moody who at the time of his death at forty-one (a life five years longer than Hovey's) was just coming unto a wide and deserved recognition as a poet and dramatist. Graduating in 1893, he was called two years later to the faculty of Chicago University, as professor of English literature, and remained there until his death. His *Masque of Judgment*, 1900, and his *Poems*, made him known to a judicious few, but after his *The Great Divide*, 1906, a prose drama in which the narrow ideals of the Puritan East are contrasted with the new spirit of the great West, he became widely popular. Another play, *The Faith Healer*, which followed in 1909, was not so successful. In all of his work despite certain classic influences discernible in his poetic trilogy *The Fire Bringer*, *The Masque of Judgment*, and the fragmentary *The Death of Eve*, there is an intense spirit of Americanism. His task as he conceived it was to interpret the old Puritanism of the New England beginnings, with its self-torturing ideals and its slavery to conscience, and contrast it with the new free conceptions of the great West. His 'Ode in Time of Hesitation' is his strongest and most sustained poetic composition,—the protest of the conservative and backward looking East against the rising tide of internationalism that seemed from the standpoint of the old Boston régime threatening to sweep over all known landmarks.

AN ODE IN TIME OF HESITATION[1]

(After seeing at Boston the statue of Robert Gould Shaw, killed while storming Fort Wagner, July 18, 1863, at the head of the first enlisted negro regiment, the 54th Massachusetts.)

I

Before the solemn bronze Saint Gaudens made
To thrill the heedless passer's heart with awe,
And set here in the city's talk and trade
To the good memory of Robert Shaw,
This bright March morn I stand,
And hear the distant spring come up the land;
Knowing that what I hear is not unheard
Of this boy soldier and his negro band,
For all their gaze is fixed so stern ahead,
For all the fatal rhythm of their tread.
The land they died to save from death and shame
Trembles and waits, hearing the spring's great name,
And by her pangs these resolute ghosts are stirred.

II

Through street and mall the tides of people go
Heedless; the trees upon the Common show
No hint of green; but to my listening heart
The still earth doth impart
Assurance of her jubilant emprise,
And it is clear to my long-searching eyes
That love at last has might upon the skies.
The ice is runneled on the little pond;
A telltale patter drips from off the trees;
The air is touched with southland spiceries,
As if but yesterday it tossed the frond
Of pendent mosses where the live-oaks grow
Beyond Virginia and the Carolines,
Or had its will among the fruits and vines
Of aromatic isles asleep beyond
Florida and the Gulf of Mexico.

III

Soon shall the Cape Ann children shout in glee,
Spying the arbutus, spring's dear recluse;
Hill lads at dawn shall hearken the wild goose
Go honking northward over Tennessee;
West from Oswego to Sault Sainte-Marie,
And on to where the Pictured Rocks are hung,
And yonder where, gigantic, wilful, young,
Chicago sitteth at the northwest gates,
With restless violent hands and casual tongue
Molding her mighty fates,

1 Copyright by William Vaughn Moody.

The Lakes shall robe them in ethereal sheen;
And like a larger sea, the vital green
Of springing wheat shall vastly be outflung
Over Dakota and the prairie states.
By desert people immemorial
On Arizonan mesas shall be done
Dim rites unto the thunder and the sun;
Nor shall the primal gods lack sacrifice
More splendid, when the white Sierras call
Unto the Rockies straightway to arise
And dance before the unveiled ark of the year,
Sounding their windy cedars as for shawms,
Unrolling rivers clear
For flutter of broad phylacteries;
While Shasta signals to Alaskan seas
That watch old sluggish glaciers downward creep
To fling their icebergs thundering from the steep,
And Mariposa through the purple calms
Gazes at far Hawaii crowned with palms
Where East and West are met,—
A rich seal on the ocean's bosom set
To say that East and West are twain,
With different loss and gain:
The Lord hath sundered them; let them be sundered yet.

IV

Alas! what sounds are these that come
Sullenly over the Pacific seas,—
Sounds of ignoble battle, striking dumb
The season's half-awakened ecstasies?
Must I be humble, then,
Now when my heart hath need of pride?
Wild love falls on me from these sculptured men;
By loving much the land for which they died
I would be justified.
My spirit was away on pinions wide
To soothe in praise of her its passionate mood
And ease it of its ache of gratitude,
Too sorely heavy is the debt they lay
On me and the companions of my day.
I would remember now
My country's goodliness, make sweet her name.
Alas! what shade art thou
Of sorrow or of blame
Liftest the lyric leafage from her brow,
And pointest a slow finger at her shame?

V

Lies! lies! It cannot be! The wars we wage
Are noble, and our battles still are won
By justice for us, ere we lift the gage.
We have not sold our loftiest heritage.
The proud republic hath not stooped to cheat.
And scramble in the market-place of war;
Her forehead weareth yet its solemn star.
Here is her witness: this, her perfect son,
This delicate and proud New England soul
Who leads despisèd men, with just-unshackled feet,
Up the large ways where death and glory meet,
To show all peoples that our shame is done,
That once more we are clean and spirit-whole.

VI

Crouched in the sea fog on the morning sand
All night he lay, speaking some simple word
From hour to hour to the slow minds that heard,
Holding each poor life gently in his hand
And breathing on the base rejected clay
Till each dark face shone mystical and grand
Against the breaking day;
And lo, the shard the potter cast away
Was grown a fiery chalice crystal-fine
Fulfilled of the divine
Great wine of battle wrath by God's ring-finger stirred.
Then upward, where the shadowy bastion loomed
Huge on the mountain in the wet sea light,
Whence now, and now, infernal flowerage bloomed,
Bloomed, burst, and scattered down its deadly seed,—
They swept, and died like freemen on the height,
Like freemen, and like men of noble breed;
And when the battle fell away at night
By hasty and contemptuous hands were thrust
Obscurely in a common grave with him
The fair-haired keeper of their love and trust,
Now limb doth mingle with dissolvèd limb
In nature's busy old democracy
To flush the mountain laurel when she blows
Sweet by the southern sea,
And heart with crumbled heart climbs in the rose:—
The untaught hearts with the high heart that knew
This mountain fortress for no earthly hold
Of temporal quarrel, but the bastion old
Of spiritual wrong,
Built by an unjust nation sheer and strong.

Expugnable but by a nation's rue
And bowing down before that equal shrine
By all men held divine,
Whereof his band and he were the most holy sign.

VII

O bitter, bitter shade!
Wilt thou not put the scorn
And instant tragic question from thine eyes?
Do thy dark brows yet crave
That swift and angry stave —
Unmeet for this desirous morn —
That I have striven, striven to evade?
Gazing on him, must I not deem they err
Whose careless lips in street and shop aver
As common tidings, deeds to make his cheek
Flush from the bronze, and his dead throat to speak?
Surely some elder singer would arise,
Whose harp hath leave to threaten and to mourn
Above this people when they go astray.
Is Whitman, the strong spirit, overworn?
Has Whittier put his yearning wrath away?
I will not and I dare not yet believe!
Though furtively the sunlight seems to grieve,
And the spring-ladened breeze
Out of the gladdening west is sinister
With sounds of nameless battle overseas:
Though when we turn and question in suspense
If these things be indeed after these,
Our fluent men of place and consequence
Fumble and fill their mouths with hollow phrase,
Or for the end-all of deep arguments
Intone their dull commercial liturgies —
I dare not yet believe! My ears are shut!
I will not hear the thin satiric praise
And muffled laughter of our enemies,
Bidding us never sheathe our valiant sword
Till we have changed our birthright for a gourd
Of wild pulse stolen from a barbarian's hut;
Showing how wise it is to cast away
The symbols of our spiritual sway,
That so our hands with better ease
May wield the driver's whip and grasp the jailer's keys.

VIII

Was it for this our fathers kept the law?
This crown shall crown their struggle and their ruth?
Are we the eagle nation Milton saw
Mewing its mighty youth,
Soon to possess the mountain winds of truth,
And be a swift familiar of the sun
Where ay before God's face his trumpets run?
Or have we but the talons and the maw,
And for the abject likeness of our heart
Shall some less lordly bird be set apart? —
Some gross-billed wader where the swamps are fat?
Some gorger in the sun? Some prowler with the bat?

IX

Ah no!
We have not fallen so.
We are our fathers' sons: let those who lead us know!
'T was only yesterday sick Cuba's cry
Came up the tropic wind, 'Now help us, for we die.'
Then Alabama heard,
And rising, pale, to Maine and Idaho
Shouted a burning word.
Proud state with proud impassioned state conferred,
And at the lifting of a hand sprang forth,
East, west, and south, and north,
Beautiful armies. Oh, by the sweet blood and young
Shed on the awful hill slope at San Juan,
By the unforgotten names of eager boys
Who might have tasted girls' love and been stung
With the old mystic joys
And starry griefs, now the spring nights come on,
But that the heart of youth is generous,—
We charge you, ye who lead us,
Breathe on their chivalry no hint of stain!
Turn not their new-world victories to gain!
One least leaf plucked for chaffer from the bays
Of their dear praise,
One jot of their pure conquest put to hire,
The implacable republic will require:
With clamor, in the glare and gaze of noon,
Or subtly, coming as a thief at night,
But surely, very surely, slow or soon
That insult deep we deeply will requite.
Tempt not our weakness, our cupidity!
For save we let the island men go free,
Those baffled and dislaureled ghosts
Will curse us from the lamentable coasts
Where walk the frustrate dead.
The cup of trembling shall be drainèd quite,
Eaten the sour bread of astonishment,
With ashes of the hearth shall be made white
Our hair, and wailing shall be in the tent;

Then on your guiltier head
Shall our intolerable self-disdain
Wreak suddenly its anger and its pain;
For manifest in that disastrous light
We shall discern the right
And do it, tardily.—O ye who lead,
Take heed!
Blindness we may forgive, but baseness we will smite.

1900.

OTHER POETS OF THE PERIOD

The minor verse of the National Period was remarkable both in quantity and in the high average of its quality. Of the 773 pages of Stedman's *American Anthology*, 463 are devoted to the poets who wrote after 1861, and it is significant that work of upwards of 400 writers was found worthy of a place in this distinctive collection, over 100 of these writers being women. But while the quality and the average of the poetical output have been high, there have emerged from the great chorus few voices strong enough to lead or, indeed, in any way to command. The music has been remarkably correct, and often gracefully charming, but it has had in it nothing new or compelling. It has been almost wholly lyrical, fragments, little cries, moods, conceits, with little in it all to interpret the American soul or to throw light upon the meaning of our new western world.

SILAS WEIR MITCHELL
(1829–1914)

TO A MAGNOLIA FLOWER[1]

IN THE GARDEN OF THE ARMENIAN CONVENT AT VENICE

I saw thy beauty in its high estate
Of perfect empire, where at set of sun
In the cool twilight of thy lucent leaves
The dewy freshness told that day was done.
Hast thou no gift beyond thine ivory cone's
Surpassing loveliness? Art thou not near —
More near than we — to nature's silentness;
Is it not voiceful to thy finer ear?

Thy folded secrecy doth like a charm
Compel to thought. What spring-born yearning lies
Within the quiet of thy stainless breast
That doth with languorous passion seem to rise?

The soul doth truant angels entertain
Who with reluctant joy their thoughts confess:
Low breathing, to these sister spirits give
The virgin mysteries of thy heart to guess.

What whispers hast thou from yon childlike sea
That sobs all night beside these garden walls?
Canst thou interpret what the lark hath sung
When from the choir of heaven her music falls?

If for companionship of purity
The equal pallor of the risen moon
Disturb thy dreams, dost know to read aright
Her silver tracery on the dark lagoon?

The mischief-making truthfulness of May
Stirs all the garden folk with vague desires.
Doth there not reach thine apprehensive ear
The faded longing of these dark-robed friars,

When, in the evening hour to memories given,
Some gray-haired man amid the gathering gloom
For one delirious moment sees again
The gleam of eyes and white-walled Erzeroum?

Hast thou not loved him for this human dream?
Or sighed with him who yesterevening sat
Upon the low sea-wall, and saw through tears
His ruined home and snow-clad Ararat?

If thou art dowered with some refined sense
That shares the counsels of the nesting bird,
Canst hear the mighty laughter of the earth,
And all that ear of man hath never heard?

[1] The poems of Mitchell in this collection are copyright by the Century Co.

If the abysmal stillness of the night
Be eloquent for thee, if thou canst read
The glowing rubric of the morning song,
Doth each new day no gentle warning breed?

Shall not the gossip of the maudlin bee,
The fragrant history of the fallen rose,
Unto the prescience of instinctive love
Some humbler prophecy of joy disclose?

Cold vestal of the leafy convent cell,
The traitor days have thy calm trust betrayed;
The sea-wind boldly parts thy shining leaves
To let the angel in. Be not afraid!

The gold-winged sun, divinely penetrant,
The pure annunciation of the morn
Breathes o'er thy chastity, and to thy soul
The tender thrill of motherhood is borne.

Set wide the glory of thy radiant bloom!
Call every wind to share thy scented breaths!
No life is brief that doth perfection win.
To-day is thine — to-morrow thou art death's!

1897.

VESPERAL

I know the night is near at hand.
The mists lie low on Hill and bay,
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry;
But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When at Thy call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.

1899.

STORM-WAVES AND FOG ON DORR'S POINT, BAR HARBOR

The fog's gray curtain round me draws,
And leaves no world to me
Save this swift drama of the stirred
And restless sea.

Forth of the shrouding fog they roll,
As from a viewless world,
Leap spectral white, and, pausing, break,
In thunder hurled.

Ever they climb and cling anew,
Slide from the smooth rock wall,
With thin fingers grip the weeds
And seaward crawl.

In rhythmic rote o'er shivering sands
They glide adown the shore
With murmurous whispering of 'Hush!'
And then no more.

1907.

EWARD ROWLAND SILL
(1841–1887)

THE FOOL'S PRAYER[1]

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: 'Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!'

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: 'O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

'No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool:
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

''T is not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'T is by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

'These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

'The ill-timed truth we might have kept —
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say —
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

'Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;

[1] Copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

But for our blunders — oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

'Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!'

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
'Be merciful to me, a fool!'

Atlantic Monthly, April, 1879.

A TROPICAL MORNING AT SEA[1]

Sky in its lucent splendor lifted
Higher than cloud can be;
Air with no breath of earth to stain it,
Pure on the perfect sea.

Crests that touch and tilt each other,
Jostling as they comb;
Delicate crash of tinkling water,
Broken in pearling foam.

Plashings — or is it the pinewood's whispers,
Babble of brooks unseen,
Laughter of winds when they find the blossoms,
Brushing aside the green?

Waves that dip, and dash, and sparkle;
Foam-wreaths slipping by,
Soft as a snow of broken roses
Afloat over mirrored sky.

Off to the East the steady sun-track
Golden meshes fill —
Webs of fire, that lace and tangle,
Never a moment still.

Liquid palms but clap together,
Fountains, flower-like, grow —
Limpid bells on stems of silver —
Out of a slope of snow.

Sea-depths, blue as blue of violets —
Blue as a summer sky,
When you blink as its arch sprung over
Where in the grass you lie.

Dimly an orange bit of rainbow
Burns where the low west clears,
Broken in air, like a passionate promise
Born of a moment's tears.

Thinned to amber, rimmed in silver,
Clouds in the distance dwell,
Clouds that are cool, for all their color,
Pure as a rose-lipped shell.

Fleets of wool in the upper heavens
Gossamer wings unfurl;
Sailing so high they seem but sleeping
Over yon bar of pearl.

What would the great world lose, I wonder —
Would it be missed or no —
If we stayed in the opal morning,
Floating forever so?

Swung to sleep by the swaying water,
Only to dream all day —
Blow, salt wind from the north upstarting,
Scatter such dreams away!

The Galaxy, 1869.

1 Copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER
(1844–1909)

'THE WOODS THAT BRING THE SUNSET NEAR'[1]

The Wind from out the west is blowing,
The homeward-wandering cows are lowing,
Dark grow the pine-woods, dark and drear,—
The woods that bring the sunset near.

When o'er wide seas the sun declines,
Far off its fading glory shines,
Far off, sublime, and full of fear —
The pine-woods bring the sunset near.

This house that looks to east, to west,
This, dear one, is our home, our rest;
Yonder the stormy sea, and here
The woods that bring the sunset near.

'AFTER SORROW'S NIGHT'

After sorrow's night
Dawned the morning bright.
In dewy woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And 'Love, love, love,' it sang,
And 'Love, love, love.'

Evening shadows fell
In our happy dell.

1 Poems of Gilder copyright by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

From glimmering woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And 'Love, love, love,' it sang,
And 'Love, love, love.'

Oh, the summer night
Starry was and bright.
In the dark woods I heard
A golden-throated bird,
And 'Love, love, love,' it sang,
And 'Love, love, love.'

THE SONNET

What is a sonnet? 'T is the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'T is the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song — ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
A sea this is — beware who ventureth!
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day —
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armèd strength — his pure and mighty heart.

JOHN BANNISTER TABB
(1845–1909)

TRANSITION

'T is said, in death, upon the face
Of Age, a momentary trace
Of Infancy's returning grace
Forestalls decay;

And here in Autumn's dusky reign,
A birth of blossom seems again
To flush the woodland's fading train
With dreams of May.

The Independent, Oct. 13, 1887.

FATHER DAMIEN

Died April 10th, 1889

O God, the cleanest offering
Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to thy feet we bring —
'A leper white as snow!'

The Independent, May 23, 1889.

TO THE WOOD-ROBIN

The wooing air is jubilant with song,
And blossoms swell
As leaps thy liquid melody along
The dusky dell,
Where Silence, late supreme, foregoes her wonted spell.

Ah, whence, in sylvan solitudes remote,
Hast learned the lore
That breeds delight in every echoing note,
The woodlands o'er;
As when, through slanting sun descends the quickening shower?

Thy hermitage is peopled with the dreams
That gladden sleep;
Here Fancy dallies with delirious themes
Mid shadows deep,
Till eyes, unused to tears, with wild emotions weep.

We rise, alas, to find our visions fled!
But thine remain.
Night weaves of golden harmonies the thread,
And fills thy brain
With joys that overflow in Love's awakening strain.

Yet thou, from mortal influence apart,
Seek'st naught of praise;
The empty plaudits of the emptier heart
Taint not thy lays;
Thy Maker's smile alone thy tuneful bosom sways.

Teach me, thou warbling eremite, to sing
Thy rhapsody;
Nor borne on vain ambition's vaulting wing,
But led of thee,
To rise from earthly dreams to hymn eternity.

The Independent, June 6, 1889.

AVE: SIDNEY LANIER

Ere Time's horizon-line was set,
Somewhere in space our spirits met,
Then o'er the starry parapet
Came wandering here.
And now, that thou art gone again
Beyond the verge, I haste amain,
(Lost echo of a loftier strain)
To greet thee there.

The Independent, Sept. 8, 1892.

GOLDEN-ROD

Death in the woods, and the golden-rod
Abloom in the field!
O blossom, how from the lifeless clod
When the fires are out, and the ashes cold,
Doth a vein that the miners know not, yield
Such wealth of gold?

The Independent, Aug. 23, 1894.

ROBERT BURNS WILSON
(1850–1916)

SUCH IS THE DEATH THE SOLDIER DIES[1]

Such is the death the soldier dies:
He falls,—the column speeds away;
Upon the dabbled grass he lies,
His brave heart following, still, the fray.

The smoke-wraiths drift among the trees,
The battle storms along the hill;
The glint of distant arms he sees;
He hears his comrades shouting still.

A glimpse of far-borne flags, that fade
And vanish in the rolling din:
He knows the sweeping charge is made,
The cheering lines are closing in.

Unmindful of his mortal wound,
He faintly calls and seeks to rise;
But weakness drags him to the ground:—
Such is the death the soldier dies.

[1] Copyright by the Century Co.

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN
(1860–1916)

GRASS

Oh, the joy to lie alone
In the amorous arms of the grass;
And to watch the white clouds as they pass
By the languid zephyrs blown,
Like a squadron of ships on a shoreless sea
In the ocean of Paradise over me.
Oh, the joy to lie and dream for an hour,
Folded in grass like a happy flower!

It is here the whispers come
From the odorous, emerald lips—
From the depths where the honey-bee dips,
With a wild delirium,
Into glittering goblets of nectar brewed
By the stars on their heavenly altitude
For the stars that bloom on earth in the day,
Girdling the grass with a milky way.

Would you taste of heaven? There
In the lap of the blossom-starred sky,
In the grove of the grass go and lie
When the summer scents the air;
Go and listen and learn from the grass how sweet
Is the Eden that stretches beneath your feet;
For the angel host that speak to you so
Went to their graves in the winter's snow.

Oh, the gladness in the world
When the trees clap their myriad hands
At the exquisite sight of the lands
In their summer verdure furled!
For the souls of the delicate grass awake
From their graves, and melodious music make;
And I lie and dream it is even thus
Heaven at last shall be shown to us!

The Independent, June 6, 1889.

THE BOOK HUNTER [1]

A cup of coffee, eggs, and rolls,
Sustain him in his morning strolls:
Unconscious of the passers-by,
He trudges on with downcast eye;
He wears a queer old hat and coat,
Suggestive of a style remote;
His manner is preoccupied,—
A shambling gait, from side to side.
For him the sleek bright-windowed shop
Is all in vain,—he does not stop.
His thoughts are fixed on dusty shelves,—
Where musty volumes hide themselves,—
Rare prints of poetry and prose,
And quaintly lettered folios,—
Perchance a parchment manuscript,
In some forgotten corner slipped,
Or monk-illumined missal bound
In vellum with brass clasps around;
These are the pictured things that throng
His mind the while he walks along.

A dingy street, a cellar dim,
With book-lined walls, suffices him.
The dust is white upon his sleeves;
He turns the yellow, dog-eared leaves
With just the same religious look,
That priests give to the Holy Book.
He does not heed the stifling air
If so he find a treasure there.
He knows rare books, like precious vines,
Are hidden where the sun ne'er shines;
For him delicious flavors dwell
In books as in old muscatel;
He finds in features of the type
A clue to prove the grape was ripe.
And when he leaves this dismal place,
Behold, a smile lights up his face!
Upon his cheeks a genial glow,—
Within his hand Boccaccio,
A first edition worn with age,
'*Firenze*' on the title-page.

A GREETING FOR SPRING [1]

Let us go forth and meet her
As she comes through the eastern gates;
Let us away to greet her
Whom the lover-like land awaits
In a rapturous mood to bless,
All impatient for her caress;
Let us mount up the purple slopes,
That are murmurous with their hopes;
And the winds speeding on before
In their haste to be first shall sing
Of the earth's wide floor,
That is dotted o'er
With the emerald steps of Spring.

Moses upon the mountains
Strikes his rod on the marble snow,
Freeing the crystal fountains;
And the streams through the plains below
Are her couriers swift, who run
In the glow of the golden sun,
Through the fields on their twinkling feet,
With the gladdening promise sweet,—
She is coming with laughing eyes
From the Orient's sun-wrapped land,
From the land that lies
Under tranquil skies
Like an opal in Allah's hand.

Up at the dawn's first waking
From her dreams in the night's long gloom!
Up when the east is breaking
Like a rose into scarlet bloom!
When the buds in the branches shine,
And the blood of the slender vine
From the tip of each tiny stem
Oozes out and becomes a gem,
Till the world like a queen is drest
For a carnival glad and gay,
And awaits her guest
In the curtained west
At the odorous doors of day.

Hark! on the breeze a rally
And a rustle of wings is heard!
Over the misty valley
Soars a heavenly singing bird,
Like a sapphire that burns with song;
And it drops to the earth ere long,
Where it kindles a mighty choir
Into flames of lyric fire;
And the jewel that falls to earth
In the silvery sod is set,
And it marks the birth
Out of winter's dearth
Of a delicate violet.

Let us go forth and linger
At the gates with the sunrise bars;
Watch for her rosy finger
As she slips off its ring of stars,
And her radiant face which gleams
With the joy of the year's sweet dreams,
And her eyes like the morning dews,
And her cheeks with the wildflower hues;

[1] From the Poems of Frank Dempster Sherman, Houghton Mifflin & Co., 1917.

Let us watch till the east grows bright
With her glorious robe that falls
Like a wave of light
On the shore of night,
And the bird to the valley calls.

Oh, for the fragrant presage
Of the goddess divinely fair!
Oh, for the flute-like message,
Making melody float mid-air!
For the flash of the blue bird's wings!
For the gush of the woodland springs!
For the buds in the vine-clad bowers,
And the breath of the gentle flowers!
We shall know them at morning, when
All the shadows of night are furled;
We shall know them then,—
It is Spring again,
And her smile is upon the world!

MADISON CAWEIN (1865–1914)

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BEECHES

In the shadow of the beeches
Where the many wildflowers bloom;
Where the leafy silence pleaches
Green a roof of cool perfume,
Have you felt an awe imperious
As when, in a church, mysterious
Windows fill with God the gloom?
In the shadow of the beeches
Where the rock-ledged waters flow;
Where the sun's white splendor bleaches
Every wave a foaming snow,
Have you felt a music solemn
As when minster arch and column
Echo organ-worship low?

In the shadow of the beeches
Where the light and shade are blent,
Where the forest-bird beseeches,
And the wild is sweet with scent,—
Is it joy or melancholy
That o'erwhelms us partly, wholly
To our spirit's betterment?

In the shadow of the beeches
Lay me where no eye perceives;
Where — like some great arm that reaches
Gently as a love that grieves,—
One gnarled root may clasp me kindly,
While the long years, working blindly,
Slowly change my dust to leaves.

The Independent, Oct. 25, 1900.

JACK LONDON (1876–1916)

Few lives of American authors have been so filled with picturesque and paradoxical elements as the life of Jack London. Born in California, the son of a restless race of American pioneers and adventurers, he spent his early years in poverty and isolation upon various small ranches in his native State. Later, in Oakland, he was newsboy and street gamin, then member of a lawless gang of harbor outlaws. At seventeen he had become, in his own words, 'a drunken bum.' A voyage on the Pacific with wild adventures among the seal herds had a sobering effect upon him, and, returning to San Francisco, he made feverish attempts at self-education. Then came a tour of America as a tramp, and in 1897 an excited rush to the new gold fields of the Klondike. In his later years he toured the Pacific in his own boat and finally settled upon a ranch in the California valley which figures in his last fiction as *The Valley of the Moon.*

His advent as an author was Bret Harte-like in its sensational suddenness. In 1900 appeared in the *Overland Monthly* 'The Son of the Wolf' and other vivid tales of the Klondike gold regions, soon to be issued in a volume as successful as Harte's *Luck of Roaring Camp. The Call of the Wild* in 1903 established his fame. From that time until his death he continued to pour out an amazing amount of material, the greater part of it short stories and novels. In sixteen years he wrote what is now published in fifty-one volumes, not to mention a large amount of uncollected newspaper material. His influence upon his period was considerable. He was the leader of the later school of fiction writers who depend for their effects upon vigor of treatment, upon impressionistic and unusual backgrounds and characters, and upon first-hand knowledge on the part of the writer.

THE NIGHT-BORN[1]

It was in the old Alta-Inyo Club — a warm night for San Francisco — and through the open windows, hushed and far, came the brawl of the streets. The talk had led on from the Graft Prosecution and the latest signs that the town was to be run wide open, down through all the grotesque sordidness and rottenness of man-hate and man-meanness, until the name of O'Brien was mentioned — O'Brien, the promising young pugilist who had been killed in the prize-ring the night before. At once the air had seemed to freshen. O'Brien had been a clean-living young man with ideals. He neither drank, smoked, nor swore, and his had been the body of a beautiful young god. He had even carried his prayer-book to the ringside. They found it in his coat pocket in the dressing-room . . . afterward.

Here was Youth, clean and wholesome, unsullied — the thing of glory and wonder for men to conjure with . . . after it has been lost to them and they have turned middle-aged. And so well did we conjure, that Romance came and for an hour led us far from the man-city and its snarling roar. Bardwell, in a way, started it by quoting from Thoreau; but it was old Trefethan, bald-headed and dewlapped, who took up the quotation and for the hour to come was Romance incarnate. At first we might have wondered how many Scotches he had consumed since dinner, but very soon all that was forgotten.

'It was in 1898 — I was thirty-five then,' he said. 'Yes, I know you are adding it up. You 're right. I 'm forty-even now; look ten years more; and the doctors say — damn the doctors anyway!'

He lifted the long glass to his lips and sipped it slowly to soothe away his irritation.

'But I was young . . . once. I was young twelve years ago, and I had hair on top of my head, and my stomach was lean as a runner's, and the longest day was none too long for me. I was a husky

1 Copyright by the Century Co.

back there in '98. You remember me, Milner. You knew me then. Was n't I a pretty good bit of all right?'

Milner nodded and agreed. Like Trefethan, he was another mining engineer who had cleaned up a fortune in the Klondike.

'You certainly were, old man,' Milner said. 'I 'll never forget when you cleaned out those lumberjacks in the M. & M. that night that little newspaper man started the row. Slavin was in the country at the time,'— this to us —'and his manager wanted to get up a match with Trefethan.'

'Well, look at me now,' Trefethan commanded angrily. 'That 's what the Goldstead did to me — God knows how many millions, but nothing left in my soul . . . nor in my veins. The good red blood is gone. I am a jellyfish, a huge, gross mass of oscillating protoplasm, a — a . . .'

But language failed him, and he drew solace from the long glass.

'Women looked at me . . . then; and turned their heads to look a second time. Strange that I never married. But the girl. That 's what I started to tell you about. I met her a thousand miles from anywhere, and then some. And she quoted to me those very words of Thoreau that Bardwell quoted a moment ago — the ones about the day-born gods and the night-born.

'It was after I had made my locations on Goldstead — and did n't know what a treasure-pot that creek was going to prove — that I made that trip east over the Rockies, angling across to the Great Slave. Up North there the Rockies are something more than a back-bone. They are a boundary, a dividing line, a wall impregnable and unscalable. There is no intercourse across them, though, on occasion, from the early days, wandering trappers have crossed them, though more were lost by the way than ever came through. And that was precisely why I tackled the job. It was a traverse any man would be proud to make. I am prouder of it right now than anything else I have ever done.

'It is an unknown land. Great stretches of it have never been explored. There are big valleys there where the white man has never set foot, and Indian tribes as primitive as ten thousand years . . . almost, for they have had some contact with the whites. Parties of them come out once in a while to trade, and that is all. Even the Hudson Bay Company failed to find them and farm them.

'And now the girl. I was coming up a stream — you 'd call it a river in California — uncharted and unnamed. It was a noble valley, now shut in by high canyon walls, and again opening out into beautiful stretches, wide and long, with pasture shoulder-high in the bottoms, meadows dotted with flowers, and with clumps of timber — spruce — virgin and magnificent. The dogs were packing on their backs, and were sore-footed and played out; while I was looking for any bunch of Indians to get sleds and drivers from and go on with the first snow. It was late fall, but the way those flowers persisted surprised me. I was supposed to be in sub-arctic America, and high up among the buttresses of the Rockies, and yet there was that everlasting spread of flowers. Some day the white settlers will be in there and growing wheat down all that valley.

'And then I lifted a smoke, and heard the barking of the dogs — Indian dogs — and came into camp. There must have been five hundred of them, proper Indians at that, and I could see by the jerking-frames that the fall hunting had been good. And then I met her — Lucy. That was her name. Sign language — that was all we could talk with, till they led me to a big fly — you know, half a tent, open on the one side where a camp-fire burned. It was all of moose-skins, this fly — moose-skins, smoke-cured, hand-rubbed, and golden-brown. Under it everything was neat and orderly, as no Indian camp ever was. The bed was laid on fresh spruce boughs. There were furs galore, and on top of all was a robe of swan-skins — white swan-skins — I have never seen anything like that robe. And on top of it, sitting cross-legged, was Lucy. She was nut-brown. I have called her a girl. But she was not. She was a woman, a nut-brown woman, an Amazon, a full-blooded, full-bodied woman, and royal ripe. And her eyes were blue.

'That 's what took me off my feet — her eyes — blue, not China blue, but deep blue, like the sea and sky all melted into one, and very wise. More than that, they had laughter in them — warm laughter,

sun-warm and human, very human, and . . . shall I say feminine? They were. They were a woman's eyes, a proper woman's eyes. You know what that means. Can I say more? Also, in those blue eyes were, at the same time, a wild unrest, a wistful yearning, and a repose, an absolute repose, a sort of all-wise and philosophical calm.'

Trefethan broke off abruptly.

'You fellows think I am screwed. I'm not. This is only my fifth since dinner. I am dead sober. I am solemn. I sit here now side by side with my sacred youth. It is not I—"old" Trefethan—that talks; it is my youth, and it is my youth that says those were the most wonderful eyes I have ever seen—so very calm, so very restless; so very wise, so very curious; so very old, so very young; so satisfied and yet yearning so wistfully. Boys, I can't describe them. When I have told you about her, you may know better for yourselves.

'She did not stand up. But she put out her hand.

'"Stranger," she said, "I'm real glad to see you."

'I leave it to you—that sharp, frontier, Western tang of speech. Picture my sensations. It was a woman, a white woman, but that tang! It was amazing that it should be a white woman, here, beyond the last boundary of the world—but the tang. I tell you, it hurt. It was like the stab of a flatted note. And yet, let me tell you, that woman was a poet. You shall see.

'She dismissed the Indians. And, by Jove, they went. They took her orders and followed her blind. She was *hi-yu skookum* chief. She told the bucks to make a camp for me and to take care of my dogs. And they did, too. And they knew enough not to get away with as much as a moccasin-lace of my outfit. She was a regular She-Who-Must-Be-Obeyed, and I want to tell you it chilled me to the marrow, sent those little thrills Marathoning up and down my spinal column, meeting a white woman out there at the head of a tribe of savages a thousand miles the other side of No Man's Land.

'"Stranger," she said, "I reckon you're sure the first white that ever set foot in this valley. Set down an' talk a spell, and then we'll have a bite to eat. Which way might you be comin'?"

'There it was, that tang again. But from now to the end of the yarn I want you to forget it. I tell you I forgot it, sitting there on the edge of that swan-skin robe and listening and looking at the most wonderful woman that ever stepped out of the pages of Thoreau or of any other man's book.

'I stayed on there a week. It was on her invitation. She promised to fit me out with dogs and sleds and with Indians that would put me across the best pass of the Rockies in five hundred miles. Her fly was pitched apart from the others, on the high bank by the river, and a couple of Indian girls did her cooking for her and the camp work. And so we talked and talked, while the first snow fell and continued to fall and make a surface for my sleds. And this was her story.

'She was frontier-born, of poor settlers, and you know what that means—work, work, always work, work in plenty and without end.

'"I never seen the glory of the world," she said. "I had no time. I knew it was right out there, anywhere, all around the cabin, but there was always the bread to set, the scrubbin' and the washin' and the work that was never done. I used to be plumb sick at times, jes' to get out into it all, especially in the spring when the songs of the birds drove me most clean crazy. I wanted to run out through the long pasture grass, wetting my legs with the dew of it, and to climb the rail fence, and keep on through the timber and up and up over the divide so as to get a look around. Oh, I had all kinds of hankerings—to follow up the canyon beds and slosh around from pool to pool, making friends with the water-dogs and the speckly trout; to peep on the sly and watch the squirrels and rabbits and small furry things and see what they was doing and learn the secrets of their ways. Seemed to me, if I had time, I could crawl among the flowers, and, if I was good and quiet, catch them whispering with themselves, telling all kinds of wise things that mere humans never know."'

Trefethan paused to see that his glass had been refilled.

'Another time she said: "I wanted to run nights like a wild thing, just to run through the moonshine and under the

stars, to run white and naked in the darkness that I knew must feel like cool velvet, and to run and run and keep on running. One evening, plumb tuckered out — it had been a dreadful hard hot day, and the bread would n't raise and the churning had gone wrong, and I was all irritated and jerky — well, that evening I made mention to dad of this wanting to run of mine. He looked at me curiously some and a bit scared. And then he gave me two pills to take. Said to go to bed and get a good sleep and I 'd be all hunky-dory in the morning. So I never mentioned my hankerings to him, or any one any more."

'The mountain home broke up — starved out, I imagine — and the family came to Seattle to live. There she worked in a factory — long hours, you know, and all the rest, deadly work. And after a year of that she became waitress in a cheap restaurant — hash-slinger, she called it.

'She said to me once, "Romance I guess was what I wanted. But there wa'n't no romance floating around in dishpans and washtubs, or in factories and hash-joints."

'When she was eighteen she married — a man who was going up to Juneau to start a restaurant. He had a few dollars saved, and appeared prosperous. She did n't love him — she was emphatic about that; but she was all tired out, and she wanted to get away from the unending drudgery. Besides, Juneau was in Alaska, and her yearning took the form of a desire to see that wonderland. But little she saw of it. He started the restaurant, a little cheap one, and she quickly learned what he had married her for . . . to save paying wages. She came pretty close to running the joint and doing all the work from waiting to dishwashing. She cooked most of the time as well. And she had four years of it.

'Can't you picture her, this wild woods creature, quick with every old primitive instinct, yearning for the free open, and mowed up in a vile little hash-joint and toiling and moiling for four mortal years?

'"There was no meaning in anything," she said. "What was it all about? Why was I born? Was that all the meaning of life — just to work and work and be always tired? — to go to bed tired and to wake up tired, with every day like every other day unless it was harder?" She had heard talk of immortal life from the gospel sharps, she said, but she could not reckon that what she was doing was a likely preparation for her immortality.

'But she still had her dreams, though more rarely. She had read a few books — what, it is pretty hard to imagine, Seaside Library novels most likely; yet they had been food for fancy. "Sometimes," she said, "when I was that dizzy from the heat of the cooking that if I did n't take a breath of fresh air I 'd faint, I 'd stick my head out of the kitchen window and close my eyes and see most wonderful things. All of a sudden I 'd be traveling down a country road, and everything clean and quiet, no dust, no dirt; just streams ripplin' down sweet meadows, and lambs playing, breezes blowing the breath of flowers, and soft sunshine over everything; and lovely cows lazying knee-deep in quiet pools, and young girls bathing in a curve of stream all white and slim and natural — and I 'd know I was in Arcady. I 'd read about that country once, in a book. And maybe knights, all flashing in the sun, would come riding around a bend in the road, or a lady on a milk-white mare, and in the distance I could see the towers of a castle rising, or I just knew, on the next turn, that I 'd come upon some palace, all white and airy and fairy-like, with fountains playing, and flowers all over everything, and peacocks on the lawn . . and then I 'd open my eyes, and the heat of the cooking range would strike on me, and I 'd hear Jake sayin' — he was my husband — I 'd hear Jake sayin', 'Why ain't you served them beans? Think I can wait here all day!' Romance! — I reckon the nearest I ever come to it was when a drunken Armenian cook got the snakes and tried to cut my throat with a potato knife and I got my arm burned on the stove before I could lay him out with the potato stomper.

'"I wanted easy ways, and lovely things, and Romance and all that; but it just seemed I had no luck nohow and was only and expressly born for cooking and dishwashing. There was a wild crowd in Juneau them days, but I looked at the other women, and their way of life did n't excite me. I reckon I wanted to be clean. I don't know why; I just wanted to, I

guess; and I reckoned I might as well die dishwashing as die their way."'

Trefethan halted in his tale for a moment, completing to himself some thread of thought.

'And this is the woman I met up there in the Arctic, running a tribe of wild Indians and a few thousand square miles of hunting territory. And it happened simply enough, though, for that matter, she might have lived and died among the pots and pans. But "Came the whisper, came the vision." That was all she needed, and she got it.

'"I woke up one day," she said. "Just happened on it in a scrap of newspaper. I remember every word of it, and I can give it to you." And then she quoted Thoreau's *Cry of the Human:*

'"*The young pines springing up in the corn field from year to year are to me a refreshing fact. We talk of civilizing the Indian, but that is not the name for his improvement. By the wary independence and aloofness of his dim forest life he preserves his intercourse with his native gods and is admitted from time to time to a rare and peculiar society with nature. He has glances of starry recognition, to which our salons are strangers. The steady illumination of his genius, dim only because distant, is like the faint but satisfying light of the stars compared with the dazzling but ineffectual and shortlived blaze of candles. The Society Islanders had their day-born gods, but they were not supposed to be of equal antiquity with the . . . night-born gods.*"

'That's what she did, repeated it word for word, and I forgot the tang, for it was solemn, a declaration of religion — pagan, if you will; and clothed in the living garmenture of herself.

'"And the rest of it was torn away," she added, a great emptiness in her voice. "It was only a scrap of newspaper. But that Thoreau was a wise man. I wish I knew more about him." She stopped a moment, and I swear her face was ineffably holy as she said, "I could have made him a good wife."

'And then she went on. "I knew right away, as soon as I read that, what was the matter with me. I was a night-born. I, who had lived all my life with the day-born, was a night-born. That was why I had never been satisfied with cooking and dishwashing; that was why I had hankered to run naked in the moonlight. And I knew that this dirty little Juneau hash-joint was no place for me. And right there and then I said, 'I quit.' I packed up my few rags of clothes, and started. Jake saw me and tried to stop me.

'"'What you doing?' he says.

'"'Divorcin' you and me,' I says. 'I'm headin' for tall timber and where I belong.'

'"'No you don't,' he says, reaching for me to stop me. 'The cookin' has got on your head. You listen to me talk before you up and do anything brash.'

'"But I pulled a gun — a little Colt's forty-four — and says, 'This does my talkin' for me.'

'"And I left."'

Trefethan emptied his glass and called for another.

'Boys, do you know what that girl did? She was twenty-two. She had spent her life over the dish-pan and she knew no more about the world than I do of the fourth dimension, or the fifth. All roads led to her desire. No; she didn't head for the dance-halls. On the Alaskan Panhandle it is preferable to travel by water. She went down to the beach. An Indian canoe was starting for Dyea — you know the kind, carved out of a single tree, narrow and deep and sixty feet long. She gave them a couple of dollars and got on board.

'"Romance?" she told me. "It was Romance from the jump. There were three families altogether in that canoe, and that crowded there wasn't room to turn around, with dogs and Indian babies sprawling over everything, and everybody dipping a paddle and making that canoe go. And all around the great solemn mountains, and tangled drifts of clouds and sunshine. And oh, the silence! the great wonderful silence! And, once, the smoke of a hunter's camp, away off in the distance, trailing among the trees. It was like a picnic, a grand picnic, and I could see my dreams coming true, and I was ready for something to happen 'most any time. And it did.

'"And that first camp, on the island! And the boys spearing fish in the mouth of the creek, and the big deer one of the bucks shot just around the point. And there were flowers everywhere, and in back from the beach the grass was thick

and lush and neck-high. And some of the girls went through this with me, and we climbed the hillside behind and picked berries and roots that tasted sour and were good to eat. And we came upon a big bear in the berries making his supper, and he said 'Oof!' and ran away as scared as we were. And then the camp, and the camp smoke, and the smell of fresh venison cooking. It was beautiful. I was with the night-born at last, and I knew that was where I belonged. And for the first time in my life, it seemed to me, I went to bed happy that night, looking out under a corner of the canvas at the stars cut off black by a big shoulder of mountain, and listening to the night-noises, and knowing that the same thing would go on next day and forever and ever, for I was n't going back. And I never did go back.

'"Romance! I got it next day. We had to cross a big arm of the ocean — twelve or fifteen miles, at least; and it came on to blow when we were in the middle. That night I was alone on shore, with one wolf-dog, and I was the only one left alive."

'Picture it yourself,' Trefethan broke off to say. 'The canoe was wrecked and lost, and everybody pounded to death on the rocks except her. She went ashore hanging on to a dog's tail, escaping the rocks and washing up on a tiny beach, the only one in miles.

'"Lucky for me it was the mainland," she said. "So I headed right away back, through the woods and over the mountains and straight on anywhere. Seemed I was looking for something and knew I 'd find it. I was n't afraid. I was night-born, and the big timber could n't kill me. And on the second day I found it. I came upon a small clearing and a tumble-down cabin. Nobody had been there for years and years. The roof had fallen in. Rotted blankets lay in the bunks, and pots and pans were on the stove. But that was not the most curious thing. Outside, along the edge of the trees, you can't guess what I found. The skeletons of eight horses, each tied to a tree. They had starved to death, I reckon, and left only little piles of bones scattered some here and there. And each horse had had a load on its back. There the loads lay, in among the bones — painted canvas sacks, and inside moosehide sacks, and inside the moosehide sacks — what do you think?"

'She stopped, reached under a corner of the bed among the spruce boughs, and pulled out a leather sack. She untied the mouth and ran out into my hand as pretty a stream of gold as I have ever seen — coarse gold, placer gold, some large dust, but mostly nuggets, and it was so fresh and rough that it scarcely showed signs of water-wash.

'"You say you 're a mining engineer," she said, "and you know this country. Can you name a pay-creek that has the color of that gold?"

'I could n't. There was n't a trace of silver. It was almost pure, and I told her so.

'"You bet," she said. "I sell that for nineteen dollars an ounce. You can't get over seventeen for Eldorado gold, and Minook gold don't fetch quite eighteen. Well, that was what I found among the bones — eight horse-loads of it, one hundred and fifty pounds to the load."

'"A quarter of a million dollars!" I cried out.

'"That 's what I reckoned it roughly," she answered. "Talk about Romance! And me a slaving the way I had all the years, when as soon as I ventured out, inside three days, this was what happened. And what became of the men that mined all that gold? Often and often I wonder about it. They left their horses, loaded and tied, and just disappeared off the face of the earth, leaving neither hide nor hair behind them. I never heard tell of them. Nobody knows anything about them. Well, being the night-born, I reckon I was their rightful heir."'

Trefethan stopped to light a cigar.

'Do you know what that girl did? She cached the gold, saving out thirty pounds, which she carried back to the coast. Then she signaled a passing canoe, made her way to Pat Healy's trading post at Dyea, outfitted, and went over Chilcoot Pass. That was in '88 — eight years before the Klondike strike, and the Yukon was a howling wilderness. She was afraid of the bucks, but she took two young squaws with her, crossed the lakes, and went down the river and to all the early camps on the Lower Yukon. She wandered several years over that country and then on in to where I met her. Liked the looks of it, she said, seeing, in her own words, "a big bull caribou knee-deep

in purple iris on the valley-bottom." She hooked up with the Indians, doctored them, gained their confidence, and gradually took them in charge. She had only left that country once, and then, with a bunch of the young bucks, she went over Chilcoot, cleaned up her gold-cache, and brought it back with her.

'"And here I be, stranger," she concluded her yarn, "and here's the most precious thing I own."

'She pulled out a little pouch of buckskin, worn on her neck like a locket, and opened it. And inside, wrapped in oiled silk, yellowed with age and worn and thumbed, was the original scrap of newspaper containing the quotation from Thoreau.

'"And are you happy? . . . satisfied?" I asked her. "With a quarter of a million you would n't have to work down in the States. You must miss a lot."

'"Not much," she answered. "I would n't swop places with any woman down in the States. These are my people; this is where I belong. But there are times—" and in her eyes smoldered up that hungry yearning I've mentioned—"there are times when I wish most awful bad for that Thoreau man to happen along."

'"Why?" I asked.

'"So as I could marry him. I do get mighty lonesome at spells. I'm just a woman—a real woman. I've heard tell of the other kind of women that gallivanted off like me and did queer things—the sort that become soldiers in armies and sailors on ships. But those women are queer themselves. They're more like men than women; they look like men and they don't have ordinary women's needs. They don't want love, nor little children in their arms and around their knees. I'm not that sort. I leave it to you, stranger. Do I look like a man?"

'She did n't. She was a woman, a beautiful, nut-brown woman, with a sturdy, health-rounded woman's body and with wonderful deep-blue woman's eyes.

'"Ain't I woman?" she demanded. "I am. I'm 'most all woman, and then some. And the funny thing is, though I'm night-born in everything else, I'm not when it comes to mating. I reckon that kind likes its own kind best. That's the way it is with me, anyway, and has been all these years."

'"You mean to tell me—" I began.

'"Never," she said, and her eyes looked into mine with the straightness of truth. "I had one husband, only—him I call the Ox; and I reckon he's still down in Juneau running the hash-joint. Look him up, if you ever get back, and you'll find he's rightly named."

'And look him up I did, two years afterward. He was all she said—solid and stolid, the Ox—shuffling around and waiting on the tables.

'"You need a wife to help you," I said.

'"I had one once," was his answer.

'"Widower?"

'"Yep. She went loco. She always said the heat of the cooking would get her, and it did. Pulled a gun on me one day and ran away with some Siwashes in a canoe. Caught a blow up the coast and all hands drowned."'

Trefethan devoted himself to his glass and remained silent.

'But the girl?' Milner reminded him. 'You left your story just as it was getting interesting, tender. Did it?'

'It did,' Trefethan replied. 'As she said herself, she was savage in everything except mating, and then she wanted her own kind. She was very nice about it, but she was straight to the point. She wanted to marry me.

'"Stranger," she said, "I want you bad. You like this sort of life or you would n't be here trying to cross the Rockies in fall weather. It's a likely spot. You'll find few likelier. Why not settle down? I'll make you a good wife."

'And then it was up to me. And she waited. I don't mind confessing that I was sorely tempted. I was half in love with her as it was. You know I have never married. And I don't mind adding, looking back over my life, that she is the only woman that ever affected me that way. But it was too preposterous, the whole thing, and I lied like a gentleman. I told her I was already married.

'"Is your wife waiting for you?" she asked.

'I said yes.

'"And she loves you?"

'I said yes.

'And that was all. She never pressed her point . . . except once, and then she showed a bit of fire.

'"All I've got to do," she said, "is to give the word, and you don't get away

from here. If I give the word, you stay on. . . . But I ain't going to give it. I would n't want you if you did n't want to be wanted . . . and if you did n't want me."

'She went ahead and outfitted me and started me on my way .

'"It 's a darned shame, stranger," she said, at parting. "I like your looks, and I like you. If you ever change your mind, come back."

'Now there was one thing I wanted to do, and that was to kiss her good-by, but I did n't know how to go about it nor how she would take it.— I tell you I was half in love with her. But she settled it herself.

'"Kiss me," she said. "Just something to go on and remember."

'And we kissed, there in the snow, in that valley by the Rockies, and I left her standing by the trail and went on after my dogs. I was six weeks in crossing over the pass and coming down to the first post on Great Slave Lake.'

The brawl of the streets came up to us like a distant surf. A steward, moving noiselessly, brought fresh siphons. And in the silence Trefethan's voice fell like a funeral bell:

'It would have been better had I stayed. Look at me.'

We saw his grizzled mustache, the bald spot on his head, the puff-sacks under his eyes, the sagging cheeks, the heavy dewlap, the general tiredness and staleness and fatness, all the collapse and ruin of a man who had once been strong but who had lived too easily and too well.

'It 's not too late, old man,' Bardwell said, almost in a whisper.

'By God! I wish I were n't a coward!' was Trefethan's answering cry. 'I could go back to her. She 's there, now. I could shape up and live many a long year . . . with her . . . up there. To remain here is to commit suicide. But I am an old man — forty-seven — look at me. The trouble is,' he lifted his glass and glanced at it, 'the trouble is that suicide of this sort is so easy. I am soft and tender. The thought of the long day's travel with the dogs appals me; the thought of the keen frost in the morning and of the frozen sled-lashings frightens me —'

Automatically the glass was creeping toward his lips. With a swift surge of anger he made as if to crash it down upon the floor. Next came hesitancy and second thought. The glass moved upward to his lips and paused. He laughed harshly and bitterly, but his words were solemn: 'Well, here 's to the Night-Born. She *was* a wonder.'

Everybody's Magazine, July, 1911.

WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER (1862–1910)

A few men, mostly humorists like Mark Twain and Artemus Ward, are better known by the pen name they assumed than by the patronymic which was their birthright. Among these is William Sydney Porter, a native of Greensboro, North Carolina, who is known to the majority of readers only by the name of O. Henry. Like Jack London and many others among the later producers of fiction, he was unschooled. As a boy he was a clerk in his uncle's drug store; at twenty he went to Texas where he saw considerable of ranch life and where at length he found employment in a bank. An unfortunate combination of circumstances for which his biographer, C. Alphonso Smith, declares that he was not wholly responsible, sent him fleeing to South America. After some months of residence there, he returned, surrendered himself to the authorities, was tried for embezzlement and served a term in the Ohio Federal prison. He arrived in New York in 1902 and during the eight years that followed poured out a profusion of short stories that were eagerly accepted by the magazines and Sunday papers. He had served his literary apprenticeship as a humorist. As early as 1887 he was in charge of the humorous column of the Detroit *Free Press*. Later he published a humorous journal of his own, and still later he was in charge of the 'Tales of the Town' column of the Houston, Texas, *Daily Post*. It was while in prison that he turned to fiction, and it was from this unusual literary sanctum that he sent forth his first twelve short stories. The first of these, 'Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking,' was published in *McClure's Magazine* in December, 1899.

His stories, so far as materials are concerned, fall into four groups: stories of the South-West, stories of his native Southland, stories of South America, and stories of New York City. It was in the last that he did his most distinctive work. First of all he was a humorist, and secondly he was an artisan who had carefully learned all the technique of his profession as story-teller. But these two facts by no means explain his success: whatever one may think about his work and his influence, one is forced to admit that he was a genius, original, and startling, the creator of a new *genre*. His devices for mystifying his reader, for entertaining him are all his own. His success was phenomenal. Since the appearance of his first volume *Cabbages and Kings* in 1904 over two million copies of his books have been sold in America alone.

A MUNICIPAL REPORT[1]

Fancy a novel about Chicago or Buffalo, let us say, or Nashville, Tennessee! There are just three big cities in the United States that are 'story cities'—New York, of course, New Orleans, and, best of the lot, San Francisco.—*Frank Norris.*

East is East, and West is San Francisco, according to Californians. Californians are a race of people; they are not merely inhabitants of a State. They are the Southerners of the West. Now, Chicagoans are no less loyal to their city; but when you ask them why, they stammer and speak of lake fish and the new Odd Fellows Building. But Californians go into detail.

Of course they have, in the climate, an argument that is good for half an hour while you are thinking of your coal bills and heavy underwear. But as soon as they come to mistake your silence for conviction, madness comes upon them, and they picture the city of the Golden Gate as the Bagdad of the New World. So far, as a matter of opinion, no refutation is necessary. But, dear cousins all (from Adam and Eve descended), it is a rash one who will lay his finger on the map and say: 'In this town there can be no romance — what could happen here?' Yes, it is a bold and a rash deed to challenge in one sentence history, romance, and Rand and McNally.

NASHVILLE.—A city, port of delivery, and the capital of the State of Tennessee, is on the Cumberland River and on the N. C. &

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St. L. and the L. & N. railroads. This city is regarded as the most important educational center in the South.

I stepped off the train at 8 P. M. Having searched the thesaurus in vain for adjectives, I must, as a substitution, hie me to comparison in the form of a recipe.

Take of London fog 30 parts; malaria 10 parts; gas leaks 20 parts; dewdrops gathered in a brick yard at sunrise, 25 parts; odor of honeysuckle 15 parts. Mix.

The mixture will give you an approximate conception of a Nashville drizzle. It is not so fragrant as a moth-ball nor as thick as pea-soup; but 't is enough — 't will serve.

I went to a hotel in a tumbril. It required strong self-suppression for me to keep from climbing to the top of it and giving an imitation of Sidney Carton. The vehicle was drawn by beasts of a bygone era and driven by something dark and emancipated.

I was sleepy and tired, so when I got to the hotel I hurriedly paid it the fifty cents it demanded (with approximate lagniappe, I assure you). I knew its habits; and I did not want to hear it prate about its old 'marster' or anything that happened 'befo' de wah.'

The hotel was one of the kind described as 'renovated.' That means $20,000 worth of new marble pillars, tiling, electric lights and brass cuspidors in the lobby, and a new L. & N. time table and a lithograph of Lookout Mountain in each one of the great rooms above. The management was without reproach, the attention full of exquisite Southern courtesy, the service as slow as the progress of a snail and as good-humored as Rip Van Winkle. The food was worth traveling a thousand miles for. There is no other hotel in the world where you can get such chicken livers *en brochette*.

At dinner I asked a Negro waiter if there was anything doing in town. He pondered gravely for a minute, and then replied. 'Well, boss, I don't really reckon there 's anything at all doin' after sundown.'

Sundown had been accomplished; it had been drowned in the drizzle long before. So that spectacle was denied me. But I went forth upon the streets in the drizzle to see what might be there.

It is built on undulating grounds; and the streets are lighted by electricity at a cost of $32,470 per annum.

As I left the hotel there was a race riot. Down upon me charged a company of freedmen, or Arabs, or Zulus, armed with — no, I saw with relief that they were not rifles, but whips. And I saw dimly a caravan of black, clumsy vehicles; and at the reassuring shouts, 'Kyar you anywhere in the town, boss, fuh fifty cents,' I reasoned that I was merely a 'fare' instead of a victim.

I walked through long streets, all leading uphill. I wondered how those streets ever came down again. Perhaps they did n't until they were 'graded.' On a few of the 'main streets' I saw lights in stores here and there; saw street cars go by conveying worthy burghers hither and yon; saw people pass engaged in the art of conversation, and heard a burst of semi-lively laughter issuing from a soda-water and ice-cream parlor. The streets other than 'main' seemed to have enticed upon their borders houses consecrated to peace and domesticity. In many of them lights shone behind discreetly drawn window shades; in a few pianos tinkled orderly and irreproachable music. There was, indeed, little 'doing.' I wished I had come before sundown. So I returned to my hotel.

In November, 1864, the Confederate General Hood advanced against Nashville, where he shut up a National force under General Thomas. The latter then sallied forth and defeated the Confederates in a terrible conflict.

All my life I have heard of, admired, and witnessed the fine marksmanship of the South in its peaceful conflicts in the tobacco-chewing regions. But in my hotel a surprise awaited me. There were twelve bright, new, imposing, capacious brass cuspidors in the great lobby, tall enough to be called urns and so wide-mouthed that the crack pitcher of a lady baseball team should have been able to throw a ball into one of them at five paces distant. But, although a terrible battle had raged and was still raging, the enemy had not suffered. Bright, new, imposing, capacious, untouched, they stood. But, shades of Jefferson Brick! the tile floor — the beautiful tile floor! I could not avoid thinking of the battle of Nash-

ville, and trying to draw, as is my foolish habit, some deductions about hereditary marksmanship.

Here I first saw Major (by misplaced courtesy) Wentworth Caswell. I knew him for a type the moment my eyes suffered from the sight of him. A rat has no geographical habitat. My old friend, A. Tennyson, said, as he so well said almost everything:

> Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,
> And curse me the British vermin, the rat.

Let us regard the word 'British' as interchangeable *ad lib.* A rat is a rat.

This man was hunting about the hotel lobby like a starved dog that had forgotten where he had buried a bone. He had a face of great acreage, red, pulpy, and with a kind of sleepy massiveness like that of Buddha. He possessed one single virtue — he was very smoothly shaven. The mark of the beast is not indelible upon a man until he goes about with a stubble. I think that if he had not used his razor that day I would have repulsed his advances, and the criminal calendar of the world would have been spared the addition of one murder.

I happened to be standing within five feet of a cuspidor when Major Caswell opened fire upon it. I had been observant enough to perceive that the attacking force was using Gatlings instead of squirrel rifles; so I side-stepped so promptly that the major seized the opportunity to apologize to a noncombatant. He had the blabbing lip. In four minutes he had become my friend and had dragged me to the bar.

I desire to interpolate here that I am a Southerner. But I am not one by profession or trade. I eschew the string tie, the slouch hat, the Prince Albert, the number of bales of cotton destroyed by Sherman, and plug chewing. When the orchestra plays Dixie I do not cheer. I slide a little lower on the leather-cornered seat and, well, order another Würzburger and wish that Longstreet had — but what 's the use?

Major Caswell banged the bar with his fist, and the first gun at Fort Sumter reechoed. When he fired the last one at Appomattox I began to hope. But then he began on family trees, and demonstrated that Adam was only a third cousin of a collateral branch of the Caswell family. Genealogy disposed of, he took up, to my distaste, his private family matters. He spoke of his wife, traced her descent back to Eve, and profanely denied any possible rumor that she may have had relations in the land of Nod.

By this time I began to suspect that he was trying to obscure by noise the fact that he had ordered the drinks, on the chance that I would be bewildered into paying for them. But when they were down he crashed a silver dollar loudly upon the bar. Then, of course, another serving was obligatory. And when I had paid for that I took leave of him brusquely; for I wanted no more of him. But before I had obtained my release he had prated loudly of an income that his wife received, and showed a handful of silver money.

When I got my key at the desk the clerk said to me courteously: 'If that man Caswell has annoyed you, and if you would like to make a complaint, we will have him ejected. He is a nuisance, a loafer, and without any known means of support, although he seems to have some money most the time. But we don't seem to be able to hit upon any means of throwing him out legally.'

'Why, no,' said I, after some reflection; 'I don't see my way clear to making a complaint. But I would like to place myself on record as asserting that I do not care for his company. Your town,' I continued, 'seems to be a quiet one. What manner of entertainment, adventure, or excitement have you to offer to the stranger within your gates?'

'Well, sir,' said the clerk, 'there will be a show here next Thursday. It is — I 'll look it up and have the announcement sent up to your room with the ice water. Good night.'

After I went up to my room I looked out the window. It was only about ten o'clock, but I looked upon a silent town. The drizzle continued, spangled with dim lights, as far apart as currants in a cake sold at the Ladies' Exchange.

'A quiet place,' I said to myself, as my first shoe struck the ceiling of the occupant of the room beneath mine. 'Nothing of the life here that gives color and variety to the cities in the East and West. Just a good, ordinary, humdrum, business town.'

Nashville occupies a foremost place among the manufacturing centers of the country. It is the fifth boot and shoe market in the United States, the largest candy and cracker manufacturing city in the South, and does an enormous wholesale drygoods, grocery, and drug business.

I must tell you how I came to be in Nashville, and I assure you the digression brings as much tedium to me as it does to you. I was traveling elsewhere on my own business, but I had a commission from a Northern literary magazine to stop over there and establish a personal connection between the publication and one of its contributors, Azalea Adair.

Adair (there was no clue to the personality except the handwriting) had sent in some essays (lost art!) and poems that had made the editors swear approvingly over their one o'clock luncheon. So they had commissioned me to round up said Adair and corner by contract his or her output at two cents a word before some other publisher offered her ten or twenty.

At nine o'clock the next morning, after my chicken livers *en brochette* (try them if you can find that hotel), I strayed out into the drizzle, which was still on for an unlimited run. At the first corner I came upon Uncle Cæsar. He was a stalwart Negro, older than the pyramids, with gray wool and a face that reminded me of Brutus, and a second afterwards of the late King Cettiwayo. He wore the most remarkable coat that I ever had seen or expect to see. It reached to his ankles and had once been a Confederate gray in colors. But rain and sun and age had so variegated it that Joseph's coat, beside it, would have faded to a pale monochrome. I must linger with that coat, for it has to do with the story — the story that is so long in coming, because you can hardly expect anything to happen in Nashville.

Once it must have been the military coat of an officer. The cape of it had vanished, but all adown its front it had been frogged and tasseled magnificently. But now the frogs and tassels were gone. In their stead had been patiently stitched (I surmised by some surviving 'black mammy') new frogs made of cunningly twisted common hempen twine. This twine was frayed and disheveled. It must have been added to the coat as a substitute for vanished splendors, with tasteless but painstaking devotion, for it followed faithfully the curves of the long-missing frogs. And, to complete the comedy and pathos of the garment, all its buttons were gone save one. The second button from the top alone remained. The coat was fastened by other twine strings tied through the buttonholes and other holes rudely pierced in the opposite side. There was never such a weird garment so fantastically bedecked and of so many mottled hues. The lone button was the size of a half-dollar, made of yellow horn and sewed on with coarse twine.

This Negro stood by a carriage so old that Ham himself might have started a hack line with it after he left the ark with the two animals hitched to it. As I approached he threw open the door, drew out a feather duster, waved it without using it, and said in deep, rumbling tones:

'Step right in, suh; ain't a speck of dust in it — jus' got back from a funeral, suh.'

I inferred that on such gala occasions carriages were given an extra cleaning. I looked up and down the street and perceived that there was little choice among the vehicles for hire that lined the curb. I looked in my memorandum book for the address of Azalea Adair.

'I want to go to 861 Jessamine Street,' I said, and was about to step into the hack. But for an instant the thick, long, gorilla-like arm of the old Negro barred me. On his massive and saturnine face a look of sudden suspicion and enmity flashed for a moment. Then, with quickly returning conviction, he asked blandishingly, 'What are you gwine there for, boss?'

'What is that to you?' I asked, a little sharply.

'Nothin', suh, jus' nothin'. Only it's a lonesome kind of part of town and few folks ever has business out there. Step right in. The seats is clean — jes', got back from a funeral, suh.'

A mile and a half it must have been to our journey's end. I could hear nothing but the fearful rattle of the ancient hack over the uneven brick paving; I could smell nothing but the drizzle, now further flavored with coal smoke and something like a mixture of tar and oleander blossoms. All I could see through the streaming windows were two rows of dim houses.

The city has an area of 10 square miles; 181 miles of streets, of which 137 miles are paved; a system of waterworks that cost $2,000,000, with 77 miles of mains.

Eight-sixty-one Jessamine Street was a decayed mansion. Thirty yards back from the street it stood, outmerged in a splendid grove of trees and untrimmed shrubbery. A row of box bushes overflowed and almost hid the paling fence from sight; the gate was kept closed by a rope noose that encircled the gate post and the first paling of the gate. But when you got inside you saw that 861 was a shell, a shadow, a ghost of former grandeur and excellence. But in the story, I have not yet got inside.

When the hack had ceased from rattling and the weary quadrupeds came to a rest I handed my jehu his fifty cents with an additional quarter, feeling a glow of conscious generosity, as I did so. He refused it.

'It 's two dollars, suh,' he said.

'How 's that?' I asked. 'I plainly heard you call out at the hotel: "Fifty cents to any part of the town."'

'It 's two dollars, suh,' he repeated obstinately. 'It 's a long ways from the hotel.'

'It is within the city limits and well within them,' I argued. 'Don't think that you have picked up a greenhorn Yankee. Do you see those hills over there?' I went on, pointing toward the east (I could not see them, myself, for the drizzle); 'well, I was born and raised on their other side. You old fool nigger, can't you tell people from other people when you see 'em?'

The grim face of King Cettiwayo softened. 'Is you from the South, suh? I reckon it was them shoes of yourn fooled me. They is somethin' sharp in the toes for a Southern gen'l'man to wear.'

'Then the charge is fifty cents, I suppose?' said I inexorably.

His former expression, a mingling of cupidity and hostility, returned, remained ten seconds, and vanished.

'Boss,' he said, 'fifty cents is right; but I *needs* two dollars, suh; I 'm obleeged to have two dollars. I ain't *demandin'* it now, suh; after I knows whar you 's from; I 'm jus' sayin' that I *has* to have two dollars to-night, and business is mighty po'.'

Peace and confidence settled upon his heavy features. He had been luckier than he had hoped. Instead of having picked up a greenhorn, ignorant of rates, he had come upon an inheritance.

'You confounded old rascal,' I said, reaching down to my pocket, 'you ought to be turned over to the police.'

For the first time I saw him smile. He knew; *he knew;* HE KNEW.

I gave him two one-dollar bills. As I handed them over I noticed that one of them had seen parlous times. Its upper right-hand corner was missing, and it had been torn through in the middle, but joined again. A strip of blue tissue paper, pasted over the split, preserved its negotiability.

Enough of the African bandit for the present: I left him happy, lifted the rope and opened the creaky gate.

The house, as I said, was a shell. A paint brush had not touched it in twenty years. I could not see why a strong wind should not have bowled it over like a house of cards until I looked again at the trees that hugged it close — the trees that saw the battle of Nashville and still drew their protecting branches around it against storm and enemy and cold.

Azalea Adair, fifty years old, white-haired, a descendant of the cavaliers, as thin and frail as the house she lived in, robed in the cheapest and cleanest dress I ever saw, with an air as simple as a queen's, received me.

The reception room seemed a mile square, because there was nothing in it except some rows of books, on unpainted white-pine bookshelves, a cracked marble-top table, a rag rug, a hairless horsehair sofa and two or three chairs. Yes, there was a picture on the wall, a colored crayon drawing of a cluster of pansies. I looked around for the portrait of Andrew Jackson and the pine-cone hanging basket but they were not there.

Azalea Adair and I had conversation, a little of which will be repeated to you. She was a product of the old South, gently nurtured in the sheltered life. Her learning was not broad, but was deep and of splendid originality in its somewhat narrow scope. She had been educated at home, and her knowledge of the world was derived from inference and by inspiration. Of such is the precious, small group of essayists made. While she talked to me I kept brushing my fingers, trying, unconsciously, to rid them guiltily of the absent dust from the half-calf backs of Lamb,

Chaucer, Hazlitt, Marcus Aurelius, Montaigne and Hood. She was exquisite, she was a valuable discovery. Nearly everybody nowadays knows too much — oh, so much too much — of real life.

I could perceive clearly that Azalea Adair was very poor. A house and a dress she had, not much else, I fancied. So, divided between my duty to the magazine and my loyalty to the poets and essayists who fought Thomas in the valley of the Cumberland, I listened to her voice, which was like a harpsichord's, and found that I could not speak of contracts. In the presence of the nine Muses and the three Graces one hesitated to lower the topic to two cents. There would have to be another colloquy after I had regained my commercialism. But I spoke of my mission, and three o'clock of the next afternoon was set for the discussion of the business proposition.

'Your town,' I said, as I began to make ready to depart (which is the time for smooth generalities), 'seems to be a quiet, sedate place. A home town, I should say, where few things out of the ordinary ever happen.'

It carries on an extensive trade in stoves and hollow ware with the West and South, and its flouring mills have a daily capacity of more than 2,000 barrels.

Azalea Adair seemed to reflect.

'I have never thought of it that way,' she said, with a kind of sincere intensity that seemed to belong to her. 'Isn't it in the still, quiet places that things do happen? I fancy that when God began to create the earth on the first Monday morning one could have leaned out one's window and heard the drops of mud splashing from His trowel as He built up the everlasting hills. What did the noisiest project in the world — I mean the building of the tower of Babel — result in finally? A page and a half of Esperanto in the *North American Review*.'

'Of course,' said I platitudinously, 'human nature is the same everywhere: but there is more color — er — more drama and movement and — er — romance in some cities than in others.'

'On the surface,' said Azalea Adair. 'I have traveled many times around the world in a golden airship wafted on two wings — print and dreams. I have seen (on one of my imaginary tours) the Sultan of Turkey bowstring with his own hands one of his wives who had uncovered her face in public. I have seen a man in Nashville tear up his theater tickets because his wife was going out with her face covered — with rice powder. In San Francisco's Chinatown I saw the slave girl Sing Yee dipped slowly, inch by inch, in boiling almond oil to make her swear she would never see her American lover again. She gave in when the boiling oil had reached three inches above her knee. At a euchre party in East Nashville the other night I saw Kitty Morgan cut dead by seven of her schoolmates and lifelong friends because she had married a house painter. The boiling oil was sizzling as high as her heart; but I wish you could have seen the fine little smile that she carried from table to table. Oh, yes, it is a humdrum town. Just a few miles of red brick houses and mud and stores and lumber yards.'

Some one knocked hollowly at the back of the house. Azalea Adair breathed a soft apology and went to investigate the sound. She came back in three minutes with brightened eyes, a faint flush on her cheeks, and ten years lifted from her shoulders.

'You must have a cup of tea before you go,' she said, 'and a sugar cake.'

She reached and shook a little iron bell. In shuffled a small Negro girl about twelve, barefoot, not very tidy, glowering at me with thumb in mouth and bulging eyes.

Azalea Adair opened a tiny, worn purse and drew out a dollar bill, a dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn in two pieces and pasted together again with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was one of the bills I had given the piratical Negro — there was no doubt of it.

'Go up to Mr. Baker's store on the corner, Impy,' she said, handing the girl the dollar bill, 'and get a quarter of a pound of tea — the kind he always sends me — and ten cents worth of sugar cakes. Now, hurry. The supply of tea in the house happens to be exhausted,' she explained to me.

Impy left by the back way. Before the scrape of her hard, bare feet had died away on the back porch, a wild shriek — I was sure it was hers — filled the hollow house. Then the deep, gruff tones of an angry man's voice mingled with the girl's

further squeals and unintelligible words.

Azalea Adair rose without surprise or emotion and disappeared. For two minutes I heard the hoarse rumble of the man's voice; then something like an oath and a slight scuffle, and she returned calmly to her chair.

'This is a roomy house,' she said, 'and I have a tenant for part of it. I am sorry to have to rescind my invitation to tea. It was impossible to get the kind I always use at the store. Perhaps to-morrow Mr. Baker will be able to supply me.'

I was sure that Impy had not had time to leave the house. I inquired concerning street-car lines and took my leave. After I was well on my way I remembered that I had not learned Azalea Adair's name. But to-morrow would do.

That same day I started in on the course of iniquity that this uneventful city forced upon me. I was in the town only two days, but in that time I managed to lie shamelessly by telegraph, and to be an accomplice — after the fact, if that is the correct legal term — to a murder.

As I rounded the corner nearest my hotel the Afrite coachman of the polychromatic, nonpareil coat seized me, swung open the dungeony door of his peripatetic sarcophagus, flirted his feather duster and began his ritual: 'Step right in, boss. Carriage is clean — jus' got back from a funeral. Fifty cents to any —'

And then he knew me and grinned broadly. ''Scuse me, boss; you is de gen'l'man what rid out with me dis mawnin'. Thank you kindly, suh.'

'I am going out to 861 again to-morrow afternoon at three,' said I, 'and if you will be here, I'll let you drive me. So you know Miss Adair?' I concluded, thinking of my dollar bill.

'I belonged to her father, Judge Adair, suh,' he replied.

'I judge that she is pretty poor,' I said. 'She has n't much money to speak of, has she?'

For an instant I looked again at the fierce countenance of King Cettiwayo, and then he changed back to an extortionate old Negro hack driver.

'She ain't gwine to starve, suh,' he said slowly. 'She has reso'ces, suh; she has reso'ces.'

'I shall pay you fifty cents for the trip,' said I.

'Dat is puffeckly correct, suh,' he answered humbly. 'I jus' *had* to have dat two dollars dis mawnin', boss.'

I went to the hotel and lied by electricity. I wired the magazine: 'A. Adair holds out for eight cents a word.'

The answer that came back was: 'Give it to her quick, you duffer.'

Just before dinner 'Major' Wentworth Caswell bore down upon me with the greetings of a long-lost friend. I have seen few men whom I have so instantaneously hated, and of whom it was so difficult to be rid. I was standing at the bar when he invaded me; therefore I could not wave the white ribbon in his face. I would have paid gladly for the drinks, hoping, thereby, to escape another; but he was one of those despicable, roaring, advertising bibbers who must have brass bands and fireworks attend upon every cent that they waste in their follies.

With an air of producing millions he drew two one-dollar bills from a pocket and dashed one of them upon the bar. I looked once more at the dollar bill with the upper right-hand corner missing, torn through the middle, and patched with a strip of blue tissue paper. It was my dollar bill again. It could have been no other.

I went up to my room. The drizzle and the monotony of a dreary, eventless Southern town had made me tired and listless. I remember that just before I went to bed I mentally disposed of the mysterious dollar bill (which might have formed the clue to a tremendously fine detective story of San Francisco) by saying to myself sleepily: 'Seems as if a lot of people here own stock in the Hack-Driver's Trust. Pays dividends promptly, too. Wonder if —' Then I fell asleep.

King Cettiwayo was at his post the next day, and rattled my bones over the stones out to 861. He was to wait and rattle me back again when I was ready.

Azalea Adair looked paler and cleaner and frailer than she had looked on the day before. After she had signed the contract at eight cents per word she grew still paler and began to slip out of her chair. Without much trouble I managed to get her up on the antediluvian horsehair sofa and then I ran out to the sidewalk and yelled to the coffee-colored Pirate to bring a doctor. With a wisdom that I had not suspected in him, he aban-

doned his team and struck off up the street afoot, realizing the value of speed. In ten minutes he returned with a grave, gray-haired and capable man of medicine. In a few words (worth much less than eight cents each) I explained to him my presence in the hollow house of mystery. He bowed with stately understanding, and turned to the old Negro.

'Uncle Cæsar,' he said calmly, 'run up to my house and ask Miss Lucy to give you a cream pitcher full of fresh milk and half a tumbler of port wine. And hurry back. Don't drive — run. I want you to get back sometime this week.'

It occurred to me that Dr. Merriman also felt a distrust as to the speeding powers of the land-pirate's steeds. After Uncle Cæsar was gone, lumberingly, but swiftly, up the street, the doctor looked me over with great politeness and as much careful calculation until he had decided that I might do.

'It is only a case of insufficient nutrition,' he said. 'In other words, the result of poverty, pride, and starvation. Mrs. Caswell has many devoted friends who would be glad to aid her, but she will accept nothing except from that old Negro, Uncle Cæsar, who was once owned by her family.'

'Mrs. Caswell!' said I, in surprise. And then I looked at the contract and saw that she had signed it 'Azalea Adair Caswell.'

'I thought she was Miss Adair,' I said.

'Married to a drunken, worthless loafer, sir,' said the doctor. 'It is said that he robs her even of the small sums that her old servant contributes toward her support.'

When the milk and wine had been brought the doctor soon revived Azalea Adair. She sat up and talked of the beauty of the autumn leaves that were then in season, and their height of color. She referred lightly to her fainting seizure as the outcome of an old palpitation of the heart. Impy fanned her as she lay on the sofa. The doctor was due elsewhere, and I followed him to the door. I told him that it was within my power and intentions to make a reasonable advance of money to Azalea Adair on future contributions to the magazine, and he seemed pleased.

'By the way,' he said, 'perhaps you would like to know that you have had royalty for a coachman. Old Cæsar's grandfather was a king in Congo. Cæsar himself has royal ways, as you may have observed.'

As the doctor was moving off I heard Uncle Cæsar's voice inside: 'Did he git bofe of dem two dollars from you, Mis' Zalea?'

'Yes, Cæsar,' I heard Azalea Adair answer weakly. And then I went in and concluded business negotiations with our contributor. I assumed the responsibility of advancing fifty dollars, putting it as a necessary formality in binding our bargain. And then Uncle Cæsar drove me back to the hotel.

Here ends all of the story as far as I can testify as a witness. The rest must be only bare statements of facts.

At about six o'clock I went out for a stroll. Uncle Cæsar was at his corner. He threw open the door of his carriage, flourished his duster and began his depressing formula: 'Step right in, suh. Fifty cents to anywhere in the city — hack 's puffickly clean, suh — jus' got back from a funeral —'

And then he recognized me. I think his eyesight was getting bad. His coat had taken on a few more faded shades of color, the twine strings were more frayed and ragged, the last remaining button — the button of yellow horn — was gone. A motley descendant of kings was Uncle Cæsar!

About two hours later I saw an excited crowd besieging the front of a drug store. In a desert where nothing happens this was manna; so I edged my way inside. On an extemporized couch of empty boxes and chairs was stretched the mortal corporeality of Major Wentworth Caswell. A doctor was testing him for the immortal ingredient. His decision was that it was conspicuous by its absence.

The erstwhile Major had been found dead on a dark street and brought by curious and ennuied citizens to the drug store. The late human being had been engaged in terrific battle — the details showed that. Loafer and reprobate though he had been, he had been also a warrior. But he had lost. His hands were yet clinched so tightly that his fingers would not be opened. The gentle citizens who had known him stood about and searched their vocabularies to find some good words, if it were possible, to speak of him. One

kind-looking man said, after much thought: 'When "Cas" was about fo'-teen he was one of the best spellers in school.'

While I stood there the fingers of the right hand of 'the man that was,' which hung down the side of a white pine box, relaxed, and dropped something at my feet. I covered it with one foot quietly, and a little later on I picked it up and pocketed it. I reasoned that in his last struggle his hand must have seized that object unwittingly and held it in a death grip.

At the hotel that night the main topic of conversation, with the possible exceptions of politics and prohibition, was the demise of Major Caswell. I heard one man say to a group of listeners:

'In my opinion, gentlemen, Caswell was murdered by some of these no-account niggers for his money. He had fifty dollars this afternoon which he showed to several gentlemen in the hotel. When he was found the money was not on his person.'

I left the city the next morning at nine, and as the train was crossing the bridge over the Cumberland River I took out of my pocket a yellow horn overcoat button the size of a fifty-cent piece, with frayed ends of coarse twine hanging from it, and cast it out of the window into the slow, muddy waters below.

I wonder what's doing in Buffalo!

From *Strictly Business,* 1910.

NOTES

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. AUTOBIOGRAPHY

The *Autobiography* is in two parts. The first, which brings the narrative down to 1731, was written during a visit to the Bishop of St. Asaph in 1771; the second, which continues the narrative to 1757, was written, after much urging by his friends, at Passy, France, in 1788. Neither part was printed during its author's lifetime. The strange adventures of the two manuscripts before they finally passed into the possession of the United States Government are fully told in McMaster's *Benjamin Franklin* in the American Men of Letters Series. In 1791 the earlier part was issued in Paris in a French translation. The first appearance of any part of the *Autobiography* in English print was a translation into English of this earliest edition in 1792. The first publication of the original English was in Temple Franklin's edition of Franklin's Works in 1817. For this edition the editor garbled and emended and reworded the original text without scholarship or conscience. Again the manuscripts disappeared, to be discovered in 1840 and to be turned over to John Bigelow, the American Ambassador, in 1867. Bigelow's edition, published shortly afterwards, was the first edition to appear as Franklin wrote it.

The section which we print comprises about one third of the first part. The passage is complete so far as it goes.

117. *a.* 14. *Polemic divinity,*— religious controversy or disputation, an art much practised by the Puritans of New England. Franklin's father had earlier intended him for the church 'as the tithe of his sons.'

b. 5. *Dr. Mather,* Cotton Mather (1663–1728), the best known of the Puritan divines of Boston, author of the ponderous *Magnalia Christi Americana* and some four hundred other works.

118. *a.* 32. *Grub Street,* a street in London once much frequented by needy writers who eagerly turned their pens to any writing that would yield them enough to keep them from starvation.

b. 41. *The Spectator* appeared daily from March 1, to December 6, 1712. It was resuscitated again for a short time in 1714. The first republication of the *Spectator* in book form was in seven volumes. When Franklin chanced upon the stray third volume shortly after 1718, it was decidedly one of the new books of the day. 'It is not unlikely that another copy could not be found in the Province of Massachusetts Bay.'— *McMaster.*

119. *a.* 42. The Earl of Shaftesbury (1671–1713) and Anthony Collins (1676–1729) were prominent English free thinkers, or deists, who, while denying revelation and the authority of the church, still held to the general doctrines concerning the Deity and the fundamentals of faith.

120. *b.* 12. The first newspaper to appear in America was Publick Occurrances, Boston, 1690. The fact that the general Court suppressed it after its first issue terming it a pamphlet which had come out contrary to law, undoubtedly explains why Franklin disregarded it. The *Boston News-Letter* was first published April 24, 1704. *The Boston Gazette,* which Franklin, who relied wholly on his memory for dates and facts while composing his *Autobiography,* evidently forgot, appeared in 1719. *The New England Courant,* 1721, was therefore the fourth newspaper to appear in America.

121. *a.* 1. *I discovered it,* I made it known.

25. 'I fancy his harsh and tyrannical treatment of me might be a means of impressing me with that aversion to arbitrary power that has stuck to me through my whole life.'—*Franklin's note.*

122. *a.* 33. Kill, the Dutch name for channel or for any long body of water. Here undoubtedly it refers to the Kill von Kull at the northern end of Staten Island.

57. All of these books first appeared during Franklin's youth or young manhood. *Robinson Crusoe* appeared in 1719, and 1720; *Moll Flanders,* 1722; and Richardson's *Pamela,* the first English novel, 1740.

123. *a.* 8. *Letters,* education, knowledge derived from books.

124. *a.* 32. *Cases,* shallow trays divided into compartments for the various letters in a font of type. Franklin means here that Keimer had secured two more fonts.

52. *One of the French Prophets,* one of the followers of a religious fad at the time.

126. *a.* 25. *Pieces of eight*— Spanish coins so called because they had stamped on them the number 8, signifying that they were worth 8 reals or one dollar.

THE WAY TO WEALTH

126. In 1783 I first published my *Almanac,* under the name of *Richard Saunders;* it was continued by me about twenty-five years, commonly called *Poor Richard's Almanac.* I endeavored to make it both entertaining and useful; and it accordingly came to be in such demand, that I reaped considerable profit from it, vending annually near ten thousand. And observing that it was generally read, scarce any neighborhood in the province being without it, I considered it as a proper vehicle for conveying instruction among the common people, who bought scarcely any other books; I therefore filled

all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as a means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly, as, to use here one of those proverbs, *it is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*

These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and formed into a connected discourse prefixed to the Almanac of 1757 [more accurately, 1758] as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scattered counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece, being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the continent; reprinted in Britain on a broad side to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers were bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it had its share of influence in producing that growing plenty of money which was observable for several years after its publication.— *The Autobiography.*

13. *a.* 14. *Vendue* — auction.

15. *a.* 38. *Felix quem,* etc., Happy the man whom the calamities of others make wise.

AN ADDITION TO THE BOOK OF GENESIS

131. It is reported by Weems, the early biographer of Franklin, that in 1763 'just before he left London, Doctor Franklin was complimented by his friend Collinson with a large party at his house, chiefly of literary gentlemen.' The conversation turning at length upon religious and theological subjects, a noted doctor of divinity defended persecution as a means of stamping out heresy. 'Franklin called out to him with an air of great surprise, "Why my dear sir, I am astonished that you plead thus for persecution, when it is so diametrically opposite to your bible." "The bible!" echoed the clergyman, "there are in the gospel, sir, some passages in your favor." "Some passages, reverend sir! what is the whole gospel but love, the kindest love to our fellowmen and therefore no persecution? But is not the old testament against you as well as the new: What think you of that remarkable chapter in the book of Genesis?" The clergyman replied that he did not know what chapter in Genesis Doctor Franklin meant. He thought, he said, he knew something of the bible, but he did not recollect any chapter in Genesis, in point. "No, sir!" answered Franklin still with the look and voice of surprise, "not that memorable chapter concerning Abraham and the poor man! Pray, Mr. Collinson, favor us with your bible a minute or two." "With all my heart," replied the clergyman, "I should like to see that memorable chapter."' The company, who had been very attentive all the while, now manifested a double solicitude for the issue of the pending controversy — the family bible was brought and laid on the table by the side of Doctor Franklin. "Well, reverend sir," said he looking at the preacher, as he took up the bible, "shall I read this chapter?" "Certainly," replied the divine, settling himself in his chair to listen — the eyes of all were fixed on Franklin, and their ears full wide to hear, when opening the bible and turning back the leaves to find the place, he thus audibly began:

'The twenty-seventh chapter of the first book of Moses, commonly called the book of Genesis.'

Franklin's chapter followed.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

132. Washington in the preparation of his address was aided by Madison, Hamilton, and Jay. Madison had helped prepare an address that was to have been delivered in 1792 at the close of the first administration, but it was laid aside. Four years later Washington wrote a first draught of a farewell address and submitted it to Hamilton, who completely rewrote it. Washington revised the copy and recopied it and then submitted it to Hamilton and Jay for further revision. 'It is impossible,' says Duyckinck, 'to determine accurately the respective shares of Hamilton and Washington in the language. The idea of the whole was projected by Washington, and so far as can be learned, the parts were mostly contrived and put into shape by him. The deliberation and intelligent counsel bestowed upon the work, proved by the Madison, Hamilton, and Jay letters on the subject, so far from detracting from Washington's own labors, add further value to them. He had a public duty to perform, and he took pains to discharge it in the most effective manner. The pride of literary authorship sinks before such considerations. Yet the temper of this paper is preëminently Washingtonian. It is unlike any composition of Madison or Hamilton, in a certain considerate moral tone which distinguishes all Washington's writings. It is stamped by the position, the character, and the very turns of phrase of the great man who gave it to his country.'

PHILIP FRENEAU AND H. H. BRAKENRIDGE: THE RISING GLORY OF AMERICA

141. This poem was given originally as the graduating exercise of Freneau and H. H. Brakenridge at Princeton College in 1771, Brakenridge delivering it, and it was published in pamphlet form the following year. Brakenridge in later years confessed that 'on his part it was a task of labor, while the verse of his associate flowed spontaneously' Freneau printed his own part, with many modifications and additions in the first edition of his poems, 1786. The present selection, which is the closing part of the original and which constitutes nearly one-third of the whole poem, follows the text of the 1772 pamphlet edition.

71. Acapulco, the most important seaport on the Pacific coast of Mexico.

142. 93. It should be noted that the city of Washington was a wilderness when Congress in 1790 decreed that the capital of the United States should be on the Potomac.

110. The Boston Massacre took place March 5, 1770, a year and a half before the Princeton commencement of 1771.

143. 128. H. H. Brackenridge, born in Scotland 1748, was brought by his parents to America when he was five years old. His boyhood years were spent in York County, Pennsylvania.

132. John Hampden (1594–1643) one of the most stalwart of the early opposers of the tyranny of Charles I.

135. Sir John Denham (1615–1668) in his long poem *Cooper's Hill* has in it a description of the river Thames which was greatly admired in its day.

137. The Tuscarora tribe of Indians originated in North Carolina.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE BRAVE AMERICANS

148. 4. The Americans lost in killed, wounded, and missing 554 men.

20. Scott used this line in the introduction to the third canto of *Marmion.*

THE HURRICANE

149. When first published, the poem bore the title 'Verses, made at Sea, in a Heavy Gale.' Captain Freneau's ship survived the violent hurricane off Jamaica July 30, 1784, when, 'no more than eight out of 150 sail of vessels, in the ports of Kingston and Port-Royal were saved.'

THE WILD HONEY SUCKLE

149. Probably written in Charleston, S. C., in July, 1786. The poet undoubtedly referred to the *Rhododendron Viscosum,* or as some call it the *Azalia Viscosum* since this is the only flower popularly known as the wild honeysuckle that is both white and 'honied.'

THE INDIAN BURYING GROUND

150. 8. The North Americans bury their dead in a sitting posture; decorating the corpse with wampum, the images of birds, quadrupeds, &c: And (if that of a warrior) with bows, arrows, tomihawks and, other military weapons.— *Freneau's note.*

36. Campbell borrowed this line for his poem 'O'Connor's Child.'

TO CYNTHIA

150. *a.* As first published it bore the title 'Stanzas written at Baltimore in Maryland, Jan. 1789, by Captain P. Freneau.' Freneau was married April 15, 1790, to Miss Eleanor Forman of Monmouth County, N. J.

ODE

151. Sung at the Civic Feast given to Citizen Genet in Philadelphia, by the French and Citizens, June 1, 1793.

THE REPUBLICAN GENIUS OF EUROPE

152. Freneau sympathized deeply with the French Revolutionists, and wrote many stirring lyrics in their behalf.

152. 6. In his poem 'To the Public' published October 31, 1791, Freneau had written:

'From the spark that we kindled, a flame has gone forth
To astonish the world and enlighten mankind:
With a code of new doctrines the universe rings,
And Paine is addressing strange sermons to kings.'

COLUMBIA

153. 'To those who now read it as a detached text, and who do not recreate for themselves the very scene, the atmosphere, the needs, the moods, from the midst of which this song came into life, it will be but a ponderous and humdrum verse. Of course winged words these are not, and were not; and yet so true was this song to the very heart of its time that, up and above the hail and smoke and curses of the battlefield, it really lifted the hearts of men who were just then overburdened by a dreadful task, who were just then bewildered in the dust and cries of the fighting, and begrimed with its soilure and blood; and it actually gave to them, for some great moments, a clear vision of the triumphant issue of all this havoc and horror,— home, country, a new fatherland in the world, the last and the noblest of time.' —*Tyler.*

153. 11. *The rights of man* — Thomas Paine's book *The Rights of Man* did not appear until 1791.

154. 43. *The gloom.* The poem was written at the time when Burgoyne's invasion was filling the north with consternation. Dwight is said to have preached to the troops at this critical time from Joel ii: 20.

PSALM CXXXVII

154. In 1801 appeared 'The Psalms of David. Imitated in the Language of the new Testament, and applied to the Christian Use and Worship, by I. Watts, D. D. A New Edition, in which the Psalms omitted by Dr. Watts are versified anew, in proper Metres, By Timothy Dwight, D. D., President of Yale College.' This hymnal is significant only for the fact that to it Dwight contributed the one hymn that has survived from all the enormous mass of Puritan sacred songs written before the nineteenth century. 'I love thy kingdom, Lord' has found its way into all the hymnals of the world and is still popular.

THE CONTRAST

155. A contrast between the affected manners of such shallow apers of the English smart set as Dimple and Charlotte, and the simple native worth of Colonel Manly and Maria is the theme of the play. The selections which we have chosen form a complete unit,— the sub-plot, which might be removed from the comedy entirely without affecting the continuity of the main story. They include practically the entire speaking parts of the servants Jessamy, Jonathan, and Jenny, who must do on a small scale precisely what their masters do on a larger scale.

155. *The Prologue.* There is internal evidence, as in lines 30–34, that this was not written by Tyler.

Who 'the Young Gentleman of New York' was, we may not conjecture.

156. 48. *Are generous as just.* Doubtless an echo from Charles Surface's 'Be just before you are generous.' The influence of Sheridan's play *The School for Scandal,* which had first appeared only ten years before, is everywhere evident in the comedy.

156. *a.* 21. *The Mall.* 'Near Trinity Church was the "Mall," or promenade for the fashionable set of the little colonial town. By an unwritten law none but the members of the ruling class used it; and on fine afternoons it was filled with a gayly dressed throng of young men and pretty girls, the latter attended by their negro waiting maids.'— *New York* by Theodore Roosevelt.

156. *Ranelagh.* 'Gardens formerly situated near the Thames, in Chelsea, London. They were noted for concerts from 1740 to 1805, and famous as the scenes of wild extravagant entertainments, masquerades, etc. They were closed in 1805, and no trace now remains.'— *Century Dictionary.*

156. *Vauxhall Gardens.* A fashionable resort on the Thames above Lambeth. They were laid out in 1661. Descriptions of them are in the *Spectator,* in *Humphrey Clinker,* and *Vanity Fair.*

156. *Votre très — humble,* etc. Your very humble servant, sir.

b. 36. *Insurgents.* Shays' insurrection, which arose from the unsettled conditions after the Revolution, took place in western Massachusetts in 1786. The author of *The Contrast* was fresh from the scenes of this rebellion when he wrote the play.

156. *The bag to hold,* referring to a crude practical joke sometimes practised in primitive regions. The victim is invited to go snipe hunting at night and is told that the method of capturing the birds is to stand in one of their run-ways in the swamp holding a bag while the rest of the party endeavors to drive the bewildered birds into it. The victim is left holding the bag while the rest of the party decamps for home.

156. *Did think the sturgeons were right,* meaning that Jonathan had at first sided with the insurgents.

157. *a.* 24. *Took wit,* became possessed of wit, or sense.

157. *Chesterfield.* Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was a leading man of fashion during the middle years of the eighteenth century. His letters to his son, first published in 1774, became a text book for the fashionable world. They have been summed up as a master's treatise on the arts of 'uniting wickedness and the graces.'

158. *a.* 54. *Buss.* English dialect for kiss.

b. 1. *Pungency of tribulation,* evidently an attempt to reproduce Jessamy's 'poignancy of your penetration.'

159. *b.* 44. *Hocus-pocus man,* a conjurer or sleight-of-hand performer.

160. *a.* 53. *Mr. Joseph,* Joseph Surface. The play was evidently *The School for Scandal.*

b. 28. Afraid of . . . shooting irons, the allusion must be to the duel scene of *The Rivals.* There is no shooting scene in *The School for Scandal.*

161. *a.* 54. *Yankee Doodle.* Tyler's delineation of the Yankee character in Jonathan was doubtless suggested by the Yankee greenhorn of this popular song of the Revolution.

162. *b.* 17. *Grace.* Jonathan, coming from New England, interprets the word in its religious and theological sense: 'Inward spiritual gifts conferred by God through Jesus Christ.'

b. 54. *Affettuoso,* etc., common musical terms, meaning respectively 'affectingly,' 'softly,' and 'very loudly.'

THE BLIND PREACHER

175. From *The Letters of the British Spy.*

'The "Blind Preacher," thus described by Mr. Wirt in 1803, was the Rev. James Waddel, born in Ireland in 1739, and brought here in his infancy by his parents, who settled in Delaware County, Pennsylvania. He became a fine classical scholar, and first concluded to devote his life to teaching. But, his views undergoing a change, he determined to enter the ministry, and was licensed in 1761 and settled over a Presbyterian church in Lancaster County. In 1776, he removed to Virginia; and, his salary being small, he received some pupils for classical instruction in his own house. He resided in Louisa County for twenty years, and died there. He lost his eyesight in the latter part of his life. Patrick Henry pronounced him the greatest orator he ever heard.'— *C. D. Cleveland.*

176. *a.* 6. *Buffet,* a blow with the hand. John xix:3.

b. 22. *Massillon,* a celebrated French pulpit orator, 1663–1742.

23. *Bourdaloue,* French theologian, one of the most illustrious pulpit orators of France, 1632–1704.

177. *a.* 2. *Sir Robert Boyle,* English chemist and natural philosopher, 1627–1691.

27. *Gray's . . . bard.* This is a part of the second stanza of Gray's Pindaric ode *The Bard,* first published in 1757.

THE COMMON MOCKING BIRD

179. *a.* 3. *Louisiana.* It should be remembered that Audubon's early childhood had been passed in Louisiana. The mocking bird had been associated with his infancy.

6. *As I at this moment do.* Significant.

THE PASSENGER PIGEON

179. The sudden disappearance of the wild or passenger pigeon is one of the most remarkable phenomena in zoölogical history. In 1888 the birds failed to appear in their customary breeding places and not a trace of them has been seen since. An offer of $3000 for a single pair has not yet been responded to.

SQUATTER LIFE ON THE AMERICAN RIVERS

181. From Audubon's journal as published in Mrs. Audubon's Life of John James Audubon, page 83. Audubon in his journeys through the wild canebrakes of the Mississippi had abundant opportunity of observing this pioneer stage of American life.

THE BUNKER HILL MONUMENT

183. 'The first time I ever saw Mr. Webster was on the 17th of June, 1825, at the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument. I shall never forget his appearance as he strode across the open area, encircled by some fifty thousand persons — men and women — waiting for "the Orator of the Day," nor the shout that simultaneously burst forth, as he was recognized, carrying up to the skies the name of "Webster!" "Webster!" "Webster!"

'It was one of those lovely days in June, when the sun is bright, the air is clear, and the breath of nature so sweet and pure as to fill every bosom with a grateful joy in the mere consciousness of existence. There were present long files of soldiers in their holiday attire; there were many associations, with their mottled banners; there were lodges and grand lodges, in white aprons and blue scarfs; there were miles of citizens from the towns and the country round about; there were two hundred gray-haired men, remnants of the days of the Revolution; there was among them a stranger, of great mildness and dignity of appearance, on whom all eyes rested, and when his name was known, the air echoed with the cry — "Welcome, welcome, Lafayette!" Around all this scene, was a rainbow of beauty such as New England alone can furnish.

'I have seen many public festivities and ceremonials, but never one, taken all together, of more general interest than this. Everything was fortunate; all were gratified; but the address was that which seemed uppermost in all minds and hearts. Mr. Webster was in the very zenith of his fame and of his powers. I have looked on many mighty men — King George, the "first gentleman in England"; Sir Astley Cooper, the Apollo of his generation; Peel, O'Connell, Palmerston, Lyndhurst, — all nature's noblemen; I have seen Cuvier, Guizot, Arago, Lamartine — marked in their persons by the genius which has carried their names over the world; I have seen Clay, and Calhoun, and Pinckney, and King, and Dwight and Daggett, who stand as high examples of personal endowment, in our annals, and yet not one of these approached Mr. Webster in the commanding power of their personal appearance. There was a grandeur in his form, an intelligence in his deep dark eye, a loftiness in his expansive brow, a significance in his arched lip, altogether beyond those of any other human being I ever saw. And these, on the occasion to which I allude, had their full expression and interpretation.

'In general, the oration was serious, full of weighty thought and deep reflection. Occasionally there were flashes of fine imagination, and several passages of deep, overwhelming emotion. I was near the speaker, and not only heard every word, but I saw every movement of his countenance. When he came to address the few scarred and time-worn veterans — some forty in number — who had shared in the bloody scene which all had now gathered to commemorate, he paused a moment, and, as he uttered the words, "Venerable men," his voice trembled, and I could see a cloud pass over the sea of faces that turned upon the speaker. When at last, alluding to the death of Warren, he said —

'"But ah, Him! — the first great martyr of this great cause. Him, the patriotic victim of his own self-devoting heart. Him, cut off by Providence in the hour of overwhelming anxiety and thick gloom: falling ere he saw the star of his country rise — how shall I struggle with the emotions that stifle the utterance of thy name!" Here the eyes of the veterans around, little accustomed to tears, were filled to the brim, and some of them sobbed aloud in their fullness of heart. The orator went on:

'"Our poor work may perish, but thine shall endure; this monument may molder away, the solid ground it rests upon may sink down to the level of the sea; but thy memory shall not fail. Wherever among men a heart shall be found that beats to the transports of patriotism and liberty, its aspirations shall claim kindred with thy spirit."

'I have never seen such an effect from a single passage: a moment before, every bosom bent, every brow was clouded, every eye was dim. Lifted by inspiration, every heart seemed now to expand, every gaze to turn above, every face to beam with a holy yet exulting enthusiasm. It was the omnipotence of eloquence, which, like the agitated sea, carries a host upon its waves, sinking and swelling with its irresistible undulations.'— *S. C. Goodrich, Recollections of a Lifetime, 1857.*

184. *b.* 5. *Another early and ancient colony,* the Maryland colony, settled thirteen years earlier.

23. *Society whose organ I am.* Webster was then the president of the Bunker Hill Monument Association.

40. *We trust it will be prosecuted.* The monument was finally dedicated eighteen years later, June 17, 1843, Mr. Webster delivering the oration.

186. *b.* 1. *Lying at the foot of this mount,* in the government navy yard at Charlestown which lies directly below Bunker Hill.

37. *The first great martyr,* Joseph Warren.

188. *a.* 32. *Totamque,* etc. And the mind, infused through the members, moves the entire mass and mixes itself through the whole great body.

b. 53. *One who now hears me.* Lafayette, who had been making a tour of America since late the preceding year.

189. *b.* 2. *Serus,* etc. May you return late to the skies.

192. *a.* 21. *The revolution of South America.* Bolivar's victory at Caabobo, Venezuela, 1821, his victory at Junin, Peru, in 1824, and Sucre's victory at Ayacucho the same year, ended forever Spanish rule in South America.

A HISTORY OF NEW YORK

195. The full title of Irving's humorous masterpiece reveals many of the qualities of the book. It is, *A History of New York, from the beginning of the world to the end of the Dutch dynasty; containing, among many surprising and curious matters, the unutterable ponderings of Walter the Doubter, the disastrous projects of William the Testy, and the chivalric achievements of Peter the Headstrong; the three Dutch governors of New Amsterdam; being the*

only authentic history of the times that ever hath been or ever will be published. By Diedrich Knickerbocker.

For the hoax by which Irving introduced it to New York see the Introduction to the book, or Pierre M. Irving's *Life of Irving,* Chapter XIII.

Concerning the value of the book one may quote Warner's *Life of Irving:* 'The book is indeed an original creation, and one of the few masterpieces of humor. In spontaneity, freshness, breadth of conception, and joyous vigor, it belongs to the springtime of literature. It has entered into the popular mind as no other American book ever has, and it may be said to have created a social realm which, with all its whimsical conceit, has almost historical solidity. The Knickerbocker pantheon is almost as real as that of Olympus.'

195. *a.* 33. *Such are my feelings,* etc. It must be borne constantly in mind that this purports to have been written by the venerable Dutchman, Diedrich Knickerbocker, and that the style is made purposely pompous and over-ornate, yet there is always more of Irving in the style than there is of Knickerbocker. Compare, for instance, the next paragraph with the closing paragraph in 'Westminster Abbey' in the *Sketch Book.*

THE STOUT GENTLEMAN

On the 9th of September, 1821, Irving and his friend, the young American artist, Leslie, made an excursion to Birmingham. The following is from Leslie's *Autobiography:*

'We mounted the top of one of the Oxford coaches at three o'clock in the afternoon, intending only to go as far as Henley that night; but the evening was so fine, and the fields filled with laborers gathering in the corn by the light of a full moon, presented so animated an appearance, that although we had not dined, we determined to proceed to Oxford, which we reached about eleven o'clock, and then sat down to a hot supper.

'The next day it rained unceasingly, and we were confined to the inn, like the nervous traveler whom Irving has described as spending a day in endeavoring to penetrate the mystery of "the stout gentleman." This wet Sunday at Oxford did in fact suggest to him that capital story, if story it can be called. That next morning, as we mounted the coach, I said something about a *stout gentleman* who had come from London with us the day before, and Irving remarked that *The Stout Gentleman* would not be a bad title for a tale; as soon as the coach stopped, he began writing with his pencil, and went on at every like opportunity. We visited Stratford-on-Avon, strolled about Charlecot Park and other places in the neighborhood, and while I was sketching, Irving, mounted on a stile or seated on a stone, was busily engaged with *A Stout Gentleman.* He wrote with the greatest rapidity, often laughing to himself, and from time to time reading the manuscript to me. We loitered some days in this classic neighborhood, visiting Warwick and Kenilworth; and by the time we arrived at Birmingham, the outline of *The Stout Gentleman* was completed.'

199. *b.* 25. *Derby,* the capital of Derbyshire, the country lying between Cheshire and Yorkshire, in the midland region of England.

THE BOLD DRAGOON

204. This is one of the tales in the first part of *Tales of a Traveller.* Irving links a series of tales together with the old device of a series of stories told by the guests at a hunting dinner. The 'knowing gentleman with the flexible nose' has just told 'The Adventure of My Aunt' and 'the inquisitive gentleman' has said:

'But I don't see, after all, that there was any ghost in this last story.'

'Oh, if it 's ghosts you want, honey,' cried the Irish captain of dragoons, 'if it 's ghosts you want, you shall have a whole regiment of them. And since these gentlemen have been giving the adventures of their uncles and aunts, faith and I 'll e 'en give you a chapter too, out of my own family history.' Whereupon he tells the story.

'Sir Walter Scott, in his paper on *Supernatural and Fictitious Composition,* praised Irving's sketch of the *Bold Dragoon* as the only instance of the fantastic then to be found in the English language.' — Higginson's *History of American Literature.*

204. *a.* 49. *My uncle Toby,* a well-known character in Sterne's novel *Tristram Shandy.*

b. 24. *Bruges,* see Longfellow's *The Belfry of Bruges.*

205. *b.* 21. *Heer verkoopt,* etc. Here one can buy good drink.

THE DEVIL AND TOM WALKER

208. One may trace the influence on Irving of Hauff's *das Wirthshaus im Spessart,* particularly of the tale *Das Kalte Hertz.*

THE HALL OF AMBASSADORS

215. *The Alhambra* has fitly been called 'the beautiful Spanish *Sketch Book.*' It is a collection of sketches and descriptions and stories all centering about the old Moorish fortress and palace of the Alhambra in Granada, Spain. *The Hall of the Ambassadors* is not a chapter from this book: it is rather one of the independent pieces which make up the collection.

SPANISH ROMANCE

218. This was sent as an introduction to the story *Legend of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa.* By the Author of the *Sketch-Book.*

THE PILOT

220. The story of *The Pilot* is founded on the exploits of John Paul Jones during April, 1778. Running boldly into the Irish Channel with his little ship, *Ranger,* he spread havoc among the merchantmen, captured the harbor of Whitehaven, and after spiking all the guns of the shore batteries, set fire to the shipping in the harbor, and escaped. The next day, after raiding the estate of Lord Selkirk, he attacked the royal sloop of war *Drake,*

twenty guns, and after a fierce engagement of an hour caused it to strike its colors. The narrative of the battle between the *Ariel* and the *Alacrity* is founded upon this fight between the *Ranger* and the *Drake*.

b. 4, *Barnstable*, commander of the *Ariel*.

222. *a.* 11. 'The cockswain,' Long Tom Coffin of Nantucket, the gigantic whaleman, who in reality is the hero of the novel.

225. b. 4. *Dropped lifeless.* Captain Burden of the *Drake* was killed while making an attempt to board Jones's ship the *Ranger*, and his crew, disheartened by his death, called for quarter. To this extent the account is historical. The circumstance of the harpoon was the product of Cooper's imagination.

THE PIONEERS

225. *The Pioneers* has in it more of autobiography than any other of Cooper's novels. He wrote it with enthusiasm. 'The author,' he says in the Introduction, 'has had more pleasure in writing *The Pioneers* than the book will, probably, ever give any of its readers.' It is fiction, yet it is founded on historical fact. Judge Temple was Cooper's father; the village of Templeton was Cooperstown; and the mansion from which the Judge ruled the region as a sort of king over a society of nobles was the home of Cooper during his boyhood. When the novel opens in 1793, Cooper was four years old, the wild forest life had begun rapidly to disappear, and Leather-stocking, who had appeared as a young man in *The Deerslayer* and *The Last of the Mohicans*, and as a man at full maturity in *The Pathfinder*, is approaching old age. The plot of the story turns upon the act passed by the State of New York, in the words of Hiram Doolittle, 'to lay a fine of five pounds currency, or twelve dollars and fifty cents, by decimals, on every man who kills a deer betwixt January and August. The Judge had a great hand in getting the law through.' Leather-stocking kills a deer, assaults the mean-souled constable sent to arrest him, and is formally tried on the two charges of killing game out of season and resisting an officer of the law.

Chapter XLI. Leather-stocking sat his hour in the stocks, but, being placed in jail, escaped by the aid of friends. After an eventful chase, however, he was recaptured and remanded to jail where he lay until a pardon by the Governor set him free. Elizabeth, the Judge's daughter, whose life he had once saved, and her husband hasten to congratulate him.

THE PRAIRIE

230. Leather-stocking was seventy years of age when he left the region that had known his youth for the wild prairies of the West. He is now eighty-seven, still vigorous and active, but forced now to support himself as a trapper rather than as a hunter. In Chapter XXVIII he is part of a band of emigrants and squatters which has been captured by the Sioux. With the whites has been taken also the dreaded Pawnee chief, Hard-Heart. The tribe has gathered to determine the fate of the captives. In the midst of the debate the eccentric naturalist Obed has been brought in and his deportment has been so extraordinary that the savages have agreed that he is insane.

230. *b.* 19. *Mahtoree*, the Sioux Chief.

21. *The trapper*, Leather-stocking.

43. *Teton*, Sioux.

60. *Dahcotah*, the Indian name of the tribes of Indians known to the whites as Sioux.

231. *a.* 15. *Unconscious subject*, the captive Hard-Heart who stood bound to a stake in the center of the assembly.

40. *Loup*, Pawnee.

232. *a.* 8. *Le Balafré*, the man with a scar made by a sword.

236. *a.* 14. *Wencha*, the medicine man, or conjuror of the tribe.

MARCO BOZZARIS

238. The poem records an incident in the war waged against the Turks for independence. The Greek general Bozzaris fell in a victorious night attack on the Moslem camp at Laspi, the ancient Plataea. The name in modern Greek is pronounced Bot-záh-ri.

13. *Suliote*, Greco-Albanians who had settled at Suli in Albania, but, defeated by the Turks in 1822, had been forced into Greece where they played an active part in the war for independence.

18. *On old Plataea's day.* On the very field that Bozzaris won, the Greek general Pausanias in 479 B. C., with a force of 110,000 had met and defeated 300,000 Persians under Mardonius.

THE CULPRIT FAY

240. 7. *Old Cronest*, a well-known landmark of the Hudson region. After the first two or three stanzas Drake abandoned the attempt to give the piece a distinctively American background. The fays are finally put to flight by the skylark, a European bird.

241. 55. *Ising-stars*, a poetic word for bits of shining mica.

67. *Ouphe*, an obsolete form of oaf or elf.

95. *Elfin chain*, the bond that connected him with the elves.

242. 174. *Osier*, willow.

204. *Prong,— Squab*, etc. One can only guess at the meaning of some of these words. The poet has invented names for these sea creatures that will be in harmony with his elfin story. *Quarl* undoubtedly refers to the medusa or jelly fish. The sea fauna described is hardly that of the Hudson.

243. 266. *Calamus root*, sweet flag. It figures in some of the Uncle Remus stories.

290. *Bootle-blade*, a word known only in the fairy-land of Drake's dream.

245. 456. *Sea-roc*, a fabulous bird described in Sinbad's tale in the *Arabian Nights*.

480. *Sylphid queen*, queen of the sylphs or the elemental spirits of the air, who according to Paracelsus, hold a place intermediate between material and immaterial creatures.

495. *Lily roon*, the border or edge of a lily.

TO A FRIEND

247. The poem was addressed to Fitz-Greene Halleck. It may have been called forth by the appearance of Halleck's *Fanny*, 1819. There is no evidence, however, to explain the occasion of its composition.

6. *Strangford*, English diplomatist and poet. 1780–1855. He is sarcastically referred to in Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*.

47. *McCrea*, the victim of one of Burgoyne's scouting parties, near Fort Edward, July 27, 1777. The following account is taken from the *Pennsylvania Evening Post*, August 12, 1777: 'In retreating from Fort Edward the Americans brought off the grain and forage; those that would not come away, relying on General Burgoyne's proclamation, were killed, scalped, or inhumanly butchered by the Indians, without any discrimination of Whigs or Tories. A Miss M'Crea, who was to have been married to one Jones, a Tory, who had joined the enemy, and whom she daily expected to bring her off, was dragged by the savages out of her house, shot twice through her body, her clothes torn off her back, and left scalped in the bushes.'

THANATOPSIS

250. Bryant's first draft of *Thanatopsis* was written undoubtedly during the autumn of 1811, when, disappointed in his plan to enter Yale, he settled down for a time in his father's house uncertain as to his future. In an autobiographical fragment, reproduced by his biographers, Bryant writes that during this period his father one day brought him home from Boston Southey's *Remains of Henry Kirke White*, and adds 'I read the poems with great eagerness and so often that I committed several of them to memory, particularly the ode to the Rosemary.' There were other influences' at work. 'I remember reading at that time, that remarkable poem Blair's *Grave*, and dwelling with pleasure upon its finer passages. I had the opportunity of comparing it with a poem on a kindred subject, also in blank verse, that of Bishop Porteus on *Death*. He mentions also reading the miscellaneous poems of Southey and also Cowper, the blank verse of whose *Task* captivated my imagination.'

His period of dreaming over poetry, however, was short. Literature as a profession in America was impossible at that early day. He bade farewell to poetry, thrust his early efforts at composition into his desk, and turned all his energies to the law. When *Thanatopsis* appeared in the September, 1817, number of the *North American Review*, Bryant was twenty-three. He had completed his four years of legal study, had been admitted to the bar, and had practised law for two years with no thought of any other career.

The story that his father found in his son's desk the fragments of poetry left there while the boy still had dreams of literature and took them to the editors of the *North American Review* who published them, incredulous at first as to their authorship, bears all the marks of truth, but to call *Thanatopsis* a marvelous example of precocity is foolishness. The original piece is a fragment echoing the spirit of Kirke White's *Time* and Blair's *Grave*. Unity and soul were not given to the piece until 1821 when the poet was twenty-seven and when he revised it for publication with his Harvard poem *The Ages*. The original forty-seven lines were then expanded into eighty-one, among the additions being the familiar opening and closing parts. The changes in every case add distinction.

INSCRIPTION FOR THE ENTRANCE OF A WOOD

251. This piece was published at the same time as *Thanatopsis*, a part of the same manuscript that the poet's father put into the hands of the editors. It is, undoubtedly, an attempt of the young poet to try his own hand at a poetic exercise after he had read Southey's collection entitled *Inscriptions*. His indebtedness to Southey is evident, as may be noted, for example, in the poem entitled *For a Tablet in the Banks of a Stream:*

'Stranger! awhile upon this mossy bank
Recline thee. If the sun rides high, the breeze
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
Will play around thy brow, and the cool sound
Of running waters sooth thee. Mark how clear
They sparkle o'er the shallows; and behold,
Where o'er their surface wheels with restless speed
Yon glossy insect, on the sand below
How its swift shadow flits. In solitude
The rivulet is pure, and trees and herbs
Bend o'er its salutary course refreshed;
But, passing on amid the haunts of men,
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
A tainted stream. Seek'st thou for Happiness?
Go, Stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot
Of Innocence, and thou shalt find her there.'

252. 30. *Causey*, old form for Causeway.

TO A WATER FOWL

252. The circumstances under which Bryant wrote the poem are thus related by John Bigelow in his *Life of Bryant:*

'When he journeyed on foot over the hills to Plainfield on the 15th of December, 1816, to see what inducements it offered him to commence there the practice of the profession to which he had just been licensed, he says in one of his letters that he felt "very forlorn and desolate." The world seemed to grow bigger and darker as he ascended, and his future more uncertain and desperate. The sun had already set, leaving behind it one of those brilliant seas of chrysolite and opal which often flood the New England skies, and, while pausing to contemplate the rosy splendor, with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made its winged way along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lonely wanderer until it was lost in the distance. He then went on with new strength and courage. When he reached the house where he was to stop for the night he immediately sat down and wrote the lines *To a Waterfowl*, the concluding verse of which will perpetuate to future ages the lesson in faith which the scene had impressed upon him.'

GREEN RIVER

253. 33. *Simpler,* gatherer of simples or herbs.

55. *Though forced to drudge,* etc., written when he was practising law in the period before he went to New York to enter upon a literary career.

A WINTER PIECE

254. 70. In the edition of 1836 the line read,

'That stream with rainbow radiance as they move.'

The change is significant. Bryant was constantly revising his poems.

A FOREST HYMN

256. 'This was the last poem that Mr. Bryant wrote during his residence in the country, just before his removal to New York.'— *Godwin.*

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS

258. 25. *And then I think of one,* etc., an allusion to the tragedy of his boyhood. 'The young Bryant was fragile, precocious, over-intellectual, predisposed to consumption, the grim specter of which haunted him even into manhood like a foreboding of death. His little sister faded and died during that home period of his life when every emotion stamps the soul. Everything,— his puritanical environment, his frail hold upon the physical, his reading in the elegiac school of poets: Young, Gray, Parnell, Blair,— all inclined him to meditation, melancholy, poetic thought.'— *Pattee.*

I CANNOT FORGET

258. All that is really distinctive in Bryant's poetry was written before the end of his first year in New York. The publication of 'I Cannot Forget with What Fervid Devotion,' whatever may have been its date of composition, marks the end of his really inspired poetical life. Nowhere else has Bryant so laid bare his inmost heart.

THE PRAIRIES

259. Bryant made a trip to Illinois in 1832 to visit his brothers, who were settlers there.

21. *Sonora,* one of the western states of Mexico.

HAIL, COLUMBIA

269. 'This song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable, Congress being then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating upon that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties for the one side or the other; some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with *republican France,* as the war was called; others were for our connecting ourselves with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to do equal justice to both, to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to the portion of the people which espoused her cause, and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher, I think not so high, as it did at that time on that question. The theater was then open in our city; a young man belonging to it, whose talent was as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when he was at school. On this acquaintance, he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said that he had twenty boxes taken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the "President's March," then the popular air, he did not doubt of a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of that march. I told him I would try for him. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theater was crowded to excess, and so continued, night after night, for the rest of the whole season, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard, I may say, in every part of the United States.

'The object of the author was to get up an *American spirit* which should be independent of and above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our own honor and rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England, or the quarrel between them, or to what was the most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties — at least neither could disown the sentiments it inculcated. It was truly *American* and nothing else, and the patriotic feeling of every American heart responded to it.'— *Joseph Hopkinson* in the *Wyoming Bard of Wilkesbarre, Pa., August 24, 1840.*

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

269. 'This song was composed under the following circumstances: — A gentleman had left Baltimore, with a flag of truce, for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his, who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag-vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate; and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which the Admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day, with

an anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb-shells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the flag of his country.' M'Carty's *National Songs*, iii, 225.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

Published in the volume entitled *Poems, Odes, and Songs, and Other Metrical Effusions*, 1818.

THE BUCCANEER

272. 1. *The island*, Block Island, Rhode Island. Whittier's poem *The Palatine* has as its theme a deed of the early Block Island wreckers.

ZOPHIEL, ETC.

There is much in *Zophiel* and in Mrs. Brooks' Cuban songs to remind one of *The House of Night* and the West India period of Philip Freneau.

NIAGARA

Jared Sparks in Vol. 22 of the *North American Review* said of this poem: 'Among all the tributes of the Muses to that great wonder of nature, we do not remember any so comprehensive and forcible, and at the same time so graphically correct, as this.'

AMERICA

Early in 1832 Dr. Lowell Mason, the composer, gave to Mr. Smith a number of German music books arranged for use in schools, and requested him to look them over and report to him what might be used for the Boston schools. In the words of Mr. Smith:

'Turning over the leaves of one of the music books I found one song of a patriotic nature set to the tune which England claims as hers because she has so long sung it to the words, "God Save the Queen," but which the Danes claim as theirs and which the Germans claim as original with them, and of the real origin of which I believe no one is certain. The music impressed me by its simplicity and easy movement, and I was at once moved to write a patriotic hymn of my own, which American children could sing to this same tune, which I did on a scrap of waste paper, probably finishing it within half an hour.

'That was in February, 1832. I gave the hymn to Dr. Mason with others — some translations, others my own — and thought not more of it. The following Fourth of July I happened into Park Street Church in Boston, where Sunday-school children were enjoying a patriotic festival. It was at this children's Fourth of July celebration that *America* was first sung, the words of which I had written a few months before. Since then I have heard it sung all over the world.'

EACH AND ALL

In his journal May 16, 1834, Emerson wrote: 'I remember when I was a boy gazing upon the beach and being charmed with the colors and forms of the shells, I picked up many and put them in my pocket. When I got home I could find nothing that I gathered — nothing but some very ugly mussel and snail shells. Hence I learned that Composition was more important than the beauty of individual forms to Effect. On the shore they lay wet and social, by the sea and under the sky.'

THE RHODORA

The rhodora, *Rhodora Canadensis*, is 'a handsome shrub from one to three feet high, with terminal clusters of pale-purple flowers preceding the deciduous leaves. It is frequent in cool bogs from the mountains of Pennsylvania to Canada and New England.'

THE HUMBLE BEE

May 9, 1837, Emerson wrote in his journal, 'Yesterday in the woods I followed the fine humble-bee with rhymes and fancies free.' In the earliest version the opening line reads, 'Fine humble bee! Fine humble bee.'

CONCORD HYMN

The opening lines of the first stanza are carven on the pedestal of French's statue, *The Minute Man*, which stands at the entrance to Concord bridge on the side of the river opposite the monument dedicated in 1837.

283. *Lines 1 and 2, 'stood,' 'flood.'* Emerson's rimes are often far from perfect. Undoubtedly he was deficient in sense of melody, yet one must not press this idea too far. To him freedom was the poet's birthright. 'I wish to write,' he wrote in his journal June 27, 1839, 'such rimes as shall not suggest a restraint, but contrariwise the wildest freedom.'

THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

'An oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Cambridge, August 31, 1837.' Dr. Holmes's title for it was 'Our Intellectual Declaration of Independence.' 'Many critics use the date of its delivery as the opening date of a new period in the history of American Literature. The impression it created was profound. Says Dr. Holmes, 'The young men went out from it as if a prophet had been proclaiming to them, "Thus saith the Lord." No listener ever forgot that address, and among all the noble utterances of the speaker it may be questioned if one ever contained more truth in language more like that of immediate inspiration.'

283. *b.* 11. *Commencement.* Until comparatively recent times commencement in American colleges came at the commencement of the college year in August or September.

287. *b.* 55. *Savoyards*, inhabitants of the duchy of Savoy in France.

288. b. 15. *Druids . . . Berserkers,*— Druids were priests of the old Celtic religion in England, a religion that centered about the oak tree.

Berserkers: Scandinavian warriors who went into battle foaming at the mouth and howling in mad rage.

b. 38. *Flamsteed,* 1646–1719, famous English astronomer, author of the 'British Catalogue' of stars.

THE PROBLEM

This poem contains several of Emerson's most quoted lines.

293. 65. *Chrysostom,* a patriarch of the Greek church, born 347, died 407. Noted for his eloquence. Called by the French 'the golden mouthed.'

68. *Taylor,* 1613–1667, an English bishop, author of *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying.*

SELF-RELIANCE

'A small portion of the essay came from the lecture "Individualism," the last in the course of "The Philosophy of History," in 1836–37, and the other passages from the lectures, "School," "Genius," and "Duty," in the course on "Human Life," 1838–39.'

Emerson's style is often fragmentary, and his essays seem sometimes at first reading to be collections of brilliant sentences with little logical connection. It will help one's thinking to reduce one of the essays to its outline. The outline of Self-Reliance would be something like this:

294. *a.* 47. Be original, not conventional. Trust thyself.

Obstacles in the way of self-reliance:

295. *b.* 31. Conformity.

297. *b.* 4. Consistency.

298. *b.* 44. Ignorance of Self.

299. *a.* 16. False estimates of Men.

The reasons for self-trust:

a. 50. The trustee is worthy, for the self is an emanation from the divine spirit.

300. *b.* 25. The self or soul is an active, original agent, self-sufficing, and therefore self-relying.

301. *b.* 33. Self-trust is attained by following the Truth, though it requires almost godlike strength to do it.

302. *a.* 58. The great need of self-reliance at the present time.

303. *a.* 6. In religion.

b. 57. In motives for travel.

304. *a.* 43. In intellectual honesty.

b. 48. In the spirit of society.

294. *a.* 46. *An eminent painter,* perhaps Washington Allston.

296. *a.* 10. *Barbadoes,* in the West Indies, evidently taken as an illustration because its large negro population made it interesting to Abolitionists.

297. *b.* 30. *With consistency,* etc.; note the positiveness which is one of Emerson's characteristics. He had a fear always of using a qualifying word. He never weakened his effects by such words as 'perhaps,' 'undoubtedly,' and the like.

298. *b.* 36. *Shadow of one man,* the essence of Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero Worship.* According to Carlyle, history is the biographies of a few great men.

299. *a.* 4. *Popular fable,* see the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew.*

24. *Scanderbeg,* Iskander Bey, 1403–1468, the Albanian patriot.

49. *The magnetism,* etc. This paragraph contains the essence of the Transcendental Philosophy.

303. *a.* 33. *His hidden meaning,* etc., the quotation is from Scene I, Act 3. The play, which is attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher, was performed sometime previous to the year 1619.

b. 16. *Locke,* etc. John Locke, 1632–1704, the English philosopher, who wrote the *Essay Concerning the Human Understanding,* opposition to which finally brought out the transcendental revolt; Antoine Lavoisier, French chemist, 'Founder of modern chemistry,' guillotined 1794; Charles Hutton, English mathematician, and James Hutton, Scottish geologist; Jeremy Bentham, 1745–1832, English sociological philosopher; François Marie Charles Fourier, 1772–1837, French socialist, whose communistic system was the philosophical basis of the Brook Farm experiment.

28. *Swedenborgianism.* Emerson was greatly interested in Swedenborg, the mystic, and his work He devoted to him a lecture that is now a part of his *Representative Men.*

BRAHMA

The poem was included in *May-Day and Other Pieces,* 1867. By its first readers it was considered to be obscure, but its obscurity vanishes when one considers the oriental conception of pantheism which it voices, the doctrine that God is the only substance in the universe; that everything that can be conceived of by man is but a manifestation of God.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Remarks at the Memorial Services in Concord, April 19, 1865. Lincoln was shot on the 14th of April and died the following day.

TERMINUS

'Edward Waldo Emerson in his biography recounts how in December, 1866, he met his father in New York and spent the night with him. "He read me some poems that he was soon to publish in his new volume, *May-Day,* and among them *Terminus.* I was startled; for, he, looking so healthy, so full of life and young in spirit, was reading his deliberate acknowledgment of failing forces and his trusting serene acquiescence. I think he smiled as he read.' He was then sixty-three. The poet had a premonition of the mental disease that soon was to begin to cloud his faculties.

SIGHTS FROM A STEEPLE

This is an example of Hawthorne's Sketches,—the observations of a solitary man who views humanity, himself unseen. Others are *Night Sketches from Under an Umbrella. Footprints on the Seashore,* etc.

311. *b.* 10. *Limping devil of Le Sage.* Le Sage's novel, *Le Diable Boiteux,* was published in 1707.

15. *Paul Pry,* synonym for a meddlesome, inquisitive nuisance. Made use of by John Poole, the English playwright, whose *Paul Pry* was produced at the Haymarket theater in 1825.

312. *a.* 39. *Vicentio of Pisa,* a character in *The Taming of the Shrew.* He is described as

'A merchant of great traffic through the world.'
I:i: 12.

b. 3. *Paris and the Golden Apple,* the well-known story of the award of the prize of beauty to Venus. The Judgment of Paris is the subject of two paintings by Rubens, one at Dresden and the other in the National Gallery, London.

313. *a.* 53. *Podagra,* the medical name for gout in the foot.

b. 5. *Atalanta,* in Grecian mythology a maiden swift of foot who ridded herself of troublesome suitors by challenging them to a foot-race.

DAVID SWAN

The story is a parable of the type so frequently made use of by Hawthorne. All descendants of the Puritans are preachers and one does not have to reach the final sentence to discover that this is a sermon.

THE BIRTHMARK

This is not an allegory: it is a narrative that lays bare a fundamental weakness in humanity.

322. *a.* 30. *Albertus Magnus,* born 1193, a Dominican monk and a philosopher of great learning. Reputed to be a magician.

31. *Paracelsus,* born 1493, German alchemist. See the poem *Paracelsus* by Browning.

42. *The Royal Society,* 'The Royal Society of London for Improving Natural Knowledge' founded in 1660, or thereabouts. It is the most dignified and authoritative of all British societies.

THE GREAT STONE FACE

325. *b.* 19. *The Great Stone Face.* Hawthorne had in mind the well-known Profile or 'Old Man of the Mountain' in the Franconia Notch of the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

21. *Valley,* the valley of the Pemigewasset from Plymouth, N. H., to the Franconia Notch.

326. *a.* 36. *Cottage-door.* This is an imaginary touch. The one point where the stone face may be viewed is on the north shore of Profile lake at a focal spot only a few rods wide.

ABSALOM

Willis wrote this poem while in college, probably in his senior year. It is a good example of his early scriptural poems, which, says his biographer Beers, 'were widely quoted and admired, copied about in the newspapers, inserted in readers and collections of verse, and have done as much to upbear his memory as any of his later writings.'

LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE

These letters, first published in the *New York Mirror,* appeared in book form in 1839 with the title, *A l'Abri; or, The Tent Pitched.* It was of this that Lowell wrote in the *Fable for Critics,* 1848:

'Few volumes I know to read under a tree
More truly delightful than his A l'Abri.'

The book was reissued in London in 1840, with the title *Letters from Under a Bridge,* and to it was affixed the following preface:

'The Letters which form the first part of the present volume were written in the Valley of the Susquehannah, from a beautiful glen, some eighty miles above Wyoming. The author, after many years' travel in Europe and the East, has there "pitched his tent." The letters were addressed to Dr. T. Olcutt Porter, one of the writer's most accomplished and valued friends, resident in New York. But as they embody a newly-drawn picture of the scenery and mode of life on the banks of the beautiful river made classic by the muse of Campbell, it has been thought worth while to publish them in England.'

339. *b.* 24. *Harping on my daughter,* Hamlet ii. 2, 189.

340. *a.* 26. *Owaga,* 'Corrupted now to Owego. Ochwaga was the Indian word, and means *swift water.*'— *Author's Note.*

50. *Shakespeare's lines,*— *T. Andronicus* ii, 3, 153.

b. 49. *As Cæsar Says,*— *Julius Cæsar* ii, 1, 320.

341. *a.* 18. *He had not dined,*— *Coriolanus* v, 1, 50–57.

THE WHITE CHIP HAT
and
TO HELEN IN A HUFF

Willis was one of the earliest of American writers of *vers de société,* or familiar verse.

UNSEEN SPIRITS

Poe in his essay, 'The Poetic Principle,' quotes this poem as 'One of the finest poems by Willis — the very best, in my opinion, which he has ever written. . . . In this composition we find it difficult to recognize the Willis who has written so many mere "verses of society."'

THE PARTISAN

This novel was published in New York in 1835, the same year as *The Yemassee.* Chapters XLIII and XLIV tell of the Battle of Camden, or, as some historians term it, the Battle of Sanders' Creek, August 16, 1780, and the results which followed.

343. *a.* 11. *Gates,* Horatio Gates, who had led the northern army at the time of the surrender of Burgoyne. In June, 1780, he had been placed in command of the army of the South. Simms represents him as being weak and conceited.

a. 12. *Cornwallis,* in April, 1778, appointed second in command to Sir Henry Clinton, Commander in Chief in America. Cornwallis had been put in charge of the forces that were to subjugate the southern states.

344. *a.* 6. *Seen foreign service together.* Previous to 1776 when he first came to America, Cornwallis had been for 20 years in the army and had served

with distinction on the Continent. Gates was an English soldier before the Revolution. He had been a captain under Braddock.

b. 57. *Colonel Tarleton,* the officer under Cornwallis who was most hated in the South of all the English. He surrendered with Cornwallis at Yorktown.

345. *a.* 51. *DeKalb.* In the words of Simms, 'A German by birth, he was in the service of the King of France, and was already a brigadier when transferred to America in the revolutionary struggle. Congress honored him with the commission of a major-general, and he did honor to the trust.'

351. *b.* 43. *Camden,* a town in South Carolina, thirty-two miles northeast of Columbia.

THE PSALM OF LIFE

356. Longfellow first made this poem public in 1838 during a lecture on Goethe, doubtless to illustrate the spirit of Wilhelm Meister. It was a challenge to his own dreaming, brooding, night-loving soul,— a call to the world of reality and action. One may paraphrase it thus: Life's no time for dreams; the soul that simply slumbers and dreams is not living at all. The world, it is true, seems to me to be a mere shadow or dream, even as it did to Goethe's Werther, but it is not — ('things are not what they seem') life is real. Art is long; life is short — act; look the moment in the face. It is not for me to muse idly on the future, building castles, nor to be the slave of the past. It is for me to be up and doing to-day.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS

356. 13. *He, the young and strong,* his brother-in-law and dearest friend, George W. Pierce, the news of whose unexpected death came to Longfellow during his winter at Heidelberg.

21. *The Being Beauteous,* his young wife who had died at Rotterdam.

THE WRECK OF THE *HESPERUS*

357. Under date of December 17, 1839, Longfellow wrote in his journal, 'News of shipwrecks horrible on the coast. Twenty bodies washed ashore near Gloucester, one lashed to a piece of the wreck. There is a reef called Norman's Woe where many of these took place; among others the schooner *Hesperus.* Also the *Sea-Flower* on Black Rock. I must write a ballad upon this.' Again on the 30th: 'I wrote last evening a notice of Allston's poems. After which I sat till twelve o'clock by my fire, smoking, when suddenly it came into my mind to write the *Ballad of the Schooner Hesperus;* which I accordingly did. Then I went to bed, but could not sleep. New thoughts were running in my mind, and I got up to add them to the ballad. It was three by the clock. I then went to bed and fell asleep. I feel pleased with the ballad. It hardly cost me an effort. It did not come into my mind by lines but by stanzas.'

SERENADE

359. From Act I, Scene 3 of *The Spanish Student.*

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES

360. *Carillon,* a set of stationary bells tuned to play melodies. The carillon of bells at Bruges contained forty-eight bells. The poem served as introduction to Longfellow's volume of poems published in 1845 with the title *The Belfry of Bruges and Other Poems.* Longfellow was in Bruges in 1842. He mentions the carillon of bells in his Journal May 30 and 31.

RESIGNATION

361. 7. *Rachel,* Jeremiah xxxiii, 15.

21. *The child of our affection.* The poem was occasioned by the death of Longfellow's little daughter Fanny, September 11, 1848.

AN AMERICAN LITERATURE

A part of Chapter XX of *Kavanagh, a Tale.*

362. *b.* 24. *Banvard.* John Banvard, born in New York, 1820, began in 1840 to paint a series of pictures to illustrate the entire length of the Mississippi River. He rowed thousands of miles in an open skiff, supporting himself as he could until he had traveled the length of the river. His resulting 'panorama of the Mississippi' was nearly half a mile in length. It was widely exhibited both in America and abroad.

MY LOST YOUTH

363. In his journal under the date of March 29, 1855, the poet wrote: 'A day of pain; cowering over the fire. At night as I lie in bed, a poem comes into my mind,— a memory of Portland, my native town, the city by the sea.

Siede la terra dove nato fui
Sulla marine.'

[Sitteth the city wherein I was born upon the seashore.— Dante.]

On the following day he recorded: 'Wrote the poem; and am rather pleased with it, and with the bringing in of the two lines of the old Lapland song,

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

364. 37. *The sea-fight,* the fight between the American brig *Enterprise* and the British brig *Boxer* during the war of 1812. The American ship was successful, though she lost her captain, and brought her prize into Portland. The English captain also fell.

HIAWATHA

364. In his introduction to the poem Longfellow wrote: 'This Indian Edda — if I may so call it — is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians, of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests, and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiabo, Manabozo, Tarenyawagon, and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algic Researches,* Vol. I, p. 134; and in his *History, Condition, and Prospects of the Indian*

Tribes of the United States, Part III, p. 314, may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the verbal narrations of an Onondaga chief.

'Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians.

'The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable.'

365. 41. *The Vale of Tawasentha*, 'This valley, now called Norman's Kill, is in Albanay County, New York.'— *Author's note.*

COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

375. December 2, 1857, Longfellow wrote in his journal: 'Soft as spring. I begin a new poem, *Priscilla;* to be a kind of Puritan pastoral; the subject, the courtship of Miles Standish.' Again on the 3d: 'My poem is in hexameters, an idyl of the Old Colony times. What it will turn out I do not know; but it gives me pleasure to write it.' On the following 22d of March he records that the poem is finished.

In a remote way the poem was to Longfellow a record of family history. His mother's family traced their descent through the Wadsworths and the Bartletts to no less than four of the *Mayflower* pilgrims, including Elder Brewster and Captain John Alden.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

378. This was the opening poem of the volume *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, 1863. It is represented as having been told by the landlord of the Inn,— the old Red Horse Tavern in Sudbury, Mass.

2. *Paul Revere*, born at Boston, 1735, died 1818. He was a silversmith and engraver and was active on the side of the patriots.

9. *The old North Church.* There was no doubt in Longfellow's mind, whatever may be the doubts in the minds of later antiquaries, as to the church from which the signal was hung. In his journal for April 3, 1860, he records, 'Go with Sumner to Mr. H——, of the North End, who acts as guide to the "Little Britain" of Boston. We go to the Copp's Hill burial ground and see the tomb of Cotton Mather, his father and his son; then to the old North Church, which looks like a parish church in London. We climb the tower to the chime of bells, now the home of innumerable pigeons. From this tower were hung the lanterns as a signal that the British troops had left Boston for Concord.'

DIVINA COMMEDIA

379. Mrs. Longfellow died July 10, 1861, accidentally burned to death. The poet, as his biographer records, 'felt the need of some continuous and tranquil occupation for his thoughts,' and accordingly turned again to the translations. 'For a time he translated a canto each day.' The translation in its final form was not ready for publication until 1866. One sonnet of the series of six was used as preface to each of the larger divisions of the poem.

THE MORAL WELFARE

381. This poem marks the opening of the second period in Whittier's poetic life,— the period in which purely poetic themes gave place to fiery anti-slavery propaganda. To him the abolitionist movement was America's second war for independence.

1. *On her natal day*, an allusion, of course, to July 4, 1776.

PROEM

382. This poem was the Proem, or poetical introduction, to *Voices of Freedom*, 1848.

34. *Marvell*, a contemporary of Milton, prized in early New England because of his satires upon the Cavaliers. He was Milton's assistant in the Latin Secretaryship.

ICHABOD

384. To quote Whittier's own words: 'This poem was the outcome of the surprise and grief and forecast of evil consequences which I felt on reading the seventh of March speech of Daniel Webster in support of the "compromise" and the Fugitive Slave Law. No partisan or personal enmity dictated it. On the contrary, my admiration of the splendid personality and intellectual power of the great Senator was never stronger than when I laid down his speech, and, in one of the saddest moments of my life, penned my protest. I saw as I wrote, with painful clearness, its sure results. . . .' It should be remembered that Webster and Whittier were relatives by blood. In later years Whittier wrote *The Last Occasion*, a poem it is well to read in connection with *Ichabod*.

THE KANSAS EMIGRANTS

This is an echo of the great Kansas-Nebraska fight of the mid-fifties. After the repeal of the Missouri Compromise the North determined to colonize Kansas with men who would vote for it as a free state. The poem is said to have been written by Whittier for the first company of emigrants to Kansas, to be sung by them as they journeyed to their new home.

MAUD MULLER

385. 95. *Chimney lug.* Whittier himself has explained that 'The term "chimney lug," which occurs in this poem refers to the old custom in New England of hanging a pole with hooks attached to it down the chimney, to hang pots and kettles on. It is called a "lug-pole."'

SKIPPER IRESON'S RIDE

387. The story had been told to Whittier when he was at Haverhill Academy by a schoolmate who came from Marblehead. In a letter to Lowell accompanying the poem Whittier wrote, 'The refrain

is the actual song of the women on this march.' Lowell, in his reply, wrote, 'I know the story well. I am familiar with Marblehead and its dialect, and as the burthen is intentionally provincial I have taken the liberty to print it in such a way as shall give the peculiar accent, thus: —

'"Cap'n Ireson for his horrd horrt
Was torred and feathered and corried in a corrt."

That 's the way I 've always "horrd it" — only it began, "Old Flud Ireson." What a good name Ireson (son of wrath) is for a hero of such a history!'

3. *Apuleius,* born about 125 A. D., a Roman philosopher, author of a famous romance, *Metamorphoses, or, The Golden Ass.*

4. *Horse of brass.* Whittier's memory was undoubtedly at fault when he wrote this line. He had in mind the story in the *Arabian Nights,* but 'There are three Calendars, and it was not the one with the horse of brass who had his eye switched out by his horse's tail. The one with the black horse was he whom Whittier had in mind.'

6. *Al-Borak,* 'A legendary animal, white in color, in size between a mule and an ass, with two wings, and of great swiftness, on which Mohammed is said to have made a nocturnal journey to the seventh heaven, conducted by the angel Gabriel.'

35. *Chaleur Bay,* a part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, between Quebec and New Brunswick.

TELLING THE BEES

388. It was an old New England custom to tell the bees when a death had occurred in the family. If this were not done it was believed that they would desert the place at once.

MOUNTAIN PICTURES

389. The Franconia range is a part of the White Mountains of New Hampshire. It is in the Franconia Notch, in Profile Lake just below The Great Stone Face, that the Pemigewasset River, one of the two branches of the Merrimac, has its source. Monadnock is an isolated peak in the southwestern part of New Hampshire. Wauchusett is farther south in Massachusetts.

Whittier wrote some of his most peaceful studies of Nature and of home life in the midst of the storm of the Civil War. In his poem, *The Countess,* 1863, he gave the reason:

'To-day when truth and falsehood speak their words
Through hot-lipped cannon and the teeth of swords,
Listening with quickened heart and ear intent
To each sharp clause of that stern argument,
I still can hear at times a softer note
Of the old pastoral music round me float,
While through the hot gleam of our civil strife
Looms the green mirage of a simpler life.
As, at his alien post, the sentinel
Drops the old bucket in the homestead well,
And hears old voices in the winds that toss
Above his head the live-oak's beard of moss,
So, in our trial-time, and under skies
Shadowed by swords, like Islam's paradise,
I wait and watch, and let my fancy stray
To milder scenes and youth's Arcadian day.'

LAUS DEO

391. Whittier wrote this poem in the Friends' Meeting-house, in Amesbury, as the bells and cannon were proclaiming the passage of the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. He wrote to Lucy Larcom that 'it wrote itself, or rather sang itself, while the bells rang.' The resolution abolishing slavery was passed by Congress, January 31, 1865. Its ratification by the requisite number of states was announced December 18, 1865.

SNOW-BOUND

392. This first appeared as a volume in 1866. The recent death of the poet's mother and sister had thrown over his recollections of the old home at Haverhill a golden light which the poem reflects. The owners of the copyright permit only a part of the poem to be published here.

183. *Brother,* Matthew Franklin Whittier, five years younger than the poet.

OLD IRONSIDES

396. 'The frigate *Constitution,* historic indeed, but old and unseaworthy, then lying in the navy yard at Charlestown, was condemned by the Navy Department to be destroyed. Holmes read this in a newspaper paragraph, and it stirred him. On a scrap of paper, with a lead pencil, he rapidly shaped the impetuous stanzas of *Old Ironsides,* and sent them to the *Daily Advertiser,* of Boston. Fast and far they traveled through the newspaper press of the country; they were even printed in hand-bills and circulated about the streets of Washington. An occurrence, which otherwise would probably have passed unnoticed, now stirred a general indignation. The astonished Secretary made haste to retrace a step which he had taken quite innocently in the way of business. The *Constitution's* tattered ensign was *not* torn down.' — Morse's *Life of Holmes,* i:79.

THE LAST LEAF

397. Holmes had in mind Major Thomas Melville, 'the last of the cocked hats,' who often was to be seen on the streets of Boston early in the thirties.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE

398. *a.* 17. *When I was interrupted.* 'The interruption referred to in the first sentence of the first of these papers was just a quarter of a century in duration. Two articles entitled "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" will be found in *The New England Magazine,* formerly published in Boston by J. T. and E. Buckingham. The date of the first of these articles in November, 1831, and that of the second, February, 1832. When *The Atlantic Monthly* was begun, twenty-five years afterwards, and the author was asked to write for it, the recollection of these crude products of his uncombed literary boyhood suggested the thought that it

would be a curious experiment to shake the same bough again, and see if the ripe fruit were better or worse than the early windfalls.'— *The Autocrat's Autobiography.*

40. *Dr. Thomas Reid,* 1710–1796, principal founder of the Scotch school of philosophy.

49. *Body of scientific young men,* etc., 'the Société d'Observation Médicale of Paris, of which M. Louis was president, and MM. Barth, Grisotte, and our own Dr. Bowditch were members. They agreed in admiring their justly honored president, and thought highly of some of their associates, who have since made good their promise of distinction.

'About the time these papers were published, the Saturday Club was founded, or, rather, found itself in existence, without any organization, almost without parentage. It was natural enough that such men as Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Pierce, with Hawthorne, Motley, Sumner, when within reach, and others who would be good company for them, should meet and dine together once in a while, as they did, in point of fact, every month, and as some who are still living, with other and newer members, still meet and dine. If some of them had not admired each other they would have been exceptions in the world of letters and science. The club deserves being remembered for having no constitution or by-laws, for making no speeches, reading no papers, observing no ceremonies, coming and going at will without remark, and acting out, though it did not proclaim, the motto, "Shall I take mine ease in mine inn?" There was and is nothing of the Bohemian element about this club, but it has had many good times, and not a little good talking.'— *Holmes's note.*

399. *a.* 8. *Shakespeare and Jonson,* etc. The group that was wont to gather in the Mermaid Inn. Strictly it was not a society at all, but frequent gatherings of congenial souls.

10. *Addison and Steele,* etc. For a long time Addison was a kind of literary dictator gathering about him in the coffee-house of his choice a group of kindred spirits.

12. *Johnson and Goldsmith,* etc. This was the famous Literary Club of which so much is said in Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

17. *Irvings and Pauldings,* etc. The two Irving brothers,— Washington and William, together with James K. Paulding, issued in 1807–8 the hilarious magazine *Salmagundi.* In 1827–30, three other congenial young New Yorkers, Guilian C. Verplanck, Robert C. Sands, and Bryant, edited an annual called *The Talisman.*

b. 21. *Esprit,* spirit, wit.

51. *Zimmerman,* 'The *Treatise on Solitude* is not so frequently seen lying about on library tables as in our younger days. I remember that I always respected the title and let the book alone.'— *Author's note.*

55. *William Pinckney,* 1764–1822, American lawyer and statesman. Minister to England, 1806–11.

400. *a.* 23. *Know thyself,* variously attributed to Bion of Smyrna, Solon of Athens. Thales, etc.

43. *Littératrice,* a feminine author. 'It was an agreeable incident of two consecutive visits to Hartford, Conn., that I met there the late Mrs. Sigourney. The second meeting recalled the first, and with it the allusion to the Iluma, which bird is the subject of a short poem by another New England authoress, which may be found in Mr. Griswold's collection.'— *Author's note.*

b. 16. *Babbage's calculating machine.* Charles Babbage, born 1792, English mathematician, spent many years and much money perfecting a calculating machine which is the parent of many modern devices.

19. *Frankenstein monster,* an allusion to Mrs. Shelley's romance *Frankenstein.* The medical student Frankenstein is represented as having discovered the secret of life and as having succeeded in animating a creature built up out of scraps of the dissecting room,— a monster that fills the rest of his life with terror.

401. *a.* 30. *Phryne,* a beautiful Athenian maiden, who, tried on a capital charge, was defended by her lover. When his eloquence could not move the judges, he bade her uncover her bosom and thus secured her acquittal.

32. *Non omnis moriar,* I shall not wholly die. Horace, *Odes* III, 30, line 6.

33. *I have taken all knowledge,* said by Lord Bacon.

b. 11. *Verbicide,* word-slaughter.

17. *Prima facie,* at first view.

58. *Deodand,* a thing given to God. In ancient English law, any chattel, like a cart for instance, that had accidentally killed a man, was forfeited to the king to be applied to pious uses.

402. *a.* 24. *Banquet of Saturn.* In the Greek mythology Saturn is represented as having been given his father's kingdom on condition that he should bring up no male children. As a result of this agreement he always devoured his sons as soon as they were born.

29. *Lords Temporal,* the secular nobility as opposed to the church officials, Bishops, etc.

53. *New dragon. . . . Cadmus,* an allusion to two Greek legends,— the sowing of the dragon's teeth by Jason and the reaping of an army of men therefrom, and the invention of letters by Cadmus of Thebes.

b. 13. *Pons asinorum,* bridge of asses, a name sometimes given to the fifth proposition of the book of Euclid,— if a triangle has two of its sides equal, the angles opposite to these sides are also equal. 'This proposition affords a difficulty to the learner, because it is the first one involving any mathematical puzzle.'

18. *Napoleon never lived,* referring to the *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte* by Richard Whatley.

403. b. 8. *Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, junior,* Martin Farquhar Tupper, author of *Proverbial Philosophy,* was somewhat of a joke in staid literary circles. Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., 1823–1887, wrote wild and sentimental romances for Bonner's *New York Ledger.*

17. *C'est le Dernier pas qui coute,* it is the last stroke that counts.

404. *a.* 39. *Cook's Voyages,* James Cook, 1728–1779.

the English navigator who explored the Pacific, 1772–1775, and 1776–1779.

b. 19. *Best passage,* etc. The passage referred to is as follows:

'Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career; —
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shrieked — as Kosciusko fell!'

Sarmatia was the ancient name of Poland.

405. *a.* 10. *Smibert,* born Edinburgh, 1684. Came to America 1729 and settled in Boston. He was the first portrait painter who came to America from Europe and he painted many of the leading citizens of Boston.

a. 11. *Copley,* American painter, born in Boston, 1737. His American portraits belong, the most of them, to his earlier life. He spent his last years in London.

24. *Stuarts,* Gilbert Stuart, American portrait painter, 1755–1828.

41. *Malbone,* American portrait painter, 1777–1807.

50. *Hic liber est meus,* conventional Latin for *This book is mine.*

51. *Hogarth,* English painter and engraver, 1697–1764.

52. *Barrow,* Isaac Barrow, 1630–1677. Anglican divine and scholar. His works were edited by Dean Tillotson in 1683–9.

53. *Tillotson,* John Tillotson, 1630–1694, Archbishop of Canterbury and greatest preacher of his generation. His sermons, edited by Barker, filled fourteen volumes.

b. 19. *Our dear professor,* in later editions *didascalos,* explained later by Holmes to be Profesor James Russell Lowell.

406. *a.* 52. *Hoosac tunnel,* a tunnel through a range of the Green Mountains about a mile from North Adams, Massachusetts. It was begun in 1855 and finished in 1875. It is 5¾ miles long.

53. *Cumming,* General William Cumming, Union leader in the nullification struggle. His windy quarrel with George McDuffie was greatly caricatured.

54. *Miller,* William Miller, founder of the sect of the Adventists, or Millerites. He maintained, according to the Scriptures, the world would end October 24, 25, 1844.

407. *a.* 53. *Fioriture* (usually used in the plural *fioritura*) — in music, flourishes, embellishments, trills, and turnings.

409. *a.* 1. *Goodwood-cup.* The Goodwood racecourse, at the seat of Duke of Richmond and Gordon, near Chichester, Sussex, England, was established in 1802. The principal race at the annual meet was run for the Goodwood cup. Eclipse, Plenipotentiary, etc., are names of race horses internationally famous in their day.

2. *Au contraire* — on the contrary.

26. *Morgan,* one of the most famous breeds of trotting-horses America has produced.

37. *Godolphin Arabian.* One of the three Oriental sires from which the thoroughbred horse is derived. The 'Godolphin Barb' was probably foaled about 1729 and brought from Paris in the reign of George II.

410. *a.* 8. *Phlebotomize,*— to bleed,— to let out blood by opening a vein.

412. *a.* 21. *Noncompotes,*— for *non compos mentis,* not of sound mind, idiots.

b. 2. *Buffo,* comic actor. From the Italian.

THE LIVING TEMPLE

415. This closed the seventh paper of *The Autocrat* series. The Autocrat introduces the poem thus: 'Having read our company so much of the Professor's talk about age and other subjects connected with physical life, I took the next Sunday morning to repeat to them the following poem of his, which I have had by me some time. He calls it — I suppose for his professional friends — *The Anatomist's Hymn,* but I shall name it *The Living Temple.*'

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

416. 10. *Georgius Secundus,* George II, King of Great Britain, 1727–1760. He was born in Hanover, Germany, and was thoroughly German in outlook and sympathies.

12. *Lisbon-town,* the capital of Spain, was nearly destroyed by an earthquake November 1, 1755; 40,000 people lost their lives.

14. *Braddock's army,* the defeat of the army sent against the French at Fort Duquesne took place July 9, 1755.

THE BOYS

417. Written for the meeting of the class of 1829, January 6, 1859. The member of Congress alluded to was George T. Davis, 'whom Thackeray declared the most agreeable dinner-companion whom he met in the United States'; the 'Reverend' was James Freeman Clarke; the 'Judge' was B. R. Curtis of the Supreme Court of the United States; 'The Justice' was George T. Bigelow, Chief Justice of Massachusetts; the 'boy with the grave mathematical look' was Benjamin Pierce, the mathematician of Harvard; 'the youngster of excellent Pith' was Rev. S. F. Smith, the author of *America.* 'That boy laughing' was Reverend Samuel May, the genial abolitionist.

A HYMN OF TRUST

418. As published in the *Atlantic* it was prefaced thus: 'It was evening, and I was going to the sick-chamber. As I paused at the door before entering, I heard a sweet voice singing. It was not the wild melody I had sometimes heard at midnight: — no, this was the voice of Iris, and I could distinguish every word. I had seen the verses in her book; the melody was new to me. Let me finish my page with them.'

THE BRAHMIN CASTE OF NEW ENGLAND

418. This is Chapter I of *The Professor's Story*, *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1860. It was later republished with the title *Elsie Venner*.

A Brahmin is a member of the sacred or sacerdotal caste of India. 'From being in the beginning individuals and families distinguished for wisdom, sanctity, and poetic power, they gradually consolidated their influence and became a strictly hereditary class, holding in their hands the ministry of holy things, the custody of the scriptures, and knowledge of their sacred and learned dialect.'

LENORE

422. This poem, which perhaps was written as early as 1830, was revised by Poe many times. The best study of the variations and of the republishings is to be found in Campbell's edition of Poe's Poems, at present the definitive edition. The publication of *Lenore* in Lowell's *Pioneer* in 1843 brought him prominently before the New England group of writers. Higginson, could pronounce '*Lenore*, as published in *The Pioneer* perhaps the finest piece of lyric measure in our literature.' And again in his *Short Studies of American Authors*, while complaining of the later form into which Poe turned the poem, declares that 'Never in American literature, I think, was such a fountain of melody flung into the air as when *Lenore* first appeared in *The Pioncer*.'

15. *Peccavimus*, we have sinned.

ISRAFEL

'The angel Israfel is described in Sale's "Preliminary Discourse" on the Koran as being one of the four angels who stand highest in God's favor and as having "the most melodious voice of all God's creatures."'—*Campbell*.

26. *Houri glances*, the Houris, according to Mohammedan belief, are 'beautiful black-eyed nymphs that inhabit paradise.'

TO HELEN

423. The poem was inspired by a boyish devotion of Poe's to Mrs. Jane Stith Stanard, of Richmond, of whom he wrote in later days as 'the first purely ideal love of my soul,' and again still later, as 'the truest, tenderest of this world's most womanly souls, and an angel to my forlorn and darkened nature.' She died in 1824.

2. *Nicaean barks*. What this means is uncertain. Critics have ventured many explanations, but at best they give but conjectures. See Campbell's edition of Poe, page 201.

TO ONE IN PARADISE

This first appeared in Poe's story 'The Visionary' (later entitled 'The Assignation') in *Godey's Lady's Book*, January, 1834. The title originally was 'To Ianthe in Heaven.' To whom it was addressed is unknown.

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

423. The opening motto from Beranger may be translated, 'His heart is a suspended lute; as soon as it is touched it resounds.' Undoubtedly these lines had been the inspiration of the poem 'Israfel.'

427. *a*. 44. *Von Weber*, Karl Maria, Baron von Weber, 1786–1826, was a German composer, 'famous as the creator of romantic opera.'

b. 9. Fuseli, Henry Fuseli, 1741–1825, was a Swiss artist who became professor of painting at the Royal Academy, London.

55. '*The Haunted Palace*,' written probably in 1837. It had previously appeared in the *Baltimore Museum*, April, 1839. In a letter to Griswold in 1841 Poe explained 'By "The Haunted Palace" I mean to imply a mind haunted by phantoms—a disordered brain.'

428. *a*. 26. *Porphyrogene*, born to the purple.

51. *Red-litten*, archaic form for red-lighted.

b. 40. Concerning this list of curious books, many of which undoubtedly were merely names to Poe, and some of which do not possess at all characteristics ascribed to them, it is useless to go into detail. One may find the most of them in such a book of reference as the *Century Dictionary of Names*. To look up carefully, however, each name and allusion would be to defeat the purpose of the writer, which was to give an impression of profound erudition, and so to heighten the effect of mystery and to make still more moving the conception the reader was to gain of the deranged hypochondriac at the center of the piece.

431. *b*. 43. '*Mad Trist*,' a title undoubtedly invented by Poe. No such book is known.

THE MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE

432. This story appeared in *Graham's Magazine*, as the first of a series of analytical stories and was therefore opened with a study of 'The mental features discoursed of as the analytical.' It was this tale that first introduced Poe to the French public.

I have given only a part of the story, the analytical part, since it was this feature of the work that has made it the world classic it undoubtedly has become. Every detail of the story may be gathered from the part that is given. Dupin, the original of the modern Sherlock Holmes, has made a careful examination of the rooms where the murder was committed, has completed his analysis and now discloses his findings to his friend, who is the prototype of the Dr. Watson of the Sherlock Holmes tales.

432. *b*. 43. *Je les ménagais*, I humored him cautiously.

433. *a*. 18. *Outré*, strikingly odd.

435. *a*. 30. *A posteriori*, argument based upon that which follows, or is subsequent. Argument from effect to cause.

438. *Dupin's* conjectures quickly become certainty. The detective has put an advertisement in the papers requesting the owner of an orang-outang to come and claim his property. A sailor appears

and, confronted by the evidence given by Dupin, tells the whole story. He had just arrived from the East Indies and he had had with him a pet orang-outang which had been given him on the voyage by a dying companion. On the morning in question the animal had been watching its master while he was shaving, had seized the razor and had made a bolt into the street. The sailor had pursued and the orang-outang had climbed the lightning-rod, leaped into the room occupied by the two women, and had gone through the motions of shaving the elder lady. Made frantic by the screams and the struggles of the women and by the excited voice of the sailor who had climbed the rod, he had completed the atrocities and had escaped.

ELEONORA

438. The quotation from Lully, (1235–1315) who devoted his life to the conversion of Mohammedans to Christianity, may be translated 'The soul is safe with the preservation of a specific form.'

b. 139. *Aggressi sunt*, etc. 'They entered the sea of darkness that they might explore what might be therein.' 'The Sea of Darkness' means the Atlantic. 'The Nubian Geographer' was Claudius Ptolemy.

56. *Œdipus*, the well-known story of Œdipus and the Sphynx. See *Century Dictionary*.

440. *a.* 16. *Schiraz*, the Persian poet Sadi, 1184-1292.

22. *Ephemeron*, a insect supposed to live but a day.

44. *Elusion*, Elysium, the place of blissful abode after death.

HAWTHORNE'S TWICE-TOLD TALES

441. The first issue of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* was in 1838. The 1842 issue was in two volumes.

442. *b.* 21. *De Béranger*, French lyric poet, born 1780; died 1857.

30. *In medio tutissimus, ibis*, literally, 'You go safest in the middle course.'

443. *a.* 39. *Ratiocination*, the process of reasoning, of deducting conclusions from premises.

b. 9. *Blackwood, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*, established in 1817.

29. *John Neal*, (1793–1876) was once ranked by Poe as 'at all events, second among our men of indisputable genius.' A man of great energy, he wrote many historical novels, and in his own words produced material of all kinds that 'would amount to a hundred octavo volumes at least.'

44. Clique, French for set, gang, or party.

444. *a.* 4. The omitted matter consists of brief criticisms of eight of the tales: 'Wakefield,' 'The Wedding Knell,' 'The Minister's Black Veil,' 'Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe,' 'Dr. Heidegger's Experiment,' 'The White Old Maid,' 'The Hollow of the Hills,' 'Howe's Masquerade,' with several illustrative quotations.

In *Godey's Lady's Book*, November, 1847, Poe under the title 'Tale-Writing,' a review of Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse*, expands his theory of the short story and the short poem. See Harrison's Virginia edition of Poe, Vol. 13, page 141.

THE RAVEN

Poe's account of the composition of the poem in his 'Philosophy of Composition' has caused much discussion. That the poem may owe something to an obscure poet named Chivers, and also something to Mrs. Browning and to Coleridge need trouble no lover of Poe. 'The Raven' is unique and its place is as secure as is that of even 'The Ancient Mariner.'

28. *Lenore*, the name, a favorite one with Poe, introduced here however, to rhyme with 'more' and 'nevermore,' was derived from the well-known ballad by the German poet Burger.

445. 47. *Plutonian*, devoted to Pluto, ruler of the infernal regions.

94. *Aidenn*, the Arabic *Aden*, one of the names of the Mohammedan paradise.

ULALUME

446. The best study of the poem with variorum readings, and estimates by various critics is to be found in Campbell's edition of Poe's Poems.

5. *Most immemorial year*, doubtless 1847. His wife died in January of this year and following her death he was critically ill for several months.

6. *Auber . . .* Weir, names invented by Poe.

14. *Scoriac*, a word coined by Poe from the name scoria, fragments of lava.

16. *Yaanek*, invented by Poe.

37. *Astarte's*, undoubtedly referring to the moon, though in his poem 'Eulalie' he had used it as referring to the planet Venus. Astarte was the Greek for the goddess Ashtoreth, the female counterpart of Baal. Baal was associated with the sun; Ashtoreth with the moon. She was often represented by a crescent.

39. *Diana*, in Roman mythology was the goddess of the moon.

447. 95. Griswold omitted this last stanza from the 1850 edition of Poe, and most later editors have followed him.

ANNABEL LEE

448. This is generally believed by authorities upon the life of Poe to have been his last poetical composition, written just before he set out on his fateful journey to Baltimore. 'The view universally held to-day among students of Poe is that "Annabel Lee" was written in memory of Virginia Clemm, the poet's child wife.'—*Campbell.*

TOPSY

449. *a.* 3. Miss Ophelia is a New England woman the embodiment of the 'Yankee' ideas concerning slavery, who has gone to live with her cousin, Augustine St. Clare, the owner of a large plantation in the 'black belt' of the South.

VIEWS OF DIVINE GOVERNMENT

458. While in reality this is an essay on the peculiarities of the early Puritanic social system of New England, it is a chapter from a novel — Chapter 23 of *The Minister's Wooing.*

458. *b.* 48. *Dr. Hopkins,* Rev. Samuel Hopkins, 1721–1803, a theologian greatly influential in his day. He held pastorates at Housatonic, Massachusetts, and Newport, R. I. His chief work was his *System of Theology,* 1791.

49. *Edwards the Younger,* Jonathan Edwards, son of the more distinguished Jonathan Edwards, who was at his death the President of Princeton College. Edwards the Younger, (1745–1801), was president of Union College from 1799 until his death.

459. *b.* 37. *President Edwards,* Jonathan Edwards the Elder, (1703-1758) who preached his famous sermon 'Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God' while pastor of the Congregational Church at Northampton, Mass.

460. *a.* 1. *David Brainerd,* (1718–1747) a missionary to the Indians. His biography was wrtten by Jonathan Edwards in 1749.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

462. The first siege of Leyden by the Spanish army under Valdez was begun May 26, 1574. As August drew to an end the besieged had reached the point of desperation. Then on September 1 appeared the Zealand fleet under Admiral Boisot and to allow it to approach the city the dykes were cut and the ocean let in upon the low lands that surrounded it. But the winds were contrary, allowing not enough water to flow in to float even the light-draft ships that composed the rescuing armada.

THE FIRE SHIPS OF ANTWERP

466. Chapter V of *The United Netherlands* tells of the attempt in 1584 just after the death of the Prince of Orange that the Prince of Parma made to capture Antwerp 'the hinge on which the fate of the whole country, perhaps of all Christendom, was to turn.' The extract given recounts one of the episodes of the siege. Parma did what the Netherlanders considered impossible, threw a great bridge across the Schelde River and thereby seemed to render the capture of the city inevitable.

SYMPATHY

480. 'The explanation of this poem, given on Emerson's authority, but necessarily somewhat conjectural, is that a reference is made, under the character of the "gentle boy" to the girl with whom both Henry and John Thoreau were in love.'—*Sanborn.* The poem appeared later in the *Week on the Concord and Merrimac* as a part of the essay on Friendship. In the case of all the poems, save 'Independence,' I have used the *Dial* text.

SIC VITA

481. This poem was reproduced in the *Week* introduced with the words: 'It is but thin soil where we stand; I have felt my roots in a richer ere this. I have seen a bunch of violets in a glass vase tied loosely with a straw, which reminded me of myself.' According to Sanborn: 'This poem was written on a sheet of paper wrapped round a bunch of violets, tied loosely with a straw, and thrown into the window of a friend. It was read at Thoreau's funeral by his friend Bronson Alcott.'

INDEPENDENCE

482. The last fourteen lines of this poem had originally appeared in the *Dial* of October, 1842, under the title 'The Black Knight.'

18. *Noblest,* 'nobles of' in the *Dial* version.

28. In the *Dial* this line reads, 'Only the promise of my heart.'

WALDEN

483. *b.* 44. *Gave not of the text,* etc. *The Canterbury Tales,* 'The Prologue,' lines 77, 78.

484. *a.* 5. *Philanthropic,* a play here on the etymology of the word,— *phil* from the Greek meaning *love* or *lover* and *anthropic,* from the Greek meaning *man.*

b. 47. *Kirby and Spence,* The *Introduction to Entomology,* by William Kirby and William Spence, appeared in 1815-26 and was long the leading authority upon its subject.

485. *b.* 41. *Ebriosity,* a rare word. Inebriety is commonly used.

486. *a.* 1. *The Ved,* or Veda, from the root word meaning *knowledge or science,*— the name given to the books which contain the Hindu sacred literature. Thoreau had early become interested in Oriental literature and had read widely in the various sacred books of the East as is evidenced everywhere in his book *A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers.*

488. *a.* 32. *Mr. Poet,* probably William Ellery Channing nephew of Channing, the famous divine. This poet, who was one of Thoreau's most intimate friends, wrote in later years the biography entitled, *Thoreau, the Poet Naturalist.* One notes in this dialogue between the Hermit and the Poet that Thoreau has read and loved Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler.*

490. *b.* 48, *Luther, Blanchard, Buttrick, Davis, Hosmer,* who figured in the fight at Lexington and Concord. Thoreau, living as he did at Concord, would naturally know intimately all the details of the battle.

491. *a.* 35. *Hotel des Invalides,* a famous establishment in Paris founded in 1670 for disabled and infirm soldiers.

45. *Huber,*— François Huber, died 1831, Swiss naturalist.

46. *Æneas Sylvius,* better known as Pope Pius II, 1458–64.

b. 9. *Presidency of Polk,* etc. Polk was presi-

dent 1845-1849. The Fugitive-Slave Bill was passed by Congress in 1850.

494. *a. Franklin.* Sir John Franklin died in the Arctic regions in 1847. During the following ten years thirty-nine relief expeditions were sent to find him. In 1857 Lady Franklin sent an expedition under Capt. McClintock which was able to find evidences of the total destruction of the Franklin party and their equipment.

4. *Grinnell,* Henry, an American merchant fitted out at his own expense one of the expeditions which went in search of Franklin.

6. *Mungo Park,* explorer who died in Africa in 1806. *Lewis and Clark,* in charge of the exploring expeditions sent by the Government to explore the northwest of the United States., 1804–06.

7. *Frobisher,* English navigator, died 1594.

50. *Symmes' Hole.* An eccentric theory was propagated early in the century by one Symmes that the earth is hollow and can be entered at the poles.

495. *a.* 41. *Extra-vagant,* a play upon the etymology of the word,—*Extra,* Latin for beyond, and *vagant* from the Latin *to wander.*

b. 26. *Kabir,* a Hindu religious reformer. His teachings were an interpretation of the older Hindu and Mussulman philosophies and were greatly influential.

497. *a.* 43. *Tintinnabulum,* from the Latin meaning bell. See Poe's *The Bells,* Line 11.

WHAT MR. ROBINSON THINKS

The Biglow Papers were introduced to the public by a subterfuge of the same general nature as that employed by Irving for his Knickerbocker's *History of New York.* The book purports to be poetic effusions sent by one Hosea Biglow, an illiterate Yankee youth, for publication in the Boston *Courier.* Before they were sent away, however, they were represented as being scrutinized by the learned minister of the young poet's town Jaalem, Parson Homer Wilber, A. M., who loads them with ponderous editorial explanations and learned notes.

501. *b.* 27. *Tenues in auras,* into thin air.

28. *Longum iter,* etc., through precept the road is long, through example short and efficient, or more freely, To teach by precept is a slow process, to teach by example is swift and sure.

502. *a.* 14. *Aliquid sufflaminandus, erat,* To some extent he should be restrained.

16. *Aqua fortis,* nitric acid.

23. *Est ars etiam maledicendi,* there is an art even in slandering, or in speaking evil.

1. *Guvener B.,* George N. Briggs, Governor of Massachusetts 1844-1851. During the campaign of 1847, the campaign referred to in the poem, he ran on the Whig ticket against General Cushing who was then in Mexico. Briggs won by a majorty of 14,060.

5. *John P. Robinson,* 1799-1864, an influential member of the Whig party who made a great sensation in 1847 by going over to the Democratic side and supporting Cushing.

15. *Gineral C.* Caleb Cushing, Commander of Massachusetts troops in Mexico, and candidate for Governor on the Democratic ticket.

22. *Goes in fer the war.* The war with Mexico was opposed by the New England abolitionists. In the introduction to the second series of the *Biglow Papers,* 1866, Lowell wrote: 'Thinking the Mexican war, as I think it still, a national crime committed in behoof of slavery, our common sin, and wishing to put the feeling of those who thought as I did in a way that would tell, I imagined to myself such an up-country man as I had often seen at antislavery gatherings, capable of district-school English, but always instinctively falling back into the natural stronghold of his homely dialect when heated to the point of self-forgetfulness.'

503. *a.* 31. *Patriae fumus,* etc. The smoke of one's own fatherland is brighter than the flame in a foreign land.

34. *Ubi libertas, ubi patria,* where there is liberty there is my fatherland.

b. 6. *Quasi noverca,* as a stepmother.

THE COURTIN'

This poem appeared originally in the first series of *The Biglow Papers.* The form that is usually printed is the version that appeared in the second series of the *Biglow Papers,* a version that expands the original eleven stanzas to twenty-four. It is profitable to compare the two versions. Are the additions an improvement?

LEAVES FROM MY JOURNAL IN ITALY

504. *b.* 8. *Ne quid nimis,* nothing to excess.

30. *W. M. T. and A. H. C.* William Makepeace Thackeray and Arthur Hugh Clough, the latter of whom was at one time a resident of Cambridge, Massachusetts, for some months.

505. *a.* 24. *Gradus ad Parnassum,* the ascent to Parnassus, the mountain of the muses. Title of a text-book on Latin verse.

506. *b.* 19. *Dire, redire, et me contredire,* to say, to say again, and to contradict myself.

21. *Montagna bruna,* brown mountain, or dark mountain; see the *Odyssey,* Book V, ll. 484–495.

507. *b.* 243. *Hortus siccus,* a dry garden.

HOME BALLADS AND POEMS

508. *b.* 27. *Ancora ci raccappriccia!* He still terrifies us.

MASON AND SLIDELL

511. 13. *Middlesex,* Concord and Lexington, Massachusetts, are in Middlesex County.

16. *John Bull's Run,* an allusion to the disastrous battle of Bull Run which had taken place some six months before the poem was written.

35. *Seward.* William H. Seward, Secretary of State under Lincoln.

512. 81. *Envys,* envoys. In August, 1861, James M. Mason was appointed by the Confederate states as Commissioner to Great Britain, and John Slidell as Commissioner to France. After much

difficulty they secured passage on the British mail steamer *Trent*. On November 8, 1861, Commodore Wilkes of the U. S. sloop of war *San Jacinto* halted the *Trent*, took off the ambassadors and their secretaries, and transferred them to the Federal prison at Boston. The event caused great excitement in England and the British government demanded that immediate liberation of the four men together with a suitable apology for the aggression could alone satisfy the British nation. The men were accordingly liberated, but no apology was offered. The action was explained in the words of a contemporary editorial in *Harper's Weekly:* they were surrendered 'because it was infinitely better that we should endure a certain amount of humiliation at the hands of Great Britain than that we should jeopard the great cause of the Union by throwing the naval power of England into the rebel scale.'

516. 373. *Vattel*, 1714–1767, Swiss diplomat, author of The Law of Nations, a famous treatise on international law.

413. *Abram thought 't was right.* 'Lincoln acknowledged that the seizure of Mason and Slidell was a violation of the rights of Great Britain as a neutral, and on the first of January, 1862, released the commissioners.'

445. *Fibre o' cotton.* The blockade of the Southern ports stopped the shipment of cotton to England and caused great distress in the manufacturing centers of the kingdom. It was largely on account of the cotton that the working people of England were inclined to sympathize with the South.

COMMEMORATION ODE

518. Lowell read this poem at the memorial exercises held July 21, 1865, to commemorate, in Lowell's words, 'the ever sweet and shining memory of the ninety-three sons of Harvard College who died for their country in the war of nationality.'

519. 147. Stanza VI was not read at the commemoration exercises but was written and added shortly afterwards.

520. 236. *Thinking of dear ones.* In a privately printed edition of the Ode, 1865, Lowell gives the names of eight of his relatives who were among the dead: General Charles Russell Lowell, Lieutenant James Jackson Lowell, and Captain William Lowell Putnam were of the poet's own family.

262. Section IX, as it is usually printed in the later editions of the poem, did not appear in the *Atlantic Monthly* which is the text most nearly like that actually read by Lowell at the original occasion.

REVERIES OF A BACHELOR

530. *b.* 55. *Omnium gatherum*, gatherer of everything.

531. *a.* 7. *Münchhausen*, a well-known collection of exaggerations and grotesque adventure purporting to have been written by Baron Munchhausen of the German army, but really written by R. E. Raspe. Published in England in 1785.

22. *Gil Blas de Santillane*, the hero of a romance of the same name by the French novelist Le Sage. It was published in 1715.

b. 32. *Paisleys*, a variety of shawl manufactured at Paisley, Scotland, and very popular in America during the early part of the nineteenth century.

532. *a.* 18. *Chaussée*, stockinged.

b. 44. *Goldoni*, Italian comedy writer, born 1707.

48. *An Elzevir*, a book printed by the celebrated Dutch firm of Elzivir in the seventeenth century. Copies are now rare and valuable.

55. *Anthology*, literally a collection of flowers, but now used as the name of a collection of the finest things of literature.

56. *alăi*, an exclamation of extreme grief or horror found in Greek tragedy.

533. *a.* 2. *Bruyère*, born 1645, a French moralist.

535. *b.* 22. *Cervantes*, hero of *Don Quixote*, perhaps the supreme idealist of all literature.

536. *b.* 49. *Hervey*, undoubtedly James Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs*, 1745, a work very popular during the eighteenth century.

b. 57. *Seneca* was a stoic; Voltaire's view of life was cynical.

537. *a.* 7. *Martial*, born 43 A. D., is known chiefly for his biting epigrams.

DICKENS READING

551. The Easy Chair was begun in *Harper's Magazine* by D. G. Mitchell in October, 1851, and was conducted by him until it was taken over by Curtis in 1854. Except during two months in 1875 when he was sick and when T. B. Aldrich wrote the papers so completely in Curtis's style that no one suspected any change, the genial Howadji had full control of the department until his death in 1892. The Chair was then discontinued for eight years. In December, 1900, W. D. Howells brought back the Chair and up to the present time (1919) has occupied it with rare grace and wisdom.

Dickens was twice in America. He came over in January 1842, returning the following July, and he came again in November, 1867, read in most of the larger cities and returned early the next May.

551. *b.* 21. *Schnuspel.* In Book II. ch. 3, Carlyle wrote: 'O, if all Yankee-land follow a small good "schnuspel the distinguished Novelist" with blazing torches, dinner-invitations, universal hep-hep-hurrah, feeling that he, though small, *is* something; how might all Angle-land once follow a hero-martyr and great true son of Heaven!'

553. *a.* 50. Dickens' *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, written after his first tour, had been not at all flattering to Americans.

b. 31. *The speedy end.* Dickens died June 9, 1870. The hardships and exposures which he endured during the severe winter which he passed in America undoubtedly shortened his life.

RIP VAN WINKLE

554. Joseph Jefferson's dramatization of Rip Van Winkle was made in 1859 and long was one of the most popular of American plays.

b. 16. *Mezzo voce,* literally with half voice,— in deep low tones.

19. *Lorelei.* Heine's well known lyric has been set to a plaintive folk ballad air and is much sung by Germans.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Emerson died April 27, 1882.

556. *a.* 27. *George Herbert,* an English poet, 1583-1633, author of many pieces of religious verse.

40. *Memory Somewhat Failed.* Emerson in his last years was afflicted with the disease aphasia, a partial loss of the memory.

558. *a.* 20. *Dartmouth College address,* on July 24, 1838, Emerson delivered the Phi Beta Kappa address at Dartmouth, taking as his subject 'Literary Ethics.'

39. *Eulogy on Adams,* delivered in 1826. Adams and Jefferson both died on the same day, July 4, 1826.

THE LECTURE LYCEUM

559. *a.* 51. *Purchase of Mount Vernon,* Everett with his oration on George Washington, delivered in every part of America, earned over one hundred thousand dollars, all of which he gave to the Mount Vernon fund which made of the Washington estate a national possession forever.

ON A BUST OF DANTE

563. The text is from *Poems by William Thomas Parsons.* 1854.

11. *Beatrice* should be given here the Italian pronunciation, Bay-ar-tráy-che. She was the lady immortalized by Dante in his *Divine Comedy.*

b. 13. *Ghibeline's.* Dante belonged to the aristocratic party in Italy and was opposed to the Guelfs or popular and papal party.

17. Cumae, a town ten miles from Naples supposed to be the location of the cave of the fabled 'Cumaean sybil.'

32. 'It is told of Dante that, when he was roaming over Italy, he came to a certain monastery, where he was met by one of the friars, who blessed him, and asked what was his desire; to which the weary stranger simply answered, "*pace.*"'—*Author's Note.*

52. *Latium.* Italy.

PARADISE GLORIA

564. 1. *O frate mio!* O brother of mine, each one is a citizen of a true city.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

In 1915 The Library of Congress published a complete *Catalogue of First Editions of Stephen C. Foster.* It is noted in the preface that it is significant that Foster was born on the Fourth of July, since 'his best music is still a living force in our national life.'

HANNAH BINDING SHOES

566. 'The little song "Hannah Binding Shoes" — written immediately after my return from the West,— [Summer of 1852] was a study from life — though not from any one life — in my native town.'— *A New England Girlhood.*

FAREWELL ADDRESS AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

571. It was a stormy morning [February 11, 1861] which served to add gloom and depression to their spirits. The leave-taking presented a scene of subdued anxiety, almost of solemnity. Mr. Lincoln took a position in the waiting-room, where his friends filed past him, often merely pressing his hand in silent emotion.

The half-finished ceremony was broken in upon by the ringing bells and rushing train. The crowd closed about the railroad car into which the President-elect and his party made their way. Then came the central incident of the morning. The bell gave notice of starting; but as the conductor paused with his hand lifted to the bell-rope, Mr. Lincoln appeared on the platform of the car, and raised his hand to command attention. The bystanders bared their heads to the falling snowflakes, and standing thus, his neighbors heard his voice for the last time, in the city of his home, in a farewell address so chaste and pathetic, that it reads as if he already felt the tragic shadow of forecasting fate.'—*Nicolay and Hay.*

FIRST INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Only the last six paragraphs of the address are given here,— or about one-sixth of the entire address.

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

572. The orator of the day was Edward Everett who was regarded as the most finished and scholarly speaker of his generation in America. He spoke for nearly two hours.

'Mr. Everett ended in a brilliant peroration, the echoes of which were lost in the long and hearty plaudits of the great multitude, and then President Lincoln arose to fill the part assigned him in the programme. It was a trying ordeal to fittingly crown with a few brief sentences the ceremonies of such a day and such an achievement in oratory; finished, erudite, apparently exhaustive of the theme, replete with all the strength of scholastic method and the highest graces of literary culture. If there arose in the minds of any discriminating listener on the platform a passing doubt whether Mr. Lincoln would or could properly honor the unique occasion, that doubt vanished with his opening sentence; for then and there the President pronounced an address of dedication so pertinent, so brief yet so comprehensive, so terse yet so eloquent, linking the deeds of the present to the thoughts of the future, with simple words, in such living, original, yet exquisitely molded, maxim-like phrases that the best

critics have awarded it an unquestioned rank as one of the world's masterpieces in rhetorical art.' —*Nicolay and Hay.*

SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS

The entire address is given.

RESPONSE TO A SERENADE

573. Lincoln was elected November 8, 1864. 'He received notice that on the night of the tenth of November the various Republican clubs in the District of Columbia would serenade him. Not wishing to speak extempore on an occasion where his words would receive so wide a publication, he sat down and wrote a speech which, while it has not received the world-wide fame of certain other of his utterances, is one of the weightiest and wisest of all his discourses. He read it at the window which opens on the north portico of the Executive Mansion, a secretary standing beside him lighting the page with a candle. 'Not very graceful,' he said, 'but I am growing old enough not to care much for the manner of doing things.' There was certainly never an equal compliment paid a serenading crowd. The innermost philosophy of Republican government was in the President's little speech.'—*Nicolay and Hay.*

THE MEXICAN WAR

576. *b.* 20. *In Taylor's command.* General Grant served through the entire war. 'In September 1845 he went with his regiment to join the forces of General Taylor in Mexico; there he took part in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca da la Palma and Monterey, and, after his transfer to General Scott's army, which he joined in March 1847, served at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Churubusco, Molino del Rey and at the storming of Chapultepec. He was breveted first lieutenant for gallantry at Molino del Rey and captain for gallantry at Chapultepec.'

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

580. This poem, written by Theodore O'Hara, a native of Kentucky and a soldier of the Mexican war, was read by its author at the commemoration ceremonies attending the removal to their native state of the remains of Kentucky soldiers who had fallen at Buena Vista. It may be included among the poems of the Civil War since a part of its first stanza is inscribed over several national cemeteries.

MY MARYLAND

581. Written by a native of Baltimore who in 1861 was professor of English literature in Poydras College, Louisiana. On reading the news of the attack upon Massachusetts troops as they passed through Baltimore, he was so stirred that he wrote the poem almost at a sitting. It was first published in the New Orleans *Delta,* and, quickly copied by all the other southern papers, was soon adapted to an old college air and soon became 'the Marseillaise of the South.' Among the names mentioned in the poem, are Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, John Eager Howard, a soldier of the Revolution, Samuel Ringgold, William Henry Watson, Enoch Lewis Lowe, and Charles Augustus May, distinguished soldiers in the Mexican war.

38. *Sic semper,* a part of the Latin slogan, Thus ever with tyrants.

THE PICKETT GUARD

582. The authorship of this lyric has been long disputed. It is said to have appeared unsigned in a northern paper October 21, 1861. It was republished in *Harper's Weekly,* November 30, 1861, signed E. L. B. It has generally been ascribed to Ethen Lynn Beers, a New Englander. Later evidence, however, seems to point to Thaddeus Oliver, of Georgia, as the author. See *Southern Historical Society Papers.* Vol. VIII, pp. 255-260.

THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

Written by George F. Root, an instructor of music in Boston and later in New York, after President Lincoln's second call for troops.

DIXIE

583. The original *Dixie* was written by Daniel Decatur Emmett, a member of the 'Virginia Minstrels' in 1859. It was the tune rather than the words that gave the song its vogue at first. The first stanza has some merit:

'I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
In Dixie land where I was born in
Early on a frosty morning,
Look away! Look away! Look away!
I wish I was in Dixie, away, away!
In Dixie land I take my stand,
To live and die in Dixie.
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.'

The rest of the song, however was inferior. To remedy this, several revisions were made, the best of which is that by General Pike, whose early lyrics, notably his *To the Mocking Bird,* are to be found in the larger anthologies.

JOHN BROWN

It is not known just how the John Brown song came to be written. It was probably put together by a quartette from the second Massachusetts battalion, and it was sung by the regiment as it marched through New York City July 24, 1861. It has been attributed to H. H. Brownell of Hartford. Additional stanzas were improvised as the song spread through the army, and several versions

resulted. Undoubtedly it was the most popular marching song of the war.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

584. Mrs. Howe visited Washington in December, 1861, and while there saw much of the regiments quartered about the city. She heard the John Brown song everywhere sung, and impressed by the inadequacy of the words, even as Pike had been impressed by the inferiority of the early version of Dixie, she wrote before she left the city what she called *The Battle-Hymn of the Republic.* It was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly,* February, 1862, and has now taken its place as *The American Battle Hymn.*

THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MORE

First printed in the New York *Evening Post,* July 16, 1862, and as it was anonymous, attributed to William Cullen Bryant, who settled all conjecture as to its authorship by revealing the name of its author. It was written immediately following Lincoln's call for three hundred thousand volunteers.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

Written while the battle of Antietam was in progress, September 17, 1862.

585. 14. *Banks,* Gen. N. P. Banks, commander of a corps in the Shenandoah in 1862.

22. *In forma pauperis,* like a poor man.

27. *Hill,* the Confederate general A. P. Hill.

38. *Pope,* the Federal general John Pope.

38. *Stuart,* General 'Jeb.' Stuart, the Confederate cavalry leader.

39. *Ashby,* General Turner Ashby, killed at the battle of Cross Keys, Va.

LITTLE GIFFIN

586. The poet Ticknor did take into his home a stricken young Confederate soldier just as the poem records and all the details of the story are literally true.

THE CONQUERED BANNER

588. First published in Father Ryan's paper, *The Banner of the South,* in 1868.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

589. First published in the *Atlantic Monthly,* September, 1867. To this first appearance of the poem was prefixed a quotation from the *New York Tribune:* 'The women of Columbus, Mississippi, animated by nobler sentiments than are many of their sisters, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alke on the graves of the Confederate and of the National heroes.' Finch was a native of Ithaca, N. Y., and was long prominently identified with Cornell University.

EUROPE

590. The poem deals with the revolution of 1848 in France which overthrew the corrupt Louis Philippe. The revolution as a whole was a failure. After insurrection and turmoil, gradually the monarchial forces gained control until by August, 1849, the old system had been completely restored.

FRANCE

591. Modern France was born from the French Revolution which is the subject of this poem.

MANAHATTA

592. Manhattan Island, or New York City.

17. *Trottoirs,* French word for pavements.

CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

594. This poem and *When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd* are without doubt the finest of all the elegiac verse called out by the death of Lincoln.

O STAR OF FRANCE

602. The poem was written during the dark days of the Franco-Prussian war, after the French armies had been crushingly defeated on the frontier and the commune had taken possession of Paris.

THOU MOTHER WITH THY EQUAL BROOD

603. This poem was read by Whitman before the Literary Societies of Dartmouth College, June 26, 1872, and published the same year in pamphlet form. In 1876 it was included in *Leaves of Grass.* To the earlier edition were added later what are now the first thirteen lines of the poem in its present form, besides many other additions and changes. I have followed the latest text.

DEMOCRATIC VISTAS

606. 'In 1871, Whitman issued what unquestionably is his most notable prose work, *Democratic Vistas.* It is pitched in major key: it swells O'Connor's piping note into a trumpet blast. Boldly and radically it called for a new school of literature. The old is outgrown, it cried; the new is upon us; make ready for the great tide of democratic poetry and prose that even now is sweeping away the old landmarks. To the new era it was what Emerson's *American Scholar* was to the period that had opened in the thirties. It was our last declaration of literary independence.'— *American Literature Since 1870.*

607. *a.* 1. *Promulge,* coined by Whitman. Promulgate is the proper word.

609. *b.* 36. *Haut ton,* high tone.

614. *b.* 30. *Con amore,* with love.

THE PRAYER OF COLUMBUS

615. In the Preface to the poem in the collected edition of 1876, Whitman explained: 'It was near

the close of his indomitable and pious life — on his last voyage when, nearly seventy years of age — that Columbus, to save his two remaining ships from foundering in the Caribbean Sea in a terrible storm, had to run them ashore on the Island of Jamaica where, laid up for a long and miserable year — 1503 — he was taken very sick, had several relapses, his men revolted, and death seem'd daily imminent; though he was eventually rescued, and sent home to Spain to die, unrecognized, neglected and in want. . . . It is only ask'd, as preparation and atmosphere for the following lines, that the bare authentic facts be recall'd and realized, and nothing contributed by the fancy. See, the Antillean island, with its florid skies and rich foliage and scenery, the waves beating the solitary sands, and the hulls of the ships in the distance. See the figure of the great Admiral, walking the beach, as a stage, in this sublimest tragedy, what poem, so piteous and majestic as the real scene? — and hear him uttering — as his mystical and religious soul surely utters, the ideas following — perhaps, in their equivalents, the very words.'

It is believed by many that this poem has autobiographic touches. It is a picture of Whitman himself in his last years.

MY DOUBLE AND HOW HE UNDID ME

618. *a.* 17. *Rasselas,* a moralizing romance written by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

26. *Sandemanian.* The Sandemanians were a small religious sect founded by a Scotchman, Robert Sandeman, who came to America in 1764.

24. *Parahelıacal,* sun-equaling, or dazzling like the sun.

619. *a.* 31. *Richard Greenough,* born 1819, American sculptor.

b. 21. *Frederic Ingham,* the pen name used by Hale for some of his early writings, notably *The Man Without a Country.*

620. *a.* 12. *Thalaba,* the chief character in Robert Southey's poem *Thalaba the Destroyer.*

19. *Sanctissimum,* a superlative coined by the author. An author's study is often called his 'sanctum,' meaning place sacred to him and his work.

b. 58. *Midshipman Easy,* Captain Frederick Marryat's popular sea novel *Midshipman Easy* appeared in 1834.

621. *a.* 7. *The Academy.* In early New England days a private high school was often called an academy, a name derived from Plato's school of philosophy, the Academy, at Athens.

622. *a.* 31. *Semiramis,* queen of Assyria, who after the death of her husband, brought her empire to a brilliant height of glory.

b. 28. *Quaene sit,* etc. What is the history of the Reformation in Hungary?

31. *In seculo decimo tertio,* etc. In the thirteenth century, etc.

49. *Diggory,* a rustic character in Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer.*

623. *a.* 9. *Ollendorf,* author of an elementary phrase book for learners of French.

MY OUT-DOOR STUDY

627. This is the tenth paper in *Out-Door Papers,* published in book form, 1863.

630. *b.* 8. *William Wilkie Collins* (1824–89), English novelist, had issued, when Higginson's essay was written, *The Dead Secret* and *The Woman in White,* titles that suggest the type of fiction to which they belong.

23. *John Constable,* (1776–1837), English landscape painter.

50. Thoreau's *Walden* had appeared in 1854.

631. *a.* 44. *Henry T. Buckle,* (1821–62), English historian, author of *History of Civilization in England.*

55. *Vishnu Purana,* one of the eighteen Sanscrit works which deal with the doctrines of Brahmanism.

b. 517. *Brentano.* German romantic poet and novelist (1778–1842).

633. *a.* 20. *Subde caput,* etc. Put down your head, at the same time put down your body, at the same time wash out your hair.

634. *b.* 33. *De soir fontaines,* etc. In the evening fountains; in the morning mountains.

L'ENVOI

635. This was the closing poem of Taylor's *Poems of the Orient,* a collection which he published after his tour through Egypt, Asia Minor, India, China and Japan and other lands during the years between 1851–53, a journey of over fifty thousand miles.

THE NATIONAL ODE

The 'National Ode' was delivered at the celebration of the Fourth of July at the Centennial at Philadelphia in 1876. An immense platform had been built running the length of Independence Hall. A most distinguished gathering it was, resplendent in the midst of it Emperor of Brazil and his suite. 'At last Bayard Taylor's part came. He stood upon the speaker's stand, without manuscript or notes of any kind, and in his full, strong voice began,—

"Sun of the stately Day."

There was something in his presence, erect, impressive, filled with a solemn sense of the moment, something in his voice, clear, penetrating, sonorous, and charged with profound emotion, which stilled the noise and tumult of those before him, hushed even the lively creatures in the branches, and made the vast audience listen. He had mastered the situation in a moment, and filled with his theme, he poured out his ode with a majesty of expression which held the people to the close. It was a real victory for Poetry.'— Taylor's *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor.*

THE DIAMOND LENS

652. *b.* 37. *Leeuwenhoek,* Antonius von, Dutch microscopist, born 1632. He discovered among other things the red-corpuscles of the blood. Williamson and the others mentioned in the list were noted naturalists and microscopists.

653. *b.* 19. *Camera-lucida,* an apparatus for projecting a microscopic image upon paper so it can be sketched.

654. *b.* 17. *Argus,* in Greek mythology the hundred-eyed creature slain by Hermes.

40. *Caballero,* a Spanish knight or cavalier.

43. *Cellini,* Benvenuto, born 1500, Italian sculptor and silversmith.

655. *a.* 11. *Ah! mon ami,* Ah! my friend.

17. *Le renard* is French and *vulpes* Latin for fox.

b. 7. *Palissy,* Bernard, born 1510, French potter.

656. *b.* 23. *Inter se,* among themselves.

44. *Rapport,* harmonious relation.

657. *a.* 24. *Carcel lamp,* a lamp invented by Carcel, a Frenchman, which is fed by oil pumped to it by a mechanical device.

658. *a.* 16. Chansons. The chanson is a French lyric form of poetry primarily to be sung.

660. *a.* 28. *Alexander,* according to tradition, wished for new worlds to conquer.

661. *a.* 29. *Hybla,* a city of Sicily celebrated for its honey.

36. *Naiad,* a water nymph.

662. *a.* 54. *Salmacis,* in Greek mythology the nymph of a fountain in Caria. She and Hermaphroditus were blended into one.

b. 18. *Count de Gabalis,* a member of the Rosicrucians, and occult order of the seventeenth century made up of philosophers who professed to be deeply versed in the secrets of nature.

b. 56. *Danseuse . . . Niblo's* — a dancer . . . Niblo's theater, New York.

663. *a.* 31. *Pas-de-fascination,* the step of fascination, or the climatic moment of the dance.

THE COTTON BALL

666. 61. Curious ointment, an allusion to 'The Story of Baba Abdalla' in *The Arabian Nights,* wherein is used the magic ointment, which when rubbed on the right eye enabled the user to see the treasures hidden in the earth.

667. 98. Poet of *'The Woodlands.'* William Gilmore Simms, whose residence, 'The Woodlands' was in the vicinity of Charleston.

WANTED — A MAN

680. Stedman wrote this poem September 6, 1862, and sent it to the *Tribune* three days later. Judge Bates, discovering the poem, handed it to President Lincoln who read it to his Cabinet.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY

681. The poet wrote this after the death of his wife's sister, who was a member of his family circle. 'How little did the young man then think that long years afterward, at his own request, this poem would be sung at the funerals of his wife, his sons, and at his own.'— *Life and Letters of Stedman.*

EDGAR ALLAN POE

681. This essay, which first appeared in *Scribner's Monthly,* later became a chapter in *The Poets of America,* 1885.

682. *a.* 27. In his preface to the collection of 1845 Poe had written, 'With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion, and the passions should be held in reverence.'

b. 10. In 1880, Richard Henry Stoddard 'wrote a Memoir of Poe for the reissue of Griswold's edition of the "Select Works."'

683. *b.* 14. *John Martin* (1789–1854), an English painter and engraver. Among his chief works are 'Belshazzar's Feast,' 1821, and 'The Last Man,' 1839.

685. *b.* 45. *Reliquiae,* remains, fragments.

686. *a.* 29. In 1837 Walter Savage Landor issued 'The Pentameron,' a prose work, purporting to be conversations between Boccaccio and Petrarch. It is a part of his series entitled 'Imaginary Conversations.'

42. *Post facto,*— after the deed is done — an analysis of the poem after the poem was written.

b. 2. Thomas Holley Chivers, (1807–58), a Georgia physician, has been often mentioned as a source from which Poe plagiarized. Poe in his 'Chapter on Autobiography' called him 'one of the best and one of the worst poets in America. His productions affect one as a wild dream — strange, incongruous, full of images of more than arabesque monstrosity, and snatches of sweet unsustained song. Even his worst nonsense (and some of it is horrible) has an indefinite charm of sentiment and melody. We can never be sure that there is *any* meaning in his words.' The poem which Taylor and Swinburne made merry over was undoubtedly *Rosalie Lee* with stanzas such as these:

'Hang mellow Cydonian Suckets,
Sweet apples anthosmial, divine,
From the Ruby-rimmed Beryline Buckets
Star-gemmed, lily-shaped, hyaline —
Like that sweet, golden goblet found growing
On the wild emerald cucumber tree,
Rich, brilliant, like Chrysopraz blowing,
I then taught to my Rosalie Lee —
To my lamb-like Rosalie Lee —
To my Dove-like Rosalie Lee —
To my beautiful, dutiful Rosalie Lee.'

Taylor has parodied the poem in his *Diversions of the Echo Club.*

687. *a.* 3. Mr. Miller,— probably 'Joe' Miller, the joker.

51. William Beckford, whose romance *Vathek* appeared in 1784, William Godwin, whose *Caleb Williams* appeared in 1794, the Irish novelist Charles Robert Maturin, whose *The Fatal Revenge* appeared in 1807, the German romancer Ernst Hoffman, whose first romance, *Phantasy Pieces in Callot's Manner,* appeared in 1814, and the German romancer Friederich Fouqué, whose *Undine* appeared in 1811, may be taken as representatives of the ultra-romantic school of fiction of the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth century.

57. John P. Kennedy, the Southern novelist, author of *Swallow Barn,* was one of the board of judges that in 1833 awarded the prize to Poe for the best tale submitted to the *Baltimore Saturday Visitor.*

687. *b.* 16. *Raconteur,* story teller.

688. *b.* 44. Griswold in such collections as the *Poets of America* and *The Female Poets of America* served up honied materials for the sentimental readers who bought his books.

689. *a.* 10. Stedman, with a sensitiveness which contrasts markedly with Poe's brutal directness, placed the dash where Poe had put the word 'Longfellow.' In his *Poets of America* Stedman restored the word 'Longfellow.'

691. *b.* 4. Heinrich Heine, the German poet (1797–1856), spent the last twenty-five years of his life in Paris. In 1847 a terrible spinal disease began to fasten itself upon him, the disease that during the last seven years of his life chained him, as he expressed it to his 'mattress grave.' He has recorded his last walk out of doors in May, 1848:

'With difficulty I dragged myself to the Louvre, and I almost sank down as I entered the magnificent hall where the ever-blessed goddess of beauty, our beloved lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. At her feet I lay long, and wept so bitterly that a stone must have pitied me. The goddess looked compassionately on me, but at the same time disconsolately, as if she would say: Dost thou not see, then, that I have no arms, and thus cannot help thee?'

Emma Lazarus, in her poem 'Venus of the Louvre,' has commemorated the event in these lines:

'I saw not her alone,
Serenely poised on her world-worshiped throne,
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car,—
But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,
Her life adorer, sobbed farewell to love.
Here *Heine* wept! Here still he weeps anew,
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move,
While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.'

ON LYNN TERRACE

694. Aldrich was an artist who polished his lyrics with infinite care. Greenslet, his biographer, instances this example of his poetic methods:

'When he came to the concluding stanza of "Lynn Terrace," one of the finest of his poems, he brooded for days to find the one inevitable word to go with "sea-gull." After trying and rejecting scores of applicants for the position, he found it in the unexpected word "petulant," which gives the last lively touch of felicity to a perfect stanza.'

PÈRE ANTOINE'S DATE PALM

The same year that this story appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* it was published in Aldrich's collection *Out of His Head, and Other Stories,* 'encased in an elaborate setting of narrative machinery that he afterwards abandoned to its great advantage.' He issued it privately in 1866 in an edition of twenty copies which he gave to his friends, and again in 1873 in *Marjorie Daw and Other People.* Mrs. Hawthorne, widow of the romancer, was one to receive one of the twenty copies of the private edition, and of it she wrote to Aldrich: 'I do not believe that in the English language there is anything more delicate, tender arch, and spherical in rounded beauty.'

The setting for the story Aldrich knew intimately. He had removed with his parents to New Orleans in 1846, when he was ten years of age, and had lived there until the death of his father three years later.

b. 8. *Sir Charles Lyell,* 1797–1875, the celebrated British geologist, visited the United States in 1841 in 1845–46, and several times later. His book *A Second Visit to the United States of North America* appeared in 1849.

695. *b.* 9. *Entre or et roux,* etc. God made her long hair between gold and reddish brown.

696. *b.* 45. *C'est le bon Dieu,* etc. It is the good God who has given me this.

TO ENGLAND

704. These sonnets are part of a series written by Boker at the time of the Crimean war. The *To America* is an echo of the same period.

DIRGE FOR A SOLDIER

706. General Philip Kearney, a graduate of Columbia, joined the army in 1837, spent two years with the army of France, was a cavalry leader in the Mexican war, became commander in the Army of the Potomac in 1862, and was killed at Chantilly in 1862. He was a dashing romantic type of soldier and his loss was felt to be a severe blow to the Northern cause.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER

707. In the third stanza reference is made to Boker's four tragedies, *Calaynos, Anne Boleyn, Leonor de Guzman,* and *Francesca da Rimini,* the reference to 'hell's murk air' in the last coming from the fact that Dante in his journey through the Infernal regions encountered the unhappy lovers there. In the fourth stanza the allusion is to Boker's comedy *The Widow's Marriage.*

A MUSICAL REVIEW

712. *a.* 3. *Il frappe,* etc, comic French for He knocks everything perfectly cold.

26. *Longitude* 115, etc. Extreme south-eastern California.

b. 1. *Pike County,* originally Pike County, Missouri. It was synonymous with a 'Georgia-cracker-like type of grotesque poor white. See Hay's *Pike County Ballads.*

45. *Aria,* an elaborate musical movement for a single voice.

713. *b.* 13. *San Diego,* Derby was for a long time stationed at San Diego as government engineer for works in the harbor.

INTERVIEW WITH PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Lincoln was elected in November, 1861.

'Springfield [Illinois, Lincoln's home town] now became, for some months, the Mecca of American

politics. Casual visitors tarried for a few hours to shake hands with the newly chosen chief; correspondents of leading newspapers established temporary headquarters from which to send their readers pen-pictures of his personal appearance, his daily habits, his home and public surroundings, and to catch the flying and often contradictory rumors of his probable intentions. Artists came to paint his portrait, ambitious politicians to note new party currents, and veteran statesmen to urge the adoption of favorite theories or the advancement of favorite adherents.'— *Nicolay and Hay.*

'PETROLEUM V. NASBY'

720. 'The Saturday evening before President Lincoln left Washington, to go to the front, just previous to the capture of Richmond, I was with him from seven o'clock till nearly twelve. It had been a very hard day with him. The pressure of office-seekers was greater at this juncture than I ever knew it to be, and he was almost worn out. Among the callers that evening was a party composed of a Senator, a Representative, an ex-Lieutenant Governor of a Western State, and several private citizens. They had business of great importance, involving the necessity of the President's examination of voluminous documents. Pushing everything aside, he said to one of the party, "Have you seen the Nasby Papers?" "No, I have not," was the answer. "Who is Nasby?" "There is a chap out in Ohio," returned the President, "who has been writing a series of letters in the newspapers over the signature of Petroleum V. Nasby. Some one sent me a pamphlet collection of them the other day. I am going to write to 'Petroleum' to come down here, and I intend to tell him if he will communicate his talent to me, I will swap places with him!" Thereupon he arose, went to a drawer in his desk, and taking out the "letters," he sat down and read one to the company, finding in their enjoyment of it the temporary excitement and relief which another man would have found in a glass of grog! The instant he had ceased, the book was thrown aside, his countenance relapsed into its habitual serious expression, and the business was entered upon with the utmost earnestness.'— *F. B. Carpenter.*

THE JUMPING FROG

After its publication in the *Saturday Press,* the story was copied by all the papers of the East and its author at once became famous. It was issued in book form, May 1, 1867, with the title *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County and Other Sketches.* Lowell hailed the little book with generous praise, calling it 'the finest piece of humorous writing yet produced in America.'

THE MISSION DOLORES

726. One cannot fail to note the influence of Irving's *Sketch Book.* In his early stories, like *The Legend of Monte del Diablo'* in the twelfth volume of the *Atlantic Monthly,* 1863, Harte set out to do for California what Irving had done for the Highlands of the Hudson, and to do it after Irving's manner.

WASHINGTON IRVING

738. *b.* 46. *Fables of Weems.* Rev. M. L. Weems, 1760–1825, was for a time pastor of the church at Mount Vernon, Virginia, of which Washington was an attendant. Later he became a very successful book agent for the publishing house of Carey of Philadelphia. His life of Washington published in Philadelphia in 1800 undoubtedly was the most popular biography of the great President that ever was written. Several of the most widely-known anecdotes of the youth of Washington, like the cherry-tree incident for instance, rest upon the unsupported evidence of Weems. Much that he has recorded is more than doubtful.

739. *a.* 52. *Frascati,* a town twelve miles south-east of Rome, celebrated for its villas.

b. 47. *The North American Review,* founded in 1815, ran for many years as a quarterly. Until 1878 it was published at Boston. In its earlier years at least it was the most influential critical journal in America.

LEAVES OF GRASS

741. In 1867 when Burroughs issued this first book of his, Whitman had published four editions of *Leaves of Grass,*— 1855, 1856, 1860, 1867, and his volume *Drum-Taps,* 1866. It was undoubtedly the 1860 edition that fell into Burroughs's hands. Whitman had been dismissed from his clerkship at Washington in June, 1865, for the alleged immorality of this book, and his friend O'Connor had in September of the same year begun the defense of the poet with his pamphlet *The Good Gray Poet.* Burroughs's *Walt Whitman as Poet and Person* is in one respect a continuation of the defense of Whitman during this critical period of his poetic career. In another and larger sense it is a call for a new period, a voice of the times, a new statement of literary principles for a new after-the-war era.

744. *a.* 4. Wordsworth in the well-known preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads,* the first edition of which had appeared in 1798, had called for a return to Nature. He would strip poetry of its artificial vocabulary and would treat of humble subjects in a simple way. The book and the preface are generally taken as the beginning of the new romantic period of the nineteenth century. Every new period, it would seem, begins with a call for a return to Nature.

LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE

760. That Lincoln did win a case in something like the manner described so graphically by Eggleston is undoubtedly true. Miss Tarbell in her *Life of Lincoln,* Vol. I, page 272, has recorded all that is now surely known about the case. She has told thus the central incident of the trial:

'The most damaging evidence was that of one Allen, who swore that he had seen Armstrong strike Metzker about ten or eleven o'clock in the evening. When asked how he could see, he answered that the moon shone brightly. Under Lincoln's questioning he repeated the statement until it was impossible that the jury should forget it. With Allen's testimony unimpeached, conviction seemed certain.

'Lincoln's address to the jury was full of pathos. It was not as a hired attorney that he was there, he said, but to discharge a debt of friendship. . . . But Lincoln was not relying on sympathy alone to win his case. In closing he reviewed the evidence, showing that all depended on Allen's testimony, and this he said he could prove to be false. Allen never saw Armstrong strike Metzker by the light of the moon, for at the hour when he said he saw the fight, between ten and eleven o'clock, the moon was not in the heavens. Then procuring an almanac, he passed it to the judge and jury. The moon, which was on that night only in its first quarter, set before midnight.'

JIM BLUDSO

767. 'To the *Overland Monthly* for September, 1870,' writes Thayer in his life of Hay, 'Bret Harte contributed *Plain Language from Truthful James,* in which he introduced the Heathen Chinee to an international audience. The following month, during Hay's visit to his family in Warsaw [Illinois,— on the banks of the Mississippi] he is said to have written two poems, *Little Breeches* and *Jim Bludso* in the supposed dialect of the unshorn Westerners. Some one reports that he was with Hay in the hotel overlooking the river at Keokuk when he dashed off *Jim Bludso.* There have been many other statements and counter-statements, and much speculation. . . . Hay printed *Little Breeches* in the miscellaneous columns of the *Weekly Tribune,* on Dec. 2, 1870, signed only by his initials. It had an instant success, comparable only to that of the *Heathen Chinee* itself.' In March, 1871, he wrote Howells: 'Have you seen *Jim Bludso?* I send you a copy. It has been more widely liked and denounced than *Little Breech.*' Later he received $50 for *Banty Tim,* the third of the *Pike County Ballads,* which was first issued in *Harper's Weekly.*

LINCOLN'S FAME

768. *a.* 18. 'One of the finest poems on the occasion of his death was that in which the London *Punch* made its manly recantation of the slanders with which it had pursued him for four years:

"Beside this corpse that bears for winding-sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurile jester, is there room for you?

"Yes, he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil, to confute my pen;
To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men."'

Author's Note.

771. *a.* 7. *Henry IV,* Henry of Navarre, one of the hero kings of France, leader of the Huguenots. He published the *Edict of Nantes* in 1598 ending the religious wars of his time.

a. 8. *William of Orange,* the central figure in the struggle of the Dutch against Spain from which emerged the Dutch republic,— the theme of Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic.*

16. *The Béarnais,* a surname given Henry IV, who was a native of Béarn.

21. *Saevis tranquillus in undis,* calm amid the savage waves.

52. *Lowell, in an immortal ode,* the *Commemoration Ode,* see page 404.

b. 57. *Montalembert,* (1810–1870), a French historian and statesman, who at the time of Lincoln's death was a powerful influence in France.

A MODERN INSTANCE

774. Squire Gaylord rallied from the shock of paralysis, was taken East as soon as he could be moved with safety, but died the following spring. Bartly Hubbard fled to Whited Sepulchre, Arizona, and shortly afterward was shot by a citizen whom he had slandered.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE

792. I have used the text that Miller made in 1908 for his final edition of his works. In this earlier narrative the Indian Maiden deliberately sacrifices herself to save her lover who seems to be thinking only of his own safety. In a note to the revised poem he wrote: 'It was too long for the tumultuous and swift action; and then the end was coarse and unworthy the brave spirit of Kit Carson. I have cut and changed it much.' The original text is to be found in Stedman and Hutchinson's *Library of American Literature* and in the Warner Library.— The opening stanza in italics was written for the final revision.

BY THE SUN-DOWN SEAS

793. In his final edition Miller wrote concerning the two stanzas beginning with line 307: 'These final verses are peculiarly descriptive of the home I have built here on the Heights for my declining years; although written and published in London in 1873.'

The poem is autobiographic throughout. 'The distance, counting the contours of often round about ways, was quite, or nearly, three thousand miles. The time was seven months and five days. There were no bridges, no railroad levels, nothing of the sort. We had only the road as Nature had made it. Many times, at night, after ascending a stream to find a ford we would look back and see our smoldering fires of the day before. . . . On the 15th of May, 1852, we, ten miles above St. Joe to avoid the multitude and inevitable mud, crossed the Missouri into the vast

wilderness and the extraordinary march was commenced. The sun-down seas were before us, civilization, such as we had known, and all sorts, lay behind us. There could be for us, no turning back. We were not of that material. We had two big heavily laden weapons, with eight yoke of oxen to each, a carriage and two horses for mother and baby sister, and a single horse for the three boys to ride. . . . Soon we began to come upon new-made graves by the streams and at camping places. Then the graves were many. The cholera had broken out and hundreds were dying and thousands turning back. . . . In the midst of all this turning back, this despair and death, our parents kept steadily on, making slow marches, keeping in good heart,' etc. ***Bear Edition of Miller's Poems, Chapter 5.***

FRANCIS PARKMAN

806. 'This paper originated in an address at Sanders Theatre, Cambridge, December 6, 1893, at a service commemorative of Mr. Parkman. In its present greatly expanded shape it was printed as the Introduction to the revised edition of Parkman's Works, Boston, 1897–98, 20 vols., octavo.' *Author's Note.*

ALPHONSE DAUDET

812. *a.* 5. *M. Taine.* Taine's *History of English Literature* was first published in 1863.

813. *a.* 17. *Lettres de mon Moulin,* Letters from my Mill.

28. *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné,* Fromont Junior and Risler Senior.

33. *Les Rois en Exil,* Kings in Exile.

37. *Le Nabab,* The Nabob.

b. 5. *Coquine,* a feminine rascal.

814. *a.* 33. *Tambourinaire,* Tambourine player.

42. *Le premier magistrat de France,* the leading magistrate of France.

815. *b.* 49. *Mon Frère et Moi,* My Brother and I.

816. *b.* 56. *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret,* The Error of the Abbot Mouret.

817. *a.* 14. *Contes du Lundi,* Stories of Monday.

14. *Le Petit Chose,* The little thing.

25. *Writing his memoirs.* Daudet's *Thirty Years in Paris* appeared in 1887, and his *Recollections of a Man of Letters in* 1888.

b. 13. *Produit du Midi,* a product of the South.

818. *a.* 21. *Cinquièmes,* sixth floor or attic.

b. 4. *Article de Paris,* a jimcrack peculiar to Paris.

29. *Fait de chic,* mere dexterity, sleight of hand.

GREVILLE FANE

823. *a.* 49. *Gagnepain,* means of subsistence.

b. 27. *Pensions,* boarding and lodging houses.

49. *Femme du monde,* woman of the world.

824. *a.* 40. *Faux pas,* false step, or vulgar blunder.

b. 7. *Premiers frais,* initial expense.

825. *b.* 40. Embonpoint, stoutness.

57. *Liaison,* intimate acquaintance.

826. *a.* 48. *Vieux jeu,* old fashioned.

52. *Feuilletons,* newspapers devoted to light literature or criticism.

827. *a.* 20. *Trouvailles,* things found out, happy bits of news.

THE OLD AGENCY

831. *a.* 24. *Par excellence,* in an eminent degree.

835. *a.* 49. *Father Marquette* was a French Jesuit missionary who accompanied Joliet on his exploring expedition in 1673. He died while attempting to establish a mission among Illinois Indians.

b. 26. *The Grenadiers* was written by Heinrich Heine, the German poet, about 1821. The translation, which is beautifully done, was undoubtedly made by Miss Woolson.

37. This line has a startling and suggestive appearance in the original German: 'Und der Kaiser, der Kaiser gefangen.'

837. *a.* 6. Mon père . . . Voilà! — my father . . . Behold!

THE CENTENNIAL CANTATA OF COLUMBIA

843. For the New York *Daily Tribune,* Wednesday, April 12, 1876, Bayard Taylor wrote:

'The announcement of the Centennial Commission that the hymn for the opening ceremonies of the Exhibition on May 10, has been furnished by John G. Whittier, and the text of Mr. Dudley Buck's cantata by Sidney Lanier of Georgia, has been received by the press and people of the United States with entire satisfaction. No voice more earnest than that of the Psalmist of Amesbury could be found to breathe the solemn invocation; and Mr. Lanier, also, if less widely known as a poet, possesses the qualities which fit him for the more difficult task. He is a native of Georgia, who, after fighting in the Southern ranks as a youth, studied law at Macon, but has at last found his true field of activity, and devotes himself wholly to music and literature. His two remarkable poems entitled *Corn* and *The Symphony,* published in *Lippincott's Magazine,* brought him suddenly into prominence. They are characterized by a freshness and affluence of thought, a tropical luxuriance of fancy, and a singular grace and variety of rhythmical effect, which justify the anticipations of his friends in regard to future achievement. Moreover, he has the additional advantage, exceptionally rare among poets, of pronounced musical talent. For three Winters past, he has been a performer in the Peabody Orchestra, at Baltimore, under Mr. Asgar Hamerik.

'The Cantata is a form of musical composition which was primarily applied to subjects of a meditative, didactic or devotional character. It has thus come to be one of the accepted forms of musical expression for anniversaries, historical commemorations, and other occasions of a large and stately character. The text bears the same relation to the music as that of an oratorio, and must be written with direct reference to the changes, contrasts, and combinations of voices and instruments. It presents a most ungrateful task to the

poet who is not able to call up an attendant musical inspiration, and persuade his conceptions to acknowledge the double sway. Mr. Lanier's verses, therefore, must be read with constant reference to the inevitable restrictions of his task. Limited to sixty lines, in which not only the solos and choruses, but also the violins and bassoons must have their share; compelled to tell his story, not in poetic recital, but through the medium of reflection and contrasted emotions; governed, finally, in the very sounds of his words by that of the notes to which they are set, his work is amenable to a separate law, and may fairly assert its right to a separate judgment.

'The verses represent, as largely as the space allows, the past and present of the Country, the powers which opposed themselves to settlement, growth, and independence, and the blended elements which gave success, closing with rejoicing, an angelic voice of promise, and a welcome to the world. It is both simple and original in character. Contrasted with the Cantata written by Tennyson for the opening of the International Exhibition in London, its greater freedom and freshness are very evident, while in earnestness and absence of self-gratulation it will doubtless harmonize with the spirit of Whittier's hymn. Mr. Dudley Buck's music has already been noticed in *The Tribune*, and there seems to be no impropriety in also giving the complete text of Mr. Lanier's share in the work, especially as the printed copies are now in the hands of 800 singers.'

THE SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHE

844. The song was first published in 1877, but later was revised by Lanier and published in its present form in the *Independent*, December 20, 1883. The earlier form is to be found in Fulton's *Southern Life in Southern Literature*, 1917.

1. *Hills of Habersham.* The Chattahooche River rises in Habersham County, Georgia, flows for a short distance through Hall County, uniting with the Flint River at the south-western end of Georgia. It is about five hundred miles long and is navigable by steamboat to Columbus, Georgia.

THE BANNER OF THE JEW

857. 4. *Five-fold lion-lineage*, the five sons of the aged Mattathias: Jochanan, Simon, Judas, Eleazar, and Jonathan, known as the Maccabees, who delivered Judea and Judaism from the power of Syria 175–164 B. C. and established a dynasty of priest-kings which lasted for over a century.

858. 1. 'Mispeh, the culminating point of the tribe of Benjamin, became the meeting-place of the tribes, the Washington of the Israelite federation.'— *Renan.* It was five miles northwest of Jerusalem.

IN EXILE

35. *Gabirol to Spinoza.* Gabirol, Jewish poet and philosopher, lived in Saragossa, Spain, where he died in 1070. Parts of his poems have been incorporated into the Jewish liturgy. Spinoza (1632–1677) was a Jew of Spanish emigrant parentage who made himself one of the most famous philosophers of his century.

THE NEW EZEKIEL

859. 1. These dead bones, see Ezekiel xxxvii, 1–14.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

860. 'The poem that Russell himself considered his best production, *Nebuchadnezzar*, was written immediately after watching an altercation between a negro and his mule on one of the streets of Port Gibson.'— *Maurice G. Fulton.*

THE PIE GHOST

878. An episode in the novel *The Merry Chanter.* The ship *Merry Chanter* has run aground in the harbor and must wait for a heavy gale off shore and a spring tide to set her afloat again. In the meantime the passengers go ashore for a picnic. Caught in a rainstorm, they seek late at night the former home of Dolor Trip, one of their number. The schoolmaster has been discovered earlier in the narrative as a stowaway. He was running away in terror from his boarding mistress Mrs. Bodship.

THE NEW SOUTH

900. *a.* 6. *Benjamin H. Hill* (1832–1882), a lawyer of Georgia, a prominent figure in the Confederate government.

901. *a.* 50. *Dr. Talmage*, Thomas De Witt Talmage (1832–1902), a very popular lecturer and pulpit orator of the period. The allusion is to a statement in one of his lectures.

902. *a.* 1. *Battle-stained cross.* The Confederate battle flag was a blue ground with a red cross bearing thirteen stars.

38. *Bill Arp*, Charles H. Smith (1826–1903). See page 604.

52. *Careless man about fire,*—'General Sherman reported that on his march through Georgia he used for his army property worth twenty million dollars and destroyed property to the value of eighty millions more.'

903. *a.* 29. *Mr. Toombs,*— Robert Toombs (1810–85), leader of the secession party in Georgia.

b. 13. Those who assume; the allusion here is to George W. Cable, the novelist, whose writings about Southern problems were regarded by the South as misrepresentative and injurious.

19. *Johnston surrendered.* General Sherman offered the Confederate General Joseph E. Johnston terms that Lincoln and his cabinet considered as too liberal. He later surrendered on the terms that General Grant had offered to General Lee, three weeks before.

32. *Jewel in the toad's head, As You Like It*, Act II, Scene i.

904. *a.* 3. *The New South*, The term had previously been used by Benjamin H. Hill, in answering a toast.

b. 52. The closing quotation is from 1 *Henry IV*, Act I, Scene 1.

CHITA

912. *L'Île Dernière,* Last Island.

913. *a.* 47. *Chénière* (French). A large river boat with a pointed bow and square stern. A kind of tow or tug-boat.

914. *a.* 36. *Caillon,* pebble. *Cassetête,* tomahawk. *Calumet,* pipe. *Timbalier,* kettle-drummer.

915. *b.* 45. *πνευμα* (Greek), the wind, or air.

916. *b.* 52. *Grande-écaille* (French). Great scale or shell.

917. *b.* 1. *Décédé* (French, feminine), dead. *Décédée* (French, masculine), dead. *Falleció* (Spanish), dead.

918. *a.* 44. *Angina pectoris* (Latin), neuralgia of the heart, literally spasm of the chest.

47. *Duè giorno,— con vento* (Italian). Two days, — with wind.

b. 26. *Mont-de-Piété,* public pawn shop. In both Spain and France, and especially in the latter country where it is, perhaps, best developed, the pawn shop is maintained by the government.

919. *a.* 9. *St Anthony* (of Padua),— patron saint of those wishing to recover lost articles or obtain favors.

13. *Santissimu e santu diavulu!* etc. (Corrupt Italian). Most Holy and blessed devil! etc.

920. *a.* 22. A free translation would be

> Love me again, resplendent beauty,
> As you formerly loved me;
> Do not mind the people,
> Ask your heart alone.
>
> Love me still with love eternal,
> 'T will seem no crime for you;
> Hell I do assure you
> Is simply a fable.

26. *Mucha bueno* (Spanish), corrupted form of *muy bien,* very good.

b. 53. *Has traido el Doctor?* (Spanish). Have you brought the doctor?

54. *Si, sí! . . . Y el viejo?* (Spanish). Yes, indeed. And what of the old man?

56. *Ayé! pobre! . . . hace tres días que está muerto,* ah! poor fellow! He died three days ago.

921. *a.* 55. *M'sieu-le-Docteur, maman d'mande si vous n'avez bisoin d' que'que chose?* Creole French for *Monsieur-le-Docteur, maman demande si vous n'avez besoin de quelque chose?* Doctor, mama wishes to know if you need anything.

b. 1. *Baragouin* (French gibberish).

37. *Plait-il?* (French). Beg pardon?

49. *Tutoiement* (French). Theeing and thouing. In Germany, France, Spain, Italy, Russia, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden there are two forms of address denoting the degree of acquaintanceship between the persons, one familiar and one formal. *Tutoiement* would denote the familiar form of address.

54. *Dis-moi qui tu es, mignonne; — dis-moi ton nom* (French). Tell me who you are, darling; — tell me your name.

922. *a.* 11. *C'est à dire* (French) that is to say.

32. *No importa, Conchita;—le hablaré en Español* (Spanish). Never mind, Conchita. I shall speak to her in Spanish.

34. *Bien, entonces!* All right, then.

35. *Adios, señor!* (Spanish). Good by, sir!

46. *To laimin moin? — to batté moin!* (French patois). Do I love you? — I slapped you!

b. 48. *Bon jour camarade!* etc. (French). Good morning, comrade! — We 're going to have pretty bad weather, my poor Julian.

51. *Comment, un mauvais temps?* What kind of bad weather?

55. *Un vilain temps,* miserable weather.

58. *Chéri!* dearest, darling.

923. *b.* 17. *Mentira!* (Spanish). It 's a lie!

19. *Jamas* (Spanish). Never.

24. *Sí! sí! — es el vómito! — yo lo conozco, Carmen!* (Spanish). Yes, yes, it 's the yellow fever — I know it, Carmen.

29. *Moi, au contraire, il faut que je me lève toujours!* (French). On the contrary, I must constantly get up.

34. *Resurgam!* (Latin). I shall rise again.

37. *Qui çà?* (French. Who 's there?

41. *N'importe, mon ami,* etc. (French). Never mind, my friend, you are going to see her ere long. . . . who then, Laroussel?

924. *b.* 19. *Alma de Cristo,* etc. (Spanish). Most blessed soul of Christ, sanctify me! Blood of Christ, transport me!! O good Jesus, hear me!

49. *O Jesus misericordioso,* etc. O most merciful Jesus, have compassion upon him!

BEREAVED

929. *In* 'Letters of Riley and Bill Nye,' *Harper's Magazine,* March, 1919, is told the circumstances of the writing of this poem. Nye and Riley were for a long time together on the lecture platform, Riley reading from his poems and Nye entertaining with his fun and humorous sketches. 'After the tours, though they were no longer together, their friendship continued vital. One of the strange experiences of Riley's life illustrates this poetically.

'It was at night; he could not sleep, and he arose with a feeling that he must write — that he must express, in some way, the sympathy he felt for he knew not whom. In this spirit Riley wrote *Bereaved.* As was very unusual, he set it down quite rapidly, the entire composition requiring less than half an hour. A few days afterward came the news that a child of Nye's was dead. Riley at once addressed the poem to the bereaved parents, feeling that he understood what had prompted him to write it.' *Harper's Magazine* prints a facsimile of the poem as Riley wrote it on the back of an old envelope bearing the post mark Feb. 8, 1890.

MR. ISAACS

930. *a.* 1. Jean-Jacques. The opening sentence of Jean Jacques Rousseau's *The Social Contract,* 1762, was 'Man is born free and he is everywhere in chains.'

931. *a.* 23. *St. Germain,* died 1780, by asserting that he had discovered certain of the secrets of Nature and had even found the elixir of life, led a life in the various courts of Europe that reads like a fairy tale.

23. *Cagliostro,* died 1795, a criminal who professed to be an alchemist and deceived many.

24. *La Motte,* a French adventuress who was a principal in the famous plot to steal the priceless diamond necklace which Louis XV had had made for Madame du Barry.

b. 10. *Bon chien chasse de race,* a good coursing dog of thoroughbred stock.

24. *Cavagnari,* a Frenchman who became a British subject and spent his life in government service in India. With several other Europeans he was assassinated at Kabal, Sept. 3, 1879, in a sudden uprising of mutinous Afghan troops.

932. *a.* 6. *Bagnères de Bigorre,* one of the most famous of the few 'cures.' It has fifty springs, and each is supposed to be a specific for some disease.

12. *Pardon, madame,* etc., pardon me, madam, I am going to cough up my other lung.

29. *Madame Blavatzky,* a Russian occultist who November 17, 1875, in New York, with the aid of Colonel Henry S. Olcott founded the theosophical society.

933. *b.* 48. *Chuprassie,* wearer of an official badge, a servant occupying an important position in the household of an Indian landowner.

50. *Hookah or Narghyle,* the native smoking apparatus of the East. The smoke is cooled by being drawn through water.

54. *Trichinopoli,* a district in Madras, British India.

934. *a.* 38. *Nawab,* the same as Nabob.

39. *The hunting,* the revolt against British authority in India in 1857–8.

935. *a.* 3. *Chillum,* part of a hookah. Also loosely applied to the material smoked.

936. *b.* 53. *Hadji,* a title conferred on one who has made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the prophet at Mecca.

938. *a.* 43. *Moolah,* the same as Mullah, a title given to one learned in theology and sacred law.

49. *Another mutiny,*— the first mutiny had been brought on by the introduction of a new rifle which compelled the sepoy soldiers to touch the grease used on the cartridges.

THE NOVEL

941. *a.* 28. *Aspasia,* a Milesian woman, 440 B. C., the Mistress of Pericles, noted for her talents and her beauty.

942. *a.* 30. *Carpe diem,* seize the day.

32. *Dulce desipere in loco,* delightful is it to be foolish or frivolous in a place.

943. *b.* 10. *Murat,* Napoleon's most brilliant general.

37. *Nenuphar,* literally the water lily. Also syrup of nenuphar, an ointment very sweet and precious.

40. *Hofgastein, . . . Ems,* etc., well-known watering places of Europe.

12. *La Tour d'Auvergne,* a French soldier named by Napoleon 'the first grenadier of the republic.'

14. *Ney,* one of Napoleon's most brilliant generals.

SYRINX

945. In Greek mythology Syrinx was a nymph who, being pursued by Pan, fled into the River Ladon, and was changed by the god into a reed.

OLD FRENCH METRICAL FORMS

947. I have omitted Bunner's *Chant Royal,* which has to do with the cruel deeds of the boarding mistress, Mrs. Brown.

977. *Il tremolar della marina,* the tremor of the sea.

15. *Kingscroft.* The poem was written at Windsor, Nova Scotia, at Kingscroft, the residence of Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts, where the poet was visiting when the news of the death of Mr. Parsons reached him.

16. *Minas,* The Basin of Minas, mentioned in the first line of Longfellow's *Evangeline,* lies in full view of Kingscroft.

18. *Scituate,* A village between Boston and Plymouth, home of the poet Parsons.

978. 93. *A double loss.* Parsons died September 3 and Whittier September 7, 1892.

99. *Save one.* Holmes.

103. *Poet Friend of Poets.* Stedman.

105. *Lone voice of Arizonian song.* Joaquin Miller.

110. *Virginia's hawk of song,* Amélie Rives, later Princess Troubetskoy.

113. *Indiana's melodist,* James Whitcomb Riley.

117. *Greek revealer of Canadian skies,* Charles G. D. Roberts.

119. *Carman,*— Bliss Carman, later joint author with Hovey of *Songs from Vagabondia.*

980. 212. *Historian of the Sudbury Inn,* Longfellow.

227. *Cedarcroft,* home of Bayard Taylor.

232. *Who is this?* Dante.

981. 304. *The demon-haunted cliff,* Cape of Good Hope.

TROPICAL MOVING AT SEA

991. In December, 1862, Sill set sail for California around the Horn, a voyage of four months. This poem is one of the products of what to the young poet was a veritable visit to the wonderlands of another world. Parts of his journal of the voyage have been published.

THE LIFE MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

992. In a letter to Homer Saint-Gaudens, son of the sculptor, Gilder wrote in 1909:

'In the winter of 1886 I was calling on Wyatt Eaton, who was then living on the south side of Washington Square, and on his table I was amazed to notice a mask of Lincoln. I had never heard of

it and, in fact, at this time it was quite unknown. I asked him where he got it, and he said that Douglas Volk had given it to him in Paris, it having been taken by Mr. Volk's father, the sculptor, Leonard W. Volk, who also took Lincoln's hands. This was the now famous life-mask. I thereupon got up a little committee, consisting of Thomas B. Clarke, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, R. W. Gilder, and Erwin Davis. Our circular, I notice, was dated, New York, February 1, 1886. We raised by subscription enough money to purchase the original cast, which we presented to the National Museum at Washington, where it has ever since been on exhibition.'—*Letters of Richard Watson Gilder.*

FATHER DAMIEN

992. Father Damien, a Roman Catholic Missionary, devoted his life to the welfare of the lepers on the leper island of Molokai, Hawaii, finally falling a victim himself to the disease.

AVE: SIDNEY LANIER

993. Father Tabb was with Lanier while he was in the Federal prison at Point Lookout, Virginia, in 1865, and knew him intimately.

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey 693
'Arp, Bill,' see Smith, C. H. 718
Audubon, John James 178

Barlow, Joel 109
Becket, Thomas A. 567
'Billings, Josh,' see Shaw, H. W. 715
Boker, George Henry 704
Bradford, John 3
Bradstreet, Anne 31
Brainard, John G. C. 275
Brooks, Maria Gowen 273
Brown, Charles Brockden 168
Browne, Charles Farrar 713
Bryant, William Cullen 250
Bunner, Henry Cuyler 947
Burroughs, John 741
Byles, Mather, ... 54
Byrd, William 47

Cable, George Washington 875
Cary, Phœbe 564
Cawein, Madison 995
Clemens, Samuel Langhorne 722
Cooke, Rose Terry 640
Cooper, James Fenimore 220
'Craddock, Chas. E.,' see Murfree, Mary N. 864
Crawford, Francis Marion 930
Curtis, George William 550

Dana, Richard Henry 271
Dana, Richard Henry, Jr. 472
Derby, George Horatio 711
Dickinson, Emily 700
Dickinson, John 81
Drake, Joseph Rodman 240
Dwight, Timothy 153

Edwards, Jonathan 50
Eggleston, Edward 760
Emerson, Ralph Waldo 281
English, Thomas Dunn 563

Finch, Francis Miles 589
Fiske, John 806
Freeman, Mary E. Wilkins 960
Freneau, Philip 141
Franklin, Benjamin 117
Foster, Stephen Collins 564

Garland, Hamlin 969
Gibbons, John Sloan 584
Gilder, Richard Watson 991
Gilmore, Patrick S. 588
Godfrey, Thomas 63
Grady, Henry W. 900
Grant, Ulysses S. 575
Green, Joseph 54

Hale, Edward Everett 618
Halleck, Fitz-Greene 237
Halpine, Charles Graham 560
Harris, Joel Chandler 905
Harte, F. Bret 726
Hawthorne, Nathaniel 310
Hay, John 767
Hayne, Paul Hamilton 668
Hearn, Lafcadio 912
'Henry, O.,' see Porter, W. S. 1004
Henry, Patrick 88
Higginson, Thomas Wentworth 627
Hovey, Richard 977
Holmes, Oliver Wendell 396
Hopkinson, Francis 95
Hopkinson, Joseph 269
Howe, Julia Ward 584
Howells, William Dean 774

Irving, Washington 194

Jackson, Helen Hunt 673
Jewett, Sarah Orne 846
James, Henry 812

Key, Francis Scott 269
Kittredge, Walter 586

Lanier, Sidney 839
Larcom, Lucy 565
Lazarus, Emma 857
Lincoln, Abraham 571
Locke, David Ross 720
London, Jack 996
Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth 355
Lowell, James Russell 500

McMaster, Guy Humphries 567

Mather, Cotton 41
Mather, Richard 22
Melville, Herman 521
Miller, Joaquin 791
Mitchell, Donald G. 528
Mitchell, Silas Weir 989
Moody, William Vaughn 985
Morris, George Pope 277
Morton, Thomas 18
Motley, John Lothrop 462

Muir, John 885
Murfree, Mary Noailes 864

'Nashby, P. V.,' see Locke, D. R..... 720

O'Brien, Fitz James 651
O'Hara, Theodore 580
Oliver, Thaddeus 582

Paine, Thomas 90
Palmer, John W. 584
Parkman, Francis 538
Parsons, Thomas William 562
Payne, John Howard 272
'Phoenix, John,' see Derby, Geo. H. 711
Pierpont, John 270
Pike, Albert 583
Pinkney, Edward C. 276
Poe, Edgar Allan 421
Porter, William Sidney 1004
Prescott, William Hickling 262

Randall, James Ryder 581
Read, Thomas Buchanan 703
Riley, James Whitcomb 925
Roosevelt, Theodore 953
Root, George F. 582
Russell, Irwin 860
Ryan, Abram Frederick 588

Saxe, John G. 561
Shaw, Henry Wheeler 715
Sherman, Frank Dempster 993
Sill, Edward Rowland 990
Simms, William Gilmore 343
Smith, Capt. John 3
Smith, Charles Henry 718
Smith, Samuel Francis 278
Stedman, Edmund C. 680
Stockton, Frank Richard 878
Stoddard, Richard Henry 706
Stowe, Harriet Beecher 449
Tabb, John Banister 992
Taylor, Bayard 635
Thaxter, Celia 698
Thomas, Edith 945
Thoreau, Henry David 480
Ticknor, Francis O. 586
Timrod, Henry 664
Trumbull, John 102
Twain, Mark 722
Tyler, Royall 155

Wallace, Lewis 799
Ward, Nathaniel 25
Warner, Charles Dudley 736
'Ward, Artemus,' see Browne, C. F... 713
Washington, George 132
Webster, Daniel 183
Whitman, Walt 590
Whittier, John Greenleaf 381
Wigglesworth, Michael 37
Wilde, Richard Henry 272
Willis, Nathaniel Parker 337
Wilson, Alexander 164
Wilson, Robert Burns 993
Winthrop, John 3
Wirt, William 175
Woodworth, Samuel 271
Woolman, John 58
Woolson, Constance Fenimore 828
Work, Henry Clay 586

ARRANGEMENT BY LITERARY FORMS

I. POETRY

A. Epic, or Objective Poetry.
   1. The Epic proper.
   2. The Mock Heroic Poem.
   3. The Ballad.
   4. The Longer Narrative Poem.
   5. The Descriptive Poem.
   6. The Satiric Poem.

B. Dramatic Poetry.
   1. Tragedy.
   2. Comedy.

C. Lyric, or Subjective Poetry.
   1. The Love Lyric.
   2. The Martial and Patriotic Lyric.
   3. The Song.
      a. The Convivial Song.
      b. The Love Song.
      c. The Song of Sentiment and Longing.
      d. The Hymn or Religious Song.
      e. The Patriotic Song or National Hymn.
   4. The Elegy or Elegiac Lyric.
   5. The Nature Lyric.
   6. The Reflective and Moralizing Lyric.
   7. The Ode.
   8. The Sonnet.
   9. Vers de Societe.
   10. Free Verse.
   11. The Personal and Autobiographical Lyric.
   12. The Humorous Lyric.

D. Didactic Poetry.

II. PROSE

A. The Prose Drama.
   1. Tragedy.
   2. Comedy.

B. The Essay.
   1. The Formal Essay.
   2. The Familiar Essay.
   3. The Nature Study.
   4. Literary Criticism.
   5. The Humorous and Facetious Essay.
   6. Travel Sketches and Descriptions.
   7. The Constroversial Essay.

C. Fiction.
   1. The Novel.
   2. The Short Story.

D. The Oration.

E. History and Biography.

F. The Report and the Journal.

G. The Letter.

H. Invective and Satire.

I. Theology and Polemics.

TABLE OF FORMS

PAGE

A. Epic, or Objective Poetry.
   1. The Epic Proper.
   From The Song of Hiawatha, *Longfellow*, (the nearest approach to an American epic) 364
   From The Columbiad, *Barlow*, (a deliberate attempt to make an epic by force) 109
   2. The Mock Heroic Poem, or Facetious Epic.
   M'Fingal, an Epic Poem, *Trumbull* 103
   3. The Ballad.
   Lovewell's Fight 69
   A Whaling Song, *Osborn* 71
   Nathan Hale 75
   The Fate of John Burgoyne 76
   Bold Hawthorne 76
   The Expedition to Long Island.... 77
   A Tory Ballad 78
   The Battle of the Kegs, *Hopkinson* 99
   Marco Bozzaris, *Halleck* 238
   The Wreck of the Hesperus, *Longfellow* 357
   The Village Blacksmith, *Longfellow* 358
   Paul Revere's Ride, *Longfellow* ... 378
   Maud Muller, *Whittier* 385
   Skipper Ireson's Ride, *Whittier* ... 387
   The Deacon's Masterpiece, *Holmes*.. 416
   The Courtin', *Lowell* 503
   Hannah Binding Shoes, *Larcom* ... 565

PAGE

The Picket Guard, *Oliver*, ... 582
Little Giffen, *Ticknor* 586
Sheridan's Ride, *Read* 587
Come Up from the Fields, Father, *Whitman* 593
The Society upon the Stanislaus, *Harte* 728
Dow's Flat, *Harte* 728
Jim Bludso, *Hay* 767
Kit Carson's Ride, *Miller* 791
Columbus, *Miller* 797
The Grenadiers, *Woolson* 835
The Old Man and Jim, *Riley* 928
Little Orphant Annie, *Riley* 926

4. THE LONGER NARRATIVE POEM.

The House of Night, *Freneau* 144
The Culprit Fay, *Drake* 240
From Zophiel, *Brooks* 273
From The Courtship of Miles Standish, *Longfellow* 375
Snow-Bound, *Whittier* 392

5. THE DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

The Bluebird, *Wilson* 165
The Fish-Hawk, *Wilson* 167
The Snow-Storm, *Emerson* 293
Mountain Pictures, *Whittier* 389
Sunthin' in the Pastoral Line, *Lowell* 517
Mannahatta, *Whitman* 592
Patrolling Barnegat, *Whitman*, ...616
Spring, *Timrod* 664
Midsummer in the South, *Hayne* .. 670
The Closing Scene, *Read* 703
Storm Waves, *Mitchell* 990
A Tropical Morning at Sea, *Sill* .. 991

6. THE SATIRIC POEM.

Arnold's Departure, *Freneau* 149
Ichabod, *Whittier* 384
What Mr. Robinson Thinks, *Lowell* 501
Mason and Slidell, *Lowell* 511
Jonathan to John, *Lowell* 515

B. DRAMATIC POETRY.

1. Tragedy.

The Prince of Parthia, *Godfrey* .. 63

C. LYRIC, OR SUBJECTIVE POETRY.

1. THE LOVE LYRIC.

From the Castle in the Air, *Paine* . 94
My Gen'rous Heart Disdains, *Hopkinson* 100
Jemmy the Sailor, *Hopkinson*, ... 101
To Cynthia, *Freneau* 150
A Health, *Pinckney* 276
Sweetheart, Good-by, *Hayne* 670
In 1865, *Lanier* 845
Written on Valentine's Day, *Bunner* 948
Persia, *Stoddard* 707

2. THE MARTIAL AND PATRIOTIC LYRIC.

Virginia Banishing Tea, ... 73
A Lady's Adieu to Her Tea-Table 73
The Old Year and the New, *Odell* 78
The Northern Soldier, *Freneau* 144
On the Anniversary, *Freneau* 151
Republican Genius of Europe, *Freneau* 152

PAGE

Columbia, *Dwight* 153
The American Flag, *Drake* 249
Warren's Address, *Pierpont* 270
The West, *Morris* 278
Concord Hymn, *Emerson* 283
Old Ironsides, *Holmes* 396
The Kansas Emigrants, *Whittier* .. 384
The Battle Autumn of 1862, *Whittier* 390
Laus Deo, *Whittier* 391
A Loyal Woman's No, *Larcom* .. 566
Carmen Bellicosum, *McMaster* 567
The Bivouac of the Dead, *O'Hara* . 580
The Cry to Arms, *Timrod* 665
Stonewall Jackson's Way 584
Three Hundred Thousand More, *Gibbons* 584
The Conquered Banner, *Ryan* 588
The Blue and the Gray, *Finch* 589
Beat, Beat Drums, *Whitman* 593
Pioneers, *Whitman* 599
Wanted—A Man, *Stedman* 680

3. THE SONG.

a. THE CONVIVIAL SONG.

From The New English Canaan. *Morton* 78
Soldier Song 72
A Hunting Song, *Hopkinson* .. 100
Come! Fill a Fresh Bumper, *Holmes* 412
Give a Rouse, *Hovey* 983

b. THE LOVE SONG

From the Prince of Parthia, *Godfrey* 63
From Zophiel, *Brooks* 274
The Moon of Flowers, *Brooks* .. 275
A Serenade, *Pinckney* 276
When Other Friends are Round Thee, *Morris* 277
Serenade, *Longfellow* 359
Serenade *Timrod* 664

c. THE SONG OF SENTIMENT AND LONGING

The Old Oaken Bucket, *Woodworth* 271
Stanzas, *Wilde* 272
Home, Sweet Home, *Payne* 273
The Sea Bird's Song, *Brainerd* .. 275
Woodman, Spare that Tree, *Morris* 277
Near the Lake, *Morris* 277
Where Hudson's Wave, *Morris* .. 277
Ben Bolt, *English* 563
The Old Folks at Home, *Foster* 564
My Old Kentucky Home, *Foster* 565
Night and Day, *Lanier* 843
Men of Dartmouth, *Hovey* 981

d. THE HYMN OR RELIGIOUS SONG.

Psalms from the Bay Psalm Book, *Mather* 23
Soldier, be Strong, *Wigglesworth* 40
Hymn to be Sung at Sea, *Byles* 54
Psalm CXXXVII Paraphrased, *Barlow* 109

PAGE

Psalm CXXXVII, *Dwight* 154
America, *Smith* 278
The Eternal Goodness, *Whittier* 391
Hymn of Trust, *Holmes* 418
When Winds are Raging, *Stowe* 457
Still, Still with Thee, *Stowe* 457
Paradise Gloria, *Parsons* 563
Nearer Home, *Cary* 564
Battle Hymn of the Republic, *Howe* 584

e. THE PATRIOTIC SONG, or National Hymn

To Arms, To Arms 71
The Liberty Song, *Dickinson* ... 72
Hark! 'tis Freedom 74
The Pennsylvania Song 74
A New Song 74
Loyalist Song, *Stansbury* 79
Ode, *Freneau* 151
Yankee Doodle 161
Hail Columbia, *Hopkinson* 269
The Star-Spangled Banner, *Key* 269
Columbia the Gem of the Ocean, *à Becket* 567
Maryland, My Maryland, *Randall* 581
The Battle Cry of Freedom, *Root* 582
Dixie, *Pike* 583
John Brown 583
Marching through Georgia, *Work* 584
Tenting on the Old Camp Ground, *Kittredge* 585
Just Before the Battle 585
Tramp, Tramp, Tramp 587
When Johnny Comes Marching Home, *Gilmore* 588

4. THE ELEGY, AND ELEGIAC VERSE

Epitaph for Mayhew, *Green* 57
On the Death of Daniel Oliver, *Byles* 57
To the Memory of the Brave Americans, *Freneau* 148
On the Death of Drake, *Halleck* .. 238
The Death of the Flowers, *Bryant* 258
Absalom, *Willis* 337
Telling the Bees, *Whittier* 388
Lenore, *Poe* 422
To Helen, *Poe* 423
To One in Paradise, *Poe* 423
Annabell Lee, *Poe* 448
Dirge, *Parsons* 563
O Captain! My Captain! *Whitman* 594
When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd, *Whitman* 595
Ode, *Timrod* 667
Under the Pine, *Hayne* 669
The Spaniards' Graves, *Thaxter* 698
Dirge for a Soldier, *Boker* 706
Bereaved, *Riley* 929
Seaward, *Hovey* 977
Ave: Sidney Lanier, *Tabb* 993
Father Damieu, *Tabb* 992

PAGE

5. THE NATURE LYRIC.

The Wild Honeysuckle, *Freneau* . 149
The Fisherman's Hymn, *Wilson* . 166
The Yellow Violet, *Bryant* 139
The Fringed Gentian, *Bryant* 260
Fall of Niagara, *Brainerd* 275
Rhodora, *Emerson* 282
The Humble Bee, *Emerson* 282
The Huskers, *Whittier* 382
To the Dandelion, *Lowell* 500
The Mocking Bird, *Hayne* 671
The Fringed Gentian, *Dickinson* .. 700
Spring's Orchestra, *Dickinson* 701
The Missouri, *Miller* 796
Dawn at San Diego, *Miller* 798
A Sunrise Song, *Lanier* 845
Song of the Chattahooche, *Lanier* 844
When the Frost is on the Pumpkin, *Riley* 926
Among the Hills, *Hovey* 981
To Magnolia Flower, *Mitchell* 989
Woods that Bring the Sunset Near, *Gilder* 991
To a Wood Robin, *Tabb* 992
Golden Rod, *Tabb* 993
Grass, *Sherman* 993
Greeting for Spring, *Sherman* 994
In Shadows of the Beeches, *Cawein* 995

6. THE REFLECTIVE AND MORALIZING LYRIC.

The Indian Burying Ground, *Freneau* 150
To a Waterfowl, *Bryant* 252
The Bard Has Sung, *Brooks* 274
Each and All, *Emerson* 281
Politics, *Emerson* 294
Forbearance, *Emerson* 306
Brahma, *Emerson* 306
Unseen Spirits, *Willis* 342
A Psalm of Life, *Longfellow* 356
The Beleaguered City, *Longfellow* 357
The Belfry of Bruges, *Longfellow* 360
Resignation, *Longfellow* 361
The Moral Warfare, *Whittier* 381
The Last Leaf, *Holmes* 397
Chambered Nautilus, *Holmes* 414
Living Temple, *Holmes* 414
The Voiceless, *Holmes* 417
The Haunted Palace, *Poe* 428
Orphics, *Thoreau* 482
On a Bust of Dante, *Parsons* 562
I Heard the Learned Astronomer, *Whitman* 602
O Star of France, *Whitman* 602
A Noiseless Patient Spider, *Whitman* 603
The Man of War Bird, *Whitman* . 614
The Undiscovered Country, *Stedman* 681
Emigravit, *Dickinson* 700
Lost Jewel, Dickinson 700
The Martyrs, *Dickinson* 701
Time's Healing, *Dickinson* 701

PAGE

Hope, *Dickinson* 701
Disenchantment, *Dickinson* 701
The Past, *Dickinson* 701
Flight of Youth, *Stoddard* 706
Birds, *Stoddard* 707
A Life Lesson, *Riley* 926
Syrinx, *Thomas* 945
Flown Birds, *Thomas* 945
Exorcism, *Thomas* 946
The Leaders, *Thomas* 946
The Banner of the Jew, *Lazarus* .. 857
In Exile, *Lazarus* 858
Mahsr Doln, *Russell* 862
Vesperal, *Mitchell* 990
The Fool's Prayer, *Sill* 990
After Sorrow's Night, *Gilder* 991
Transition, *Tabb* 992
Such is the Death, *Wilson* 993
The Book Hunter, *Sherman* 994

7. THE ODE.

The Rising Glory of America, *Freneau* 141
The Commemoration Ode, *Lowell* . 518
Thou Mother with Thy Equal Brood, *Whitman* 603
The National Ode, *Taylor* 636
The Cotton Boll, *Timrod* 666
Centennial Meditation, *Lanier* 843
Spring: an Ode, *Hovey* 868
Ode in Time of Hesitation, *Moody* 985

8. THE SONNET.

November, *Bryant* 256
Divina Commedia, (five sonnets), *Longfellow* 379
Laocoon, *Hayne* 671
When to Soft Sleep, *Aldrich* 693
To England, (five sonnets) *Boker* . 704
To America, (two sonnets), *Boker* . 706
The Sonnet, *Gilder* 992
The Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln, *Gilder* 992
The New Ezekiel, *Lazarus* 859
A Dream of Sappho, *Hovey* 981
When She Comes Home, *Riley* 928
Poems of the Orient, *Stoddard* .. 707

9. VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

On a Honey Bee, *Freneau* 152
Cutting, *Halleck* 237
The White Chip Hat, *Willis* 241
Helen in a Huff, *Willis* 241
Beware, *Longfellow* 359
My Aunt, *Holmes* 397
Latter Day Warnings, *Holmes* 406
Album Verses, *Holmes* 403
Quakerdom, *Halpine* 560
The Mourner à la Mode, *Saxe* 561
A Charming Woman, *Saxe* 562
On the Passaic, *O'Brien* 651
Her Letter, *Harte* 735
Nocturne, *Aldrich* 693
Old French Forms, *Bunner* 947
A Pitcher of Mignonette, *Bunner* . 947
She was a Beauty, *Bunner* 948

PAGE

Ready for the Ride, *Bunner* 948
On Newport Beach, *Bunner* 948
O Honey of Hymettus, *Bunner* 948

10. FREE VERSE.

Whitman's poems, ...590-616

11. THE PERSONAL AND AUTOBIOGRAPHIC LYRIC.

The Hurricane, *Freneau* 149
Green River, *Bryant* 253
I Cannot Forget with what Fervid Devotion, *Bryant* 258
Terminus, *Emerson* 309
Hymn of the Night, *Longfellow* .. 356
Footsteps of Angels, *Longfellow* .. 356
The Rainy Day, *Longfellow* 359
The Day is Done, *Longfellow* 360
My Lost Youth, *Longfellow* 363
Proem, *Whittier* 382
The Barefoot Boy, *Whittier* 386
Israfel, *Poe* 422
The Raven, *Poe* 444
Ulalume, *Poe* 446
Sympathy, *Thoreau* 480
Sic Vita, *Thoreau* 481
A Prayer, *Thoreau* 481
Independence, *Thoreau* 482
Darest Thou Now, O Soul, *Whitman* 603
Prayer of Columbus, *Whitman* 615
Good by, My Fancy, *Whitman* 616
L'Envoi, *Taylor* 635
Forgotten, *Hayne* 668
A Little While I fain would Linger yet, *Hayne* 671
On Lynn Terrace, *Aldrich* 694
Land-Locked, *Thaxter* 698
The Sandpiper, *Thaxter* 699
Called Back, *Dickinson* 700
The Old Swimmin' Hole, *Riley* 925

12. THE HUMOROUS LYRIC.

Green's version of the Hymn, *Green* 55
Byles' Parody, *Byles* 55
Elegy for Byles's Cat, *Green* 56
Impromptu Verses, *Green* 56
Come, Fill a Fresh Bumper, *Holmes* 412
This is It, *Holmes* 413
Nebuchadnezzar, *Russell* 860
Precepts at Parting, *Russell* 860
Business in Mississippi, *Russell* 861
Rev. Henry's War-Song, *Russell* .. 863

D. DIDACTIC POETRY.

Prologue, *Bradstreet* 31
Spring, *Bradstreet* 32
Contemplations, *Bradstreet* 33
From The Day of Doom, *Wigglesworth* 37
Hasty-Pudding, *Barlow* 110
To a Friend, *Drake,*
Thanatopsis, *Bryant,*
Inscription for the Entrance of a Wood, *Bryant,*
A Winter Piece, *Bryant,*
A Forest Hymn, *Bryant*

PAGE

A Walk at Sunset, *Bryant*,
The Prairies, *Bryant*,
The Problem, *Emerson* 293
Europe, *Whitman* 590
France, *Whitman* 591
By the Sun-Down Seas, *Miller* 793
How Long? *Lazarus* 857

II. PROSE

A. The Prose Drama.
1. Comedy.
The Contrast, *Tyler* 155
The Mouse-Trap, *Howells* 780

B. The Essay.
1. The Formal Essay.
The American Scholar, *Emerson* .. 283
Self-Reliance, *Emerson* 294
Views of Divine Government, *Stowe* 458
Conclusion, *Thoreau* 493
2. The Familiar Essay.
The Way to Wealth, *Franklin* 126
The Author's Account of Himself, *Irving* 198
Letters from Under a Bridge, *Willis* 339
The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, *Holmes* 398
The Brahmin Caste of New England, *Holmes* 418
Dickens Reading, *Curtis* 550
The Lecture Lyceum, *Curtis* 558
3. The Nature Study.
The Bluebird, *Wilson* 164
The Mocking Bird, *Audubon* 178
The Passenger Pigeon, *Audubon* 179
My Out-Doors Study, *Higginson* .. 627
Higher Laws, *Thoreau* 482
Brute Neighbors, *Thoreau* 487
Fuss and Feathers, *Burroughs* 747
Nature Lore, *Burroughs* 751
The Water Ouzel, *Muir* 885
Wind Storm, *Muir* 892
Shadow Lake, *Muir* 896
4. Literary Criticism.
Preface to the Bay Psalm Book, *Mather* 22
Spanish Romance, *Irving*, ... 218
Preface to House of the Seven Gables *Hawthorne* 335
An American Literature, *Longfellow* 362
Hawthorne's Twice-Told Tales, *Poe* 441
Review of Whittier's Poems, *Lowell* 508
Rip Van Winkle, *Curtis* 553
Ralph W. Emerson, *Curtis* 554
Democratic Vistas, *Whitman* 606
Edgar A. Poe, *Stedman* 681
Washington Irving, *Warner* 736
Leaves of Grass, *Burroughs* 741
Francis Parkman, *Fiske* 806
Alphonse Daudet, *James* 812
The Novel, *Crawford* 939

PAGE

5. The Humorous and Facetious Essays.
While Washing, *Hopkinson* 95
From Knickerbockers History, *Irving* 194
A Musical Review, *Derby* 711
Interview with Lincoln, *Browne* .. 713
Affurisms, *Shaw*, ... 715
Bill Arp Addresses Artemus Ward, *Smith* 715
The Prodigal Son, *Locke* 718
6. Travel Sketches and Descriptions.
Squatter Life on the American Rivers, *Audubon* 181
Hall of the Ambassadors, *Irving*... 215
Leaves from my Journal, *Lowell*.. 564
Social Condition of the Types, *Melville* 521
The Mission Dolores, *Harte* 726
7. The Controversial Essay.
Letters from a Pennsylvania Farmer, *Dickinson* 81
Government and Freedom, *Paine* 90
"The Times that Try Men's Souls," *Paine* 91

C. Fiction.
1. The Novel.
From Wieland, *Brown* 168
From Arthur Mervyn, *Brown* 171
From Edgar Huntley, *Brown* 172
From The Pilot, *Cooper* 220
From The Pioneers, *Cooper* 225
From The Prairie, *Cooper* 230
From The Partisan, *Simms* 343
From Uncle Tom's Cabin, *Stowe*... 449
From Ramona, *Jackson* 673
From The Graysons, *Eggleston* ... 760
From A Modern Instance, *Howells* 774
From Ben Hur, *Wallace* 799
From Tiger Lilies, *Lanier* 839
From The Grandissimes, *Cable*.... 875
From Chita, *Hearn* 912
From Mr. Isaacs, *Crawford* 930
2. The Short Story.
1803. The Blind Preacher, *Wirt* .. 175
1822. The Stout Gentleman, *Irving* 199
1824. The Bold Dragoon, *Irving* .. 205
1824. The Devil and Tom Walker, *Irving* 208
1831. Sights from a Steeple, *Hawthorne* 311
1837. David Swan, *Hawthorne* 314
1839. Fall of the House of Usher, *Poe* 423
1841. Murders in the Rue Morgue, *Poe* 432
1842. Eleonora, *Poe* 438
1843. The Birthmark, *Hawthorne* . 317

PAGE

1850. The Great Stone Face, *Hawthorne* 325
1851. Reveries of a Bachelor, *Mitchell* 528
1858. The Diamond Lens, *O'Brien* .. 651
1859. My Double and How He Undid Me, *Hale* 618
1862. Père Antoine's Date Palm, *Aldrich* 694
1867. The Jumping Frog, *Clemens* .. 722
1868. The Luck of Roaring Camp, *Harte* 729
1874. The Old Agency, *Woolson* .. 828
1875. Too Late, *Cooke* 640
1881. Over on the T'Other Mounting, *Craddock* 864
1886. The Mouse-Trap, *Howells* .. 780
1889. Father Anastatius, *Bunner* .. 949
1889. Creature with No Claws, *Harris* 907
1889. How a Witch was Caught, *Harris* 905
1889. Uncle Remus's Wonder Story, *Harris* 908
1890. The Pie Ghost, *Stockton* 878
1890. The Revolt of Mother, *Wilkins* 960
1891. A Native of Winby, *Jewett* .. 846
1891. Under the Lion's Paw, *Garland* 855
1893. Greville Fane, *James* 819
1910. A Municipal Report, *O. Henry* 1004
1911. The Night-Born, *London* 996

D. The Oration.

John Winthrop's Defense 14
Before the Virginia Convention, *Henry* 88
Farewell Address, *Washington* 132
The Bunker Hill Monument, *Webster* 183
Abraham Lincoln, *Emerson* 308
Farewell Address, *Lincoln* 571
First Inaugural Address, *Lincoln* .. 571
Address at Gettysburg, *Lincoln* 572
Second Inaugural Address, *Lincoln*. 572
Response to a Serenade, *Lincoln* .. 573
The New South, *Brady* 900
The Strenuous Life, *Roosevelt* 953

PAGE

E. History and Biography

Enchantments Encountered, *Mather*. 42
The Churches of New England, *Mather* 44
The Life of Ralph Partridge, *Mather* 45
The Great Dismal Swamp, *Boyd* .. 47
The Autobiography, *Franklin* 117
The Discovery of Land, *Irving* ... 214
Return of Columbus, *Prescott* 262
Queen Isabella, *Prescott* 263
Character and Fate of Montezuma, *Prescott* 264
The Battle of Otumba, *Prescott* ... 265
The Relief of Leyden, *Motley* 462
The Fire Ships of Antwerp, *Motley*. 466
The Conspiracy of Pontiac, *Parkman* 538
The Mexican War, *Grant* 575
Lincoln's Fame, *Hay* 768

F. The Report and the Journal.

Smith is captured by the Indians, *Smith* 4
Early Days of the Colony, *Bradford* 8
The Settlement at Merry Mount, *Bradford* 10
From the Journal of John Winthrop 14
Of a Monster at Ma-re-Mount, *Morton* 19
Exploits of the Nine Worthies, *Morton* 21
The Journal of John Woolman 58
From Two Years before the Mast, *Dana* 472

G. The Letter.

Letter to Mrs. Bixby, *Lincoln*

H. Invective and Satire.

On Toleration, *Ward* 25
On Women's Fashions, *Ward* 27
Opinion of Ireland, *Ward* 30

I. Theology and Polemics.

A Young Puritan's Code, *Edwards*. 50
From the Freedom of the Will, *Edwards* 51

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